

THE

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VOL. X

July 1910 to June 1911

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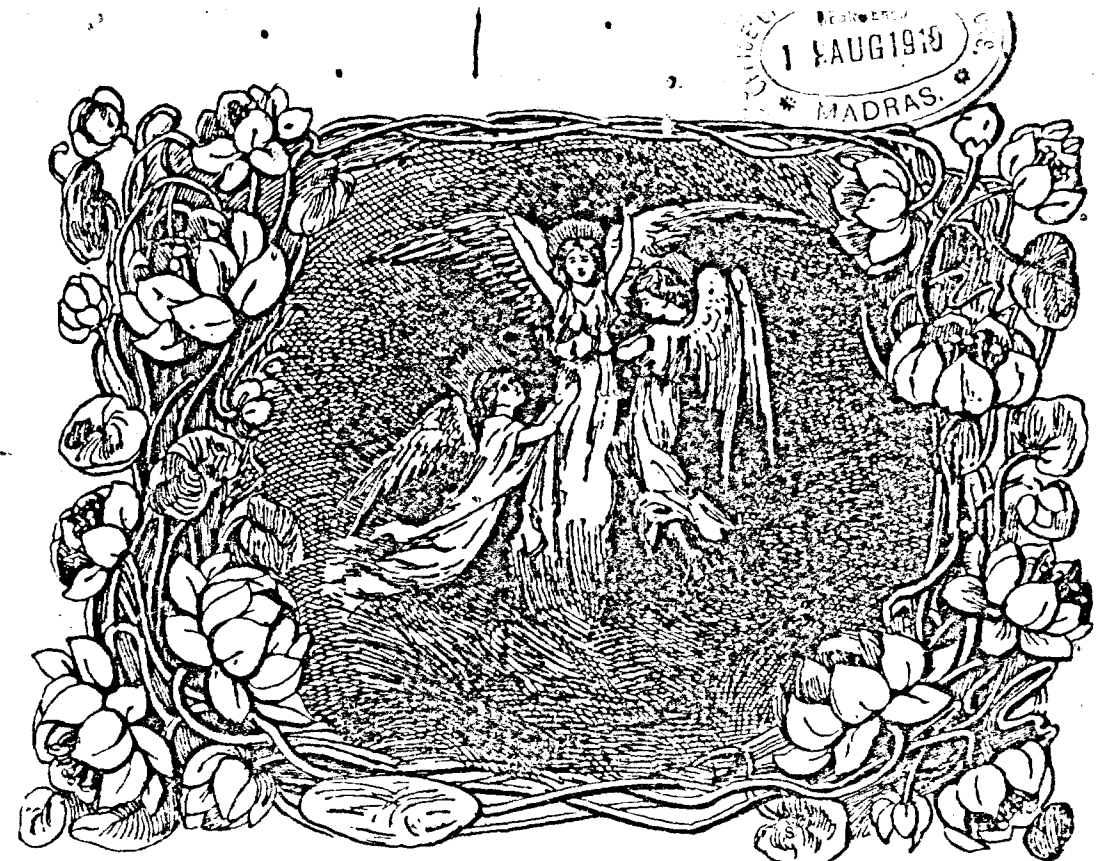
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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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[No. 1

THE LOVE-LIT WAY

"I will give them one heart and one way."—Jer. xxxii, 39

There is a Love-lit way for me and thee,
Beloved, in the daily path we tread ;
Look up, claim thy possessions, taste and see ;
God's starry promises shine overhead ;
The Master whispers " Follow me to-day,
And thou shalt joyous tread the Love-lit way."

Faith yields herself unshrinkingly to thee,
She will not doubt Thee, Lord, but stoops to take,
The gifts thou offerest, gloriously free ;
Her's by possession for another's sake ;
Darkness may come, and clouds obscure the day,
But through the dark shines out Thy Love-lit way..

The will of God ! 'tis here I find my rest,
Farewell to doubts, surmisings, rude alarms,
Nothing but good can reach me on Thy breast ;
I nestle fearless in my Father's arms.
Thy lips have kissed me, Lord, and I can say
Thy child has found Thy will a Love-lit way.

A Love-lit way—despite earth's surging tide
And sorrow's shadowy form and chilling touch,
Lord, I am sheltered in Thy wounded side ;
Love nestles closest when forgiven much ;
Henceforth my Master I obey,
And find Thy blessed will my Love-lit way.

Laura A. Barter Snows.

The Roses of this Earth

(A FANCY)

"I slept and dreamt that life was beauty,
I woke to find that life was duty."



THE stars were glimmering in the evening sky; the leaves fluttered in the gentle breeze; all around was the calm of a beautiful summer evening, but in the expression of the face of a young maiden who sat on the steps leading to the porch of a beautiful house, there were signs of great restlessness, an inward struggle.

Her heart was echoing the passionate cry of the soul—“O God! O God! how weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world”—and she too was questioning her lot, as to the solution of the mysteries that surrounded her and her life. Why do things turn out so different from what we expect? Why do our plans instead of the sun hover over our cherished plans, and what we most long for elude our grasp? Why do our songs cease as we begin to sing them, and why are our hopes crushed and our castles fall to the ground? Why this failure, this unfruitfulness, this constant care? Why these ever-increasing troubles, these petty trials and duties by which we are hemmed in on all sides? As the twilight advanced, the darkness deepened, the light above shone brighter, but the why of the restless soul remained unanswered, the growing impatience of the troubled, wearied soul increased and a deeper unrest stole into her soul. She sat far into the night and gazed at the star-lit sky. She thought of the beloved faces that were now hidden from her, and she longed, oh! with what passion, for a longing, that just for one moment she might look beyond the veil and see them in their new beauty, but with the same, deep, unchanging love of days gone by.

“Fair lilies, star-like in their bloom,
And waving palms they bore.
And oh! the smiles of peace and joy
Those heavenly faces wore!
With looks of love they gazed on me

As none gaze on me now;
The glory of the Infinite
Surrounded every brow.”

Weary and worn out at last, she crept into bed and slept, and in her sleep, she dreamed a dream. She seemed to stand by the gate of her house and by her side was one who had been the light and joy of her life. Hand in hand they walked on, till there rose before them, though somewhat at a distance, a house of large dimensions. The guide pointed to this with her finger and having reached it, they entered the house. O! the beauty of this building! It passeth telling. Its height and proportion were beyond conception, its beauty and splendour beyond the power of mortal to tell or describe. One flight of steps led to another, and ever as they went, newer beauties revealed themselves to her wondrous gaze. Speechless with wonder, she looked upon the blue and the gold of the ceiling and floor and the wonderful carving and symmetry of the whole. She glanced timidly at her beloved guide, expecting an explanation, but she was silent and self-possessed, as if perfectly familiar with the scene around. A smile of ineffable sweetness illumined her whole face and she seemed to enjoy her companion's perplexity. “What care I,” thought the young maiden, “whither I go or where I am led, so long as my hand lies clasped in that beloved hand?” Lost in a sense of rapture, earth and all that surrounded her faded away. On and on she sped, strength and agility being added to her mortal frame, till she reached what seemed a landing. There they halted and in the twinkling of an eye, the dear vision vanished. Before she had time to recollect herself or utter a word of regret, a scene of exquisite loveliness, fairer than even the other, presented itself to her view. “Ah me! where am I,” said the astonished maiden, “and what is this before me?” She found herself in a garden, surrounded by roses, the like of which was never seen. Each tree was loaded with expanded blossoms, which, like the blush of dawn, shed a rosy light upon the green leaves around. It was bliss to inhale their fragrance and to behold their beauty. As she stood there speechless with wonder and with a desire to remain there forever, thus spake the rose nearest to her:—

“Child of the earth, care-worn and weary, listen to my tale and go back comforted. My name is Elizabeth Fry. I was born in Norwich in the year 1780. My path in life was not strewn with roses; it was toilsome and rugged and thorny. My constitution was delicate, my family large, my duties many and heavy. I was often racked with physical pain, worn out with incessant worries and

cares, and many of those that were dearest and nearest to my heart, I laid in the dust. To have simply done my duty by my family would certainly have been fulfilling a part of my destiny, but not the whole of it, according to the light that was given me. The sight of the female prisoners in the Newgate prison, visited for the first time in the year 1813, filled me with thoughts, which three years later led to a whole-hearted consecration of life and time and energy to the cause of its improvement and reform. The picture of the ill-ventilated rooms, half-naked women and children, the dirt and vice and wretchedness, sank so deeply in my heart, as to make me forget my feeble health, my position and character, my personal ease and comfort, and set myself to the arduous task of rescuing from destruction those sunk in the lowest abyss of human misery and sin. They were fed and clothed, taught to read and write and the light of the Gospel was shed into the darkened cells of their corrupt hearts, that their lives here and hereafter might be happy. And what was the impelling force that prompted me to carry on this reform work for the destitute and the outcast, not only in England but on the Continent as well, and to visit prison after prison, inspecting ships carrying convicts away to exile? It was the voice of One reaching to me over the din and noise of my daily life and ever whispering softly in my ear—“Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me.”

Again she continued: “This beautiful rose that you see by my side is Rachel, Lady Russell, a heroine and a saint. Not many wise, not many noble are called, says the Book of books, but sometimes the wisest and the noblest appear among the truest and the best of God's children.”

“Child of the earth, tossed with tempest and not comforted, picture to yourself the parting scene between husband and wife in that prison of England in days long gone by, and tell me if you can think of a scene more tragic than that! That is no fiction but stern reality which presents to your eye the picture of rough men, unaccustomed to being moved at the sight of sorrow, weeping to see one of England's noblest sons bidding farewell to his wife on the eve of his martyrdom. There you see a woman of uncommon beauty, standing, her hand clasped in her husband's and an unearthly calm on her face. Only a week ago that woman had sat by the side of her accused husband and throughout the trial had assisted and supported him. Only a few days ago that woman—the daughter of an Earl—had knelt before a tyrant king and begged for her husband's life. And now as she stands by the side of the same beloved one and parts from him forever, not a tear dims her eye, though her heart is well-nigh breaking. She was

possessed of birth, fortune, beauty and intellect, she was singularly happy in her marriage, and yet when called upon to suffer in submission to the will of God, she not only bore her calamities with patience and courage, but did her duty faithfully by all to the end of her life.”

“By her side you see Susanna Wesley, Anne Judson, Madame Guyon, Agnes Jones and many others of all nations and kindreds and people, blooming with beauty that knows no fading, shedding across the path of mortals a fragrance that never fails to cheer, and yet, these are they who came out of great tribulation and made their robes white in the blood of the Lamb. Turn to the pages of history for the truth of my statements, and as you think of us blooming in the balmy air in the garden of God, blooming for ever bright and fair, fearing no longer frost or blight, think of our earthly sojourn amidst limitations, trials and disappointments, and cease to doubt and repine. O child, beloved and precious in the sight of God, what matters though the frail shoots languish, the weeds grow tall and the beautiful white roses round your path begin to droop and shed their petals, be valiant, finish your appointed task, whether they be many or few, simple or hard, and then take your place by our side, leaving an example for others to follow.”

As the maiden opened her eyes, she found she had overslept. The rays of the morning sun were flooding her room with their golden light, a fit emblem of the joy in her heart. She rose cheered and comforted, and went on her way rejoicing, determined not to question God's goodness and love any longer, nor to repine, but to do her duty simply and faithfully.

“Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west, and I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness—Round our restlessness, His rest.”

N. B. S.

Sacrifice

“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.”



If we would live truly Christian lives, it is necessary for us to understand, as far as possible, all that the Christian life should mean.

We hear much about sacrifice and we think, and rightly so, that to be a follower of Jesus Christ we must be prepared for much sacrifice.

But do we truly understand what this word sacrifice means.

We think of it in connection with some great and heroic deed, or some act of self-denial which means the giving up of that which is especially dear to us. But do we think of our whole life as a sacrifice, or have we ever recognised all our Christian service as a constant sacrifice?

If we go back to the original meaning of the word and think of it in its application to religious life, both in the Old and the New Testaments, we may be able to see a little more clearly the true significance of the word in its application to life, and particularly to Christian life.

The English word sacrifice is compounded from two Latin words *sacer* = sacred and *facio* = to make. The word therefore means something made sacred.

This suggests to our minds two thoughts, upon which we wish to dwell for a few moments.

The first is this: God only can make sacred anything we offer, and if God is to make our offering sacred, it must be accepted by Him.

Not every offering we make is accepted of God! Did you notice the quotation from Paul with which we began? We may give our goods to the poor, we may give our bodies to be burned, but if the motive is impure, if the heart is not right?—What then? It is not acceptable to God. The millionaire may give his millions thinking to gain more millions, the miser may give his pelf thinking to increase his hoard, any one of us may put ourselves in danger thinking to win the praises of men and to glorify ourselves, but will it profit us?

It is unacceptable by God and can never be made holy.

We have examples of this. In the very beginning of man's life, you remember how Cain and Abel brought their offerings—the one of the fruit of the ground, the other of the firstlings of the flock. There was something wrong in the heart of Cain, and so we are told "God had not respect unto his offering." It was unacceptable and could not be hallowed and Cain turned away disappointed, because his selfish desires were unfulfilled.

Let us take another example, true to life, if not historical in itself. Some will have read and remember Dumas' great novel "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Edmond Dantes was entrapped in early life by the intrigues of enemies and unjustly cast into prison where he suffered for fourteen years. The vow he made then and repeated to himself again and again was one of vengeance on all who had taken a part in his downfall. This vow he made to God, offering Him his life and all he had in order to carry out what he imagined to be the will of God.

For ten long years he worked at his purpose having escaped from prison and being in a position to spend money and time to attain his object. And then his time came, but what did it bring? In the moment of seeming victory, a revelation burst upon him. Love working unseen suddenly brought him face to face with the truth and he found, that in the imagination of his heart, thinking to serve God while all the time it was to revenge himself only, he had made a great mistake. His selfish motive had destroyed the value of his offering and it was unacceptable, unhallowed in God's sight. We may make the offering, but unless the heart is right, the motive pure, God cannot accept it, and if God does not accept it, it cannot be made sacred. There can be nothing of sacrifice in it.

The first thing then, is that our offering be made with a pure heart, with a motive which seeks the glory of God and not of self, then is it accepted of God and in its very acceptance hallowed and made holy.

The second thought is this: not every offering accepted of God is a sacrifice. To become a sacrifice, the offering must be changed. What we give is to be made holy. In the Old Testament we find two words used, oblation and sacrifice.

It may be hard to draw the line between the two, if we press the meaning hard, but there is a difference.

The oblation was a gift given unto God but not necessarily changed, the sacrifice was that which was brought to the altar and being laid thereon was offered with fire to God. It was destroyed, changed, but in that process alone could it accomplish the work it was intended to do.

This is the symbol of the reality, and underlying it is a deeply significant principle.

True sacrifice must accomplish something and only in the offering being changed can it discharge this function.

Let us try once more to illustrate our meaning.

One of the first laws we learn in relation to the physical world is that "matter is indestructible." Forms around us may change, they may disappear altogether from our sight, but they have only taken on a different form and will reappear. The stove may be heated to a white heat; it may be dissolved into an invisible gas, but it is not destroyed. The water may evaporate and disappear from sight, but it waits only the mighty genius of the great Chemist to bring it down again in showers of blessing to the thirsty land. So the grass may disappear in food for the animal and so on. What is the principle we see at work here? Not only is matter indestructible, but where one form is changed it is to reappear in new forms bringing blessing in their train. The earth gives of its best for the sustenance of the plant; the plant yields of itself for

the food of the cattle, each lower form of life gives way that the higher may survive, and all is subjected to man, the highest creature amongst them.

Passing from the merely physical realms, we may trace the same principle in other spheres of life. In the mental for instance. Perhaps there has been no book written which has not stimulated other minds to greater things. The effort, of one intelligence is transmitted to generation after generation, and even that which is evil calls out that which is good in opposition, so that from the strife progress is recorded.

The labourer who breaks the stones adds his contribution to the world's store in the mental effort necessary for his work, however mechanical it may appear. But here new circumstances have to be reckoned with and these interfere with the working of nature's great principle that there should be no waste. Man is free and intrudes his freedom into all the conditions of his life, so that when we find the man who has been trained in the finest university of the world and who has the skill of the most capable engineer, breaking stones or hewing wood, we know there is a woe-ful waste of intellectual power.

And this is carried still further in the spiritual realms of life. Men capable of love are full of hatred; men who are meant to be the inheritors of the vast treasure of the truth of God are grovelling in the dark, superstitious and unclean practices of the world. Men who are meant to be pure and holy are debased, unrighteous and altogether filthy.

This is not what is meant for men. The principle is meant to apply in the highest things of life whereby all the energies of man are applied to the upbuilding of the lives of his fellows.

And it is just here we find that change occurring which is the completion of the process whereby our offering becomes a sacrifice in the truest sense of the term.

We give and God accepts. God takes and changes all we give, so that it becomes to our fellow-men a means of life—a new and fuller life.

My love is poured out in acts of kindness towards my brothers, fallen and helpless; and by the grace of God, those brothers are lifted, made new creatures, born again.

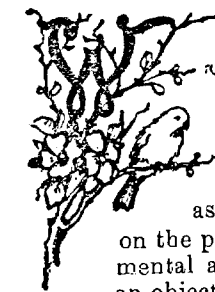
Can such results come from that which is given grudgingly, or from selfish motives? It is hard enough to reach the hearts of men at any time, but much of the difficulty arises from our side, because the heart that gives is not wholly freed from self-seeking.

And if sacrifice be such as we have tried to describe—a giving of all our time and talent to the uplifting of our brethren, is it not synony-

mous with service? Christian service is one constant sacrifice. The sacrifice of a Christian life is the service given by one man for his fellows.

With these two thoughts in mind, study the life of Him Who is the great example; the life of Jesus, an offering to God out of a pure heart and wholly unselfish motive; an offering accepted, taken up, changed, and thereby becoming the way of life to men, the very life of men. By death, by becoming sin when He knew no sin, the holy One became the Saviour of men, His whole life a record of service for us men and women; His whole life a sacrifice consecrated by the Spirit of God. In the love begotten of His love, let us also give of our all in a life of service, hallowed by the Spirit, made holy by His presence—a sacrifice pleasing to God.

External Reality and the Perception of Space



WHAT is Reality? The question has been often asked, and I hope the answer will be made somewhat clear in this paper.

The outside world is real, for us, only in so far as it responds to mental efforts on the part of the individual, for all mental activity must involve work on an object, that is to say, not experience only, but experiment, not only work within the mind, but work including other relationships. We must not forget that Perceptual Activity leads to Motor Activity. Objects are obstacles against which the individual expends his energy. The experience of resistance is of primary importance, although to be effective, all operations must be based upon the cumulative experience of what has gone before.

Cats in a cage are an illustration of this process of resistance. They employ the only means they know of, for obtaining what they want freedom, and this is through an endless struggle and friction with their surroundings. Their desire is fulfilled suddenly and, without conscious extra effort on their part. The end is in fact, decided for them and not by them, through the breaking of a rotten bar, the yielding of an insecure lock.

The cats know what they want—freedom—that is the reality for which they strive. In the possession of their knowledge they have an advantage over many human beings, who, while making efforts just as great, are not conscious

of the nature of the limiting bars and so misdirect their energy. The cat's desire is obtained by the exertion of physical strength. The liberty or reality for which the human being is striving is of a different order and involves another kind of work. But the method of its attainment is just the same. It is determined by "the breaking of a bar." The bar may be the death of a relation, a total change of circumstances, or a sudden inrush of Spiritual Perception, but the end is the same, it is a removal of a barrier, the breaking of a fetter.

Space is a continuous quantity wherein the parts co-exist. It permeates everything. Apparently, objects empty space by their own presence, but this is only apparent. Space continues through the object. What we know as Extensity is one of the principal factors in solving the special problem. Extensity is not Extension. It is a sensation. When we plunge our hand into cold water, we have a different sensation to that produced by the immersion of the whole body in cold water. It is not a difference of pressure nor volume, but the difference in the two feelings is Extensity. The difference in sensation between the hand alone and the hand and arm together when immersed would be Extension.

EXTENSITY IS EXTENSION MINUS POSITION, DISTANCE AND DIRECTION.

Our ability to locate feelings and things is very subtle. Our tactile and visual perceptions are very closely allied. If we touch an object in the dark, its form is instantly represented to our eyes. This power of location, Extensity and our sensations of space generally, are not accounted for by motor sensations. We must go further back still to Heredity and a long accumulation of experiences. Supposing a person to be blind, a spark is dropped upon his hand. What is it that enables him instantly to locate the spot? He will point to it with the finger of the other hand immediately. He has learnt to locate Sensations through Experience—a baby would have the sensation, but could not find the spot. The power of mind is here apparent. There are two kinds of Perception; we can perceive and localise sensations in the body, and we can perceive and localise outside objects in space. The former can have exceptions. Certain sensations, such as hunger, cold, ennui, cannot be localised, only generally experienced.

Supposing the finger to be drawn right down the body from A to Z. Three kinds of tactile sensations are experienced. There is a sensation in the skin of the body by reason of the

contact with the finger. Conversely there is a sensation in the finger tip, produced by contact with the skin of the body, and there is a third sensation in the moving finger itself.

Given "A Thing" outside ourselves in Space, how are we able to separate and distinguish it from other things? The Reality of things is made for us by our minds. The names we give them are a product of our minds. The outside world exists for us only through our minds. Discrimination in this respect depends entirely upon the interest of the observer. The cat does not recognise or distinguish the rainbow—perhaps does not even see it, because it is entirely outside the cat's environment. The bird on the other hand possesses great interest for the cat, who perceives it more quickly even than man, with his superior intelligence, but less concentrated powers. Things are what we make them. One and the same thing possesses many aspects; for instance, the rock over which we stumble is very different to us from the same rock seen from a geologist's point of view. In the one case, it is an obstacle, in the other an interesting curiosity. Our mind makes the difference. It puts meaning, shape and colour into dead matter. It explains the existence of, and unravels the complexities of, the outside world. We are aware, only to the extent of our powers of perception. As the rainbow is to the cat, may there not be forces and experiences present, yet outside our range of perception. Even lower forms of life may be able to recognise what is non-existent for us. The only Reality is Mind, the only Reality is Spirit, for that makes all things real and makes us free.

M. C. SIDGWICK.



Funeral of the late King, H. M. Edward the Seventh



MY brother and I arrived at Tilbury Docks, London, from India on the afternoon of Friday, May 6th, and the first news we heard was that the King Emperor was very ill. Evening papers were being quickly bought up at the Dock Station, and the doctor's bulletin saying that His Majesty's condition "caused grave anxiety" made us all feel as if a heavy cloud rested on the land, and yet one hoped that, as before, it would be dispelled. Early next morning, however, we heard "The King is dead." Surely it could not be true, and there must be a mistake somewhere; but one saw the black-bordered newspapers, and knew it was only too true. We went out at about one o'clock, the weather was bitterly cold, and suddenly there was a bright flash of lightning, followed by a roar of thunder; it seemed as if the heavens themselves had fired the first gun. To describe the state of London during that and the following ten days is quite impossible. The shopkeepers were taking down all their coloured things, and these were being replaced by black and purple goods (purple being the colour for Royal mourning). Crowds and crowds of people filled the shops looking for mourning, the demand being greater than the supply, and yet on Sunday morning the whole of London seemed to be in black. No memorial services were fixed for that day, yet long before the time for divine service, the cathedrals and churches were filled. We arrived at St. Paul's Cathedral (the largest in London) half an hour before service to find a notice up "Church Full" and a dense mass of silent people all dressed in black waiting outside, as if longing for some way in which to express their feelings of sorrow and sympathy. We then went to a smaller church some distance off, where the clergyman preached a most impressive sermon on the text, "Some said that it thundered, others that an angel spake", pointing out that an apparent calamity might be in reality a message from God; and that in that hour of national sorrow, the sense of universal loss which all, rich and poor alike, felt and the common bond of sympathy should make us all work together

without discord, in memory of The Peacemaker, for the good of the realm and in support of King George V., on whose behalf the prayers of the congregation were asked, and also for the Queen Mother, Alexandra, and all the Royal family in their bereavement. After this, we all stood, while the solemn Dead March in Saul was played and then the national anthem, "God save the King" was reverently sung.

Monday was wet and cold, and still the streets were thronged with sad and sombre crowds, and the shops, which had re-opened after the stillness of Sunday, were refilled with black and many were draped with purple hangings, almost all having up the narrow black shutters which is in England the shopman's symbol of mourning. Many hung flags at half-mast. On Tuesday morning, we went to St. James' Palace Courtyard to hear the proclamation of the accession of George V. read.

Though there were dense crowds, we got places on the footpath opposite to the balcony, from which the proclamation was to be read at 9 A.M., and as the draped standards and colours were carried past, the soldiers saluted and the men in the crowd uncovered their heads. By degrees all took up their position: the balcony was covered with red cloth, and then the Heralds came out in their gorgeous dress (called Tabards) and after a flare on the trumpets, the proclamation was read that George V. was King. I heard the words "Ireland" and "India" more distinctly than any others, and one seemed to realize fully for the first time that the old order had changed giving place to new, and that our allegiance must be transferred to our new King. "God save the King" was then played by the band, and after a short silent pause, broken only by the boom of the guns, a spectator started singing "God save the King." And the whole crowd took it up. After this, the people caught sight of the little Princes (King George's sons) behind the wall, facing the courtyard and cheered them. Someone who appeared to be an Indian gentleman, wearing a purple turban, was standing on the balcony of the Palace, and recalled to our minds the land we had so recently left and which we also knew to be mourning for our late Emperor.

The remains of the late King lay in State in Westminster Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, guarded by English and Indian soldiers standing at each corner of the bier, with their heads bowed, holding their arms reversed. During this time, a never-ending stream of thousands of people, walking four abreast, who had formed into a queue, sometimes over five miles in length, passed sorrowfully and silently into the Hall, thus paying their last tribute of respect to their beloved Monarch.

The great patience, good temper and long-suffering, shown alike by the Police and by this enormous gathering of people, who were only allowed to advance a few paces at a time and then obliged to halt (many of them having been hours on the route) showed perhaps more than anything else during that eventful fortnight, the personal devotion and love of the people for their King.

And now we come to the eve of Friday, May 20th, the date fixed for the funeral of the great Peacemaker, when his remains were to be laid to rest at Windsor—the resting place of many of England's greatest Kings. All night long one could hear the hum of a wakeful city; probably few slept much and many took up their positions along the route early in the night, some even sleeping on the pavements. About 2 o'clock, there was another peal of thunder followed by deluges of rain and again it seemed as if the heavens themselves took part in the opening of the day's sad ceremonies, but this was followed by a clear dawn. We were in our places before 7-30 A.M. and already dense crowds of people had assembled in the streets; silent and sad they were and there was little sound excepting for the orders of the Police who were clearing the centre of the streets for the troops. The latter presently lined up on each side, their brilliant scarlet uniforms standing out in contrast to the black masses behind them. The sunshine was almost tropical and hundreds of people were carried out of the crowds in a fainting condition by the Police, and attended to by the Ambulance Department, including a detachment of girl scouts carrying stretchers, and hospital nurses. The streets were decorated with masts bearing laurel wreaths and nearly all the houses were draped with purple, black and white and numerous simple wreaths of leaves tied with purple streamers, (laurel being the symbol of fame given to heroes from ancient times). We hung one under our window with a card "A tribute from an Indian Civil Servant" on it. The effect of the streets draped in the Royal purple was very solemn and majestic. After a time, the order was given to the troops to reverse arms and they stood perfectly still with heads bowed and hands clasped, and then a complete hush fell as we heard the boom of the first minute gun announcing that the sad procession had started. One felt that all who had assembled had come to pay the last possible tribute of respect to their much-loved Sovereign and not to see a pageant. After a time, the band, playing the Dead March, was heard in the distance and then troops after troops went by, in splendid array, under the brilliant sunshine which seemed the fitting close of such a bright and glorious reign. One saw the three great Field Marshals,

Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and Sir Evelyn Wood riding together, and almost immediately afterwards the gun carriage with its sacred burden, then, as in a dream one saw the riderless horse—the Highlander leading Caesar, the late King's little dog, and then our present King riding by—the German Emperor on our King's right hand, and after this 70 Royal Princes representing different countries of Europe with their attendants rode by. Next came the gilded State Coach, containing the Queen Mother, Alexandra, for whom the sympathy of the whole nation was being poured out, and as she passed she graciously looked at the crowded throng, very beautiful, but very sad and pale. This carriage was followed by another containing our present Queen, Mary, and little Prince Edward. Many carriages containing other Royal Princesses and representatives of foreign lands followed, and after this filed by an almost countless array of foreign and home troops, delegates from many countries, sailors, firemen and police (including a body of the splendid Dublin Metropolitan) and many other bodies of His late Majesty's faithful subjects. After all had passed, the crowds gradually dispersed, and at 1-30 P.M. we attended a memorial service which was held at the same hour as the funeral service at Windsor. The funeral service was read and the hymns, "Peace, perfect peace" and "O God our help in ages past, our hope for years to come" were sung. Then again, we all stood while the Dead March was played.

It was wonderful later on in the afternoon to see the streets in London, and Hyde Park, along which the procession had passed. One could hardly believe it was London, the streets, which, as a rule, are beautifully clean, being littered with the papers, in which the people who had waited for so many hours had carried their food. It seemed as if no one cared and that it did not matter what London looked like, as the King was dead. People, mostly women, were carrying off the leaves from the laurel wreaths as mementos of the sad day, and many of the lamp posts were quite stripped. Again, one was struck by the beautiful dignity and grandeur of the purple drapings all along the route, and by the simplicity of the laurel wreaths tied with their purple bows. We left London for Ireland next morning early, and as we passed villages and towns *en route* to Holyhead, one still saw the flags flying at half-mast, as if the nation had not the heart to raise them till the sad week was closed, and we arrived at Kingstown harbour to see a large crowd all in deep mourning who had come to see the Channel Fleet which was lying outside, for the sorrow in Ireland was just as great as in England for King Edward, The Peacemaker.

An Experiment on Teaching the Art of Home-making.

(A Paper Read at a Conference of an Association of Teachers of Domestic Science.)



AM not an expert domestic science teacher, as you probably know, and I am hoping that you will be more interested in my account for that reason, because I am bound to look at the subject from a slightly different standpoint from that of most in this room. And this is typical of our experiment, as it has been partly planned by those who were not experts in domestic science, who sometimes did not know the usual way in which domestic science subjects were taught, and therefore could be hampered by no traditions, and sometimes had to think out practical details *de novo*. I have had, however, the immense advantage of being in touch with some of the reformers in domestic science teaching, and I often knew what they wanted when I did not know exactly what was being done. I am very glad of this opportunity of bringing our scheme before a number of experts, and am looking forward keenly to your comments, and especially to your criticism.

I have suspected for some time that one of the drawbacks of the domestic science teacher in the past, and still to a considerable extent in the present, has been her isolation. Trained in a different training school to other teachers (I am not yet convinced that this is necessary), teaching what has been called a *special* subject, I have failed to find a single instance in which any serious attempt has been made to connect what a child learns in her domestic science lessons with what she learns in other lessons. The teacher at the Centre and the work at the Centre has been something quite apart from the ordinary staff and the ordinary school course.

In our experiment we have abolished the Centre, our technical teacher is part of our staff, and what the children learn in their technical room is vitally connected with what they learn in their other lessons, as well as with what they do at home, and with what they are going to do in the future. The only link which has been missing in the past has been that which should connect the work in the home-making class with what the children have done in previous classes. And this link will be formed when, by the wish of the staff in the school where our experiment has been tried, the whole of the school course will be reorganised, vitally connected with home-making from the lowest standard

to the highest, and the home-making department at the top of the school will receive children specially prepared for their work.

We chose an elementary school in a poor neighbourhood and with children in no sense above the average in intelligence. In a Welsh elementary school a considerable number of children pass, about the age of twelve, from Standard V. into a secondary school. In our experiment the children of Standards VI. and VII. who are not going to have secondary education, are given our special course during practically the last year of their school life. We have a class of 40 children, and call them the Home-making Department, and the children call themselves "Home Makers." We have two classrooms and three supplementary rooms. The supplementary rooms consist of a little parlour (which also forms the Headmistress's room), a small bed-room (of great use to the School Medical Inspector, and school nurse), and lavatory, etc. Of our two class-rooms, one is used for general education, the ordinary room for Standards VI. and VII., and one for practical work, in which we cook and wash, and carpenter, and sew, and do many strange things! We have two teachers, one for domestic science, and one an ordinary elementary teacher. We divide our class of 40 into sections A and B, of 20 children each. During the first week A spends the morning in practical work and the afternoon in general education, and B does the opposite. During the following week matters are reversed. Each child thus spends over 500 hours in practical work during the year, but this includes some items at present not recognised by the Code as part of home-making, *e.g.*, carpentering.

I should like to make a digression here, as several domestic science teachers have approved of the rest of our scheme, but have not agreed with us that our "handicraft preparation in cardboard work and woodwork" is really essential. I venture to ask you a question—In an ordinary household, who most wants a pair of clever hands that can do everything? Certainly it is the queen of the home—the house-mother! Now for practical purposes, it is obvious that we women must learn sewing, but sewing develops the hands very little (and the scientific explanation of this is easy). The Swedes have developed an ideal system for the cultivation of manual dexterity and this should be obviously utilised in every domestic science class, and should, of course, be the first part of the course. I would ask you a second question. To whom is it most important in an ordinary household to possess some knowledge of carpentering? Certainly the house-mother! The Education Department has been asked to allow a carpentering grant for girls as well as boys. The

answer is—girls learn cooking and boys carpentering. This seemed illogical, but is expressed something like rough justice. Now, however, at the present moment, boys in a seaport town can earn a grant for cookery (most properly, I think), but nowhere, not even in a home-making department, can girls get a grant for carpentering. This, I maintain, is a grave injustice to that section of the community, which at present is politically non-existent. It is surely full time for women to have a political existence and help to alter this illogical and unjust regulation.

Now I want to tell you not only what we do at our Penarth Experimental School, but also why we do it. And the shortest and simplest way is to give you a brief account of the history of our experiment.

As a member of the Glamorgan Education Committee I am a manager of twelve schools. In this capacity I noticed that the attendance of the children, especially of the girls, was very poor between the ages of 12 and 14. The mothers wanted the girls at home, the girls were willing to stay at home, and men managers and men magistrates seemed fatally willing that they should stay at home. It was argued that "their school time was nearly over," "girls should be useful at home," "what the girls were learning at home was very useful," etc. I took careful note of what the girls were learning at school and it seemed to me that it would be possible to devise a course which would be more interesting to the girls, and which would appear obviously more important to mothers, managers, and magistrates. Borrowing many ideas from America and elsewhere, I sketched out a rough scheme. Then I began to look into the work of domestic science teachers and the more I looked the less satisfied I became. I will give you a few illustrations of what I mean. Apparently cooking was the *first* part, sometimes the *only* part of home-making taught, but even I knew that cooking was a very difficult and complex process, and in my scheme I wanted to put it near the end, not at the beginning. We know that the shortest way in time up a steep hill is usually not to take the shortest way in space. Therefore a handicraft preparation and a preparation in science would shorten the time in which to learn the art of home-making. I found no handicraft preparation, and only occasionally a slight scientific preparation in some domestic science schools. It seemed to us that the care of children was probably the most important and the most difficult part of home-making, and should be carefully taught. This particular part of home-making was being already practised by the pupils, who were taking care of their little

brothers and sisters at home, and often neighbours' children also. It was sad to see how badly many of them were doing this work, and were learning bad habits of child management. I found scarcely any lessons anywhere in child management, and if they existed, dolls and not real children were used. Dolls are excellent as far as they go, and so are the little sitting room and bed-room attached to a domestic science centre, but they don't go far, they are not real, and real children must be managed, and real homes cleaned, if our work is to be first-rate.

The ordinary needs of a working man's home should decide the practical details of the course, e.g., in sewing it is clear that mending, altering, and adjusting, are far more necessary to-day and more valuable than making. As another case in point, I heard the other day of a local authority who had spent £36 in furnishing a model sitting room and bed-room in each of its Combined Centres. This seemed to me far more than the average working man could and did afford. I enquired of many working women friends, and I received estimates from them of from £15 to £26. I maintain that that local authority has done harm rather than good; has encouraged, not thrift and intelligent expenditure, but extravagance, and has set up a false standard. I confess that I think that our way of furnishing was far more educational and far more practical, and I think the example I have just given you is one of many possible illustrations of the frequent undesirable waste of public money where no additional educational efficiency is obtained by it. Let us see to it that at any rate home-making classes encourage thrift and intelligent economy. At our home-making class we always assume that knowledge and intelligence ought to have the effect of making money go much further. We therefore asked the County Council for £12 for furnishing, and we furnished for that sum. We decided that a good deal of the furniture could be bought second-hand with advantage, and a group of children went with me and had a delightful time in a second-hand shop. We bought good furniture terribly out of repair, and therefore very cheap; and we cleaned and mended, glued, stained, varnished, and upholstered with infinite zest; and the children learnt how interesting, nay, how exciting, it is to get the very best for your money. We are so proud that we managed it so cheaply, that we have fastened up the prices of our furniture on our wall, for the world to see!

We are always reminding one another at Penarth that the good home-maker is one who not only gives us good food, etc., a good physical environment, but one who also must help to provide a happy life in the home, an intelli-

gent atmosphere and a delightful social environment. The less money we need to spend in matters physical, the more money we shall have for the intellectual life of the home, and for its social pleasures. In our cheaply-furnished rooms, we have charming pictures on the walls, of æsthetic and historical value, and all very cheap. To my great regret, I find scarcely anywhere any reference in domestic science lessons to what I should call the non-physical environment of a good home, that large part of a good home-maker's work which is concerned with other than the physical needs of her household.

I have ventured to criticise certain aspects of modern domestic science teaching, I will now tell you what we do at Penarth, hoping that in turn you will be good enough to criticise us. The girls begin their technical course by a three weeks' course of cardboard work. This has been arranged scientifically to develop manual dexterity, and give them knowledge and skill which they can utilise in home-making. Every object is made very exactly, and from careful drawings. Every object can be used in a home, and at certain stages we show them how to utilise the skill they have gained, e.g., how to mend books, patch torn music, paper walls, etc. Then comes a four weeks' course of carpentry, with simple tools; and at the end of it they can easily make many things required in a home, e.g., a shelf, a box, etc., and, what is far more important, they can mend things neatly, put on a bolt, fix a handle to a drawer, nail, glue, etc. The course has proved to the children how delightful it is to work with your hands if you know how to do it well, and as they have had a lesson every day, they have learnt to do things by themselves, and to enjoy tackling a difficulty alone.

Meanwhile, in the general education part of their work the girls have been having another kind of introduction to home-work—about six lessons on woman's work in different ages and in different stages of civilisation—hunter, shepherd, agricultural, etc., up to the present stage. At the end of these lessons the children have learnt that women's work is chiefly home-making; that it is very important, and therefore is a grand thing to be a woman; that home-making is very difficult, and therefore home-makers should be carefully trained; and that the work varies somewhat from age to age, and therefore the home-maker must be on the alert to adjust herself to new conditions and be ready to learn new things. Ladies, I appeal to you whether these are not very important lessons to be learnt by the future mothers of the race. This sociological introduction to home-making (if I may use a big word for a simple thing) has

for its object to give the children the right point of view from which to look at all the details of home-making, and the right atmosphere in which to work. So much for the preparation courses! I hope to add some day a preparatory scientific course which at present we include in an immature manner in the cookery course.

Our first big division is *cleaning*. A little knowledge of germs help the children to fight dirt more vigorously. They need have only a little knowledge, but it must be absolutely correct as far as it goes. The children are first taught how to clean every material and every object to be found in a working man's home, and they bring their objects from home—a father's greasy coat, a mother's stained dress, a brother's straw hat, brass candlesticks, babies' bottles, etc., etc. Next they are taught to clean a room: first our own little model rooms; next the real rooms in our caretaker's house which I consider is far more important; and then they clean rooms at home on a Saturday, and the mothers are good enough to take the trouble to let us know how the work has been done. Laundry is not a separate subject with us, but naturally a part of cleaning, and we include renovating of all kinds, and dyeing.

Our second big division is *mending*. This includes sewing, etc., putting in a pane of glass, upholstering, etc. We intend to include the mending of boots as soon as we teachers have time to learn it ourselves!

Next comes *making* of all kinds, including basket-making, hat-making, etc., and of course sewing.

Then follows *hygiene*: personal hygiene, house hygiene, first-aid and ambulance, and simple nursing. A lady doctor has given us invaluable help here, and our Medical Inspector of Schools and our school nurse are also helping us much.

Then we face the grave problems of *cooking*. Cooking is very complex and difficult, and I confess I have not as yet seen cooking taught in a really scientific and educational way. Certainly we do not teach it so in Penarth, but I think we are introducing a few improvements. I believe very much in isolating difficulties and conquering them one by one. For example, there is the question of scales and of weighing. I find that many homes possess no scales, and a big minority of children have never weighed. We isolate this difficulty and overcome it. We teach the principles concerned, and then have weighing competitions of accuracy and speed to develop skill. Next we try rough guesses, and test the results carefully. At the end of that lesson weighing would be no further difficulty. We have an introductory laboratory course to make clear the fundamental principles which we shall want to utilise in cooking. It is, of

course, very edifying occasionally to spoil food in the cooking. A very small quantity in a test tube is as effective for this purpose as a larger quantity, and far more economical. The laboratory course affords excellent opportunity of showing in a very economical way the effect of mistakes, and thus preventing them in the real cooking.

We take next the practical cooking of different kinds of food. This year we tried the experiment of getting the children to bring the food. It has been a great success. We had no food to sell, we had nice big family dishes, and parents and children had an opportunity of tasting what the cooking was like. Next came a summary of the needs of the body and the relative values of food. Then came the planning of menus, and the cooking of complete dinners.

The financial side of home-making is duly considered, imaginary weekly accounts are kept with the help of the mothers, etc., etc.

Next follows perhaps the most important part of our course—the care of children. A lady doctor talks to us about the needs of the bodies of little children, wise teachers discuss the wise management of children, and we turn our technical room into a nursery for a month, and each home-maker brings a little child with her every day. The home-makers devise toys and occupations of all kinds, keep the children clean, happy and good, and teach them a little. Each home-maker writes a weekly report on her little charge, and a wise teacher supervises the nursery and gives simple advice. We lay down certain rules and regulations for our nursery, and find no difficulty in getting little children of any age that we require. Some of the home-makers make the discovery for the first time how easy it is to keep a child happy and good if you really know how to manage it, and how pleasant the task is to most little girls.

We feel that responsibility is a burden which must be borne by every home-maker, and we gradually increase the responsibilities of the girls in our class. They are first of all responsible for their cupboards. Each child has one of her own, and it must be kept clean and tidy, and they soon learn to take a pride in this, and to feel that the state of their cupboard is a kind of picture of themselves. Next we try and make each girl feel she is responsible for herself, her hair, her hands, her dress, etc. A further step is when we make them responsible for their room, and very seriously we discuss the future when they will probably be responsible for a home of their own.

We consider that a difficult part of home-making is the governing of your household, so we have made our home-makers a self-govern-

ing community. They choose a mayor, deputy-mayor, councillors, etc., and govern themselves. Each councillor is responsible for one thing, *e.g.*, one looks after the health conditions of a room, another takes care of its æsthetic conditions, a third is responsible for the discipline of a class, etc., but (and this is the important point) each councillor is responsible but she does not do the work herself. She chooses an assistant and sees that the work is properly done. This is far more difficult than doing it yourself!

We try and make our department very home-like, *e.g.*, the children never sit with their hands behind their backs: first, because we want their hands; secondly, because it is bad physically; and thirdly, because we don't do it in ordinary society. We want the children to behave as they would in a nice home, be perfectly polite and also perfectly natural. We have serious talks on real politeness; we note the different manners of different countries and different ages; and we give little parties, and the children act as "daughters of the house." We try and never forget that the home, besides many other things, is a social centre, and that besides aiming at a physical atmosphere free of carbonic acid and other physical evils we must also in the good home aim at creating a moral atmosphere of real politeness and many other virtues. Lastly, we revise and try to give the children some dim idea (they are only 14!) of the many-sidedness and of the unity of a home.

Meanwhile, we believe the twentieth century home-maker ought to have many interests outside her home. So in the general education room we develop interest in art, in nature, in local history, in national, imperial and world-wide events, and especially in literature and reading. I hold strongly that we women must learn much from books that men get a chance of learning in other ways. Each child is a member of the free library, keeps her book in school, and has time for reading. We utilise our many visitors a good deal, *e.g.*, a lady visited us from Constantinople. The children had half an hour given to them to search out in their library all they could find about Turkey, so as to know enough to be able to ask questions. They then interviewed the lady and pelted her with questions, getting much interesting knowledge.

We believe also that the home-maker should think for herself, and be able to express herself in speech. So our lessons are largely conversational and take the form of discussions, and we try and never teach a child what she can learn for herself.

We think the ideal home-maker should mix hand work and reading, house work and art work. It is significant of our attitude that our

home-making class contributed to the magazine of their school for last term, an essay on spring, two excellent drawings of a teakettle and a teapot, a valuable contribution from the Mayor (!) of household hints about staining floors, etc., in a very economical way, and from other home-makers two very fair original poems. We believe in these mixtures!

I think that our experiment differs from other combined domestic science centres chiefly in the following points—

(1) Our scheme is, I think, wider; we take a more comprehensive view of home-making.

(2) We devote more time to home-making—over 500 hours.

(3) Our children work at home-making every day. This we consider very important.

(4) We have a handicraft introduction of seven weeks' work, and a sociological introduction.

(5) We have re-arranged subjects, *e.g.*, cooking is near the end.

(6) I think we have had more vividly before us the needs and conditions of a working man's home.

(7) We have got into close touch and active co-operation with the mothers.

(8) Our technical work is part of the ordinary school course, and we connect the different subjects of study with home-making.

(9) We cling to the terms 'home-makers' and 'home-making class.' We are very glad to remember that we have now ceased to be the only 'home-makers'!

I think the isolation of the Cookery Teacher is doomed, and that a much more intimate relation will exist in the future between the general teacher and the cookery teacher to the advantage of both. Several things have occurred lately which tend to emphasise the extreme value of work of the domestic science teacher—the fear of the physical degeneration of the race; the dismay with which we learnt of the underfed, and still more the badly-fed children in our slum schools; our medical inspection of schools, etc., etc. The Domestic Science Teacher has the great advantage of teaching a subject which, if it is taught practically, the man in the street can see and appreciate its utility. She deals with an art upon the successful performance of which the utility of women in the world's work largely depends, and I believe also to a great extent her position in the world. It is not desirable for the domestic science teacher to look ahead, prepare for new conditions, and be ready to undertake a course at once more practical and more scientific?

Meanwhile, we want many experiments. Every local authority who can afford it, and is enlightened enough to do it, should start an experimenting station. I am glad we have one

in Glamorgan. We think we have discovered a few things, and we have a number of ideas we are going to experiment on in the future. We are delighted to think that we have started other teachers and other local authorities experimenting also. Our two chief difficulties are (1) teachers, and (2) the Board of Education! We want the teachers to do many things which they have never learnt to do, and we want the Board of Education to encourage good and careful experimenting not only by words (they have already done) but by deeds, *i.e.*, grants, the only language of praise that some County Councillors understand. Let me, however, bear testimony here to the teachers of our own home-making class, who have toiled over new subjects and new methods and never grudged labour or time; and to the Board of Education who have given us that large amount of freedom without which the experiment would have been impossible. We are arranging this year in our Summer School at Barry, a special course of home-making handicraft for cookery teachers; and we are pleading with the Board of Education that if they give 15s. for 200 hours, they should give 30s. for 524 hours.

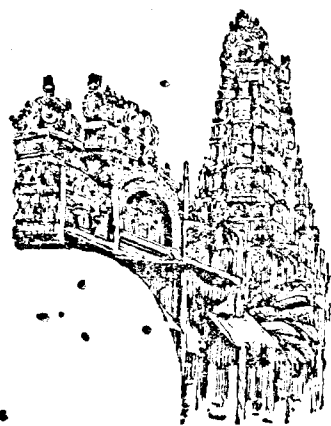
Let me end by saying that the question we are discussing this afternoon—how to teach home-making to the future wives and mothers of our race—is the most important question for our country at the present moment. This is equally true if we regard it from the health standpoint, from the economic standpoint, from the "comfort and happiness" standpoint, or from the moral standpoint. I am glad that this is a problem that we women must settle. I hope we shall settle it wisely, and that everyone in this room will have the great privilege of helping in this matter. I believe we are just at the beginning of a great development in home-making, and we should utilise the rising tide, and especially the training schools should do this, as they ought to be the fountain-head of the vivifying stream of reform.

In the report of the Poor Law Commission one comes across this statement: "Our expensive elementary education [and it will shortly become much more expensive] is having no effect on poverty, it is not developing self-reliance or forethought in the characters of the children, it is not giving them any technical training." I am afraid there is a shade of truth in this statement. Let us help to make it absolutely untrue. We are trying to do this very vigorously in Penarth.

E. P. H.



The Alagar-Kovil in Madura



THE Alagar-malairange, or rather hill, is some 1,000 feet in height, and about twelve miles in length, the southern end of which is twelve miles north of the town of Madura. Ridges branch off in every direction forming valleys which again have each a local name.

Bison are fairly plentiful in these parts and in the Sirumalais adjoining, but every other sort of large game has long since disappeared. Two small herds of poor specimens still roam the Alagar hills. The hill, the products of which were enjoyed by the temple and owned as an adjunct to it till the Forest Reserve scheme was brought into force, was taken under the operations of the Forest Reserve some twenty years ago and treated as Government hill-forest, the Temple Committee having as usual slept over their rights in the hill as trustees of the temple. A proper representation to the Government would have secured an official recognition of the temple's right and title to the hill, looked upon by all the Hindus as the sacred seat of Vishnu. The hill is otherwise called 'Tirumaliruncholaimalai,' the Vishnu's abode or the hill garden where the Vishnu resides.

At the foot of the hill is situated an ancient temple, of great renown, called Kalla-Alagar Kovil, and in the neighbourhood of this edifice several rocks and minerals have collected.

Alagar Kovil is a temple to Vishnu in his form Alagarasvami, 'the beautiful god,' which stands close to the southern extremity of the hill called, after the name of the god, Alagarmalai.

Round about this temple, in days gone by during the reign of the great Tirumala Naidu, was a considerable fortified town; and the remains of the palace of Tirumala which still stand near it, show that it was a favourite place of residence of the Naidu Rulers of Madura. It is now absolutely deserted owing to its proverbial feverishness. Even now, no habitation exists near the temple, the nearest village being about two miles away. The popular belief of the people to this day is that the god Alagar is averse to any family habitation existing near and around him, and that is why none remains close by.

"The spot is most picturesque. Running out from the foot of the hill and surrounding not only the temple but the ruins of the old town and palace, runs a high rectangular fort wall, measuring some 730 yards by 400, faced with stone and crowned with battlements of dark red brick exactly like those of the old Madura fort. A stone gateway passes through this, in front of which a broad street, flanked on either side by high mounds made of the debris of former houses and by a ruined shrine or two, runs straight to the old palace and the temple. These stand close under the Alagar hill and the red brick of the main gopuram of the former building contrasts effectively with the dark green of the wooded slopes behind it. Passing up this street, one sees first, on the western side, a carved stone mantapam which is supposed to have been built by Tirumala Nayakkan and contains several life-size statues, two of which are said to represent that ruler and his wife. The 'fair round belly' for which he was notorious is realistically and unflatteringly depicted. A little further up the street are the ruins of his palace, an erection of brick and chunam which was roofed with the domed and vaulted structures used in the palace at Madura and is consequently in the last state of decay. Facing it is the temple car-stand and gorgeous new car. Further on is a big mantapam which belongs to the Kallans of this part of the country. It is lofty and contains many excellently sculptured pillars and a frieze of well-executed carvings of episodes in the various incarnations of Vishnu, but all these are clogged up with whitewash. Westward of it is the Raya-gopuram, or 'king tower' an imposing unfinished mass which is said, like its counterpart at Madura, to be due to the great Tirumala, embodies the best stone-carving in the place, has hitherto escaped the whitewash brush, but is choked up with debris, covered with trees, plants and creepers and requires only a few more years' neglect to be an absolute ruin. West of it again is the *Vasanta mantapam* or 'spring porch,' a building forming a hot-weather retreat for the god and containing a square central mantapam surrounded by a stone channel designed to hold cooling streams, and a shady cloister, the walls and ceiling of which bear frescoes illustrative of the Vaishnava scriptures." Thus Mr. Francis, the compiler of the Gazetteer, who was in this district some years ago describes the site where the large fortified city once existed.

Raya-gopuram is a lofty stone and brick tower of many storeys, of a truncated pyramidal shape and in style said to resemble somewhat the Chaldaic, which is usually found raised over the porches of temples. The *Mrutyanjaya* and

other native manuscripts say that Tirumala commenced building, in various parts of the country, sixty-four (some give the figure as ninety-six) of those large and expensive buildings in one and the same muhurta or auspicious moment, but was unable to finish them all; and the history of the Karnataka Governors improving upon this story says, 'he commenced but did not finish ninety-six.' There are Raya-gopurams at Madura, at Alagar Kovil, at Tirupavacam, twelve miles east of Madura, and at Periyakolam fifty miles west of Madura; and these were left unfinished. There exist others, also unfinished, in the Madura and neighbouring districts. 'Beginning a *Raya-gopuram*' is a saying now applied in Madura to the commencement of any hopelessly ambitious undertaking. The lowest storey of the tower occupies more than twice the space covered by any of the existing gopurams and the sculpture on it is richer and cleaner cut than that on any other. The doorposts of the gateway through it are formed of monoliths over 50 feet high and 3 feet wide, carved with exquisite scrolls of foliage. Had these been finished, they would have been the finest gopurams in the whole of India. I will suggest the palace of the great Tirumala at the foot of the Alagar hill being brought in within the operations of the Ancient Monuments Preservation Act. Here we may take leave of the site of the fortified town, now in ruins, known as *Alaga-puri*, 'beautiful town'; and proceed further. Again, in the words of Mr. Francis—

"Retracing his steps to the Kallan's Mantapam, the traveller reaches at length the Alagar Kovil itself. This is surrounded with a high wall, over the main (eastern) entrance through which rises a *gopuram*. In front of this entrance, however, is a notable peculiarity. A flight of eighteen steps runs down from it, at the foot of which is a big wooden gate which is sacred to Karuppanasvami, the most popular of all the less orthodox gods of the Madura district. He is known here as Karuppan, of the eighteen steps.' The gate and steps are held in special veneration by the Kallans who are so numerous in the adjoining villages. The gate is spattered from top to bottom with sandal-paste; on either side of it is a collection of great iron bill-hooks and spears (some of them 12ft. long) which are the favourite weapons of Karuppanasvami and have been presented to him in accomplishment of vows by devotees whose undertakings he has blessed; and mingled with these are cradles given him by women to whom he is supposed to have granted offspring. The gate is commonly resorted to when solemn affirmations have to be made. It is believed throughout the taluk that the man who swears

to a falsehood here and passes through Karuppan's gate with the lie upon his lips will speedily come to a miserable end, and many a civil suit is settled by the parties agreeing to allow the court's decree to follow the affirmations which are made in this manner. Just to the south of the gate is a stone bearing a modern (1842) inscription relating how Pachaiyappa Mudali (the well-known benefactor of Pachaiyappa's College at Madras and other charities) gave the annual interest on a lakh of pagodas for feeding pilgrims to the temple. North of it is the every-day entrance to the spacious Alagar Kovil quadrangle, which measures 90 yards by 50. This is a striking place. On two sides of it towers the wooded hill; it is paved throughout with stone; round the sides of it stand several little mantapams and two old circular granaries called Rama and Lakshmana, formerly used to hold the offerings of grain made to the god; and in the middle of it, faced by a long, much white-washed, three-aisled mantapam of the Nayakkan period, upborne by 40 pillars shaped into fearsome yalis and other figures, is the holy of holies. This has an uncommon circular apse lighted, it is said, by windows of pierced stone all of different design. In it is kept the wooden image of the god, the processional image (an unusually handsome affair heavily plated with gold), another image, about 15 inches high, made of solid gold and most beautifully chased, and the temple jewels, some of which are the gift of Rous Peter and bears his name. In the god's bed-chamber adjoining, stands a rare and antique bedstead, said to be the gift of Tirumala (whose statue stands at the entrance to the room) which from all accounts (Europeans cannot, of course, see it) must be nearly unique. It is said to be 12 feet long by 10 feet wide and 15 feet high; to stand on a pedestal of sculptured blackstone, inlaid with small ivory figures, supporting four pillars carved from similar stone and ornamented with small detached shafts and figures in ivory; and to be covered with a domed wooden roof elaborately inlaid with ivory work carved in most intricate and minute designs."

Of late years, the quadrangle has been cleared of rubbish and earth, the inner gopuram above the entrance to the shrine has been repaired, the main gopuram is under repair, the fort wall is being patched and a big teppakulam near the main gate through this is being rebuilt.

On the hill above the temple, to the north and perhaps three miles away, is a clear and cool natural stream, called the *Nupara Gangai*, which flows over a little waterfall into a reservoir surrounded by a *vasanta mantapam* and thence down the mountain side to the temple, and the water of which is believed to possess power

to cleanse from all sin. Pipes have recently been laid to bring this to the different parts of the building and its surroundings and this is a great boon to the pilgrims at festivals. As I stated in my description about the god's annual journey to Madura in the May number of this Magazine, no other water is ever used for bathing the god (who is said to turn black with displeasure if such an innovation is attempted at) and when he makes his annual journey to Madura, this water is always carried with him. The legend of the hill and of *Nupara Gangai*, I reserve for a separate communication.

It must be admitted that Kallans show special veneration only to Alagarsvami or the god of the great Alagar Kovil, to whom they habitually make large offerings and whom they have always regarded as their own peculiar deity; and in consequence the Alagarsvami is often popularly called the Kalla-Alagar. The men of this caste have the right to drag his car at the car-festival in the Tamil month of *Adi* (July—August), and when he goes on his visit to Madura, he is dressed as a Kallan, exhibits the long ear lobes characteristic of that caste, and carries the boomerang and club which were of old their favourite weapons. The god is also known as "Soundararaja or Sundararaja" Svami conveying the same meaning as Alagarsvami, 'the beautiful god.'

The Alagar Kovil is considered very wealthy and possesses highly valuable jewels. There is a Tamil proverb meaning that Sri Ranganatha's wealth is not equal to the value of the stirrup of Sri Alagar. The income from villages was, during the days of the Naidu dynasty, very large and now it has dwindled to about Rs. 8,000 apart from the offertory (undial) box collection of about Rs. 20,000 and the *tasdik* (fixed allowance) of about Rs. 8,000 from the Government in lieu of the villages resumed.

According to the *Sthala Purana*, the authorship of which is ascribed to Rishi Vyasa, a Tamil copy of which I was able to procure since my last, the King Malaya D'hvaja, of the Pandiyan dynasty, built the temple and founded various festivals, presumably the grand Chittirai festival being one. The legend of the festival is as stated by me in the May number of this Magazine. One day while Sudabas Rishi was bathing in *Nupara Gangai*, the great Rishi Durvasa, accompanied by others, came to bathe and to see Sudabas Rishi who was doing *tapasu* (penance) here. Seeing that Sudabas Rishi was bathing, they waited for a long time till he finished his bath and ablutions. When Sudabas came up and appeared before the other Rishis, Durvasa grew angry and cursed him to transform himself as a *Mandugam* (frog) that live in the waters. Thereupon Sudabas prayed forgiveness. The Rishi Durvasa

advised him to live and do *tapasu* in a stream, as holy as *Nupara Gangai*, in Dharmatiri hill in Virayachetram, and that he would be relieved of his curse by Sundararajar of Tirumaliruncholaimalai, otherwise known as 'Virushabathiri' when he made a visit to that place. The god Alagar accordingly appeared, freed Sudabas from the consequences of the curse, gave him *mukti* (salvation), blessed and named the hill, stream and Sudabas as 'Mandugam' hill, stream and Rishi. This incident is commemorated by the celebration of a festival in the month of *Chittirai* (April—May) not at the hill, but in the bed of the river *Vaigai* at Madura apparently to attract a large concourse of pilgrims for the festival.

P. R. VENKATESALU NAIDU.

A Walk to Dodabet

"An evening red and a morning grey,
Will set the traveller on his way."



THE words are, perhaps, more applicable to England and its climate than to the capricious weather of the Nilgiri Hills; but depending on this prophetic generalization, I started one grey sunless morning with a friend at 8 o'clock, our objective being the summit of Dodabet. Dodabet, once monarch of mountains in South India, now yields a place to Aneimudi on the Anamalai Hills which is a couple of hundred feet or so higher; but Aneimudi is far away and Dodabet, for all practical purposes, maintains the premier position. The white spot in the wilderness Dodabet, that is, the Observatory, had long compelled attention; for it is to be seen from many parts of Ootacamund on a sunny afternoon, and I was anxious to visit it and see what there was to be seen.

Leaving Ootacamund at 8 o'clock then, we slowly wended our way by the Devil tree on the Elk hill road, and passing Southwark, once a fine school kept by the late Mr. James T. Nash, we ascended the hill to the left of the first cutting, over which there was once an aqueduct, by Thalaiate mund to the left of Misquith's orchard and so, by a road with an easy gradient, which wound through a scrub jungle of toda guavas, portions of abandoned cinchona, through eucalyptus groves and Australian wattle, and a big shola of the ancient Nilgiri kind, to the Observatory.

Forty years ago this was all "brown heath and shaggy wood" with sholas nestling in the ravines and streams making music as they found their way to a pellucid sheet of water at Burnfoot. Now, the trail of Australia is over it all, the streams are silent and what trickle of water there is, is pent up in three Reservoirs and conveyed to the distant town, while the balance oozes down to the muddy puddle shrunk to the dimensions of a duckpond which is still called Burnfoot lake. A great part of this once handsome sheet of water has been converted into dry land where the profit yielding potato is grown. Beauty has thus given place to utility, while the hillside, clad with the eternal eucalyptus, has a sameness which is depressing. The summit of Dodabet itself is not free from this pest, and one should imagine that the trees growing so close to the Observatory must, to some degree, interfere with the free play of the breezes which circle round the spot. It was not until we ascended to the top of the Observatory building that a sight of the surrounding country was obtained—and it is well worth the journey. Dodabet is, so to speak, the hub of the plateau and from the eminence the rolling downs, the ranges of hills on the horizon to the west, the settlements of Ooty, Coonoor, and Wellington, the Badaga villages and hamlets scattered over the hillside, and beyond all these, the shimmering plains formed one vast panorama which it was pleasant to behold. Fanned by the soft and balmy air of this veritable hill of Beulah, we thought of 113° in the shade in Madras and were thankful. Looking south, Lambton's conical peak stood out a pale blue object, on a background of silver radiance; and far to the left of it and more tangible and substantial, was the Hoolicul Droog, forest clad, and with a planter's bungalow or two peeping out on its less precipitous side.

Between the Droog and our coign of vantage were visible the buildings of Coonoor in a boskage of blue gum and scrub. The Wellington barracks, and the orderly lines of the Cordite factory, brick red in the morning sun which had triumphed over the obscuring clouds, also lent colour, and something of animation, to the scene. The Badaga villages, which formerly could hardly be distinguished owing to their being covered with thatch, now courted observation by the red tiling of the houses. Away to the east faint traces of Kotagherry were discovered through the haze; and directly to the north of Kotagherry, the peak of Konbet—where, even now, a stray ibex may be found—dominated the Masnagudi valley which was buried in masses of fleecy cloud. Turning north-west and west, far past the downs and Pykarra, and a red ribbon of road to Dunsandle, were Makurti's pointed crown and hard by the

Nilgiri Peak standing sentinel over the Wynad and Nilambur. To the south of Makurti the Kundahs barred the horizon; but further south the Kil-kundahs were low enough to allow the towering Aneimalais to be silhouetted against a beautifully blue sky. As we stood and gazed our fill, recognising landmarks familiar to us, the clouds, in some directions, "hung very low and took the hill tops to their breasts and laid their arms about the fields"—while a mystic beauty born of shade and shine wrapped the silent landscape in its embrace.

Suddenly, this silence was broken by the tint in ambulation of the half-past-ten Police bell at Ooty which, strange to say, was distinctly audible in the rarefied atmosphere—and this drew our attention to Ootacamund spread out like a map at our feet. We could see nothing of the Leaky Palace, immortalised by the *Madras Mail*, or of the Secretariat once called Stone House, as the Kodapamund hill shut them out from view; but the rest of Ooty,—the Hobart Park, the bazaar, the lake, the court, the golf house and the group of buildings near the sub-court were easily marked.

The Observatory itself is nothing to speak of. Its history is well known and scarcely interesting. The terrace of the building is just 8,665 feet above sea level. Being only a meteorological station a thermometer or two with dry and wet bulbs, a thermograph which automatically registers on its revolving disk the rise and fall of the temperature, a barograph to register the air pressure, an anemograph to indicate the direction and velocity of the wind, and lastly, a barometer which was falling fast and which presaged the oncoming of the south-west monsoon were all the instruments employed. The seismograph is not kept.

On our way home, my friend who is interested in botany, pointed out to me plants that are never seen in the plains such as the wild thyme, the broom, the bracken, the salop bulb, the dandelion with its yellow flower and its serrated leaf which gives it its name, the wild strawberry just burgeoning into blossom and, among many others, the *strobilanthus*. This was not in flower and is said by many, Mrs. Croker among others, in her interesting Indian novel "The Company's servant" to bloom only once in seven years; but which as a matter of fact, blossoms annually. Visiting the Dodabet and Tiger hill reservoirs, *enroute*, which are kept clean and free from all contamination, we got home again at 12-30 p.m., with a keen appetite for lunch, though we had had a good breakfast before we started, and a *chota* on Dodabet in addition.

Before closing I would suggest that the Government Astronomer should mount a good telescope on the roof of the Observatory building

and if visitors were permitted to use it under the supervision of the clerk in charge, a small fee for every person looking through it would soon cover the expenditure incurred on the erection.

A. P. SMITH.

Indian Christian Ladies, Their Fashions



IN the description of the Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and Indian costumes, the *piece de résistance* is the draping of the upper piece of cloth. It is this which strikes the typical note in the Eastern costume. This is the sari of the Indian ladies, called in Telugu *cheera* or *koka*, and in Tamil *podave*. There are so many ways of draping the sari. There is first the method of the Hindu ladies. The sari is in one long piece, with a width of about 1½ yard, and a length of about 8 yards. Starting from well beyond the left side, it is gathered together into the front band, carried once round the body, and then brought in a graceful curve over the left shoulder and left with the end hanging behind below the waist, or tucked into the belt. Indian Christian ladies make their own changes in this method of draping. The length of the sari is reduced to 5 or 6 yards, sometimes even to 3 or 4, the intention being to show off the elaborateness of the skirt. Sometimes, the Parsee ladies' method is adopted, which is graceful enough, and sometimes the Bengali ladies' method, which does not quite accord with the Southern ideals of dress.

The colours of our saris are many and various. I think there is an idea prevalent that it is the *metier* of Indian ladies to wear bright colours. But I do not see why very bright colours should be indulged in by them. Certainly, Indian ladies look very nice in colours; but let these be of a deep rich tint, or of a bright pale colour, not a dazzling pink, or a radiant blue, or a vivid scarlet. Ravi Varma, the artist of

Indian ladies, makes his figures usually wear cream, or pale yellow, or a rich tint of dark red, which colours seem to suit them well. And, indeed, I think he is quite right. White looks well on Indian ladies, but cream-white will suit them better than a full-white. So also seem the rich colours of dark-red, purple or dark-blue, which, though they may not be quite in accordance with the scheme of colour, suit our ladies well by their very richness and mellowness of tint, which accords with the Indian idea of dignity and repose. But there is no denying that our young girls, as all the world over, look well in pale colours, and I am glad to see that the sari merchants are now bringing into the market real Indian sari of light colours.

As to the material of our saris, silk is very often used, but at present there seems to be an idea prevalent that silk is too rich and sets a bad example for wasting money; and, therefore, Indian Christian ladies are going in for muslin and cloth saris. These, indeed, look very light and pretty, but they get so soon crushed and soiled, while silk wears long and well. Of all saris, I think the prettiest are the real Indian saris, woven with the typical Indian gold-laced border, whether the material they are carried out in is silk or cloth. Instead of the gold-laced borders, Indian Christian ladies often use borders of ribbon lace, or any sort of trimming, the prettiness of which, of course, depends on the taste displayed. There is also a preference shown now-a-days for very thin material, sometimes in fabrics like chiffon and sometimes in woven gauze-like Indian saris, with gold lace edges, brought into the market by the sari merchants. There are also the *Kornat* saris, which properly belong to Brahmin ladies. These have very deep borders carried out in silk of a different colour from the sari itself, and often display very daring combinations of colours, which generally—not alas! always—manage to harmonise well together.

The short jacket, *choli* or *ravika*, of the typical Hindu dress gives place in Indian Christian costumes to the fashionable blouse, sometimes so fashionable, with no idea of the sense of fitness, as to appear hideous, with its many frills and ruffings and flimsy laces. For the blouse under the sari I would advise a fashion of the simplest kind, with just a little rich or pretty lace about, with little or no ribbon, and cut in the plainest fashion. The sleeves should be as simple as possible. Sometimes the three-quarter sleeve, with a rich fringe of lace, affords a good compromise between the short Indian jacket and the English blouse. Often a good effect is produced by having the sari and the blouse of the same material and colour. I notice that sometimes

an effort is made to cut blouses low in the neck for dinner dresses, as in the evening dresses of English ladies. But I think the best dinner dresses for Indian ladies would be the typical Hindu dress, a rich gold-bordered sari with a short-sleeved little bodice. Elaborate skirts are also coming into fashion with Indian Christian ladies, and to show these to the proper advantage, half-saris or very thin saris are used.

Just a word about the figures of Indian ladies. Greek and Roman ladies have been admired for their beautiful figures, which had not been moulded by artificial methods, but only by exercise and moderate living. But now-a-days Indian Christian ladies are going in for artificially moulded figures. Such efforts, when not carried to extremes, are often pretty under the sari, but let our ladies beware of becoming like the European fashion-plates! The belt or girdle is often a bone of contention. Parsee and Bengali ladies wear no belts, and let their saris hang in loose, graceful folds. This has a very becoming effect; but so has also the gold or silver belt when it is used with taste, and without a too great desire for a small waist.

Indian Christian ladies do not know what to wear as their head-dress. We see our young ladies often going about with little gold-lace adorned velvet caps on their heads, which as often as not, have disfiguring effects on otherwise good-looking faces. Sometimes the end of the sari itself is drawn gracefully over the head, and here the Parsee method of draping the head cannot be too highly recommended. But the prettiest head-dress, to me, seems to be that which Bengali ladies wear, viz., a bit of lace, or spangled chiffon, going over the back of the head and falling on the shoulders or pinned on to one shoulder by a gold brooch. Here those pretty scarves which European ladies are so fond of can well be used.

And now a word about the coiffure. Do not go in for elaborate dressings of the hair, for rolls and pads and fringes and curls and combs and ornaments. Let the hair be loose about your head, and let the coils nestle gracefully into the back of your neck and show the shape of your head, and you have no idea how well the arrangement will become your sari. And here too much cannot be said in praise of some of the hair ornaments used by Hindu ladies. The little ornament, for instance, in the back knot, of the hair, or the little strings of pearls running from the ear to the coiffure at the back—such things have, indeed, a pretty effect.

A word about jewels. Hindu ladies have a great name for their passion of jewels and Indian Christian ladies are bidding fair to rival them. But too many jewels have an effect of hiding the beauty of each other, and also of becoming too

heavy and a weariness to the flesh of the pretty wearers. But the latter is, perhaps, not just the argument to use, if we would discourage the use of too many jewels. Do we not remember the story of the poor lady, who proudly wore the mill-stone around her neck just because it was covered with gold?

In conclusion, I must offer a word of apology for the criticisms in this article. They are but the opinions of one person, and that good taste is many-sided and so also is beauty. And so, I hope, our ladies will not be offended if I dare to offer one more piece of advice. Let us always remember to keep the note of nationality in our dress. What is the use of too much imitation? Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but too much flattery is not good.

AN INDIAN CHRISTIAN LADY.

—(Selected from the Madras Mail)

Three Indian Nights

(Selected from the Madras Mail)

FIRST NIGHT.

10-30 P.M.—To bed.

11.—Too much moonlight. Rise and shut it out.

Midnight.—Start or return of groups of congenial spirits to or from beach. They sing. Effect immense but unmethodical.

12-40.—Owls active and discuss events of the day.

12-50.—Punkah stops. Jerk punkah.

1-15.—Dog fight in compound.

1-25.—Dog with tenor voice wins.

2 A.M.—Punkah stops. Jerk punkah.

2-10.—Jackals arrive and hold Committee Meeting.

3-15.—Jackals disperse.

3-30.—Toddy cats engage in discussion and combat.

3-35.—Cat with soprano voice wins.

3-40.—Punkah stops. Jerk punkah.

4-2.—Rat-trap goes down with a bang, and captive caught by tail drags trap after him along floor.

5 P.M.—Cock crows.

5-1.—Another cock answers, and another and another.

5-20.—Punkah stops. Jerk punkah.

5-45.—Squirrels begin.



6.—Heated argument in compound between gardener and friend about 2 us. 6 ps. and interest due thereon.

6-10.—Arise. Motto on daily calendar:—"Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care."

SECOND NIGHT.

10 P.M.—To bed.

10-50.—Wedding procession with tom-toms and fireworks along road on three sides of house.

11-15.—Wedding procession fades into distance.

Midnight.—Return of wedding procession.

1 A.M.—Deaf man enters compound. Guard hail him from time he enters till he reaches them. Then explanation in high key why he is hailed. Man expresses disgust.

1-20.—Deaf man proceeds on his way. Guard comment upon him and his relations.

1-55.—Donkey strays into compound and gives tongue.

2.—Mosquito hunt. No kill.

2-40.—One of the guard has nightmare.

2-50.—Lamp goes out. "Boy forgetting to buy oil."

4.—Alarm of snake among servants in neighbouring bungalow. Guard excited.

5.—Dhoby begins work in adjacent tank. Count 777 slaps of (presumably) my shirt on his jagged washing stone.

6.—Waterman's infant cry for mangoes in compound. Two women gathering leaves relate the faults of their husbands.

6-30.—Crow conversation on verandah rail.

6-45.—Arise. Motto on daily calendar:—"The birds chant melody on every bush."

THIRD NIGHT.

9-30 P.M.—Took strong sleeping draught prepared by sympathetic Doctor.

8-30 A.M.—Awoke. Informed of heavy thunderstorm, 6½ ins. of rain and slight shock of earthquake during night.

The Gorgeous (yea, verily!) East!

HAY VEE.

News and Notes

A SATI IN DELHI.—In "The Arya Gazette" of Lahore, dated 16th Baisakh, we find that one Babu Prasad Kaori Agarwal of Naoar Seadal Khan died of 3 days' fever. His wife attended her husband with care and love during his illness, without success. After her lord's death she wept bitterly and asked earnestly his lord's permission to follow him, as he has left her in nobody's care. Her real and genuine prayer, it

appears, was accepted and it brought calmness on her face, and she seemed composed in her manners and looks. A little while she again was found praying God to permit her to follow her lord in the heavens, and at the end of prayer she became senseless and in spite of the efforts of her neighbours she never regained her consciousness and died. The husband and wife both were carried on the same bier in the morning and burnt on the same pile. Before going to the prayers and just before the death of her lord she had decorated herself in the true Hindu, sati fashion.

A PARSEE LADY GAINS UNIQUE DISTINCTION.—A Parsee lady has achieved the distinction of being the first of her sex to become a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians in England. There are women medical practitioners in London who are licentiates of the Royal Colleges of Physicians in Ireland and Scotland, but not until January last were women admitted to the examination set by the Joint Board of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of England. The Parsee, Miss Dossibai Rustomji Cowasji Patell, is the first woman to pass this examination. She has passed the London University medical examination and obtained her diploma from the College of Physicians. In a few days she will receive her diploma from the College of Surgeons and then she will have the following professional letters after her name:—M. B. (Lond.) M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P., L. M. S., (Bombay). By cable Miss Patell has announced her success to her father in Bombay, who was not at first enthusiastic about his daughter coming to England to study four years ago. "I am staying in England another two years to specialise in tropical medicine and to take my London M. D. in that subject," said Miss Patell. I hope also to gain experience in a children's hospital. My plan, when I go home, is to start practice among the women and children of my own people and religion. Girls from Parsee families are rapidly taking up Western professions—medicine, law—although they may not appear in the courts—the arts and are winning success in all.

HORRORS OF OUR MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.—A Madras contemporary, a Hindu, gives what he describes as "appalling figures" in respect of infant marriages on his side.

Let us glance at our contemporary's figures—in 1909 there were 537,000 boy widowers and 96,000 girl widows between 5 and 10 years of age; and 113,000 boy widowers and 276,000 girl widows between 10 and 15. Look at the disproportion between the number of boys and girls, both in the matter of marriage and widowhood—the little girl victims are twice,

four times, sixteen times more numerous than the boy victims. And whereas the widowed boys can marry again any day, if their parents like, the girls once widowed, have to remain widows for ever. Such have been our ideas of justice and equality. And what have we done, say, during the last thirty years, to liberate our children from the thralldom of customs? We have talked, discussed, passed resolutions, and confessed our helplessness. We have offered to do something some day when all men and all women become of one mind on the subject. When that day comes, when all are ready to move, when the stars are propitious and the Shastras agreeable, we, Indian patriots, will do something to mitigate the unthinkable, but, in their case, actual horrors of our marriage customs. Meanwhile, let us go on "educating public opinion"—a process started as in the days of Ram Mohan Roy. The upshoot of all this is that individually we shall do nothing that is troublesome or inconvenient, even in the interest of those nearest and dearest to us. How then shall we serve the country at large? How tackle national and international problems?

MRS. BESANT ON FEMALE EDUCATION.—Mrs. Besant presided at the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the girls' school maintained in this place by the local branch of the Theosophical Society; and, in the course of an interesting speech, she said:—

In ancient India, two paths were open to the women. The one which was trodden by the vast majority was that of the household life for which she was to be wife and mother; and the mother with the child in her arms had ever been the symbol of blessed womanhood. In order to preserve that type in modern times, in order to keep untouched the fair ideal of Indian womanhood, it was necessary that they should keep in their own hands the education of their girls in which was bound up their own future and the future of their country. In the charge of their women more than any other, lay the spiritual home of India. Men might become de-spiritualised, and if the women followed suit, the doom of India would, indeed, be sounded. But, in order that their women might keep up the spirituality of India, in order that they might be true daughters of India, they must add to their natural love and tenderness and grace, light and knowledge so that they might become the helpmates of their husbands and the true mothers of their sons. They could not afford to leave in ignorance their girls who, in times to come, would become the goddesses of their homes; for the ignorant mother might, by her love, unwise and lacking in understanding, injure where she sought to help. Hence, it was

necessary that they should open schools for their girls in order that they might learn what was necessary for their usefulness in the future life of the home.

In olden days, when the joint family system was in force, the training of the girls was carried on within the sacred precincts of the home, but as that home training had gradually fallen into desuetude, they were not only not trained in household duties, but they received no instruction in their own sacred literature or in the science of the home. In educating their women, they should take care not to destroy what they sought to improve. They should take care lest they injured the unique type of Indian womanhood. Religion exercised its own beneficent influence. It awoke devotion that came so naturally to the heart of the Indian women. Girls whom they were training to be wives must be able to know something of the interests and aspirations that filled their husbands' lives.

In ancient India, the wife was the counsellor of her husband, the helpmate in his life of the outer world, bringing calm wisdom to bear upon it. She should know something of the influences brought to bear on the fiery heart of her son; she should be able to counsel with wisdom as well as cherish with affection; she should be strong enough to control as she was tender enough to love and serve. It was these stronger virtues of Indian antiquity that were required to be implanted in the hearts of their girls.

There was another path which opened before the feet of India's daughters to tread. In ancient India, women of noblest types gave up their lives to the service of the Supreme, realising, that that was the goal of human search; and they should not, in modern days, close that path of eternal knowledge to their daughters. Their history and their literature presented examples for their daughters to emulate in their lives types of perfect wives and perfect mothers whose noble careers they would fain have their daughters to follow. They spoke of Sita with her faultless devotion to her husband, of Savitri who followed her husband into the very jaws of death, and others; but those were not the only women that inspired the ideal. There were still mightier names to remind them of women's position and influence which was unfortunately forgotten in the modern Indian notion of womanhood. They should not forget that she was Sarasvathi, the goddess of learning, of knowledge and of wisdom, they should not forget that she was Laksmi, who gave wealth and happiness and prosperity, and on whom the whole life depended; they should not forget that she was Annapurani, who gave food to the hungry in the world. They should honour their women, as they loved them;

they should not forget the reverence due to them; until they raised their women to their rightful place in the home and in the nation, they could never become a mighty people.

INDIAN CHILDREN AND ORNAMENTS.—How much longer will Indian parents continue to risk the lives and safety of their little ones by loading them with ornaments which excite the cupidity of evilly disposed persons? The danger of the custom has been pointed out over and over again and the moral has been repeatedly driven home by sad experience. Yet the absurd custom appears to suffer no abatement. Renewed interest is lent to the subject by the horrible case reported from Syriam, near Rangoon, in which an unfortunate child, a girl of three years old, was decoyed to a lonely place by five youths, her nose and ear-rings cut off with a blunt knife and, after being nearly strangled, left for dead. She was found alive but bleeding from her wounds and covered with ants. Although, in this instance, the child did not lose her life, she is probably permanently disfigured and the experience will no doubt leave ineradicable traces upon her mind. Parents who persist in this dangerous custom fully deserve all they get in the loss of their children and the ornaments which have been the cause of their death or injury. But are not these helpless little creatures to receive any protection from the brutality of their assailants and the foolish vanity of their parents? In our opinion the decking out of children with jewellery should be made an offence punishable with a heavy fine. This would soon put a stop to a useless and dangerous custom until such time as the people gain enough sense and responsibility to end it themselves.

HEROISM OF A HINDU LADY.—Subjoined will be found the translation of a Hindi letter from Sreemuttee Malati Devi Saraswati, a resident of Etawah, to her father Babu Lachman Das Saraswati, in which the lady narrates an incident which almost cost her life. On the occasion of the *Akshai Tritia*, on the 11th May last, Malati Devi went to bathe in the Jumna. Another lady accompanied her with four children, the eldest of whom was only eight years old. While they were seeing a *tamasha* after having their bath, a woman cried out that Ram Chandra, one of the children was getting drowned in the river. There were many people on the bank at the time, for a great fair was going on. But for Malati Devi was reserved the unique distinction of saving the life of the child. No sooner did she hear the cry than she jumped into the river after the missing boy unmindful of the danger to her own life; for she did not know how to swim. She caught

hold of the hand of the child and drifted down the river for some distance where some expert swimmers helped them ashore. Malati Devi was unconscious but still she held the hand of the boy in a firm grasp. Medical help was obtained and both of them regained consciousness.

Last year in Bengal, a Hindu lady jumped down from a running train on the E. B. S. Railway, to save the life of a child who had slipped out of the window of a carriage. And both of them were afterwards picked up unhurt. In that case the danger to the life of her own child prompted the action of the mother. But in the present instance, the lady endangered her life to save the life of the child of a neighbour. India is poor in riches, may she grow rich in the possession of more daughters like Malati Devi!

MALATI DEVI'S LETTER.

Dear father,—I am afraid I have committed a great fault. But as I keep no secrets from you, I must beg your pardon before relating to you the particulars of the adventure in which I played a prominent part, and my life has been very narrowly saved through your blessings.

There was a great fair on the bank of the Jumna which you know is quite close to Etawah, on the occasion of the *Akshai Tritia* on the 11th May. There was a large gathering of people from the city and abroad. You know that I am not fond of bathing in rivers and whenever I do so I don't plunge into a river to take a dip, but I bathe on the bank with a vessel. The wife of Babu Krishna Chandra, Jail Clerk, had also accompanied me to the river, along with her four children, aged from two to eight years. After bathing in the manner above described, I put on my clothes and was enjoying the *tamasha* when all of a sudden, a woman cried out that Ram Chandra, the eldest son of the other lady, was being drowned. No sooner did I hear this than I jumped into the river with all my clothes and ornaments on and (you know that I am unfortunately not acquainted with the art of swimming), managed to reach the spot and caught hold of the lad. It was then and there that I came to realise that the water was too deep for me and both of us were soon carried away by the current. After this I became unconscious and knew not what was passing.

Whatever I now write to you was told to me by the wife of Babu Krishna Chandra, the mother of the lad. The current took us to the male ghat where fortunately for us both, there were some expert swimmers and divers present. They succeeded in bringing both of us ashore in quite an unconscious state. Both of us were laid on the bank with faces downward, and they say that a good deal of water came out and hopes of life

began to re-establish. I forgot to tell you that although quite unconscious, I did not lose hold of the lad and we were separated by the divers who, as well as the spectators, were greatly astonished at the spectacle. After some time, consciousness returned and we were both brought home in a conveyance. In the way both of us again became unconscious and showed signs of sinking speedily. Thanks to jail doctor, who lost no time in administering medicine which caused a good deal of vomiting and thus averted the danger.

Dear father, a great calamity has passed over me and I am now doing well, although very weak. The shock was the greatest I ever experienced, and I have no doubt that the Almighty Father has saved me from certain death.

Please do not relate this doleful story to my old mother, as I fear she will be deeply distressed to hear it.

SIGNIFICANT DREAMS—STRANGE BUT TRUE.—There live in Madras three ladies who may for the present purpose be styled A, B and C. All of these have had dreams from time to time, and they are as follows:—

A day before His Majesty King Edward's death, A dreamed that he died. On the following morning, immediately after leaving bed, A related the dream to her children. In the course of that day, the dream came to pass.

B, the second person, dreamed that H.E. the Viceroy came to Madras. A week later the dreamed proved to be true. Though the then intended visit of the Viceroy was published in almost all the newspapers, yet B neither read nor heard of it.

At another time B dreamed that the proprietor of a large shop or firm here ordered D, one of his employees, to leave his firm. The following day, D learned from the proprietor himself that his services were dispensed with.

Not many days afterwards, B again dreamed that D, her friend, was abused by two men, whose names she then mentioned to D while relating to D her dream. The day following, the identical men abused D.

Another dream of B was that E, a relative at Trichinopoly, made up his mind to leave for England. Exactly a week afterwards, B received from E a letter informing B of E's intention to visit England. This idea of going to England occurred to E only a few days after B had her dream.

On another occasion, B dreamed that she was in church praying, when the Blessed Virgin Mary, or somebody in her form, appeared and said to her:—"I don't wish to hear your prayers. You are not on speaking terms with your mother, whom you have wronged! You ought

first to get her pardon and then come to pray." As Mary had not disappeared just then, B, taking advantage of her presence, attempted to justify her own conduct and to censure that of her mother. Whereupon Mary said:—"I know what has happened and don't need that you should inform me about anything. You are to blame. Go now and get your mother's pardon." Then Mary disappeared. Next morning B lost no time in telling her mother the dream as also in confessing her fault and begging for pardon, which was readily granted. B was not before this dream speaking to her mother for about three months. From that day up to now, B has been, and is, on the best possible terms with her mother.

C, the third person of the dreamers herein mentioned, was in bed one night, suffering from a very severe headache and strong fever. While in this condition she had a dream in which she saw a beautiful white figure resembling the form of an angel which one commonly sees represented in sacred pictures. The angel, so to speak, said:—"I have just cured seven people. I have now come to cure you." And, placing one of her fingers on C's forehead, she vanished from C's sight. Immediately afterwards C awoke with fright but completely cured of her illness. C then woke up from sleep the people at home, to whom she told the dream. A few days afterwards C dreamed that F's mother-in-law in Calcutta died. About four days later, C received from F, her brother, a letter conveying the news of his mother-in-law's death.

At another time there appeared in C's dream a very old man who said to C, "Be not afraid, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. I will be with thee on the 10th August." Saying this, the old man disappeared. Immediately afterwards C awoke and related the dream to her mother-in-law, who there and then made a note of it on a piece of paper. The 10th of August soon arrived. C and her relatives were at home on the date and were having a chat about the dream. Just then C's husband received a letter which contained the offer of a billet which he gladly accepted, he being at the time out of employ. The Biblical verses quoted in this dream are familiar to many Christians.

In another dream that C had, there came to C's doors a poor woman who appeared to be ill-clad and ill-fed, begging at the same time for help. The next day a woman of this very description appeared at C's doors begging for help.

On another occasion, C was asleep in an easy chair in the afternoon. She had a dream in which she saw a hand pointing in a certain direction. A few minutes later C awoke and

walked a few paces in the said direction when her motion was arrested by a box which was in her way. The house was then undergoing whitewashing and was therefore disarranged. C, however, having seen something which looked like a piece of rope, bent over the box and placed one hand between it and the wall in order to pick up the same. The object was touched when it moved. It turned out to be a large cobra snake, the tail of which was touched. It was eventually killed before doing harm to anybody.

These dreams, though apparently strange, uncommon and to a great extent of a mystical character, show clearly that they are substantially true and of the deepest significance in more ways than one. They show, too, that truth is stranger than fiction and that there are more things in heaven and on earth than are dreamt of in any system of philosophy which is always limited and must always be progressive. W. A. H. R.

A CONGRESS OF WOMEN IN LONDON.—A congress of women representing various phases of women's public and social work was opened at the Japan-British Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush on the 6th instant, by Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia. Lady Strachey, President of the Women's Local Government Society, occupied the Chair, the subject for discussion being "The Co-operation of Women in Local Government as Administrators."

Sir George Reid said he was a new arrival, and without the power of summing a country up in a few hours which most travellers possessed. He was also bound by obligations which did not trouble his distinguished friend, Mr. Roosevelt.

In his famous Guildhall speech, Mr. Roosevelt broke all the rules, but as it came from Mr. Roosevelt it stood in a different category. Mr. Roosevelt had proved himself, not only out of office but when he occupied the exalted office of President of the United States, a real admirer of the British people and a friend of the British Empire, and when a friend got talking to a friend he was liable to say all sorts of things that they would not like any one else to say. He (the speaker) could not touch upon women's suffrage, because he was told that there were in England some women who were intensely interested in that subject. Every country must work out its own political franchise without advice from other countries abroad. In the past, women had been looked upon as a sort of postscript to man, not half as important as the postscript to a lady's letter. That state of affairs had completely changed. Queen Elizabeth was said to be the exception which proved the rule that women

were unfit to rule, but Queen Victoria proved that Queen Elizabeth was no fluke.

Lady Strachey, speaking of women's work in Local Government, urged that quality rather than quantity should be the first consideration. Men were judged only as individuals, but the woman who failed committed not only herself but other women, and so retarded the whole movement.

Miss Susan Lawrence, who was elected to London County Council at the last Election, said that the real strength of the argument in favour of the presence of women there rested on the need for specialisation and the need for the division of labour. Many of the duties which fell to the County Council would in private life be confided to women.

Miss Edith Sutton, a member of the Reading Town Council, said that women had the leisure for public work, while men who had their businesses and professions to attend to often found it difficult to give the necessary time and thought to the various Committees.

Miss Balkwill, of the Hampstead Borough Council, said that women should direct their attention to the pernicious literature that was so plentifully scattered among boys and girls to-day.

Mrs. Rackham, of the Cambridge Board of Guardians, said that when there were no women on the governing bodies of institutions practically everything had to be left to the staff. There were now 1,165 women serving on 412 Boards, but 226 Boards were still without a woman member.

WHERE WOMEN VOTE.—At Fort Collins, recently, women took the leading part in laying the cornerstone of the first building erected in Colorado to be devoted exclusively to the development of household art and women's work. They were Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, of Denver and Katherine M. Cook, State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Governor Shafroth was among the speakers.

During the course of her remarks, Mrs. Decker said:

"It is especially fitting that women be represented in the programme of these ceremonies. We realize what this means to our sex. We look with pride on the work that is to be accomplished here, as we have done in the past, as we see girls and young women graduate from the department of domestic science of the Colorado Agricultural College equipped to go into any man's home and make it comfortable and happy for him and his children."

The building will be in keeping with the high standard set for the department of domestic science by its head, Miss Rausch. The structure is given outright by Senator Duggenheim, and

will be the peer of any building in which home economics is taught.

Miss Rausch has written to all the leading domestic science schools and secured their plans and models, and she has worked them all over into one ideal, combining all that is best in the various buildings and presented them to the architect.

The quality of the work already being carried on by Miss Rausch was indicated by Governor Shafroth, who began his speech by declaring he had supposed his luncheon in domestic science hall at noon to be a dollar meal, but that he was told afterwards it cost but \$ 1-3 cents per plate.

Some of these days, these domestic science graduates will be able to reply as did the celebrated artist when asked with what he mixed his colors:

"How do you cook, my pretty maid?"

"With brains, sir."

"And how do you vote?"

"With brains, sir."

F. M. A.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S GRATITUDE.—The *Court Circular*, issued from Buckingham Palace on the 27th May, contained the following:—"Queen Alexandra wishes to express her sincere gratitude to all those who have so kindly sent tributes of flowers in memory of His late Majesty, which were so numerous that it has been impossible for all to be acknowledged separately up to the present; but Her Majesty hopes that everyone who has sent these tributes of affection and sympathy will be thanked individually as soon as possible." The *Court Circular* also contains an expression of Queen Alexandra's gratitude for the thousands of wreaths sent from all parts of the country by all classes and hung along the route of the procession to Paddington on the day of King Edward's funeral.

NEW YORK'S BRAVEST WOMAN.—Mrs. Gateman, a bride of three months, is applauded to-day as New York's bravest woman. A burglar entered her bed-room at four o'clock in the morning and commenced to collect articles of value. Without disturbing her husband, who slept heavily by her side, or even two young men lodgers in an adjoining room, Mrs. Gateman crept from the bed. With a hat-pin in one hand and an iron spittoon in the other, she fell upon the man. The burglar was in full fight, and backing towards the kitchen he grappled with the lady who was clad only in a night-robe. They fought ferociously. The woman clutched the burglar's throat, and with her other hand grabbed a rolling-pin from the table,

belabouring him severely. The man tried to escape by the window, to which a fire escape was attached. Mrs. Gateman saw her chance, and hurled her weight—she is nearly 12 st.—against him. The burglar fell to the stone-flagged court 60 feet below, and was killed instantaneously.

AGED PEOPLE'S MARRIAGE.—A remarkable wedding has just been celebrated at Braila. The bridegroom was Joseph Stopf, a centenarian, and he married Maria Liga, whose age was 101. These aged people had loved each other in youth eight years ago, but their parents would not consent to their marriage, and the girl was married to another man. This man died a few months ago and now the sweethearts of eighty years ago are man and wife. The Bishop of Braila officiated at this strange marriage, and several thousand people assembled outside the church. Both the bride and bridegroom are in good health and comfortable circumstances.

RICE AND WHEAT SUPPLY.—In the whole world there is almost as much rice eaten as wheat. The latest estimates place the world's wheat crop at about 190,000,000,000 lbs. that of rice at 175,000,000,000 lbs.

BOMB-MAKING AT TOKIO.—Eight Japanese, including a woman, have been arrested at Tokio for having taken part in the manufacture of bombs.

SHOPPING IN MID-OCEAN? HOW WOMEN ORDER COSTUMES BY "WIRELESS."—"S24 B5 L6" indicates an order for a new dress delivered by wireless in mid-Atlantic, so that a perfectly fitting Paris costume awaited one of the women passengers on the "Lusitania" on the arrival of the Cunarder at Fishguard.

Gowns may now be ordered in mid-ocean through the medium of wireless telegraphy as easily as in a coat milliner's show-room in Bondstreet.

American visitors can select costumes a thousand miles east of Sandy Hook and find them ready to be fitted when they arrive in London.

The *Cunard "Bulletin,"* the daily newspaper published on board, includes coloured fashion plates, showing the latest "creations."

Each saloon passenger receives an invitation to view a collection of gowns, tailor-made suits, wraps, opera cloaks, millinery, lingerie, etc. "Any commands given on board," the invitation states, "will be marconigraphed to London." In the special dress saloon, on deck, three dainty manequins display the latest Paris models.

The following table is part of the code used in ordering dresses, for which measurements can be taken on board, by wireless:—

S24 = a gown of certain model and size.

B5 = charmeuse material.

L3 = a type of lace.

FF Tues. = fit and finish by Tuesday.

F Tues. 3 = one fitting Tuesday 3 P.M.

Mr. D. King, of Messrs. Russell and Allen, the Court dressmakers, who, have secured the rights of "wireless" dress on the vessels of the Cunard Line, told an "Express" representative that women voyagers think the idea excellent.

"So successful has the scheme been," he said, "that the 'Ocean Dress Department' is returning by the 'Lusitania' to New York on Saturday." A New York show-room will probably be opened in August, and then American-bound passengers will have similar dress privilege.

DEATH OF A PEARL NECKLACE. £50,000 DOOMED TO DECAY.—The wonderful pearl necklace which belonged to Mme. Thiers, wife of the distinguished French diplomat, and which was left to the French nation by her and placed in the Louvre, is dying from the mysterious, obscure disease which attacks these gems. The necklace is composed of three strands, made up of one hundred and fifty of the finest pearls ever brought up from the depths. When Mme. Thiers gave the necklace to the French people it was worth fifty thousand pounds. There are few jewellers who would give £5,000 for it now, so far has the malady progressed.

Experts are at a loss to explain just what it is that makes pearls sicken and die. Apparently it is a form of starvation. It seems as though the gem feeds upon the life in the delicate skin of fair women. That is why, jewellers say, pearls should always be worn next to the flesh.

By the terms of Mme. Thiers' gift, her necklace cannot be taken from its case in the Louvre. If it could be lent to some woman, the French Government could just, the experts believe that the majority of the pearls would recover. This is impossible, and so the necklace is to die. Day by day the globes are darkening, becoming ugly, old and withered.

The malady of pearls has been known for ages to the more subtle minds of the East. It is only recently that the West has come to recognise that the phenomenon exists. There are some women who cannot wear pearls, because whatever it is about women to which pearls are sensitive is inimical to the gems. For the same reason there are women who cannot wear turquoises. The most brilliant blue turquoise will speedily turn a dark and soapy green. There are some women on whom an opal will sparkle with all the beauty of its

lettered fires, and the very same opal upon another woman will be lifeless as a piece of clay.

The great jewellers now recognise this peculiarity and keep in reserve women upon whom the pearl thrives. Some grand duchess or some great society lady will find that her pearls are becoming lustreless; she will take them to her jeweller, and for one or two months one of the friendly women will wear next her skin many thousands of pounds worth of gems, and then the pearls are returned shining, vivid with life and perfect once again.

Pearls are also often rejuvenated by being sunk in sea water. The Queen is passionately fond of pearls. Her collection is more valuable than any in the world. She has a crown and enormous ropes and buckles of them. When she is in what is known as her pearl regalia, the gems on her are worth four hundred thousand pounds. It is probable that two hundred thousand pounds more would not cover the value of those she does not wear.

Not long ago one of her necklaces showed signs of discolouration and the characteristic illness. It was taken to the jeweller, who secretly immersed it in the sea. Guards watched it night and day for three months. Then the pearls were brought up and found to be perfectly restored.

It seems incredible that there is any actual life in these products of an oyster, and yet jewels are mysterious things. Legends crowd around them.

Men dare dishonour and death for them, and women, throughout the ages, have dared dishonour and death for them too. It seems incredible that there is life in them, and yet a thing that feeds, becomes ill, recovers and changes with its wearer, is approaching in its nature very near to what we term life.

It is a historical fact that, when the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria was seized with typhoid fever, her great pearl necklace immediately began to fade. It was sunk in the Adriatic Sea and guarded by a government ship. The pearls lie there to this day, and are taken up once a year and examined. Gem experts say it will be years before their colour is restored.

May would appear to be the month of destiny for the new Queen. She was born in May, was known to her family and to the people as Princess Mary, was betrothed in May, and became Queen in May.

The Maharaja of Patiala has been pleased to donate Rs. 10,000 towards the funds of the Sikh Kanya Mahavidyala, Ferozepore, an institution that is doing excellent work in the direction of

female education. The Maharaja is further pleased to make a monthly grant of Rs. 600 for the institution.

USING A SERVICE CARD AS PRIVATE.—A police sub-inspector, from Coimbatore, is now here, on enquiry into a case in which a Tamilian barber woman named Kanakama is charged with using a service post card for a private communication. It has transpired that she obtained the card from a neighbour of hers, named Korappan.

THE Government Kheddahs have recently captured at Sinbyuyin a female baby white elephant, and it has been offered to the Burman Buddhists who have accepted the offer with the warmest thanks on behalf of the Buddhist community. Arrangements will be made by the Trustees of the Pagoda to take over the sacred animal at Katha, and when these are completed, the white elephant will be taken to Mandalay, where it will be kept for some days, and then brought on to Rangoon, and installed in or near the Shwe Dagon, where the animal will be received with ceremonies scarcely less gorgeous than those recently accorded to the Peshawar relics. The news has excited keenest interest in Buddhist circles.

END OF VENICE TRIAL.—The strange murder trial at Venice that contained so much of intense human passion as to interest all Europe has terminated after three months' duration in the conviction of Countess Tarnowski and her dupes. For the beautiful and fascinating woman who tempted so many men to their destruction, there is a sentence of eight years and four months' imprisonment, with solitary confinement, the most terrible, perhaps, of all modern punishments. The actual assassin, Naimoff, receives only a sentence of three years and one month, also solitary. Prilukoff, the distinguished lawyer, who abandoned everything—honour, position and family—to become an unscrupulous woman's slave, is awarded ten years' confinement. But for the fact that the jury found that the death of Count Paul Kamorowski, on September 4, 1907, was due to "extraneous circumstances," the sentences would have been much heavier.

SARADA DEVI AND CHAPALA DEVI, two young ladies belonging to a Brahmin Zamindar family of Bhatpara, Narainjaj Sub-Division, of Eastern Bengal, who were charged with the murder of Binode Chakravarti, have been acquitted by the Sessions Judge, Dacca, the Public Prosecutor, having withdrawn the case against them. Before the Magistrate, the ladies pleaded self-defence

when the deceased entered their room and tried to disgrace them.

THE story of how a well-educated Bengali successfully personated a C. I. D. officer, municipal license officer, and income-tax collector, by which he duped a dozen European ladies, was related to Mr. Ghose, Deputy Magistrate, Sealdah. Accused, S. K. Bose, is said to be respectably connected and a M. A. He was prosecuted on the charge of personating a municipal license officer, and as such inducing a European lady, Mrs. Spence, of Ballygunge, to part with Rs. 8, being the quarterly license on six cows, which she was keeping for dairy purposes. Several previous convictions were proved against the accused. In another case, he swindled a Muhammadan woman out of Rs. 4, saying he was the income-tax collector. There were in all over half dozen previous convictions against accused. The Magistrate convicted accused of the present offence and sentenced him to rigorous imprisonment for one year.

WE record, with very great sorrow, the sudden death of Mrs. Sell, the wife of the Rev. C. E. Sell, Chaplain of St. John's, Bangalore, on Thursday, June 9th, and we offer our deepest sympathy to her husband and children in their bereavement. Mrs. Sell had only been working for a short time at St. John's parish, but she had crowded much devoted work into a few months, and for many a long year her memory there will be bright and her example a stimulus. At the funeral, the church was crowded to the full and some of the older members of the congregation begged to be allowed to carry the coffin in and out of the church. A correspondent from the parish writes to us that "the choir, boys and girls, could hardly sing for sobbing, for they loved her greatly. She taught them to sing so sweetly and well, that people came from all parts to hear them." A few months ago she rallied all the people of the parish round her for the bazaar on behalf of the schools and raised over Rs. 2,000 as the result of her efforts. The diocese, and St. John's parish in particular has lost, through her death, an ardent and devoted worker whose whole life was given up to the Master's cause.

WE have learnt that the Self-Help Society, which is managed by the ladies of the Diocesan Settlement at Bangalore, has made a most satisfactory progress during the last three months. There are now about 130 women employed in doing needle-work regularly and earning from Rs. 9 to Rs. 20 a month each, by their work. The society is now self-supporting, and we hope that it will soon be in a position to

extend its operations and greatly increase its usefulness. Its moral value to the women employed is very great. Large numbers of poor Eurasian women at Bangalore are now enabled to earn an honest livelihood, who before were dependent for their living upon begging or worse. We earnestly hope that the society will receive the hearty support of all the Chaplains throughout the Diocese and that many ladies in the different stations will come forward to help in the sales of work. Ladies who have seen specimens of the work, have stated that the work is excellent and most moderate in price. All that is needed now is that the society should become known, and that a larger number of voluntary helpers should co-operate in opening out markets and selling the work.

• ON Saturday last, a woman, wife of one Gunamal, Sindhwork Bania, residing in Mian Fakir's Pir at Hyderabad, Sind, was so badly burnt that she succumbed to her injuries. The unfortunate woman in her statement to the City Magistrate said that her mother-in-law deliberately emptied a bottle of kerosine oil over her clothes and applied a match to them, with the result that her clothes caught fire and she was burnt. On this statement, the mother-in-law was arrested by the Police and has been challaned to the Court of the Sub-Divisional Magistrate of Hala where the hearing has been fixed for to-day. The accused is now on bail.

• MUNIFICENT GIFT OF A MARWARI LADY.—A correspondent writes to the *Englishman*:—Rani Mohuri Bibi, widow of the late Raja Sew Bux Bogla, died on Sunday, 5th instant, at the temple of Sir Sri Satya Narayan Jis at No 11 Cullen Place, Howrah. The young lady had been suffering from a protracted illness, to which she ultimately succumbed. Only a few days before her death, she came to learn that her end was approaching fast. To make the best of the time still left to her, she placed at the disposal of her doctor and family friend, hundies worth a large amount which, when realised, are to be utilised in building a hospital or a ward attached to the Medical College Hospital, Calcutta, a bathing Ghat at Ghusrri, and a small Dharamsala at Bhubaneswar. The surplus, if any, to be contributed to the water-works fund at Puri. Over and above this, she wanted to dispose of her jewels, worth over two lakhs of rupees. Half of the amount thus raised to be spent in works of public good, and the remaining half to be ratably given to her two younger brothers and her old mother. But this she could not do, as she had previously placed the jewel-box for safe custody in the Bank, and her relations, who had heard of it, issued a notice

upon the Bank authorities asking them to retain the box until the withdrawal of the prohibition. To have the dispute agreeably settled between the parties, she politely asked them to an interview with her, but this they put off from day to day and never turned up until only an hour before her death. To give permanence to the hospital and other institutions, she expressed her desire that the work should be done through Government.

THE CASTE AND GOSHA HOSPITAL. LAST YEAR'S WORKING.—The Government of Madras, in recording the Report of the Honorary Secretary to the Governors of the Victoria Hospital for Caste and Gosha Women, Madras, remark as follows:—

The Report shows that the number of patients treated in the institution has been steadily increasing in recent years. The Government are much gratified at this increase, and hope that the staff of the institution will be kept up to an adequate standard.

The amount realised from paying patients through the Superintendent, was Rs. 1,545 in 1909 against Rs. 1,400 in 1903. The increase in the receipts under this head, is satisfactory.

The attention of the Honorary Secretary is drawn to the remarks made by the late Accountant-General, Mr. Brigstocke, in his note, dated the 5th April, 1910, (copy enclosed). The Government would like the Budget estimates and the accounts of the hospital to be prepared in a more business-like manner; and due attention should be paid to any suggestions that may be made by the Accountant-General in the Annual Reports on the audit of the accounts of the institution, especially as regards the maintenance of the cash-book.

H. E. the Governor in Council notes with much gratification the donations for the upkeep of beds made by the Hon'ble Mr. P. S. Sivasawmy Iyer, C. I. E., the Hon'ble Mr. Justice V. Krishnasawmy Iyer and by the wife of the proprietor of Kapileswarapuram mutta.

DAUGHTERS OF SHAHJAHAN.—Mr. Debi Prasad Dube contributes the following article to the *Hindustan Review*:—

Women have always played a more or less important part in the government of a country, and the house of Taimur was no exception to the general rule. Jodh Bai, Nurjahan and Mumtaz Mahal exercised a great deal of influence on the administration of the first three great Mogul Emperors, the daughters of Shahjehan were no less important factors in the reign of Aurungzeb. They were three in number, women of talent, accomplishments and beauty. The eldest daughter was Jahanara

who was popularly called Begam Sahib or Padshah Begam. She was the princess royal. She was very lively, beautiful, affectionate, generous, and passionately beloved by her father; while the younger Roshanara was less attractive, but more astute and given to intrigues and machinations. They had nothing in common between them; but there was a striking similarity of nature between the eldest princess and her father and eldest brother on the one hand, and the younger princess and Aurungzeb, on the other. Jahanara, therefore, became attached to Shahjehan and Dara, and Roshanara to Aurungzeb, Princess Kudsia, who was also called Goharara, was the youngest. Being gentle and easy-going, she kept aloof from the turbulence of political intrigue and contention.

They, like every other princess of the Mogul family, were condemned to a life-long celibacy, because no person, whatever his rank or position, was considered worthy of them, and no great lord could care to yoke himself to an imperial and imperious wife. In addition to these social reasons, there was a political one, and that was that the husband of a princess might aspire and lay claim to the crown, as there was no fixed law of succession among the Moguls. But the very fact of their being brought up in ease and luxury and in a state of single-blessedness exposed them to the attacks of evil tongues and scandalous rumours. Bernier, the famous French traveller and physician to Danishmand Khan, who was Foreign Secretary to Aurungzeb, mentions anecdotes about the amours of Jahanara and Roshanara. He writes that the Begam Sahib, although confined in the seraglio and guarded like the other ladies of the blood, received the visits of a young man of no very exalted rank, but of an agreeable person. Somehow or other, her imperial father got the scent of it and one day paid a surprise visit to her. The lover was frightened out of his wits and did not know what to do. At last he sought refuge in a large caldron. The Emperor talked calmly on different topics as if nothing unusual had happened. In the course of conversation, he drew her attention to her shabby dress and untidy appearance and then asked her to bathe. The eunuchs immediately lighted a fire under the caldron and the miserable gallant was roasted alive. The other story is about a steward, Nazir Khan by name. He was a young nobleman, remarkable for grace and mental accomplishments, full of spirit and ambition and the favourite of the whole court. Shaista Khan the maternal uncle of Aurungzeb, proposed him for the hand of the princess royal, but the Emperor, who had already heard about their illicit intimacy, rejected the proposal. To get

rid of the paramour and wipe out the scandal, he, one day, presented a poisoned betel to him in the open durbar. He, considering it as a mark of special favour, masticated it. The poison was so subtle that he died before he could reach home. Bernier does not stop with so much scandal but he even goes so far as to say that Shahjehan made the Begam Sahib his mistress.

Similarly, the French physician narrates a scandalous story about the younger princess. He writes that she enjoyed the company of two young men for several days and then committed one of them to the care of the female attendants to conduct him out of the seraglio under cover of the night. They, for some reason or another, left him in the garden where he was discovered and taken before Aurungzeb. He questioned very closely but without being able to draw any other confession from him than that he had scaled walls. He was ordered to go by the same way, but the eunuchs exceeded their master's instructions and threw him from the top of the wall. As for the second lover, he was allowed to go through the gate by which he had come. The result of all this was, that the Emperor inflicted a severe and exemplary punishment upon the eunuchs who had become lax in their duties at the palace gates.

That these scandals are quite unjustified and uncalled for, can be judged from the facts that (1) Bernier heard the story about Roshanara "from the mouth of an old woman, a half-caste Portuguese who has been many years a slave in the seraglio"—by no means a reliable and satisfactory authority (2) Menucci, the Italian physician at the court of Shahjehan, discredits the stories about Jahanara, (3) Khafi Khan, the historian, of the reign of Shahjehan, makes no mention of these amours, (4) Aurungzeb, instead of letting the lovers go away, would have put them to a cruel death and (5) Keene, Elphinstone and other historians take hardly any notice of these love stories. Mr. Stanley Poole—an authority upon the Mogul period—simply says that Shahjehan, after the death of Mumtaz Mahal, "centred his affection upon his eldest daughter Jahan Ara with much fervour as to cause no little scandal." My belief is that it is Bernier, and Bernier only, that has caused this mischief and made a shameful but fruitless attempt at shattering the character of the Mogul princesses.

Be that whatever it may, it is a relief and a pleasure to turn from this unpleasant subject to a more pleasant one. It has been already said that Jehanara was the favourite daughter of Shahjehan who reposed the greatest confidence in her. Since the death of Mumtaz Mahal, there being no chief consort, she exerted boundless influence in the seraglio and the Court,

No intrigue or piece of jobbery was successful until and unless it brought to her large sums of money and splendid presents from those who had anything to gain from the Emperor. These gifts added largely to her pin-money and made her extremely wealthy. Tavernier, the famous French traveller and jeweller, relates the story of an Amir who was appointed Viceroy of Sindh. The people sent complaints after complaints to Agra about his tyranny and extortion, but all to no purpose. At last, he was recalled and instead of being punished given the richer province of Allahabad. The cause was soon known. Before his departure from Sindh, he had sent fifty thousand gold mohurs to Shah-jehan and twenty thousand to the princess royal.

She watched over her father's safety and was so cautiously observant that no dish was allowed to appear at the imperial table which had not been prepared under her supervision. Sometimes she was employed in the most important work of the State. For instance after the battle of Samogarth (Fatehabad) which shattered all the hopes of Dara for the crown and of Shah-jehan for restoration to power, she at once sent her to remonstrate with Aurungzeb who had ordered his son, Mahmud, to blockade the palace. The rebellious prince who never trusted a soul was the last person to listen to any message brought by his chief enemy. Mahmud entered the fortress on the 18th June, 1658, amidst a scene of wild confusion and bloodshed, overcame the guard and turned the palace into a prison, for about the eight years of life that remained to Shah-jehan, he could never leave the palace—so strict and vigilant was the control of Aurungzeb under his chief eunuch, Akbar Khan. He was treated with great respect and allowed an ample establishment and complete authority within the fort. But during this prison life—the most wretched for an Emperor like Shah-jehan he had only one consolation and that was that his beloved daughter Jehanara was with him to share in his miseries and suffering. She had ample means and, if she had wished, she could have led an independent life but she placed her filial duty before every other consideration. She consoled him, studied his needs with a view to gratify them, and looked after his comfort with more than daughter's devotion till the 23rd January 1666, when he died to the great relief of Aurungzeb, as he was the last source of danger to his empire and that was now removed.

It is said of Aurungzeb as Emperor and not as prince, that throughout his long reign of nearly fifty years not a single act of cruelty has been proved against him except under exceptional circumstances. And this is true in the case

of his eldest sister. Though she was his bitterest enemy, yet after Shah-jehan's death, he allowed her to keep her state in splendid seclusion. In the year 1681, "she died with the fame of her past beauty still fresh, unmarried at the age of sixty-seven." Her grave lies close to a saint's and to a poet's in that *Campo santo* of marble lattice work, near the Hall of the Sixty-Four Pillars beyond the Delhi walls. But only a piece of pure white marble with a little grass piously watered marks the princess's grave. Let no rich canopy surmount my resting-place, was her dying injunction inscribed on the headstone. "This grass is the best covering for the grave of a lowly heart, the humble and transitory Ornament of the World, the disciple of the Holy Man of Christ, the daughter of the Emperor Shah-jehan."

To return to Roshanara. It has been already noticed that she was attached to Aurungzeb and during the fratricidal struggle for the crown, she kept him constantly in touch with what was going on at the palace. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he gained the throne through her help and exertions. Her services in his cause can never be overestimated. After the decisive battle of Samogarth, Shah-jehan, finding the sceptre slip out of his hands, embarked upon a temporising policy. He sent Dara ten camels loaded with rupees and gold mohurs to meet the expenses of the war and asked him to fly to Delhi where the governor would help him, at the same time he was persuading his refractory son to come to him and implore his forgiveness, so that he might get him into his power. With this object he ordered the hundred Tartar women to pounce upon him the moment he entered the palace. But Roshanara came to his help. She informed him of the double game which the old Emperor was playing. In this manner he (Aurungzeb) escaped the trap which had been laid to seize him.

She appears again on the stage of history when the ill-fated and ungrateful Jiwan Khan of Dhandar in Cutch seized Dara, brought him to Delhi and betrayed him into the hands of his enemy. A council was held and the question to be discussed was whether he should be imprisoned for life in the fortress of Gwalior or put to death. Of course, opinions differed on this point. Danishmand Khan, although the old enemy of Dara, together with some other nobles, enforced the former proposal with all his powers of argument and persuasion but Roshanara seconded by Shaista Khan was so violent in the denunciation of her unhappy brother that—be it said to her shame—she carried the council with her by her eloquence. She said that Dara had forfeited all claims to mercy, inasmuch as he had become an apostate, a

renegade and an ally of infidels. She knew, too well, the alarming sympathy of the people when he was paraded some days back through the streets of Delhi dressed in the meanest clothes and mounted on a wretched and dirty elephant. She, therefore, pressed the point with the argument that to secure the safety of her favourite brother and the stability of the empire, he should be put to death without any loss of time. Alas, for poor Roshanara! If her mental vision were to pierce the veil that concealed from her view the shame and ignominy of the long line of puppet Emperors that desecrated the throne of Akbar the Great, and the hacking of the empire by Sikhs, Mahrattas and the Persians under Nadir Shah, what an excruciating pain she would feel. Nay, she must have seen, with her own eyes and with feelings, the most painful, Sivaji's raids upon Aurangabad, the capital of the Deccan, butchering of Shaista Khan's household and guards (1663), and his sack of Surat, the Mogul seaport in 1661 and again in 1671. But so much by the way only. Death or imprisonment for life was the alternative fate of rival aspirants to the throne; and Aurungzeb, true Muslim, sided with his sister and chose to inflict the former upon the infidel and heretic—Dara. He was, therefore, ordered to be executed on the 15th September, 1659.

On the 26th of May, 1659, Aurungzeb waded through the blood of his brothers and nephews to the throne and formally assumed the insignia of royalty. Roshanara was made mistress of the seraglio and keeper of the great seal. But so distrustful was he of her, that he kept the seal enclosed in a small bag and impressed with another seal which he always kept fastened to his arm. In spite of these precautions, the crafty and cunning nature of the princess always involved her in ambitious designs. In the year 1664, the Emperor was seized with a violent illness which at first threatened his immediate death and afterwards left him in a state of extreme bodily weakness and almost entirely deprived him of the use of speech. This unforeseen misfortune shook the newly-established government to its foundations. Report became current that the governors of provinces were in full match upon Delhi; the partisans of the dethroned monarch began to intrigue urging Akbar Khan to throw open the doors of his prison; while two parties were formed among the adherents of the Emperor—one anxious to secure the crown to his second son Moazzim, and the other to raise his third son Akbar to the throne. Into this anarchy, Roshanara threw herself heart and soul. She took entire charge of the sick room. The Tartar women kept guard day and night over the door and did not allow any other woman to gain admittance to

the chamber. In fact, so much secrecy was maintained that even the ladies of the zenana did not know whether the patient was alive or dead. During all this time, she was intriguing, plotting with the Omars endeavouring by bribes and promises to attach them to her interest and place Akbar upon the throne, whose cause she had espoused. In this, she sought her own aggrandisement in the event of the Emperor's death. She hoped to rule over the empire as regent during a long minority, as the little prince was only seven or eight years old. And being the custodian of the imperial seal, she had a fair chance of success. But the fates were against her, and she was sorely disappointed. On the fifth day of his illness, Aurungzeb began to recover and his first act was to attend to the most pressing business of the State. He wrote, or rather dictated, an order to Akbar Khan to keep a tight grip over the ex-Emperor lest he should escape and convulse the whole empire, and then he despatched a messenger for the great seal which was in the custody of his younger sister. Of course, he wished to satisfy himself that she had not made use of the signet to promote any sinister design against him. He was soon satisfied on this point, because the plot had not ripened so far as to necessitate the use of it. Aurungzeb, however, soon heard about the plot, and, being the past master of dissimulation, he did not mind it, at least for the time. Of this fact he was quite convinced that his sister was not an ordinary woman to deal with and that she would shrink from nothing to gain her ends. So from that day forward, he grew more and more suspicious of her; while Roshanara, on her part, did not fail to notice the change in her brother's attitude towards her. She knew the fate of her less fortunate brothers and nephews and feared lest a similar treatment might be meted out to her. So she begged to be allowed to leave the seraglio and live in a separate palace. But the Emperor knew his sister too well to comply with her request. He pretended that her presence was necessary in the harem to look after the education of his younger daughters. Henceforward her life became uninteresting. Suffice it to say, that so afraid was Aurungzeb of her that he always kept an eye on her, whether he was at Delhi or Kashmir.



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[No. 2

To Me a Name of Joy

"A name of joy"—my Master let me be
Thine, wholly Thine, to bring heart-joy to Thee,
Thy bond-slave, Lord, love-bound, yet wholly free!

"A name of joy"—that in the busiest days
My heart may leisure find to hourly raise
To Thee its full glad canticle of praise.

"A name of joy"—that Thou may'st stoop to hear
Amid earth's sighs one note resounding clear,
A song of gladness ringing through the year.

"A name of joy"—no jarring in the chord,
No half allegiance at Thy feet be poured,
No sighing from the lips that call Thee "Lord."

"A name of joy"—Thy Spirit through me shine,
Thy presence flooding all this soul of mine,
Attracting others by the light divine.

"A name of joy"—that daily I may bring
Fresh trophies to Thy feet my Saviour, King,
Only when mounting upward can I sing.

"A name of joy"—still upward would I rise
On wings of faith to cleave the darkening skies,
And gain through Thee everlasting prize.

"A name of joy"—its Thee—my name unknown,
Unrecognised since Thou art on the throne,
One purpose mine—to live for Thee alone.

Laura A. Bartler Snows.

Character

By Miss T. PATTERSON.



MO begin, let us see what the word "Character" means. It is derived from the Greek *charasso*, *charatto*, *charazo*, meaning to scrape, to cut, to engrave. The primary meaning, therefore, is—

A mark made by cutting or engraving. (2) A mark made by a pen or style in writing or engraving. (3) A letter. (4) The impression of any die or seal on a coin or wax. (5) The peculiar qualities impressed by nature or habit on a person which distinguish him from others, or the stamp and image of our minds and principles.

Youth, like melted wax or molten metal, soft and ready to take an impression, is the time for forming character. As youth passes into manhood or womanhood, character becomes fixed, the impressionable age passes, and, although it is not impossible for one to change in later life, such changes are rare, and are only brought about by passing through the fire of some unusual circumstance. Youth, therefore, is the time for the moulding and the sealing to take place, for evil habits to be nipped in the bud, and good ones to be fostered, for the image of the King to become a fixed impression. Youth is the time when the seal of the heavenly is best and clearest. Youth is warm and impulsive and loving. As the years go by, experiences of the world, bitter disappointments, cares and anxieties, harden the nature and render it impervious to outside influences. Youth, then, is the time to build up character.

Some one has very aptly said

- Sow a thought and reap an action,
- Sow an action and reap a habit,
- Sow a habit and reap a character,
- Sow a character and reap a destiny.

Thought must precede action. An action repeated a few times, it may be with an effort, becomes at length involuntary and habitual. You must have heard of the soldier who was carrying his dinner, when some one called out mischievously "attention." He forgot where he was and what he was doing, and dropping

his dinner, he stood erect with hands at his sides. The habit of obedience had prevailed. Comte de Buffon, the naturalist, was a man of good family and comfortable means. He was naturally inclined to be lazy, and had every opportunity of indulging himself with an extra lounge every morning. But he saw that he was wasting many precious hours in sleep, and made up his mind that he would rise earlier than he did. This was easier said than done. He tried to wake himself and either did not or could not rise at the hour appointed. Then he ordered his servant Joseph to wake him. When Joseph called his master, he received in reply an excuse or a scolding and Buffon only rolled over to sleep again. To his surprise, however, Joseph found he was rebuked later in the day for not carrying out orders, and he was promised half a crown each time he succeeded in getting Buffon out of bed. It was hard work, both for servant and master, and one day Joseph had to earn his half-crown by letting cold water in upon the bed sheets. In the end, the victory was gained, the evil habit was put away, and the good one substituted in its place, and much of Buffon's Natural History was written in those early hours. The man's character too gained strength by the victory.

No character is noble that has not a backbone of persistent perseverance and dogged will. Disraeli's first attempts both at book-making and speaking in public were failures, but his name remains to-day as one of the greatest politicians and parliamentary speakers of his time, and as the author of such books as *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, etc. His maiden speech was met almost at every sentence with peals of laughter, and he was forced to sit down, but he did so with these words "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded in them at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will bear me," and it did. History is full of stories of perseverance in spite of failures, and energy and persistence against all odds. Smiles says that "resolute determination in the pursuit of worthy objects is the foundation of all true greatness of character," and energy of will may be defined to be the very central power of character. It is will, force of purpose, which enables a man to do or be whatever he sets his mind on doing or being. Napoleon set himself to conquer Europe, and was only prevented from fulfilling his purpose in its entirety by his selfishness. Sir Warren Hastings determined as a little boy attending the village school to buy back the family ancestral property, and he lived to accomplish it. Foley succeeded, after much toil and hard living, in introducing a machine for iron-splitting. Harvey, after eight years' of patient and strenuous labour, published his

views on the circulation of the blood, and Watt took thirty years to bring his condensing machine to perfection. Elizabeth of Siberia underwent untold hardships in her long journey on foot from Siberia to St. Petersburg, but was rewarded by obtaining the pardon which she sought on behalf of her beloved parents in exile. Dr. Livingstone came of a poor Highland family whose motto was "Be honest." At ten years of age, he became "piecer" in a cotton factory near Glasgow, and with his first week's wages he bought a Latin Grammar, and began to study that language, attending at the same time a night school. He read all the books that he could lay his hands on, except novels. When he grew older, he had a desire to become a missionary; and, to qualify himself for that work, he attended Medical and Greek classes, working as a cotton-spinner in the summer and attending the lectures during the winter months. He then offered his services to the London Missionary Society and was sent to Africa, where he showed his Scotch grit in the way in which he worked himself at building canals and houses, at cultivation, etc., and at teaching the natives what was best for their physical as well as spiritual good.

The special characteristics to be noted in all these examples is the resolute pursuit of a definite object, combined with hard work, and a constant fight over the natural tendency to shrink at stupendous obstacles. Browning says, "When the fight begins within, the man's worth something."

Fighting is necessary all along the line if we are to possess such characters as will reap destinies. Character is the only foundation for real success. "Character is power in a higher sense than knowledge is power." For its influence is ever flowing outwards and downwards through the present and into the ages of the future and onwards into eternity. Youth is the time at which a decision must be made, and the fight begun.

The very word "Fight" savours of courage, of daring. I need not stir you up with the words "Be brave." The time has gone by when a girl thought it was lady-like to scream at a mouse or shriek at the sight of a cricket, and boys delight in deeds of daring. Coward is a name no one wishes to earn. Stories of Grace Darling and Helen Walker, of Nelson and of Drake, of Lawrence, and of Clive, all stir us up, and kindle in us a desire to do great deeds ourselves. Fighting means more than fisticuffs and firearms—it includes a far more terrible and subtle warfare—the warfare with the devil, with evil and wrong. Courage includes physical and moral daring, and oftentimes the latter is the harder of the two. The boy or girl who will kneel down

and say his or her prayers before a number of jeering or sneering comrades, has to have a great reserve of strength and courage. Dare to say "No" when you know a thing is wrong. You know the story of that old prophet who, when he was a young man, dared to disobey the King's command and to pray three times a day with open windows.

Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose firm, dare to make it known.

Dare to be true. We are living for something high and noble. We want the impression of the great King upon us, let us dare everything to attain unto it. Let us aim high.

George Herbert writes:—

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
So shall thou humble and magnanimous be,
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he who means a tree.

Are you afraid of the laughter of the world? Let us hear what Lytton says, for his words are very apt and true:—

Let a man once show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels.
Let him fearlessly face it,—and 'twill leave him alone,
But 'twill fawn at his feet, if he flings it a bone.

But what does the world consist of for you? We can afford to let the insignificant of insignificant places laugh while we go our own way to something better. Does a boy think it necessary to lounge about street corners with a long cigar because others do the same? Does a girl feel that she must have silk blouses and gold muff-chains because others have them? The game is not worth the candle. The time wasted in lounging, the money wasted in cigars and frippery, the brains and opportunities for progress and work wasted, are far more important than the imitation of a few worthless associates. Let us imitate the great and the good, of whom there are a goodly company. Wasted money leads to debt, and debt leads to dishonour. We who are striving for the mark of a noble character can have nothing to do with dishonour. It is not seemly for those who wish to bear the image of the King, and impossible to those who do bear it. To be honourable is to be true, to be sincere, to be a man or woman of one's word.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie,
The fault that needs it most grows two thereby.

Carlyle says "Sincerity, a deep great genuine Sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic," and Smiles "Integrity in word or deed is the backbone of character."

Shakespeare's advice is "To thine own self be true, And it must follow as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man." Truth is indeed a jewel. Let it shine forth at all

times and in all places. Do not be a hypocrite. Do not even lead yourself to act a lie or to prevaricate.

"A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies; A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright. But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

Be brave and true.

There is another kind of courage which goes by the name of presence of mind. It is an inner strength which enables one in the time of danger to think and act in the best possible way. An old lady, who lived alone in a cottage which stood by itself, was one day getting ready to retire to rest, when she suddenly became aware of the presence of a man under her cot. She knew he could be there with no good motive, and though she trembled with fear, she went on with her preparations for bed as if nothing had happened to disturb her. Then kneeling down she prayed aloud for herself as usual, and then for the poor deluded man under the bed, that God would touch his heart and turn him from his evil ways, and that He would take care of her that night. The man heard, and his heart was touched, and he came out to ask her forgiveness. Once a girl found herself alone in a train with a mad man. He had an open knife in his hand, and he mistook her for the girl to whom he was engaged and made love to her. She was quick enough to perceive that he was mad, and knowing that the insane have to be humoured she laid herself out to quiet and amuse him until the next station was reached. If she had only lost her presence of mind, her life would have paid the forfeit.

We have dwelt long on the hardier virtues, those of truth, courage, industry, presence of mind in danger, persistent perseverance in the attainment of some end, whether that be the overcoming of a fault or defect, or the implanting of a new and good habit. Now let us turn to the softer and more beautiful virtues—those of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, temperance. I think all of you know where I get my list from, so the words come to you backed by the highest authority. Imagine a home without these virtues and you will realize how essential they are to cultivate. They must be cultivated or they will never thrive. They are hot-house plants and only grow when well watered by the Holy Spirit. It is much easier to be rude and uncouth, quarrelsome and cross and selfish, than to have these simple virtues, and yet, mind you, you cannot be gentlemen and gentle-women without them. A gentleman is not one who dresses up in a frock coat and carries a silver-headed cane, nor is a lady one who wears her frocks prettily.

Manners make the man and the woman too,

and manners, although partly the outcome of training, are also at their very best the result of an indwelling of beautiful thoughts and a harvest of noble deeds and good habits. The man or woman who disrespects the aged, or tramples on the weak, the man who treats a woman badly, be she high or low, the human creature who makes life unhappy for servant or dependant, is not "gentle." The term includes a consideration for all who are weaker, and for the meanest thing created. No noble boy is unkind to a bird or animal. No noble girl is inconsiderate to a servant. Sir Philip Sidney on the battle-field gave up his cup of water to an ordinary soldier saying "Thy necessity is greater than mine." When the "Birkenhead" was wrecked on the 27th February 1852, the word was given to save the women and children. These were silently let down into the boats, and then the Commander thoughtlessly called out "all those that can swim jump overboard and make for the boats." But immediately Captain Wright said "No, if you do that, the boats with the women must be swamped. The brave men stood motionless until the ship went down, and they with it to a watery grave. Sir Ralph Abercrombie, wounded and dying after the battle of Aboukir, found himself on some one's blanket. He persisted in finding out to which of the men it belonged and returned it to him. The gentleman has been described in the psalm as "he who walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness and speaketh the truth in his heart."

Lastly, keep yourselves pure—in thought and word and deed try to live as in God's sight. Drive out the first suspicion of anything of which you are ashamed. "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things." Keep your mind full or the devil will fill it for you. Live for God and in Him. The noblest character that the world has ever known is the character of Christ. We can but imitate Him. Religion is the first great influence in the formation of Character. We cannot be strong or true or patient or loving or cheerful without God. In fact, without Him, we can do nothing.

Next to religion comes the influence of Home. I was talking the other day to a lady who has something to do with girls, and she said to me that she can tell from the character of the girls what their homes must have been like. We can oftentimes tell from the character of the home, what the girls and boys are going to be who are turned out of that home. If there is a loving atmosphere, gentle and respectful, if order, method, punctuality, regularity, are the rule in the household, if the father holds his place as head and guide, and the mother hers as queen, we know what to expect from the children.

Blessed are those children who have such a home, whose parents are living exemplars of all that is highest and best, and will leave to their children the heritage of a good name. Alas! this is not so often the case. Untidiness, irregularity, want of method, a slap when one is in a temper, a kiss immediately after, no principle, no aim in life—these are traits to be found in many a home. Does it follow that the children must be in keeping? Yes and no. Yes, to a certain degree and a certain age. After that, no. I grant that you who have such an atmosphere will have the harder struggle to mend and to grow better, but all the greater honour to you. Now is the time to make up your mind. I will quote Buxton's words to his son. "You are now at that period of your life in which you must make a turn to the right or the left. You must now give proofs of principle, determination and strength of mind, or you must sink into idleness, and acquire the habits and character of a desultory ineffective young man, and if you once fall to that point, you will find it no easy matter to rise again. If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it that you will for your whole life have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination." "Where there's a will, there's a way." To resolve upon doing a thing is the next step to doing it.

The third formative influence is Companionship. Pray over your friendships. Do not make friends too easily, but

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy heart with hooks of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment,
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade.

Boys and girls should choose their friends carefully, first finding out whether there are tastes and aspirations in common, and whether the love is warm and mutual. Tell me what company you keep and I will tell you what you are. George Herbert's mother's words to her sons were "as our bodies take in nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so do our souls as insensibly take in virtue or vice by the example or conversation of good or bad company." If you want to be noble, choose a noble companion, and help each other up the ladder of life. No friendships are like the friendships of youth. Let them be such as will last as long as you both shall live. Avoid as companions:—

- (1) the fast man or woman,
- (2) the flatterer,
- (3) those who are wanting in principle, e.g., are untruthful, dishonest,
- (4) those who are not willing to trust you,
- (5) those who have no reverence for sacred things,

- (6) those who are very much above or very much below you, except in intellect or goodness.

The last influence on which I mean to dwell is that of Books. Bacon says "Reading maketh a full man." How different is the behaviour of a well-read man from that of a man who does not read. Conversation is rendered pleasant as well as instructive, and moves along on oiled wheels when in the company of those who are well read. And then what pleasure is to be derived from the reading of good books. Read the biography of a self-made man, and it stirs you up to self-culture and self-improvement. Read History, and see how closely good is followed by good and evil; by evil in men and in nations. Read Poetry and dwell on the beautiful thoughts that the Poet has put into words for you. Read Science, and see what a beautiful world we have, and what a wonderful Creator He is Who has adapted each thing to its proper sphere and its greatest use. Read the best novels, not every kind, and you will learn the ways of men, and their different manners and habits of life. Do not read only novels. Keep them as dessert, but eat a hearty dinner first of whatever food you like best in the shape of books. Read old books and new. Do not read books that give only a one-sided impression, nor those that in any way seek to shake your faith in God. Avoid too all that is vile and can but contaminate the mind. Do not read anything inferior. There are thousands of books written every year. Be guided by the advice of those older and wiser than yourself and choose from the mass such as interest you most. Make it a point never to go to bed at night until you have read something. Have a special time for it, and make yourself do it until it becomes a habit. Adventures, books of travel, biography for boys, history and simple science for girls, and poetry for both, are to be recommended. Novels by the very best authors. Dickens, Scott, Bullen, Black, Buchanan, Mrs. Henry Wood, Mrs. Craik, Kingsley, Conan Doyle, Farrar, Miss Wetherell, Edna Lyall, Grace Aguilar, Grant Allen, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lewis Wallace—these are a few names and even they should be read under guidance. "East Lynne" is a book I should not put into any one's hands when young. Marie Corelli may be read later on in life, for she is an exquisite word painter, but her thoughts are too advanced for young minds. I remember as a child being deeply interested in the "Swiss Family Robinson" and "The Old Curiosity Shop," in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Kenilworth." I was very fond of and preferred a book to any other gift, beginning in the very earliest days with Cinderella and Fairy Tales. Books

and I are old and tried friends, and because of them I am never lonely. Time passes all too quickly even in lonely bungalows and sandy wastes. Long journeys seem shorter because in cart or carriage, in train or boat, my dear friends go with me everywhere, and are ready to be my companions as soon as I want them. Better not to make friends with people unless they are such as you can respect and love. Your old friends in the shape of books you can take with you everywhere. I read a funny description of readers, who were divided by the writer into four classes: (1) Hourglass readers, i.e., those who let out everything they read after they had taken it in; (2) sponge readers, i.e., those who imbibed things and retained all they took in as it was or dirtier; (3) jelly-bag readers, i.e., those who retained the dregs and refuse and let the good pass through; (4) diamond-slave readers, i.e., those who keep the diamonds and throw away all that is worthless. Keep carefully all the best in the books you read, and you will find that the influence will be seen in the purifying, strengthening and ennobling of your character, and,—character is power.

Young people, it rests with you to make your life a success. Sow a character and reap a destiny. Sow it cheerfully and prayerfully, strongly and patiently.

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of Time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low,
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled,
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees
Such things will remain unseen.

Let us do our work so well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure
With a firm and ample base,
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

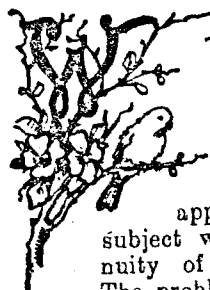
Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain
And one boundless reach of sky.

Life and its Mission

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF THE GANJAM
HINDU SOCIAL REFORM ASSOCIATION BY
K. RAMAMURTI, ESQ.

"Be not thou to inaction attached."

Gita, II. 47.



We are assembled to-day to consider the supreme question of our lives, namely, the question of Life itself. I confess it is with the greatest diffidence that I venture to appear before you to speak on a subject which has baffled the ingenuity of philosophers of all ages. The problem of life is indeed so vast, so many-sided and intricate, that it is not for a poor mortal like me to attempt to unravel its mysteries. But there is this peculiarity about the question, that no man, however humble and unintelligent he may be, can avoid facing it in his own life-time, and every individual is obliged to grapple with this hard fact of existence anew for himself and puzzle out the why and the wherefore of it as best he may with the means at his command. At such a critical juncture in each man's life it is of the utmost help to him to be able to seek counsel and gain wisdom from the experience of others who, like himself, may be trudging painfully along the same rough road inspired with the same hopes and aspirations, and perchance weighed down with the same fears and tribulations; so that all may unite and try to devise measures to avoid the snares and pitfalls on the road and make it pleasant and smooth if possible for themselves and the countless generations that will yet come behind them. Gentlemen, it is in this hope and with this desire of obtaining counsel and co-operation that I have ventured to come forward to exchange a few thoughts with you to-day. And I have this consolation that my duty lies, not in making a hopeless attempt to propound new doctrines and suggest new remedies, but in trying to understand and adapt the old ones to the changing circumstances of modern life.

Gentlemen, we read in the *Purāṇas* that in the beginning when this Earth was not, and Space was empty and Darkness reigned over the milky waves of *Kshira-Sāgara*, the Lord Vishnu resting on his serpent couch gave birth to Brahma through the lotus of his navel. And the first thing that Brahma did, on coming out

was to stare and marvel at his own being and wonder whence he came and for what purpose. A voice came to him in that vast silence and ordained thrice, *tapa, tapa, tapa*, meditate, meditate, meditate. And Brahma meditated, for ages upon ages, and then asked himself, "Do I know?" He confessed he did not. Again he retired into meditation for another stretch of Time, but still he found he knew nothing. Then he went back into meditation again, and after repeated failures and prolonged meditation, Light dawned on him, and the Progenitor of the Universe came at last to a knowledge of his self and his mission. Similarly, from the dawn of creation, man has, in every age and clime, ransacked his little brains to find a solution to the oppressive mystery of his existence. Life to him has been a perennial problem, a never-ending enigma, always nearing solution, but never actually solved. But through prolonged austerity and meditation, for ages upon ages, upon the problems of the inner life and the life beyond, and on the source and destiny of all creation, the great Seers of the world have at last groped their way to an accurate perception of certain fundamental facts of Reality which are accepted without dispute by all men alike. The great central fact of them all is the existence of God; of an all-powerful, all-pervaling, all-knowing, and all-merciful Spirit of the Universe, to whom all things owe their birth, in whom all things live and move and have their being. The second great discovery that mankind made was that man is not the visible body of flesh and blood which is perishable and transient, but that there is, related somehow to this frail outer structure, an immutable and eternal essence of his being, his spirit or soul which is his real Self.

What then is the nature of the Human Soul, and how is it related to the Spirit of God? The Christian Scriptures say that God made man in His own image. They also speak of the human face divine. But the eternal Soul which is man's was found by our ancients to be one in essence with God Himself. Each and every human soul is but an emanation from the same Divine Spirit, a tiny spark from the same Divine flame, which got adrift somehow, we know not when, and has become encased in a gross material covering which is transient and changeable. Mankind has thus arrived at a perception of its own divine origin and the identity of the individual Self with the Divine in all the variety of material forms in which it presents itself.

What then is the purpose of our existence on earth, and what our ultimate destiny? For it is only by a determination of this question that our life on Earth can be regulated. The

wise men among us, the Sages and Philosophers of old, have answered this question and said that it is to recover our lost or forgotten identity with the Supreme Soul, to reach back to Him from whom we came. God is the source of our being; God is the goal of our destiny:

yatová imāni bhūtāni jāyante,
yéna jātāni jivanti,
yatprayant yathisamvísanti,
tad vijijnāsasva—tad Brahma. *Tait. Upan.*

This life is given to us as a means to that end: that we may so live it and so utilize its opportunities as to equip and refit the soul for its journey Godward. In this grand and awful process of living, in this supreme effort at self-realization through reaching towards the God-head, the interests of all individuals are alike; for the illuminated soul which has understood the essence of things, sees but a reflection of itself in all created beings. That is why the prophet said: "Treat thy neighbour as thyself." Outward forms and material shapes may delude us for a time into the belief that I am one and you are another, and that the interests of each person are opposed to those of his brother man. The wise man, however, the *Tatva-vēta* or *Jñāni*, knows he is one in spirit with his God; that God is the origin and goal of all alike; that our common origin implies common rights and responsibilities, and our common destiny demands that we should make common cause to realize it and help one another in the struggle of this life, fully convinced that each is after all helping himself when he helps his brother man.

But in what way is this spiritual ideal of life to be realized? How is man to know and to realize the divinity within him? And what are the duties laid on the man of knowledge? "Man must rise superior to the pleasures and pains of this life," say the Scriptures, "having no eye to anything but the one everlasting Reality which is God." But all the difficulty lies in carrying out this injunction. However transient and illusory this material world may really be, to the disfranchised soul nevertheless imprisoned in its gross material casing and weighed down with the cares and distracted by the illusions of the flesh, life feels like an awful reality from which there is apparently no escape. Pleasures and pains incessantly knock at its doors, and allure and beguile and frighten the soul by turns, and keep man so incessantly engaged in dodging the one and pursuing the other that he is left no time or peace of mind to look within for strength and everlasting happiness. It might be possible for a few rare souls here and there to burst through the fetters of the world and jump, as it were, all at once, into the bright light and beatitude of self-realization without preliminary struggles of any

kind. But for the generality of mankind; our great sages have recognised that such a course is well-nigh impossible:

Sanyāsaṭu, Mahābhāṭ,
Dukkhān āptum ayōgatah. *Gita, V. 8.*

"Without the harmonising and self-purifying discipline acquired in the disinterested performance of action, true Renunciation is hard to attain to."

He that retires from the world before he has learnt to master it by self-discipline, merely suffers unavailing hardships. So declared the Lord Sri Krishna on the field of Kurukshetra. This harmonising process must be gone through in this life by every ordinary mortal, man or woman, before either can hope to have a fair start on the road to salvation. Man is not permitted, therefore, to renounce the world without due preparation in this life, nor is woman to be forced out of the world before she has had her own full experience of life's phantasy. For great and mighty as they are in their origin and in their essential nature, man and woman are yet so enslaved by *Apūya* or ignorance, so fettered by their environments and so crippled by the limitations and idiosyncracies of their physical nature, that far from being independent, self-centred and self-poised, as it is their birth-right to be, they are in fact like straw on the waters of existence, at the mercy of every passing gust of passion and human weakness:

Chanchalām hi manah, Krishna,
Pamādhī, balavap dridham,
Tasya abam nigrāham manyē
Vāyōriva sudoshkaram. *Gita, VI. 34.*

"The mind is verily restless, O Krishna," complains Arjuna to his Master, Guide, Philosopher and Friend, "it is impetuous, wild and difficult to bend. I deem it as hard to curb as the wind."

The blessed Lord himself endorses this common experience of humanity in equally emphatic terms:

Yatatōbyapi, Kauntēya,
Purushasya vipaschitāha
Indriyāni pramadhinī
Haranti prasabbham mānava. *Gita, II. 60.*

"Oh Kaunteya, the turbulent senses and organs of even a wise man, though he be striving after perfection, impetuously carry away his mind."

Realizing this insuperable difficulty in the way of man's immediate self-realization by the shortest cut of *Sanyāsa* our ancients have ordained that he should prefer to hold fast to the duties of this life and not run away from its pleasures and its pains:

Na karmanām anārambbāt
Naishkarmyam purushōsnutē
Nacha sanyasanādēva
Siddhim Samādhi Gacchhati. *Gita, III. 4.*

"Man winneth not freedom from action by abstaining from activity, nor by mere renunciation doth he rise to perfection."

Therefore also is the warning explicitly given:

Ma tē sangōstu skarmani. *Gita, II. 47.*
"Be not thou to inaction attached."

But, while enjoying all the pleasures of life and suffering all its pains, man should so discipline his senses by purity of thought, purity of word and purity of action and by the unselfish dedication of every activity to the BRAHMAN, that his mind gradually becomes "unaffected by sorrow and unattached to pleasure," and ceasing to covet the fruit of action gets free from all attachment:

Karmanyēva adhi kāras tē
Mā phalēshu kadāchana
Mā kārma-phala hētur bhūb. *Gita, II. 47.*

"Thy business is with the action only,
Never with the fruit thereof;
So let not the fruit of action be thy motive."

Brahman yābhāya karmāni
Sangam tyaktvā karōti yah
Lipyatē na sa pāpēna
Padma patramiva ambhasā. *Gita, V. 10.*

"Whoever performs actions, dedicating them to the Supreme Spirit, and abandoning all attachment, is not touched by sin, as a lotus leaf is not wetted by water."

But this is not all. The real seeker after God will not find his task accomplished when he attains to personal purity and self-control. He must learn to perceive himself in all beings, and God in all:

Sarva bhūtastham ātmānam
Sarva bhūtānicha ātmani
Ikshatē yōga yuktātmā
Sarvatra Samādarsanaha. *Gita, VI. 29.*

"The self, harmonised by discipline, seeth the Self abiding in all beings, all beings in the Self, everywhere he seeth the same."

But what is expected of the man who does perceive this unity, and in what way is he to realize it in his own life?

Sārva-bhūtasthitam yō mām
Bhajat yekatvam āsthitaha
Sarvathā vartamānōpi
Sa yōgi mayi vartatē. *Gita, VI. 31.*

"Whoever, established in the unity of Spirit, worshippeth Me abiding in all beings, that Yogi liveth in Me."

Thus then the seer of the truth, the pious seeker after God, the real Brāhmanā of the world, has an inviolable duty laid upon him, by the very force of his knowledge and for the sake of his own salvation, to realize God by worship-

ping the God in man; that is, by doing service to humanity at large. Personal purity, mental poise and social service thus form the tripod to spiritual life in this world; and this service has to be rendered by every man who seeks to fulfil his mission on earth, by dispelling ignorance, removing disabilities, disease and vice, and providing equal opportunities for every human being to enjoy this life and realize the life beyond.

Gentlemen, let us now consider how far we the *Bhoosurās*, or earthly gods, of modern India have kept this ideal in view in our daily lives? We need not pause to inquire how the other classes fare. They are but our adorers and disciples. We lay down the law and set the fashion for them, and they assiduously copy our prejudices and our pride, our failings and our follies. Let us therefore see how far we of the godly caste have cultivated the knowledge of God and done our duty by our fellow-men as their spiritual guides, exemplars and devoted servants; how far we have fulfilled the duty we owe to ourselves and to God by doing service to Humanity. Let us consider the plight of woman in India to-day—woman who forms half of the human kind everywhere. How hard and pitiable indeed is her lot, and how little we have done to make it better? What have we done to enlighten her mind, to illumine her soul and to rouse her to a sense of her own great destiny as the child of God and the mother of a spiritual race? Do we not do everything that our spiritual ideal forbids us to do in her case? Is she not brought up in ignorance from childhood to old age, simply to minister to the animal wants of man without complaint for all the world as though she had no soul of her own to save? We teach her to look upon wifehood as the sole profession of her life, the only excuse for her birth, the only justification for her existence; and yet when widowhood snatches away the cup of life from her baby lips, we ask her to accept it as her unalterable destiny. We hurry her through marriage when she is yet a little child. We never pause to think of the wrong done to her undeveloped frame, nor do we care if premature motherhood ruins her tortured nerves and unfits her for ever for that spiritual equipoise which is so essential to her salvation. We do nothing to teach her how to face the miseries of this life with fortitude, or to strengthen her young mind against the temptations that may beset her inexperience and innocence. And yet if this little girl happens to lose her mate, she is doomed for ever to a disfigured and half-starved existence, since unluckily for her the "unspiritual foreigner" no longer permits her to be

roasted alive on her husband's funeral pyre. Our religion itself is supposed to cry aloud for her self-annihilation, and to demand greater heroism and self-sacrifice from baby girls than ever a male is called upon to display in his 60th year. But our scriptures have nowhere made any distinction between the soul of man and the soul of woman. The trials and temptations, pleasures and sorrows, of both are treated as alike and the same path to salvation is indicated for both. Nowhere is it ordained that married life ruins the chances of one's salvation. If that were so, strict celibacy would have been ordained for man and woman alike as the only path to salvation. On the other hand *Moksha* was declared to be attainable, by man or woman, only through the fulfilment of *Dharma*, *Artha* and *Kama* in this life, and that is possible only to a *Grihastha*, or married person. The *Grihastha* Ashrama was therefore commended by our scriptures as a necessary training ground for the human soul, since the responsibilities and cares of family-life served to curb the passions, steadied the mind and enabled the soul to realize the vanity of the outer life and seek within for eternal happiness. Our philosophers early recognised the impetuosity of the forces of the flesh and the world, and since the soul has no option but to work out its *Mukti* with the help of its material environments, they laid down a regulated course of life by which man or woman is partly to yield to the craving of the flesh and enjoy the pleasures and pains it might bring to them and gradually so discipline the mind as to acquire complete self-control. The plan of spiritual life was thus to bridle the senses, not to bind them down, as it were, hand, and foot. It was this policy of stooping to conquer, the policy of yielding to the lower self that we may use it as a stepping stone to reach the higher self, that made our ancients attach so much importance to the stage of married life as a necessary preliminary to a well-balanced and reliable spiritual life. That is why they condemned those who jumped from *Brahmacharya* direct to *Sanyāsa*, because they knew how such vows or injunctions are apt to expose the soul to the ravages of secret passion through unsatisfied desire and destroy the prospects of that tranquillity and moral equilibrium which is so essential to self-realisation. It is said of even the Jagad-Guru Shankarāchārya himself that he incurred the disapprobation of his contemporaries by renouncing the world when yet a boy, although he soon satisfied them that his was an exceptional career.

Karmēndriyāni Sanyāni
Ya āstē manasā smaran indriyārthan
Vimūbhātā mithyāchārasa sa uchyatē. *Gita, III. 6.*

"Who sitteth controlling the organs of action, but dwelling in his mind on the objects of the senses, that bewildered man is a hypocrite."

And it is the duty of practical religion not to impose or permit the imposition of impossible rules of conduct which will drive men or women into a hypocritical double life to the great detriment of their souls. As a matter of fact therefore we fail to find any religious sanction for the demand which modern Brahman society makes upon every unfortunate widow without exception that she should mortify her body and efface herself as completely as possible out of the land of the happy and the living. If marriage were shameful or led the human soul to hell, we would not be so terribly anxious to dispose of every little girl who has seen the light of day, paying heavy prices for troublesome little boy husbands. If, however, marriage is necessary, but a repetition of it is prejudicial to human salvation, we would not see the sad spectacle of old men with one foot in the grave competing and paying an exorbitant price for the hand of a baby girl for the fourth or fifth time in their lives. For, what drags the woman soul away from Heaven drags man's also and the happiness which is legitimate to man is equally legitimate to woman in this life. But man, in the great selfishness of his heart, has demanded this sacrifice from his weaker partner; add she is mercilessly immolated at the altar of his vanity, and condemned to live a living death, disfigured and starved, shunned on every joyful occasion, her very name a term of abuse, unhonoured and uncared for except as a miserable drudge or hanger on to some happy couple and only dreaded at her best as the veritable tyrant of the kitchen room.

Turn we now, Gentlemen, to another tale of wrongs done to woman in the name of religion in recent times. Religion, or what passes for religion, has consecrated a large class of women in the name of God to pander to the vices of man. Prostitution, promiscuous sexual union unsanctified by the marital tie and unhallowed by the fire of sacred love, has in all countries and by all philosophers been reckoned as a great degrading force ruinous to the heavenward progress of the human soul, and yet popular religion and Hindu practical morality have in our days set their seal of license on a large class of unfortunate women, ennobled them with the title of *Devadasies*, or servants of God, and encouraged them to barter their souls for miserable hire. Celestial song which, issuing from chaste lips, could thrill the human soul with divine aspiration and noble resolve, has become in their syren mouths a charming hand-maid luring man to sin and destruction. Hindu society which professes to be so punctilious

about female chastity and the honour of woman has invested her prostitution with the privilege and dignity of a caste, and even feels its sacred festivals and religious ceremonies unsanctified and imperfect if the bright eyes of a harlot were not there to illumine the festive scene and irradiate happiness all around by lewd suggestions. Most shameful of all, the virgin marriage tie or Mangala-Sutra of every Brahman bride must first get consecrated by the touch of the woman who sells her body for a price, because forsooth her easy chastity is proof against the calamities of widowhood! What an awful responsibility we have taken up in thus deluding the ignorant with false ideals of right and wrong and letting loose their unbridled instincts and unholy animal passions upon the world in the name of religion and morality? Who will answer before God's judgment seat for these poor deluded and degraded souls, who are caught up in the whirlpool of corruption, when quite young and before they ever have an opportunity of choosing a righteous course for themselves, purchased in most cases as little babies and encouraged or coerced by the force of caste usage to throw up their divine heritage and become the vile agents of human self-destruction? Oh, we, the Brahmanas of the present day, have indeed sadly failed in our holy mission of leading mankind to the feet of God. Engaged in the hot pursuit of worldly success and worldly pleasure, we fall willing slaves to the passions of the hour and know no other God but power and gold and personal advancement. Deluded by our pride of birth, we see not the Self shining through our brother man, however clean and God-fearing he may be, if unluckily he is not blessed by accident with Brahman parentage, and we resent his approach, nay, his very sight at times as a pollution and an insult. Disregarding the assurance of Sri Krishna Himself that *Guna* and *Karma*—Character and Conduct—were the basis on which He made the distribution of men into castes, we have made birth the sole criterion and substitute for character in the apportionment of social privilege. Steeped in the darkness of *Ajnana* ourselves, and goaded by the *Ahankara* of book learning and bigotry, we have sought to shut out the light of knowledge from the weak and the ignorant who need our guidance most and tried to impress upon them that they are by a special destiny condemned for ever to remain low and ignorant in this life and that their only hope of salvation lies in ministering to our wants and looking up to us as demi-gods. Professing to be the sole repositories of religious lore, we have confounded God with grinding ritual which we ourselves do not understand, and, forgetting all the divine ordinance of righteous living and

loving service, we have enslaved woman and trodden down the *Dwijetara* under foot and degraded ourselves beyond recognition—we, whose duty it was to exalt mankind by our pious teaching and example. Verily, verily, it is time that the Lord Sri Krishna remembered His blessed promise and message of hope addressed to all mankind from the field of Kurukshetra:

Yadi yadi hi dharmasya
Glanir bhavati, Dhārata,
Abhyutthānam adharmasya
Tad ātmānam srujam jaham. *Gita*, IV. 7.

"Whenever there is decay of righteousness and there is exaltation of unrighteousness, then I Myself come forth."

We do indeed need his divine inspiration and guidance at the present juncture, to revive the spirituality of this fallen people and send forth a new race of *Brahma-vēttas* who can see God manifest in His creation and practise the Divine gospel of unity, love, and service to all mankind. Then alone can the spiritual ideal of life as preached in the *Bhagavad-Gita* be realised again on earth.

Gentlemen, there is yet another aspect of life, though a subordinate one, which claims our homage and attention with equal authority. The spiritual ideal defines our duties as members of the human family, as members of God's creation. But we have at the same time special duties to perform as citizens of an earthly Empire, as inhabitants of a common motherland. These duties relate to what we may call the patriotic or nationalistic views of life. We all know how of late a great wave of patriotic feeling has swept over our land stirring up strange aspirations and provoking strange impulses in our breasts. People have recalled to their mind the glories of this country's past, her spiritual and political grandeur in ages when the powerful nations of the modern world were mere savage tribes with no name or civilisation to boast of; and musing over their now fallen condition to-day, they have everywhere asked themselves with an aching heart: "Shall not India again hold up her head among the proud countries of the world, and shall not her name be again respected in the councils of living nations?" The cry of "*Vande Mataram*" resounded from one corner of the country to the other, and called aloud in trumpet tones to all the people to awake and accept the gospel of nationalism as a religion that comes from God Himself; to lose themselves in the "rapturous contemplation of a new and better state for our country." But, Gentlemen, how is this ideal of nationalism to bear fruit in a country where even a common religion does not ensure rational treatment of man as human beings—and there

are at least four main religious and hundreds of castes and minor sects besides for each of the many language areas of the land? What chance has nationalism in a country where birth is the supreme and final test of man's worthiness, and full one-fifth of the population is permanently and perpetually degraded by reason of its ancestry and parentage as untouchable and not even to be spoken of by self-respecting Brahmins except as the "unspeakable" class? Under the stress of a common danger all these heterogeneous elements may be driven for a moment by a wave of national consciousness into a loud and unanimous wail of distress. Beyond that however our sentiment of nationality can have no welding influence over this incongruous mass untouched by the unifying spirit of God. The first touch of action will break up this seemingly mighty host into its warring units again. For the realization then of this arduous ideal of nationality we must fall back upon our spiritual ideal, and call to our aid a little of that God-vision which reveals God enshrined in every human soul. If India should ever be able to boast of a national status, it can only be when its children have learnt to measure each other by their moral worth alone, sweeping away the hard and unelastic barriers which the accident of birth has now raised between man and man.

But it is not enough that we form a united nation. We must occupy an honoured place in the comity of modern Nations. Such an exalted position presupposes great national efficiency; and how is that to be achieved? No nation can rise higher than the individuals who compose it. To raise our national efficiency then we must improve our individual efficiency. In the great nationalising scheme we have at heart, we must recognise that every individual unit, however humble, every human being, man or woman, Brahman or Pariah, is a great and invaluable national asset. Every one of them without exception has to be taken in hand, helped to grow up to his fullest stature morally and mentally as well as physically, and taught to develop, to unfold, to bring out for the service of his country and the glorification of his race all the best that is in his nature under God's benign Providence. All that tends to keep the human soul in darkness or sin or bondage, all that tends to impair the physical or mental powers of man or woman or distort the moral nature of the least of God's creation, must be vigorously stamped out. Compulsory married life, enforced widowhood, and involuntary prostitution, all glorified by custom, have corrupted and enslaved the female half of our race. Bound down hand and foot in all her personal concerns, shut up in ignorance of her human rights, with no freedom to exercise her

will either in pursuing virtue or avoiding vice, taught to regard herself as born for no higher purpose than to cater to the wants of man as wife, mistress or household drudge, how is woman to produce a freedom-loving race in India? If India is to be free, woman must be freed from her bondage first. She should be free to marry or to remain single even after attaining puberty; she should be free to remain single or to marry even after she suffers widowhood; she should be entirely free to lead a virtuous life, even though born a *Vesya*, and neither shall caste compel her into vice nor shall society tempt her to go astray by attaching honour and emolument to the office of a prostitute. Little girls shall no longer be forced into early matrimony, and dragged to the portals of death that they may bring forth a puny race of weaklings and imbeciles; nor left stranded on the lone and cruel rock of widowhood to look in despair on the waters of life all around from which they have been unjustly shut out. Woman shall no longer be left in ignorance of her dignity and power as the mother, guide and inspirer of a future nation of stalwarts. Even the *Devadasi* shall learn to realise the honor and glory of the womanhood which she is defiling, and the shame and sin of desecrating the motherhood of God in her daily life. Man too shall be taught not to brutalize his finer instincts and ruin his equilibrium by association with such women, nor by imbibing the wretched fumes of drink, which befog his brain and shut off his soul from the light of God, incapacitate himself for efficient service to the motherland. And every human being shall feel the emancipating touch of education and shake himself free from the thralldom of ignorance and corruption which has kept him low for ages. Thus alone can India produce a strong and self-respecting race of men and women who will break through the narrow bounds of birth and circumstance and make their country great in art, great in industry and great in enterprise. Thus alone can India hope to rise in the scale of nations, building its greatness on the individual efficiency and moral worth and righteous daring of her enlightened and happy children, who would do anything, aye, "shake the stars, saddle the whirlwind, or ride the storm," to glorify the Motherland.

Gentlemen, the same duties have thus been indicated to us in practical daily life by the national as well as the spiritual views of life. The spiritual ideal and the national ideal thus impose upon us the self-same duties of personal purity, personal discipline, and loving service to humanity by the spread of knowledge and the removal of all obstacles to human happiness and human advancement, irrespective of differences

in sex, race or caste. The discipline that we undergo and the services we render to humanity out of love for God, in the one case, we suffer and we do in the other out of love for our country. That is exactly the creed which underlies the Social Reform movement of modern India, and love of God and love of country are its inspiring principles.

Gentlemen, I am aware it is the fashion in certain quarters to brand this movement as a godless movement. This charge is often deliberately made by the ignorant *Purohit* whose very livelihood depends upon the continuance of the old order, upon the maintenance of the existing social inequalities and corruptions. It may also be that others, by no means pious or ignorant, make the same vehement denunciation with a view to work upon the honest bigotry of their neighbours for their own personal ends. But, broadly speaking, it is prejudice and ignorance of the root principles of the movement, which are responsible for such unfair criticism by a vast majority among us. We generally resent the activities of this movement because it disturbs our comfortable belief in the perfection of our society, or at any rate the happy conviction that we individually have nothing to do to make it better, and it lays a rude hand on some of our cherished sentiments of caste and custom, which we have somehow come to associate with God Himself. Our self-complacent conservatism feels hurt when defects are pointed out in our social system; and we take it as a slur upon the wisdom and holiness of our ancestors if all the customs which have been handed down to us are not revered as God-ordained and sacred. We obstinately refuse to make any nice discrimination between God's commandment and man's interpolation or imposture. Everything that has been handed down to us through long generations is sacred and so it ought to be immutable. Every present custom is *Shastraic* in our eyes, and binding upon all, no matter what the *Shastra* itself may really say. And whatever is done in the name of the *Shastra* is unquestioningly accepted as having had a divine origin. But, as pointed out by a great religious man of the last century, "although an institution may come from God, man may add to it that which is his own, and by degrees the human addition may become so identified with the divine institution that both are supposed to be of a piece and equally divine." The human additions grow, until it is almost impossible to get at what is God's through that which is man's. Some successful souls indeed still find their way through to the Reality, as the roots of trees seek their way to the sustenance of the soil between the crannies of the opposing rocks; but multitudes are unable to find their way and

perish through trying to satisfy themselves with merely what is human, mistaking it for what is divine. At last a strong man is raised up to perceive the difference between the original structure and the human addition; and he tears away the latter breaking it into pieces, amidst the wild outcries of all the owls and birds of darkness that have built their nests in it, and discloses once more the foundations of God." That is the Reformer. Such were the strong men who gave birth to the social reform movement in India, and no charge could be more untrue or more reckless than that a movement which owes its origin and inspiration to men like Raja Rammohan Roy, Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar, Pandit Vishnu Shastri, and Mahadev Govind Ranade, is a godless movement. If they or their successors were godless men, with an eye only to selfish ends, they had but to remain quiet to enjoy all the license which the inaptitude of society calmly permits with open eyes, and pass for pious men. They might even have profited by the corruptions which our society swallows without demur, and won a name for practical wisdom. Surely they need not have courted unpopularity, privations, ridicule and abuse from their fellow-men, if a Divine Voice did not impel them to action.

Why then, it may be asked, are the ideals of this movement so little realised, and why are its principles making so little headway? Gentlemen, in my humble opinion, the explanation is to be sought in the peculiar double life of the Hindu race. Ingrained in our blood and bone is the pernicious doctrine of life which raises an insuperable barrier between *Bhavana*, thought, and *Kriya*, action. It inculcates that man is free to perceive, and to contemplate upon, all the truths of religion in his thoughts but he should never permit himself to realise them in his actual life. Whatever may be the philosophic significance of this doctrine in the highest rarefied regions of *Advaitism*, the spirit of it has been popularly so adapted to every department of our daily life that it has at last become a part of the unalterable constitution of our mental and moral nature to believe one thing and act just the contrary as the most natural and the only proper thing in the world to do. The Intellect and the Imagination revel in wrestling with the wildest problems and indulge in the strangest and noblest sentiments; but of free and healthy Volition there is no vestige and conscience is dead through atrophy; for custom, not conviction, is the final arbiter of our actions. There has thus come about a complete divorce between religion and morality. The popular voice credits that man with sanity and practical wisdom who does not allow his ideas of right and wrong to hamper his worldly

comforts and advancement; and it hails with admiration and gratitude any one who has the cleverness to make out that the path of duty and the path of piety coincide exactly with the peaceful path of inaction. Thus has corruption grown into society, and no one has power to initiate a wholesome change. The masses grow up with a settled conviction of the inviolableness of the customs which they found at their birth, and all their ideas of self-interest and self-respect become bound up with the maintenance of their original form. At the same time their worldly wisdom permits passively any flagrant breach with an open eye and a knowing wink, even where the law is good and the breach demoralizing. But they furiously disown the man who will not keep up the glaring fiction of the unalterableness of the law, and they put down with the fire of persecution any attempt to mend the law with a conscious purpose to make it better. Thus not only does Hindu society lack the vitality and the sternness of principle to resist the open inroads of vice and corruption, but by its intolerance of wholesome change and straightforward action, it has set a premium on hypocrisy and exalted Expediency to the status of a Religion. It is hard indeed to follow the labyrinths of the Hindu practical mind in question which affect the caste ideas of conduct.

To adopt the words of the learned author of "Thillai Govindan:— "Public opinion is too strong on some points to be successfully resisted or ignored by any one individual, while it altogether neglects others which are of greater importance and more relevantly within its province. All that is expected is only an outward observance of certain practices which are the now meaningless relics of a remote civilization. As long as one wears the holy thread and does not interdine openly or intermarry with a non-Brahman, one is regarded as a Brahman and allowed all the privileges of that exalted caste. A few minor observances win one the esteem of being an orthodox gentleman, and invariably mammon is effectual in hiding many a glaring fault. One can be an adulterer, a rake, a drunkard, a thief of sacred trust-property, a cheat, a liar, and a perjurer, with perfect impunity: the public gives one the longest cable and freedom of action in such affairs; but if a man chooses to crop his hair close, or to grow a moustache, or wear a hat, or refuses to shave off the beautiful hair of his young widowed sister, or ventures to take his wife out for a drive in an open dog-cart, or makes her wear shoes or use an umbrella when she goes out in the sun, the sage publicly disowns him altogether and makes it too hot for him to remain in their midst. He can beat and starve his wife, and keep twenty

mistresses in his house under her very nose, but she cannot talk with any of his male friends or sit in his presence when any third person is present. The seven wonders of the world are as nothing when compared with this public opinion and the seven sages of Greece the veriest simpletons when compared with its wisdom.

To the superficial observer, therefore, it would obviously seem that the Hindu body politic is only fit for decay, and that the only possible way to mend it is by ending it. But beneath all this apparent corruption, the heart of the people is yet sound. In the inmost core of our being and underneath all the vagaries of our social conduct, there lies a passionate love of God and a disconsolate veneration for the vanished glories of our sacred land. It is only our misfortune that we have not the clear vision to discriminate what is God's law from what is merely man's, and to perceive what might help to bring back the departed glories and what will surely make their return impossible. Mischievous human laws have cleverly wrapped themselves round Divine mandates and successfully smothered them and usurped their sway. And we, in our ignorance, fondly cling to them as though they were of God Himself, or sit still wringing our hands in despair, helpless to alter them as if they were immutable as divine laws. To our eyes it looks as though change of social usage can only come as a breach of the divine law and as a criminal concession to human weakness; and we have no eyes for the decay and corruption and selfishness that the present customs have fostered in our midst.

What can throw light into this darkness of the soul? What can uplift us from this dull despair? The revivifying touch of a new life-giving principle is required to cleanse and sharpen our moral perceptions and awaken the people to their high destiny. Such a life-giving principle seemed to have come to us with the message of Nationalism. But instead of "dropping like the gentle rain from heaven," purifying and renovating our social atmosphere, it unfortunately descended upon us in the guise of a terrific political cyclone threatening to uproot the very foundations of society. The dead bones in the valley indeed at once became instinct with life; and throwing off hypnotic lethargy of ages, India seemed to awaken like a giant refreshed. "Nationalism, is a religion that comes from God Himself," sang the poets of Nationalism, and India seemed destined to do mighty things for itself. But alas! the new spirit was too strong for the delicate nerves of India's emotional children, and the mad rush of new thoughts in the unaccustomed and long-closed-up channels of action plunged them into crime and sin

on the political field. Startled from the slumber of ages into a sudden sense of the country's helplessness, they hastily looked outside for an explanation, and, with the fatal facility of fools and children they fastened upon others the blame which was really their own. The cry went forth, "break through the hypnotic spell of the foreigner; he makes us kiss his grinding heels as though they were uplifting arms." And forthwith mad boys rushed out with bombs and pistols, and imbrued their hands in blood. That we are deluded is true; that we are enslaved is equally true. But it was we that deluded ourselves when we came to believe that a stagnant people could form a living nation. The death knell of India's freedom tolled, not when the Englishman set his foot on Indian soil, but when India's children succumbed to the wiles of unscrupulous priestcraft and accepted the laws of bygone generations as settled facts eternally incapable of the slightest alteration. As a People we accepted Death for our destiny, when we resolved that our social laws shall never change for the better with the advance of time. If India is to become alive again, the noble impulse of self-help which the New Spirit has evoked should be directed to purify and elevate the inner life of our race, without getting mixed up with hate or degenerating into anarchy. The mighty weapons of determined passive resistance must be turned to thwart and subvert the tyranny of mischievous social laws, and shaking off the hypnotic spell of custom, we must organise a vigorous boycott of the Swadeshi vices of caste intolerance and unjust social practices. "Nationalism as a mere political inspiration is but a larger kind of selfishness," liable to mislead us into one-sided activities of an unwholesome type. What we have got to do is to re-enthroned God in all the activities of our lives. It is for us now to snatch away the holy religion of Nationalism from the sphere of political assassination to which it could never belong, and turn its search-light into the dark corners of our own lives that it may reveal our own corruption and rejuvenate us with its life-giving spirit.

How small, of all that human heart endures,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.

If this is true of humanity at large, it is a thousand-fold more true of us in India. "The longer one lives, observes and thinks," as said one of the greatest statesman-patriots of modern India, "the more deeply does he feel there is no community on the face of the earth which suffers less from political evils and more from self-inflicted, or self-accepted, or self-created, and therefore avoidable evils than the Hindu community.

Our duty therefore is to turn all the divine impulses of nationalism inwards, and rouse the national conscience to a sense of its own humiliating abuses, and consolidate society on the solid rock of Truth, Courage, and Righteousness. With such a creed and such holy resolve what may not India accomplish? Shall we, Brother Hindus, sit still with folded hands in helpless despair or with callous indifference, when the Mother cries to us for help and service in her cause, to rid her from the manifold social evils which beset her path to glory? An imperative duty rests on you, and on me, and on every mother's son of us, to glorify the motherland in ourselves, to embody in our own lives the virtues for which our country is to win renown. If India is to be courageous, you and I must dare to do the right, prepared to sacrifice everything for a mere idea, never pausing to calculate, never pleading the cowardice or hostility of another as justification for our own indifference or temporising proclivities. If India is to personify Truth, you and I must pursue Truth unflinchingly in spirit as in form, in action as well as in thought, fully convinced that the faithlessness or perfidy of even the whole world will not excuse or redeem our own individual apostasy. If India is again to be the spiritual guide and exemplar to the whole world, you and I must re-enthroned God in our consciences and glorify Him by loving service to humanity. Brother Hindus, sons of mighty sages and holy Rishis, have we this holy resolve to do the right and the divine courage to sacrifice ourselves at the feet of the Motherland? Have we the faith to follow wherever Truth and Conscience may lead us, and the nerve to suffer the consequences unappalled by the mighty social forces arrayed against us: each of us individually, alone and unaided; not in sudden spurts of brave fury, driving us to violence and sin, but calmly facing from day to day the discomforts and the privations inseparable from truthful living, enduring the unjust calumny of our fellow-men and the withering scorn and contumely of those dear to our heart, nay, even spurned by the very persons whom we approach with loving sacrifice? Little things are often the hardest things in the world. It is comparatively easy to do a momentary deed of daring that will startle everybody; it is not so easy to do little deeds of quiet courage from day to day, unheeded by all and unheeding all. "Courage," declared the prophets of Indian Nationalism, "courage is your principal asset." Yes, if we are to work out the salvation of our country from its many self-inflicted social evils, we shall have to do with heroism. "We must voluntarily cut ourselves off from outside help, to develop strength from within. Darkness will hem us round, disappoint-

ments, will cross our path, slander will pursue us from behind, but we are to depend on ourselves and ourselves alone. We must press on and not allow ourselves to be dragged back in the name of harmony. We have our only guide in the loftiness and spirituality that make their heaven in the thought of the wider light and purer happiness that we may bring to our country by long force of vision and endeavour."

To use the words of a large-hearted American friend of India, each one of us should yet realise, and deeply, that "the servant is a part of his service—that each of us is in his own person, in his every thought, word and action weaving the web of a Nation's destiny." *Vande-Mataram* will then be more than a phrase of the lips; it will be an immanent invocation of our daily lives. For everywhere the true patriot is not the man of words and bluster or even of great superficial activity; but the man who is true to the highest ideals of the people of whom he is a part—whose earnest purpose never swerves, whose slightest action serves the one great aim;—"it is through the individual concentration and sincerity, co-operation and selflessness of her sons and daughters that India will give her great message to the world, a message even richer for the centuries of travail she has known.

"But" says a great English divine, "there come hours of despair when men and society seem hardly worth our devotion. They are so base and ungrateful, and our best efforts are able to change them so little, that the temptation is strong to throw up the thankless task. Those for whom we are sacrificing ourselves take all we can do as a matter of course, they pass us by unnoticed or turn and rend us, as if we were their enemies. Why should we continue to press our gifts on those who do not want them? Worse still is the sickening consciousness that we have after all but little to give: perhaps we have mistaken our vocation; it is a world out of joint, but were we born to put it right? This is where a sterner motive is needed than mere love of men or love of country; our retreating zeal requires to be rallied by the command of God. It is His work; these souls are His; He has committed them to our care, and at the judgment seat, He will demand an account of them. All prophets and apostles who have dealt with men for God have been driven by this impulse which has recovered them in hours of weakness and enabled them to face the opposition of the world."

May the All-merciful God of all nations, in His infinite pity for this ancient land of holy Rishis, send us grace to hear His voice amid the din of worldly strife; may He stir our blood with the fiery spirit of the blessed martyrs of the world

and render us fitting instruments to carry out His will in our lives; and may He uplift again this fallen race to its high pedestal of social purity and spiritual greatness, that it may glorify His name on earth.

Description of work in Bilaspur



LECTURE delivered by Miss L. V. Lewis on the 11th of June, 1910, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Hyderabad, Deccan.

Mrs. George Nundy presided on the occasion and introduced Miss Lewis to the audience.

Miss Lewis responded to the introduction and said that she was fortunate in having the opportunity of coming to Hyderabad, to which good fortune she was indebted to her well-known hostess, Mrs. Canaran. She was also glad to meet such philanthropic people as Dr. and Mrs. Nundy and Mr. Israel.

Miss Lewis did not fail to mention her acquaintance with Mrs. Naidu whom she called the "Gem of Indian Society," though she regretted she could not associate her with Indian Christian Society. The subject for the evening was "Aims of a Woman." After a short introductory description of her work in Bilaspur, Miss Lewis pointed out her own aims which she hopes to instil in her students. (1) To live for my country-women, whether Christians or non-Christians. (2) To elevate the community of which a woman is a member.

The following are extracts of the lecture which might be helpful:—

Bilaspur is a fairly large railway junction on the B. N. Railway, and it is also the chief town and administrative head-quarters of the Bilaspur District in the Central Provinces. It is under a Deputy Commissioner, the office being equivalent to that of a Taluqdar here.

The district resembles a vast amphitheatre opening on the south upon the plains of Raipur, but on every other side surrounded by tiers of hills. These irregular chains, though known in each locality by a special name, form in reality the great Vindhyan Sandstone range, which extends from east to west along the whole peninsula of India. In Bilaspur itself, the hills

on the northern side form the most important series, on the one side a great plain stretches away as far as the eye can reach, on the other rise irregular ranges of hills which throw a dark shadow on the surface below, and it is from this height that the spectator can see the villages which dot the landscape, the numerous tanks sparkling in the sun and the tamarind, the pipal and the mango groves which make the place look very picturesque during the rains. There is only one river in Bilaspur and that also becomes fordable during summer.

The population of Bilaspur is a little over ten thousand, consisting of Hindus, Mahomedans, Satwams, Christians and the aboriginal tribes. The majority of the people are still very uncivilized as is judged from their way of living. The women's mode of dressing is the least graceful of any that I have seen. They economize time a good deal, they do not trouble to cook more than once a day, though they make three meals of it. Bilaspur is a very cheap place and on the whole, the people, according to their idea, seem to live well. It is a rich district and the soil is what is called the "black cotton soil." The climate is mild. The prevailing language is Hindi and the dialect spoken is Chhattisgarhi, which is a corrupt form of Hindi.

My sphere of work lies in connection with the Christian mission, which is the only mission carrying on any work in Bilaspur. This Society has about ten girls' and boys' schools in and around Bilaspur city, besides the usual zenana work and Sunday Schools, etc. There are about 800 scholars receiving instruction. Of the only two training schools for Christian girls in the Central Provinces, Bilaspur missionaries have been encouraged by Government to keep up one, as they have a large school for girls and little boys. This normal class is my special care at present. The girls are allowed to join this class after passing the VI. vernacular examination. Then they study in the normal class for a couple of years, with a view to obtaining a Government certificate, which afterwards enables them to get fairly good positions as teachers. Besides this one view of enabling them to obtain these Government certificates, I have two other aims for these young women. It seems to me, that the majority of the girls who afterwards form the nucleus of the Indian Christian community, come from either mission schools or orphanages which seems to be the case in some parts of the country, and, therefore, I think that the training of these girls needs particular attention and care.

Nothing can be better than placing before them a living model. There is no sermon so effective as the example of a great man or woman. Here we see the thing actually

done before us and the voice speaks forth to us with power. "Go thou and do likewise." It is true that every man is not a hero, nor every woman a heroine, and heroic opportunities are not given every day, but if you cannot do the same thing, you may do something like it. Every woman may benefit by the example of truly great women. Miss Lilavati Singh is dead now, yet it seems to me that from the time of her death, she has lived with greater vitality than she did before. How many lives have been influenced by her, and in the cause of her own country she fell fighting, like a great patriotic general, and in a foreign land too.

I think it is very, true, "To die well is to live for ever." Miss Singh will live for ever now in the lives of her girls and in the building that will be built in memory of her (I need not say more about Miss Singh, as you have already heard her life history from one who knows her much better than I do). It has been my good fortune to have met two other great women, who are sacrificing their lives in the cause of their fellow-women and men.

Everybody has heard about Pandita Ramabai, who has done so much for women and girls of every description and also for boys. There were about 1,500 of these destitute people in the Mukti Mission, when I last visited there, all dependent upon Pandita Ramabai. It is really marvellous how such extensive work with different branches of industries is carried on by a woman at the head. It is really a colony, where women spin their own cotton, weave their saris, sew, dye, bake, farm, churn butter, and carry on almost every other kind of industry that you can think of. They have their own printing press, they print their own magazines and books, etc.

There is another grand work that is being carried on by this institution and that is the translation of the Bible in Marathi, which will be a great boon to the community. The Bible has been translated in the above-mentioned language before, but with the help of a non-Christian, and now it will be from a Christian's point of view, and Pandita Ramabai in this grand work is being helped by the girls who have been brought up in the Mukti Mission.

(1) With all the industries in the day's programme, school education is not neglected in Kedgaon, for they have school work right down from the kindergarten up to the matriculation class.

(2) Her's is an institution where every talent of a human being could be cultivated, if time permitted so.

In a short time, Ramabai's work developed into the colony it now is, which is the cause of

her untiring efforts, self-reliance, her strong faith upon God, her strength of character and her education. If there were only half a dozen more Pandita Ramabais, India would be a peaceful heaven for its citizens.

Miss Sarat Chuckerbutty, of the Victoria Memorial School, Allahabad, I have no doubt has been inspired by Pandita Ramabai. After taking her M. A. degree, Miss Chuckerbutty, in co-operation with her dear and good mother, carried on the work amongst a hundred boys and girls. Unfortunately, a few years ago, she lost her mother and was somewhat discouraged at being left alone, for Mrs. Chuckerbutty was a gifted and very capable woman, but now she is carrying on the work with the help of some Indians. Here are examples for us; every woman cannot be either a Lilavati Singh, or a Pandita Ramabai, or a Sarat Chuckerbutty, but every woman can be a source of blessing in whatever position and circumstances she may be. There are, I know for certain, several Indian Christian women in missions and elsewhere, whose work will not be published while they live, but their silent influence will be felt later on for having lived such ideal lives for their country-women.

Therefore, our first aim should be to live for our country-women, for such a lot depends upon them and above all India's sons will be whatever India's women are.

Our American and English sisters have done and are still doing a good deal to elevate and enlighten India's women. These good people deserve respect and praise from all and thanks from those for whose benefit they labour. But the warm climate and the unknown language make it hard for them to carry on the work with advantage, and besides they are only a handful for this vast Indian field. All experience in the past history of mankind has shown that efforts for the elevation of a nation must come from within and work outward to be effectual. The one thing needful for the general spread of education for women is a body of teachers from among themselves, who shall make it the aim of their lives to teach, by precept and example, their country-women. Perhaps there are some people who would be moved to make endowments for scholarships, for there are some women who are unable to qualify themselves just for want of money, though they are quite intelligent and capable of filling the post.

(3) To elevate the community, of which a woman is a part, in the present age: education is quite an accessible thing and a novelty for the majority of us, so it's hailed with just as much enthusiasm as a new fashion is at the expense of the old. Now, just imagine when a girl attends school, her work is cut out for the

number of hours she is awake, and she has no time to attend to things which are just as necessary as reading and writing. I think the school authorities ought to make themselves a little more responsible in trying to give the girls an all-round education. It will be so much better for them to learn to perform some household duties as well, which will break the monotony of school-life and enable the girls to be self-reliant and have a good footing with their experienced sisters. On the contrary, on leaving school, some girls are quite helpless, unable to do anything for themselves, are discontented and unhappy and a nuisance to others. Habits formed during our school-life will stick to us throughout our lives, so I think it is the work of the educator, to exercise sound judgment and to let her students appreciate and like things without which it is impossible for them to live. How is it that the Indian Christian community in some provinces is not able to keep up a magazine, just as the non-Christians do? I have heard it said for "Lack of funds," but that can scarcely be true in every case, for we are not so very poor that we are not able to give Rs. 4 or Rs. 5 a year towards the up-keep of a magazine.

My opinion is that it is owing to want of ambition and of hard work, for no work can develop without either ambition or labour. And if it is want of money, nothing can be better than bringing up our girls to be good and economical housewives. Schools will do well to teach domestic economy in a practical way. I think it should be the aim of every woman to try and uplift the society of which she is a member.

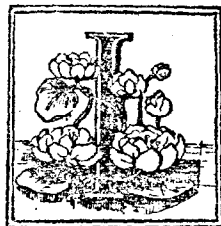
Taking for granted that the present condition is the outcome of some neglect of the past, let us see how we may but alter the case, for it's never too late to learn and there is always room for improvement.

I would suggest that the ladies of the community club together and organise literary societies. Working parties, cooking and dress-making classes and medical lectures. These subjects will be known by at least one of the community. How nice it would be if each one consented to impart her knowledge to the others, only to the extent of being able to give help in case of need. It is not natural for a strong fire to keep on burning with the same brightness throughout; just so with our zeal, we can seldom or never work with the same enthusiasm as we do at the beginning of anything. I would suggest not to begin a thing unless you know for certain that it will last some time and be a real help. It seems such weakness of will to give up anything after it's once begun. Everything should be organised on some strong basis, so that it will last while you live and after you, for it to become

such an organisation that the community may not be able to do without it. I have succeeded in getting up a working party. Beside being helpful in the acquisition of knowledge of cutting out and fancy work, now after three or four years it is the means of bringing in money which is spent towards the education of some girls in a school. When the results of work of this kind are seen by our own people and non-Christians, there will be no mistaking that the Indian Christian community is what it should be, sympathetic, loving and united. Without unity, nothing can be done.

Let us aim high, keeping the highest standard of good before us and endeavouring to lead such lives as will be remembered. For after all, we are but amateur artists in the studio of the Master. He is the model of perfection and would like us to be like Him. He gives us material for the marble and the chisel and says to each one of us, whether teachers, preachers, fathers or mothers, "Here is the marble and here is the chisel, take them both and fashion the marble to thy will." This is the profession of each one of us; young lives are entrusted to our care, we are to fashion them into something lovely and great. God gives us strength to carry on this work.

Good Temper

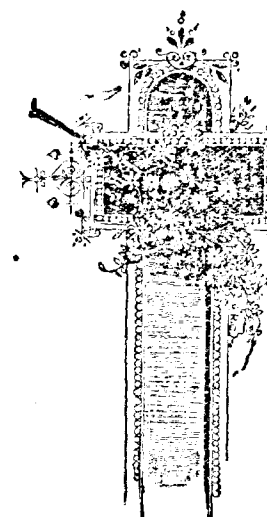


In a sensible and elegant essay on "Passion," Lord Chesterfield remarks that the person who loses his temper approaches the realms of madness. He rightly condemns the popular tendency to pardon those that fall into passionate fits on the ground that they express profound regret afterwards. It is popular weakness that does not realise that such expressions of regret, coming too late, do not go any way to repair the injury once done. If those men had been really good at heart, "their first offence would be their last, and they would resolve at all events never to relapse."

To be always in good temper, then, is one of the solid virtues. No sensible man concerns himself greatly about reading the minds of others. He contents himself with the judgment he forms of one's outward behaviour. Do unto others as you would they should do unto you. Everyone likes to be treated by every other in a pleasant manner. Even in the commonest of transactions, it would be a blessing rather than hypocrisy, for brothers and sisters in this world to assume a sweet smile.

The Rosary

"O memories that bless and burn,
O barren gain and bitter loss,
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the Cross, sweetheart,
To kiss the Cross."



KATE WAL-
TERS sang.
Her voice, a
soprano, carefully
trained, and of a
rare sweetness and
purity, rang through
the room with a pas-
sion and exquisite
pathos, which thrill-
ed her hearers, and
there was silence for a
few seconds after the
last note had died away,
while they were trying
to find words with
which to adequately
thank her. Nellie Som-
ers had listened in
amazement. Was this

their frivolous hostess, who always maintained she had no sentiment and did her utmost to repress it in other people? The closing words of the song haunted her even when the piano was closed and the party retired to the billiard room, some to settle down to a game, but the greater number to gather round their hostess, who held them in thrall with piquant remarks, which always bordered on the unconventional.

Nellie sat a little apart from the lively group with a quiet little woman, the mother of one of the admiring throng round Kate. There was not much conversation between the two, for Mrs. Murray was too much absorbed in watching her son, a young clergyman, and hoping that he was not getting too much under the influence of their hostess, to be inclined for conversation. So after a few conventional remarks, Nellie was left to her own reflections. These were indeed absorbing; for she intended in a few days to leave her husband, and go away with her lover to a foreign land, where he was stationed. It was not without terrible misgivings that she contemplated this step, but she argued with herself that her circumstances justified her taking it. Her married life had not been long in point of time, but it seemed to her that she had during it, passed through an eternity of wretchedness. She thought she loved her husband, and was glad for the escape marriage afforded her from an uncongenial home, and he had seemed all that a wife could wish for at first. But within a few weeks of the honey-moon, she found he was a helpless

Our happiness directly depends on the amount of love that we feel towards others as well as on that which others feel towards us. If good temper is an outward form of love, perpetual good temper is sure to create an inward and true form of love. It follows that happiness increases with good temper. Why not follow that easy faith and practise that priceless virtue?

To lose one's temper is to be imprudent or unwise. To maintain a cheerful countenance in the face of provocation is to kill one's enemies and to advance one's own interests. The child gets its playthings quicker by peaceful means than by violence. The son wrings his privileges out of his father easier by patience than by other ways. The master thrives better with his servants by calm words than by angry fits.

To be good-tempered is to be diplomatic. To be diplomatic is to be able to promote peace. Does it need enunciation that peace shall be promoted?

Not to be in good temper is to weaken one's nerves. One's physical constitution suffers by the instability of the mind, for

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

It would be a great advantage for every one to be strong-willed enough to maintain a good temper.

To lose one's temper is to become the object of ridicule. Which great man would lose his temper?

It is easier to believe in the advisability of being good-tempered than to be so. A great responsibility lies on all to maintain and promote universal harmony. It should be the bounden duty of the mother to be ever good-humoured towards her children, of the teacher towards his students, and of the man in a superior position towards his subordinates.

A sentence of Addison on the subject would fittingly conclude this little paper. "The even and cheerful temper makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him Whom we were made to please."

P. R. KRISHNA



victim to alcohol in every shape and form. When the craving took hold of him, persuasions, remonstrances, entreaties and tears were alike fruitless. "Why did you marry me," she asked him bitterly, "when you have no love for anything but this;" and he answered, "I hoped that your influence would take the place of it, but it is of no use, it is hereditary with me, and the best thing for you will be for it to make an end of me as quickly as possible." At times, Mr. Somers was all that could be desired, a genial host, and a devoted husband, but each relapse left him less wistful to struggle against the enemy, and gradually his wife's liking which she had mistaken for love, turned into, first pity and then contempt. They thus slowly but surely drifted apart, though, for the sake of appearances, they continued to live under the same roof.

Matters were at this crisis, when Nellie made the acquaintance of Kate Walters, who came with her husband to live in the same place as the Somers. Kate was a distant relative of Mr. Somers, and had once been engaged to him. But she gave him up for her present husband, who was in a much better position, and it was to make himself forget his disappointment, that Dick Somers first learnt to drink. Kate was genuinely shocked at the results of her handiwork, and did all she could in her power for Nellie, of whom she came to be really fond. It was at Kate's house that Nellie met the man, who in a few weeks became dearer to her than everything else. She learnt for the first time what it was to really love, and to be loved in return. Each made Kate their confidante, and she on the principle that two wrongs make a right, gave them every assistance in her power by letting them meet at her house, and preventing any gossip arising about them. They were to meet to-night at her house, and Nellie was to make her final decision, as to whether she should yield to his entreaties and accompany him on his journey, on which he was bound to start in less than a week. She had put off her decision until the very last, hoping against hope that fate would decide the matter for her in some way or other, but nothing had happened, and she came to-night to tell him she would go. He had not yet arrived, being kept late by business, but she had thought it best to come at the same time as the other guests, so as not to provoke comment. She kept on repeating to herself that her mind was quite made up, and was vexed that the words of the song still continued to haunt her. What did it mean? Was her decision wrong? Just then Kate approached them, accompanied by her husband, who carried off Mrs. Murray to get some refreshments. "Come dear, you are looking quite faint, you must have something

before he comes. I shall send you in with Mr. Murray, who will not bother you," said Kate compassionately. "Your song has upset me," replied Nellie, "why did you sing it like that? It has haunted me the whole evening." Meanwhile, Mr. Murray came up, in obedience to a glance from his hostess. "You must have it out with Mr. Murray," replied Kate laughingly, "while he gets you coffee, it is his favourite song, and I sang it to please him." She turned away to see after her other guests, and the two made their way to the dining-room. "Has the song a history?" asked Nellie, "it has made a great impression on me." "I do not know, Mrs. Somers, the words appeared in some magazine. I suppose the renunciation of which it speaks, is such a common every-day experience, that it passes almost unnoticed." Then seeing the look of interest on Nellie's face, he continued, "I always think that Mrs. Walters is more her real self when she sings than at any other time. She likes to make us believe that she is utterly frivolous, and has no deep feelings, but her voice betrays her, and I feel when she sings the Rosary, that it is easy to renounce." His face lighted up with enthusiasm as he spoke, but Nellie turned so pale, as to alarm him. She reassured him by saying that she would go upstairs to rest awhile, and begged him to join the others without alarming them. She would be all right, if only she would be left quite alone. When, however, she got upstairs, she put on her cloak, instructed the maid in attendance to find her a cab, and managed so well, that she was out of the house without her hostess missing her. She left word that she would write to explain everything, Kate would know to whom the message referred. She felt she could not see him that night, she must be alone. Her old doubts and perplexities had again seized upon her, and she felt as far from a decision as at first. Nellie had been brought up to be a religious woman, but since her marriage, her beliefs seemed to her dismay to have failed her, and up till now they had not helped her in this crisis of her life. But as she lay sleepless through the long hours of the night, they seemed to her to become realities once more, as they took the form of a Cross, the name of which was Renunciation. In the morning, she wrote, "You must go alone," nor did her resolution fail her, even though she was besieged by entreaties and prayers for at least one interview during the few days that remained before his departure. Nor would she even see Kate, for she instinctively felt that her advice would not be in accordance with the spirit of her song. But one thing became clear to her during these days of absolute seclusion and loneliness. She could not go on living as she had done before

he came into her life.' Fortunately for both her husband and herself, each had private means, and a separation seemed the only thing left her. When she received her lover's wire, saying that he had really started and urging her to join him at his first stopping place, where he would be detained for a few days, she felt it would be safe to leave home, and she intended taking refuge for a time with a cousin of her husband's, who was a member of a lay sisterhood. She sought an interview with her husband, who was still in his room, after his usual nightly excess, to acquaint him with her plans. "Rouse him, if you can," she said to his valet, "if you cannot, I shall not wait." The man returned in a few minutes, with a scared face, saying that he could not rouse him, and that he was lying in a very strange way with his face buried in the pillow. A doctor was at once sent for, who found he was dead. It was proved at the inquest afterwards that he must, after having been put to bed, rolled over into the position in which he was found, and which had caused his death from suffocation.

pounder, cast in the year 1081 of the Hejira. The maker's name is Seetul Pershaud, its weight 1,319 cwt. 1 qr. 4 lbs.; the diameter of the calibre is, 11½ in.; that of the chamber 10½ in.; that of the trunnions 11½ in.; that of the base ring 4 ft. 5½ in.; that of the muzzle 3 ft. 10½ in. The length of the chase, including the chamber, is, 13 ft. 2 in.; that of the chamber 4 ft. 2 in.; that of the piece itself 14 ft. 2½ in. The interior width at the trunnions is, 4 ft. 2½ in.; the exterior width, at the trunnions, 6 ft. 2 in.; the length from the centre of the trunnions to the base ring is, 5 ft. 7 in. The gun bears the following inscription in Persian characters:—"In the reign of Akber Shah, made by Seetul Pershaud; weight, 1,469 maunds." Value of the gun, as old brass, 53,400 rupees; weight of shot, if of iron, 1,497 lbs.; if of marble, 567 lbs.

The beauty of this piece of ordnance is as conspicuous as its magnitude, and all who have had the opportunity of examining it, acknowledge its pre-eminence in the scale of ordnance, and admire the abilities of the founder.—*India Gazette*, 1825.

YET ANOTHER DESCRIPTION

Description of the great gun which was taken by the British in the fort of Agra, when it surrendered to Lord Lake, in October 1803. It is called a 1,500 brass pounder, and weighs 149,000 lbs. On the gun is written the following in Persian characters:—

"In the reign of Akber Shah, made by Seetul Pershaud, weight, 1,469 maunds."

Value of the gun, as old brass, at the Company's price, St. Rs. 53,400. Ditto. do. (if serviceable) 160,200. Weight of shot (suitable) if made of iron, 1,497 lbs., 6 oz. Ditto., if made of marble, 567 lbs.

The prize agents value the metal alone at 100,000 rupees. It was intended to have forwarded it to England, and with that view it was, after great labour, got down as far as the bank of the river Jumna, but no boat could be found sufficient for its safe conveyance to Calcutta.—*The Asiatic Journal*, Vol. VI., July to December, 1818.

THE BHURTPORE GUN SENT TO ENGLAND

The brass gun, captured at Bhurtpore, has arrived in England, on the *Rose*, as a present to His Majesty. Its dimensions are as follow: length, 17 feet; external diameter of the breech, 37 inches; diameter of the muzzle, 24 inches; diameter of calibre, 9 inches; thickness of metal at the breech, 14 inches; at the muzzle, 7½ ins.; its gross weight is estimated at seventeen tons. It is not a little curious, that from the centre reinforce to the cascabel, the metal is essentially different from that which composes the

India's Great Guns



SEND you extracts from the old publications of India's Great Guns, as they may be of interest to the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.

DIMENSIONS OF THE GREAT GUN AT AGRA.

	Inches
Diameter of the piece at the muzzle ...	32
Do. at the breech ...	36
Calibre ...	22½
Do. of the shot ...	22
Length of the bore ...	96
Do. piece ...	114
Solidity of the piece ...	62,494 cubic inches
Weighing nearly ...	23,435 lbs. French.
The shot, if made of beat iron, would weigh nearly 1,624 lbs.; if cast, in the proportion of 496 to 580.	
Steel or forged iron weighs ...	7,582
White marble do. ...	2,707

The gun weighs 334 factory maunds.—*The Asiatic Journal*, Vol. IV., July to December, 1817.

ANOTHER DESCRIPTION

The following is a description of the celebrated gun at the city of Agra. It is a brass 1,500

first part of the gun, as if it had been cast at different times. The same principle seems to have been observed in casting, which obtains with the natives of India generally, that of forming the bore by a tube of iron, over which the brass is cast. The piece is surmounted, at the trunnions, by two dolphins, and ornamented on different parts, by raised work, and Persian inscriptions. It will receive an iron ball of 100 lbs. weight.—*The Asiatic Journal*, Vol. XXIV., July to December, 1827.

LARGE GUNS AT BEEJAPORE

A correspondent in one of the Indian papers furnishes an account of three guns at Beejapore, much larger than that of Bhurtpore, viz:—

1st.—A very well-finished cast brass gun of very fine metal, said to contain a large quantity of silver.

	Ft.	Inch.
Length of the bore	6	10 12 ft. in side.
Length of the chamber	5	2
Outside diameter at muzzle	4	10
Inside diameter of the bore	2	7
Diameter of chamber, about	1	8
Circumference about 4 feet from muzzle, behind tiger's ears.	13	2
Total length outside	14	8

Weight of an iron shot, 31 inches diameter, 4,159 lbs., 10 oz. and 12 drs.

The breech is quite flat; there are three inscriptions on it, two by Kings of Beejapore, and one by Aurangzebe—to measure the length inside, he sent a lascar in as far as the chamber. It was wished, at one time, to have sent this gun to England, but the expense was found too great to take it to Bombay, and besides the people of the place were likely to make great objections to its removal, for both Hindus and Mussalmans consider it a sort of guardian angel; the former often make sacrifices before it, and burn lamps in front, on a pillar placed for the purpose.

2nd.—A Malabar, or hammered iron, hooped gun.

	Ft.	Inch.
Length	21	6
Circumference	12	0
Calibre	1	8

Weight of iron shot, 1,125 lbs.

This gun has numbers of shot marks on it, which are said to have been made when Aurangzebe took the place; it lies near the south gate on the top of a large bastion.

3rd.—A Malabar hammered iron gun.

	Ft.	Inch.
Length	30	0
Calibre	1	2

This gun is on the top of a high inner bastion in rear of the first mentioned, which lies on a bastion to the right, going out of the Mecca gate.

The first mentioned gun was formerly on an iron swivel, but it has been broken, and the gun lies on logs of wood; the peon, who shows the lions of the place, tells you that it was only fired once, and that the ball is still flying.—*Ibid.*

ANOTHER DESCRIPTION

This great cannon is called Mullik-i-Mydan, or "Sovereign of the plain;" but the natives of Beejapore insist on calling it Moolk-i-Mydan, or "line of the plain." Its muzzle is 4 ft. 8 in. in diameter; the calibre, 2 ft. 4 in. It was cast at Ahmednuggur, A. D. 1549, by a native of Constantinople, named Hoosein Khan. Aurangzebe put an inscription upon it to commemorate the conquest of Beejapore in 1685, which has led to the mistake of supposing it to have been cast at that time. It is alike curious from its dimensions and its history. The Bombay Government in 1823, was particularly desirous of sending it to the King of England, and an engineer was sent to examine it for the purpose; but the present state of the roads renders the difficulty of transporting such a large mass of metal to the coast almost insuperable.—*Duff's History of Mahrattas.*

FIRING THE GREAT GUN AT BEEJAPORE

"Sir,—It may be interesting to those of your readers, who may have visited Palmyra in the Deccan, to hear that the large gun, on the S. W. bastion of this city, was charged by order of the Raja with forty seers (about 100 lbs. powder) and fired yesterday evening at sunset. The powder, from its coarse quality, threw forth an immense volume of smoke, which was truly grand, although the report was weak in comparison to what was expected, perhaps equal to that of a forty-two pounder. The gun shook the frame and rebounded on the wall without any injury. The circumstance excited a degree of sensation amongst the inhabitants (10,000); many had left their houses with their families, ten and fifteen miles; and every bunyan shut his shop, retiring from its walls. The gun had been discharged by Aurangzebe 150 years before.

The muzzle has the figure of a lion's head, with an elephant walking into its mouth. The dimensions, inside two feet, and outside four and a half feet in diameter; its length, twelve feet and a half; circumference thirteen feet and a quarter; throughout inside chamber, fourteen inches; diameter, 5 feet."—*The Bombay Courier*, 1829.

BRASS GUN AT BILSAH

A correspondent in a Calcutta newspaper gives an account of a large gun at Bilsah, larger than the Bhurtpore gun. It is of brass and of exquisite workmanship. It was made in the reign of Shah Jehangir, and bears inscriptions

recording its weight and cost. Its dimensions are as follow:—

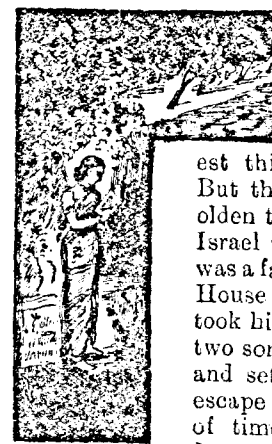
	Ft.	Inch.
Length of gun	18	10
Circumference at muzzle	6	10
Do. at breech	7	8
Do. of trunnions	2	8
Calibre	0	11

The Asiatic Journal, Vol. XXVI., July to December, 1828.

It is a pity that the correspondent did not give the inscription, its weight and cost.

P. R. VENKATESALU NAIDU

A Love Story



I AM going to tell you a love-story. A 'love-story!' I hear you say. Yes, why not? The greatest thing in the world is love.

But this is a love-story of the olden time, when the people of Israel were yet young. There was a famine in Bethlehem (the House of Bread) and Elimelech took his wife, Naomi, and their two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, and settled down in Moab, to escape the distress. In course of time, the sons married daughters of the land, whose names were Ruth and Orpah. Kind-hearted, affectionate girls they must have been, a real comfort to Naomi, when sorrow after sorrow came upon them, and their hearth was utterly desolate, and they themselves widowed. Naomi yearned after her own people, and hearing that the famine had passed, she made up her mind to return to Bethlehem. Ruth and Orpah start out with her, and, after they had gone a little way, she stops and blesses them for their kindness to the dead and to her, and she bids them go back to their mothers. They had evidently started out with the intention of going with her to her new home. When she spoke as she did, both the girls replied, "surely we will return with thee unto thy people." She then used every argument she could to convince them that it would be better for them, from a worldly point of view, to return to their own homes. With Orpah, she succeeded. Sorrowfully, the girl bade her mother-in-law 'goodbye' and turned homewards. Ruth was not so easily convinced. Naomi began again, "Behold thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods.

Return thou after thy sister-in-law." But Ruth's love was different. She had indeed entered the family, and had become one of them. Her love had twined itself around Naomi, and could not bear a separation. She throws herself on Naomi's breast and bursts out passionately, "Entreat me not to leave thee, for where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God. Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if ought but death part thee and me." Her own customs, her own home, her own people, her own gods—all put away—all given up because of this great and wonderful love. It was complete self-surrender! out-and-out devotion! Naomi could not resist such love. "Seeing she was steadfastly-minded," she left off trying to persuade her and they went together on their way to Bethlehem.

Sometimes we too have planned to give ourselves to this or that work for God, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, we offer ourselves entirely. But does this last? Love should be followed by devotion, by self-immolation, but to make the sacrifice perfect, there should be steadfastness and constancy of purpose.

Naomi and Ruth went on their way until at length at the gate of the city, Naomi's old friends met her. She had evidently changed very much, for their greeting of "Is this Naomi?" speaks their feelings. Her many troubles had bowed her to the ground. She can hardly bear to see these friends, and calls out in an agony of pain "Call me not Naomi (which means happiness) but call me Mara. I went out full and the Lord hath brought me home again empty." Poor Naomi! It was too true. The Lord had taken away her own, but she forgot that He had not left her desolate, and that by her side was one who was to be the greatest comfort to her. The Lord never forsakes. For a little while He hides His face; "for a small moment, but with great mercies will I gather thee." Naomi did not know that even for her there was joy in store.

They settle down in their new home, and then, Ruth, may be because they were not well to do, or because she wanted occupation, asks leave to go and glean among the ears of corn after him in whose sight she shall find grace. Naomi bids her go in words which tell the happy relations between them, "go my daughter." Modest and courteous she asks permission from the overseer and gleans in that one portion whither her steps have been led. "Her hap was to light on the portion of the field belonging to Boaz!" Nothing happens by chance, and so we feel that He Whom she chose as her God, was now protecting her and guiding her footsteps to fulfil His plan in the history of Israel. Boaz

notices her, inquires of her, and having learned who she is, comes round to where she stands, and addresses her directly. He tells her, not to go to any other field, but to keep near his maidens. "Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap and go thou after them," he says, while he encourages her by telling her not to fear the young men, for he has already spoken to them to be careful, and then knowing that she has been working since early morning, he directs her to the drinking vessels where she may quench her thirst. She is overcome by such kindness, and bowing low before him she asks him why he should shew such kindness to a stranger. We see the generous, hospitable, kindly man in the reason he gives her. "It hath been fully showed me all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband, and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore." In this testimony of Boaz, we see too the esteem in which the young Moabite was held in that strange land. He blesses her with the words, "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." She answers him both gratefully and gracefully and he leaves with an invitation to the mid-day meal. At this feast, we see him give her the parched corn himself, and later on we see how he provides for her to go home well-laden. At sunset, her arms are as full as they can be, and she takes the grain to the beating shed, and beats it out, and it was about an ephah of barley. So, with her lap full of the precious treasure, she goes home to her mother-in-law to recount the doings of the day, and to receive counsel for the future.

There is a greater, wealthier, nobler, more magnanimous one than Boaz. He too has a field, and is at work upon that field. He is Lord of the harvest, and His field is the whole world. And yet He sees each new worker who comes to glean in any corner of that field. He will see to it that not one gleaner on that field shall want, that all shall be protected. He welcomes each, and sets each worker where she ought to be, and helps her with her work, as He says "Look upon the fields that they do reap, and go thou after them." Then too, we all have some one waiting at home as Naomi waited for Ruth anxious to see what we are bringing—We have one dear Lord, our Friend, our Brother, waiting for us on the other side—at Home—His Home and ours.

Must I go, and empty-handed
Thus my dear Redeemer meet,
Not one day of service give Him,
Lay no trophy at His Feet?

or shall it be, "Rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves." Say, sisters, how shall it be to meet our Lord with empty hands? Can we bring such pain and disappointment to that loving heart?

But to continue Ruth's story—Day after day she goes to her work, and then one day the climax comes and she and Boaz understand one another. There is just one hindrance to their marriage, but Naomi's advice to her is "Sit still, my daughter, for the man will not be in rest, until he have finished the thing this day." It is true. Early in the morning, he sits at the gate of the city, on the watch for the man who is nearer of kin than himself to Naomi. As the man passes by he calls to him and gets him to sit down, while he invites ten of the elders of the city as witnesses. At first, the next of kin consents to buy the lands of Naomi, but Boaz presses him closer. He says "What day thou buyest the field of the hand of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of the dead to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance." To this condition, the next of kin does not consent, and taking off his shoe in the presence of the witnesses, he hands it to Boaz and tells him to buy the land. The last hindrance is therefore removed, and Boaz buys lands and bride and takes her home and Naomi too. Soon Naomi's cup of joy is full, for on her lap lies one whom she looks upon as her own grandson. As she nurses him, and dandles him in her arms, and presses him to her heart, she realizes the goodness of Him Who has led her thus from the darkest depths of sorrow, through the time of loneliness and toil to the joy of life fulfilled. Those same good friends who met her at the gate now come around to offer their congratulations, and say, "Blessed be the Lord which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman that His name may be famous in Israel. And He shall be unto thee a restorer of life, and a nourisher of thine old age; for thy daughter-in-law which loveth thee, which is better to thee than seven sons, hath borne him." This is the third testimony in Ruth's favour. The first was given by her mother-in-law "The Lord deal kindly with you as ye have dealt with the dead and with me; the second, that of Boaz given on the report of her that had reached his ears; and now Naomi's old friends comfort her with the words "thy daughter-in-law, that loveth thee, that is better to thee than seven sons." Three testimonies! one from the home, one from the city, and one from friends! "A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." "Let her works praise her in the gates."

Hospitality



HERE once lived a man named Mungo Park, who was one of the most celebrated travellers, and explorers that the world has ever seen. One time when travelling through Africa, he came to the dominions of King Bemara, and made a halt at the capital, and whilst there he very much wished to have an interview with the king. The main part of the city was separated by a river from the King's palace. The day he arrived, there was such a crowd of people crossing backwards and forwards by this river that he stood awaiting his turn to cross for many hours.

In the meanwhile, news of his arrival was carried to the King as follows:—Your Majesty, a white stranger has come to our city, and desires an interview with Your Majesty. As soon as the King heard this, he sent a messenger back to the official, in whose charge Park was, and as a result of the message, the official said to Park "Sir, I have the honour to inform you what His Majesty's commands are: You are on no account to cross the river without his consent. A short way along this coast, is a small village; there you will have to pass the night." On hearing this, Park became rather uneasy, but since he saw no way out of it, he turned his steps to the village. On his way there, it began to rain very heavily, and as soon as he reached the place, he made enquiries as to where he could find a suitable shelter for the night. But the inhabitants of the place, seeing that he was a stranger, and that the King had not yet received him, were afraid to take him in, with the result that his plight was a very sad one indeed, more especially, as a big forest surrounded the village, which was full of wild beasts, so that if he camped out there, he would run a very great risk of being killed. He thought and thought as to how he ever should get through the night in safety, but finally as he could not find any other way, he determined to climb to the top of a big tree, where he thought the wild beasts could not get at him. As he was in the act of beginning to climb, there happened to pass along that way an old Kaffir woman, who seeing what he was about to do, guessed that he was a stranger and foreigner, that he had no shelter for the night, and was consequently in a very bad way indeed. She at once shouted to him, and made signs that he should come with her, which he thankfully did, and the two set off together. In course of time they arrived at her house, and when there, she gave up one division

of the house to him, her daughters who were there, busy with house work, she ordered to lay aside their work, and attend first to the stranger. In accordance with which, they quickly brought a big fish, and cooked it and gave it to him to eat, and then spreading out a mat, they begged him to lie down and sleep. After they had in this manner satisfied all the wants of their guest, they turned back once more to their house work, and remained working until very late.

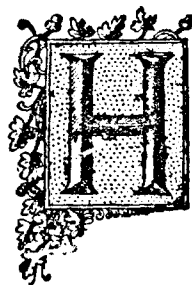
As these Kaffir girls worked, they began to sing, in order as I suppose to lighten their labours. Park was able to understand a little of the Kaffir language, and as he heard their song, he became filled with gratitude for their whole race. He himself was the subject of their song, and the meaning of the song was as follows:—

"A great storm has arisen, the rain is falling, homeless and helpless is the white man, tired and exhausted, he begins to climb the tree where he fears he will have to pass the night, he has no mother to give him shelter, no wife to give him to eat; come then, let us give him shelter, for he has no one, and is entirely desolate."

The kindness and compassion shown by these Kaffir women astonished Mungo Park very much indeed. If he had been obliged to pass the night without obtaining any shelter, he would have suffered untold discomfort, and he might even have lost his life. He rose at daybreak, and after having clothed himself, he went to the mistress of the house, and thanked her many times over for her invaluable and cordial assistance, then taking leave of her and her daughters, he turned back to the capital.



Thamboolam (Pan Supari)



HAVING had the advantage of reading the contribution by Mr. P. R. Krishna on "Thambool" in the June number of this Magazine, I take the indulgence of sending you my knowledge of the same, gathered from different sources, which I was shaping for publication in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* at the time Mr. Krishna's article appeared.

The betel-vine (*Chavica Betle*) supplies the leaves which all natives of India eat daily with areca-nut, quick-lime, tobacco and with a few other ingredients. It requires constant irrigation, and yields a delicate and precarious, though very remunerative, crop. The mode of cultivating it is: in July or August, *Agatti* shrubs are planted in regular rows over the ground intended for the cultivation of betel-vines, and after two or three months the soil is carefully prepared by trenching and manuring. In January, after the rains have thoroughly softened and loosened the soil, cuttings of the vine are taken out of nurseries and planted out close to the *Agatti* shrubs, up which they soon begin to climb. About six months afterwards, the vines will have grown sufficiently to admit of their leaves being clipped off. For a twelve month they bear freely, and during a second twelve month differently. During the whole of this time, the plants must be watered daily in dry weather, and almost daily in all kinds of weather. Weeding and cleaning must be unremittingly attended to. The betel-vine is cultivated exclusively in Nanjai (wet) lands. The betel requires a very tender cultivation. And so they say "like water to the betel and saffron to the prostitute." In the saying "leaves protect the tree and money one's honour," they seem to be aware of the botanical fact that leaves are lungs to a tree. Koddikkal (betel-vine clan) Vellalaus (so called from their occupation of betel-growing which they still pursue largely, though not exclusively) and Ravuttans grow betel. According to some English writers, the English "betel" is merely a corruption of the Tamil *Veltrilai*, "empty leaf," and that betel was not a native creeper, but an importation from Penang, while, according to Indian writers, it was a plant of the world of the Devas and was brought down to this world by Santhana Maharajah who had a love for it and brought it unknown to any one when *Oorvasi* at his request took him to this world.

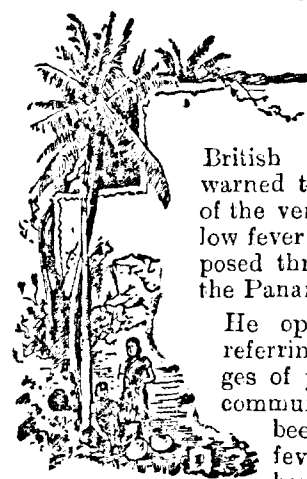
Betel is a universal luxury after meals, when it is chewed with areca-nut and a little lime. It gives the tongue and lips a crimson hue, and is said to be an aid to digestion. *Pan supari* (betel and nut) is the chief thing used in honouring visitors to Hindu homes on marital and other festive and special occasions. It gives a certain amount of satisfaction to us if our friends visiting us in our homes chew *pan supari* before leaving. This custom has been in vogue for a long time. We offer it to the deities we worship. Many Mahomedans and a few Europeans observe this custom of chewing betel and nut. The chewing of betel, rubbed with chunam (lime) and mixed with nut, produce a red tint and a kind of juice. Cardamoms, cloves, nutmeg, long pepper, mace, crude camphor, cowbezoar, and some other spices are also mixed with betel and nut. Mr. Nelson says that 'a particular kind of green leaf' is also mixed with the betel, but I failed in my attempts to ascertain what this 'green leaf' was. The use of a preparation of the ingredients stated above brings on innumerable benefits. Even many experts in medical science extol this custom. Chewing of betel gives a relief to people suffering from rheumatic heaviness and pain. It destroys the phlegm that hinders the freeness of speech and obstructs the passage of food at the throat. It also destroys the worms that injure the teeth and casts to the winds the bad odour emanating from the mouth of some people. It improves and increases the digestive power. The filament that is seen running in the middle of the betel leaf should be peeled off and thrown away as it is said to contain a kind of poison. As chunam has the power of digestion and, if used in excess, blisters the mouth, it should be used in a measured quantity. Kathakambu (inspissated juice of a tree in Malacca used with betel) should be used to prevent blisters. Chunam kept immersed in tender cocoanut juice will not burn the mouth. It is always better to spit out twice or thrice the saliva produced in the mouth by chewing betel and nut, and then take the juice in. The use of more nut in the morning, more chunam at noon, and more betel in the evening, is considered wholesome. Having chewed the betel and got the juice in, the rind should be spat out and the mouth cleaned with water. The use of tobacco and frequent chewing of betel are undesirable.

P. R. VENKATESALU NAIDU.



Yellow Fever

INDIA'S FUTURE PERIL.



MAJOR GORDON TUCKER, I.M.S., speaking at the Bombay Branch of the British Medical Association warned the medical profession of the very serious risk of yellow fever to which India is exposed through the opening of the Panama Canal.

He opened his paper by referring to the terrible ravages of yellow fever in those communities to which it has been introduced; yellow fever, he reminded members, made the building of the Panama Canal for a long time impossible and brought Jamaica into notoriety as "the white man's grave." It is now endemic in the tropical belt of the European shores of the Americas and ascends the great rivers. It is, as far as is known, only spread by the agency of a mosquito, *Stegomyia fasciata*, and it is a disease affecting especially the low-lying insular areas of cities. It is restricted roughly to 22 deg. north and south of the Equator, but has been known to pass these limits. It has been spread by railways and it is regarded as probable that this mode of transmission will become more frequent.

When the canal is opened on the 1st January, 1915, there will be, Major Tucker pointed out, a great increase of coastal trade between the Atlantic and Pacific ports. Trade vessels will pour from the Eastern coasts of America into China. The direct trade from England to Hongkong will be promoted and great impetus will be given to the trade from the Philippines, Borneo, Singapore and the Eastern ports of Australia. India may be expected to import large quantities of sugar from Jamaica. Honolulu will be the chief port of call and will be efficiently controlled by the Americans, but there are other available ports in which there is no good reason for hoping that the system of inspection will be either rigid or efficient.

The mosquito that carries the yellow fever germ is known to be present (apart from areas in the Americas and West Africa), in Spain, South Italy, Japan, Formosa, China, the Celebes, New Guinea, Siam, the Malay Peninsula, Burma, Bengal, Madras, the Southern coasts of India and Bombay, Eastern Australia, East Africa and Mauritius, and it seems probable

that if the mosquito's distribution had been fully studied, it would be found belting the world between 40 deg. N. and 40 deg. S. The first factor for the spread of yellow fever is, therefore, abundantly present.

The second factor is race immunity. Major Tucker brought forward evidence to show that the alleged immunity of the Chinese was probably due to insufficient observation, and it is known that the Chinese have succumbed to yellow fever in large numbers. Hindu coolies have also succumbed to the disease when exposed to infection in the West Indies. The second factor—a non-immune population—is, therefore, present in India.

Is the third factor present, the possibility of the arrival of the yellow fever virus? Major Tucker answered this in the affirmative. His argument briefly put was as follows:—It will take two days from Jamaica to the Canal, and twelve hours through the Canal, while the incubation period of the fever usually extends from thirty-six hours to five days, but may be prolonged to a fortnight. Assuming the five day period in a given case, it will be three more before an inexperienced Doctor, or a ship's Captain, will see typical symptoms enabling him to recognise the disease. During this time, the mosquitos will become infected. In fourteen days—the time they take to incubate the poison—the ship will be approaching the Hawaiian group of islands, and, granting a single case has not been recognised, and the diagnosis of yellow fever may present peculiar difficulty, infection may occur. And in such parts as Borneo and the adjacent islands of the Malay States, there will probably not be even the safeguard of efficient inspection. That even rigid inspection may fail to detect ship infection is shown by the fact that plague-infected ships have passed the gauntlet of inspection in the Suez Canal and reached England and Portugal.

Major Tucker considered the authorities concerned in any future system of international sanitary control of the Pacific. These were the Americans, Portuguese, Germans, Dutch, French, Chinese, and probably also the Australian and New Zealand Commonwealths; and the British Administrations in Hongkong, the Strait Settlements and the Indian Empire.

PRECAUTION RECOMMENDED

As regards India, Major Tucker recommended:—

(1) Mosquito destruction should be pushed in Indian ports, as never before, and especially in Calcutta and Bombay. He doubted, however, if it would be possible to exterminate the mosquito in Bombay. He reminded the Association that in Havana when this was done, the

island had been under military administration, but he doubted whether the people there would submit to the stringent system of inspection that would be necessary to effect the object.

(2) He advised that Government should send medical officers, especially those in charge of the ports, to study yellow fever where it is endemic. Had similar precautions been taken as regarded plague, when it was raging in China, much that was not done, might have been done to check it when it reached India. In the case of the Italian War vessel the *Lombardia*, which visited Rio in 1896, a yellow fever case was treated in error as scarlet fever, and no precautions were taken. The ship's company comprised 249 officers and men, 242 were attacked, and 134 died of yellow fever. The seven who escaped had already passed through the disease. Major Tucker then proceeded to refer in more detail to the difficulty of diagnosis and said:—

CHARACTER OF THE FEVER

Consider briefly the essential diagnostic points of yellow fever.

It is a fever of tropical and sub-tropical countries, characterised by a toxæmia of varying intensity, with jaundice, *albuminuria* and a marked tendency to hæmorrhage, especially, from the stomach, causing the "black vomit."

FIACIES.—The facies is characteristic from the first morning, the face is flushed and the eyes are injected, and there may be slight tumefaction of the eyelids and the lips.

THE FEVER.—There are three phases. The temperature rises abruptly on the morning of the first day, perhaps to 106 deg. with a slight diurnal variation on the second and third day. Next in favourable cases, there is defervescence by lysis during two or three days: this stage of calm being succeeded in serious cases by the secondary fever.

THE PULSE.—From the evening of the third day on a rising temperature there is slowing of the pulse. (Faget's sign.) There is *albuminuria* from the evening of the third day. The characteristic "black vomit" comes on in the third stage of the disease.

"Add to these points that there is a peculiar mental alertness only ending in some cases with the drowsiness of uræmic coma, that the jaundice is obvious on the second or third day and that in the first stage there are often excruciating pains in the back.

DIFFERENTIAL DIAGNOSIS

I do not know how a man without clinical experience of yellow fever could differentiate during the first two or three days from dengue fever. This is fairly common in Bombay, a fact which is not generally realised. The sore throat is not always marked, the initial erythe-

ma may be slight and the severe back pains are the leading features. Especially would diagnosis be difficult in those cases of dengue complicated with jaundice. Dengue is common in the endemic areas of yellow fever. Graham has suggested that the virus is carried by *Culex fatigans*. Bancroft of Australia regards the virus of dengue as analogous to that of yellow fever both in respect to its ultramicroscopic minuteness and its transmission by the *Stegomyia fasciata*.

The next disease for which the first cases of yellow fever may be mistaken is acute yellow atrophy of the liver. It may be objected that this disease is so rare that a series of small groups of such cases is not likely to mislead. Sir William Whitla in his excellent text-book states that he has only seen one case. Osler says:—"In a somewhat varied *possemo tem* and clinical experience no instance has fallen under my observation. May I remind you that in the latter part of 1906, we had an epidemic of malignant jaundice in Bombay. The frequency of cases of jaundice was alluded to in the lay Press. No less than ten cases came under my care within a period of six weeks and I reported them in a paper in the *Indian Medical Gazette*, for January, 1907. When in the fourth or fifth case that I had charge of within a few days, I watched the black vomit welling up from the oesophagus, I thought at first it might be yellow fever, and my anxiety was great. It was only when some of the cases went to autopsy and one could see the wrinkled capsule and make microscopic preparations that we became certain that we had to do with a remarkable epidemic of malignant jaundice. It is true that according to the books, the liver in yellow fever tends towards enlargement on account of congestion, nevertheless the disease is accompanied by extreme tenderness in the epigastric region due probably to the duodenal inflammation, and this may hinder percussion. I have no doubt, that many of the first cases will be thought to be acute yellow atrophy.

Other diseases for which yellow fever may be mistaken are the pernicious malarial fever with bilious vomiting and relapsing fever which is sometimes complicated with jaundice. In both these conditions, examination of the blood and urine will settle the diagnosis for those cases who come into hospital or get into expert hands, but not for the case of the dock labourer who sickens in his one-roomed tenement and sends for the nearest hakim.

(3) Bacteriologists should be sent by the Governments interested to study a possible immunising or curative serum. One observer, Major Tucker stated, had reported a successful inoculation of a chimpanzee through infected *Stegomyia*, and if this were confirmed then there

was reason to hope that greatly attenuated but immunising virus might be obtained.

In conclusion, Major Tucker reminded the Association that Sir Patrick Manson had already warned the authorities of San Francisco and expressed his fears for Asia and the East.

PROBABLE DEATH-ROLL

Dr. Bentley, who showed specimens of the *Stegomyia*, thoroughly endorsed Major Tucker's views. When Seville had been attacked with its population of 80,000, in a few months 74,000 fell sick of the disease and 16,000 died. In Bombay, on this basis they would have to contemplate the infection of 750,000 persons first year and a death-roll of 200,000. The danger threatened was one far more appalling than plague.

Dr. Powell also spoke and thanked Major Tucker for "rubbing in" the fact of the danger. As soon as the Canal was opened, he said, all the factors necessary for introducing the disease would be present.—(From the *Madras Mail*)

Womanhood in India

THE POWER BEHIND THE VEIL



MR. R. Ram-say Mac Donald writes in the "Daily Chronicle":—

A noteworthy feature of the critical situation in India is that the British, the governing race there, aliens with different ideals, different thoughts, different customs from them over whose political and social welfare her officials watch. When these officials told me during a recent visit as they were very fond of doing, that no one could really know anything about the country after a stay of a few weeks, I used to agree with them most sincerely, and then ask whether they considered that they with their longer experience knew anything really about the two dominant influences in the life of the Indians—their religion and their women folk.

No doubt some Englishmen, especially Max Muller, who had never been to India, have gained fuller knowledge of the history and the varieties

of religious beliefs in India than any of the Indians themselves have. But did Max Muller, does any English student, understand the way in which the worship of a particular god or goddess, or the holding of a particular philosophical belief affects the daily life of the Hindus; can a Western enter into the soul of an Oriental and share his religious susceptibilities?

SECLUSION BEHIND THE VEIL

With regard to the women, even superficial knowledge is impossible to the British person of the male sex: for the Hindu or the Mohammedan lady who is above the coolie rank keeps herself secluded from the outside world; and no Englishman can meet her or speak to her face to face. Yet I think it is no exaggeration to say that religion and marriage, the two sides of life in which such a gulf is fixed between West and East, have even more absorbing and universal influence upon the lives of the Indians than upon those of our own people at home.

Whilst impossible for the Englishman, it is very difficult for the Englishwoman to enter into the lives of her sisters behind the purdah or veil. One need not be a suffragette to find it hard to imagine living through year after year of seclusion in a zenana, seeing no sights beyond the walls of one's own apartments or garden, meeting no male person except the men of one's immediate household (sometimes even older brothers-in-law are excluded). But this is the fate of many women who nevertheless are powers in the land and who deserve the title of "strong-minded" ladies.

In the most old-fashioned of all the native States of India, that of Udaipur, whose Rajput Maharana received us with a sword across his knee and deplored to us the passing away of the old customs and the inrush of the new, the Maharani, his wife, is invisible even to ladies of English tongue. Her name can never be mentioned in conversation with her husband or her son; it would be an insult to ask them directly after her health.

But sometimes when the Maharana has seemed to be persuaded to some improvement in his rule, a deadlock suddenly arises. He will not move any further in the desired direction and gives no reason for his change but his British advisers suspect—they cannot know—that the Maharani has put her foot down; and that she is the obstacle—an obstacle hopeless for them to reach. In how many other cases may it not be the woman's influence which baffles our officials and turns their plans to naught—an influence of which they are necessarily ignorant and which is correspondingly strong and subtle?

There are well-known instances in India of women who have ruled in their own right and

done it with sagacity and success. We stood in the old fort at Jhanai and saw where the Rapi had concentrated her forces at the time of the Mutiny; where she had defied us and made a mock of our power, and where finally she had been driven out to die fighting against us in the hills. It was only for 17 days that she threw off our yoke but if there had been a few more Indians with her spirit in those anxious days, the British would not now have been masters of India.

AN EASTERN LOVE PROBLEM

Other women have power during the minorities of their sons, and keep this power after the sons have grown up. I had the pleasure of talking with the mother and wife of the most Maharajah of Gwalior, one of the most enterprising and Europeanised of the Indian princes. We were invited to the Palace for the birthday party of the Dowager Maharani, and joined the Indian men and the British men and women who were her guests at games and conversation in the garden.

The royal ladies and their attendants only shared in the festivities by watching them through the screened windows of their apartments, but afterwards the lady guests went indoors and spoke to their Highnesses whilst one or two specially favoured gentlemen were allowed to talk to them through the hanging screens. The Dowager herself held the reins of government whilst her son was young, and is quite capable now of giving him advice, and taking his place when he is away from home, whilst his wife, I understand, has charge of some of his finances as her daily share of responsibility. There is a shadow over the lives of this young couple. Married whilst still a child herself, the wife has no children. She is now well on in the twenties, but is small and fragile-looking, as if she were a child still. By all the laws of heirship and of religion the Maharajah ought to marry a second wife to secure an heir. Will he give way to custom and convenience and perchance break the heart of his first love, or will he keep to the Western ideal and keep himself only unto her? Which way does the Dowager's influence draw him? Such are the problems which occur in the East and from which we are free.

I had a glimpse of another royal tragedy in a visit I paid at Baroda to the widow of the Gaikwar's eldest son. The princess was at her lessons when I called, and came from them to talk to me and to show me her children. She is only 18 now; she has two little girls; and per youngest baby, the prince, now about 1½ years old, was born only a few weeks before his father's death. This is the princess to secure

whom a Committee was appointed when the prince came to a marriageable age. The Committee was romantic enough to send up several names for the prince's approval, so that he had some choice in the matter. The widowed princess has her mother and grandmother living with her, and an English nurse, who shares with her the charge of the children. The young girl, for she is no more, is wisely devoting four hours a day to study, two hours of which are given to English, for education is decidedly hampered when one is the mother of three children at an age when European young ladies are at school.

WIDOWS BEFORE THEY ARE WIVES

The princess looked sweetly pretty in her white widow's robes, and she was gentle and courteous and smiling. By the death of her husband she is condemned to perpetual seclusion and quietude; the joys of life are forfeited by widows however early in the spring-time of their life the blow may fall. Princess Padmavadi has her children to live for, but many girls are widows before they have been wives. I heard an excellent Indian authority of a marriage ceremony which had actually been gone through before the birth of the brides, who were represented by balls of flowers: the mother of one afterwards remarked when she was being warned of possible disaster which might follow a marriage she was planning for a little girl of five years old. "My baby might have been torn a widow."

The step-mother of my widowed princess is one of the most Europeanised of Indian princesses. She travelled in Europe with the Gaikwar without any shade of "purdah," and is well known in high English society. In Bombay she also goes about freely, but in her own State she does not quite give up the old ways and retires behind. The modified "purdah" as long as she is in Baroda. The Maharani of Burdwan on the other side of India (whose title does not, however, carry a kingdom with it) has emerged from purdah with the active approval of her husband during the last year or two, and this lady, who until a few months ago had never gone into mixed company or been seen by men outside her own family circle, is now subjected to the infliction of having to make speeches at the opening of bazaars. Surely she must recognise that there are at any rate some penances in life from which purdah saves its devotees.

Endless varieties of etiquette exist. One caste and one family may do things which to another caste or family would be anathema. In visiting zenanas, I had to speak very warily and put my questions with a considerable amount

of hesitation, for whilst in some places for instance, I found it quite correct for the ladies of the house to play or sing for my entertainment, in other houses a round-about suggestion that the ladies might take some interest in such pastimes would evidently have been a deadly insult had I not been an ignorant foreigner and barbarian.

But through all, certain common features are found. Marriage before girlhood is passed; consequent seclusion from the outside world; the husband and the immediate family forming the horizon of the thoughts and plans of each day; knowledge of the outside world gained only at second-hand, or by peeping through corners and crevices; the blank lives of the widows; and in some cases the growing desire for emancipation and a freedom more like that of which they have examples always before them in the womenfolk of the British Raj.

Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Rao on Social Reform



A DEPUTATION of the members of Arya Dharma-mojjivini Sabha, Mysore, took advantage of the presence of Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Rao in Mysore, and asked him to deliver a lecture on "Social Reform" to the public of Mysore. The Dewan Bahadur readily responded to

the call. There was a meeting in the Rangacharlu Memorial Hall on the 22nd June at 8-30 A.M. There was a very large gathering of the leading citizens of the town, and among others there were noticed the Dewan, the Councillors and many Judges, Magistrates, Lawyers, Schoolmasters and others. Mr. M. Shama Rao, M.A., was voted to the chair. The Dewan Bahadur was introduced to the audience by Mr. Shama Rao in a brief eloquent speech. The Dewan Bahadur then delivered his lecture on "Social Reform" on Shastric lines. The Dewan Bahadur spoke for nearly two hours. It was really a feat considering that he is 82 years of age. His remarks on the social condition of the Indians with special reference to sea-voyage, and his observations against early marriages and marriages of virgin widows, were so pronounced that they plainly showed the great ardour of his stirring spirit of reform. He deplored the want of moral

courage exhibited by many of the educated men of the present day. He said that he could not afford to be untrue to the dictates of his conscience and that he felt bound to say that the present-day Indians had departed from the Shastric lines laid down by the Rishis of old in many matters of daily life. He observed that the people felt serious inconvenience caused by this departure and he regretted that those who felt the inconvenience, did not dare to go back to the observance of the Shastric rules, as divorced from their modern encrustations. He said that reform meant revival of ancient Vedic Institutions. He was of opinion that the Mysore Infant Marriage Regulation fell far short of the limit of marriageable age, sanctioned by the Shastras. And he showed, by numerous illustrations, that a girl was a Kanya not at her eighth, but her tenth year. He showed by Shastras, as well as by reason, that marriage was optional, not only for man but also for woman. And he offered a challenge to anybody to show that either early marriages or enforced virgin-widowhood was contemplated by the Shastras. He referred to the discussion that took place between him and a large number of Pundits headed by Uttaraadi Swami, as to the age which, decided Kanyahood, and showed that the Swami felt driven to accept ten years as the period of Kanyahood by reference to the Dharma Sastra books brought from his own library. He regarded the texts prescribing Kanyahood at the eighth year as deliberate forgeries. He regarded early marriage as no marriage at all. He thought that nuptials constituted the completion of the marriage, and that the death of either party to betrothal did not entail widowhood or widowhood. The view is a sound one. It is in accordance with the Vedas and Shastras. It is not repugnant to reason. And his views on the matter are therefore worthy of reduction to practice. It is really lamentable that our people should feel the truth of this statement and yet be so deplorably cowardly as to be unable to carry it out, or should be so infernally dishonest as to consider post-puberty marriages and virgin-widow-marriages as opposed to Shastras. For more than half a century, the Dewan Bahadur had been pleading the cause of Social Reform and his pleadings have not been in vain. Hundreds of Indians have made sea-voyages, and have returned to India, well-equipped, to inaugurate a new era in educational, industrial and commercial fields. The most intelligent portion of the community have been receiving them into their fold with open arms. The reactionary and orthodox party have begun to see the utter impossibility of stemming the tide of reform in this direction. They

already feel that if they offer uncompromising opposition to the new spirit, they will be left severely alone, and the tide will carry every opposition before it. The advocates of early marriages have already begun to see that girls are kept unmarried here and there till their sixteenth and in some cases till their twentieth year. Education among women has begun to increase slowly and yet steadily. This must in the fullness of time lead to a healthy revolution in the institution of marriages among the higher classes of the Indians. And the example they set may filter down to the lower classes. The pronouncement of the Dewan Bahadur on the remarriage of virgin widows cannot but appeal to all classes of people, whether liberal or conservative. It is a great sin to prohibit the marriages of virgin widows, widows who have simply been betrothed and never married. The Dewan Bahadur was of opinion that marriages without consummation were no marriages at all. No reasonable man can differ from the Dewan Bahadur in this opinion. The Dewan Bahadur looked upon the Infant Marriage Regulation of Mysore as one whose aim was far below the standard of the marriageable age laid down by the Shastras. He said that the texts sanctioning the marriage have been perverted and incorporated in old manuscripts and that this has been proved beyond a shadow of doubt by a reference to older texts preserved in Mutts, the strongholds of orthodoxy. He said that a woman became a Kanya according to the most approved Dharma Shastras, on the completion of the tenth year and not before. He showed that the perversion of the texts as to the time of Kanyaship would be traced to the violence and lawlessness that obtained in the lawless times that followed the Mahomedan invasion of India. He observed that early marriages devised for the maintenance of chastity and protection against violence in those times did not deserve to be observed now, under British rule when life, liberty and honour of the ladies are so well taken care of. The Chairman summed up the Dewan Bahadur's lecture very briefly and paid a high tribute of praise to him for the very instructive and edifying lecture, and observed that the limit of eight years prescribed by the Mysore Infant Marriage Regulation was merely the thin end of the Social wedge. Mr. Shama Rao is quite true in his statement. He could well have said that the Government has no business to have anything to do with legislation in matters of social, religious and ethical description. It is the duty of the people themselves to come together and to enter into conventions calculated to remove serious social evils. Parasara, the law-giver of the present age, has laid down that his social and religious

laws are not final, and that people interested in the welfare of the country, should meet now and then, and change the law according to the requirements of times and circumstances. The Dewan Bahadur's contention is nothing more than this. The leaders of society know that the people are suffering a number of social evils opposed to the Vedas and the shastras. He wants all irrational social evils to be rooted out and replaced by customs in harmony with reason, Vedas and Shastras. In proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer and the Chairman, Mr. M. Venkatakrishnayya said that a deputation of the Arya Dharmojjivini Sabha waited upon Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Rao, that they asked him to deliver a lecture on "Social Reform" on rational lines, that the Dewan Bahadur observed that the word "Rational" was misunderstood and hated and that he would deliver a lecture on Shastric lines. He said that the deputation thankfully accepted the change. He observed that the Arya Dharmojjivini Sabha under whose auspices the meeting had been arranged, has been doing its duty of social reform for the last five years, that Mr. A. Mahadeva Sastriar, the energetic Secretary of the Sabha, has for the last five years been devoting a portion of his time every day to discuss the lines on which desirable reform on Shastric lines could be effected, that the result of these deliberations have been published in books and pamphlets, that the members of the Sabha had come to the conclusion that the Vedas and the Shastras were based on reason and were intended for the good of the world, that they were cosmopolitan and embraced the social, material and moral good of the whole world, that the Dharmas laid down in the Vedas, and the Shastras were in harmony with reason, and that whatever was in conflict with reason in either the Veda or Shashtra books were interpolations and forgeries, that the Arya Dharmojjivini Sabha was established to purge the Vedas and the Shastras of base, irrational, unorthodox and barbarous encrustations, that on behalf of the Sabha and of the audience, he would propose a hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer as well as to the Chairman. This vote was heartily responded to. We agree with Mr. M. Venkatakrishnayya in the statement that the Vedas and Shastras contain rational rules of conduct for the observance of humanity. We are at one with him that whatever rules of conduct are found in the Vedas or Shastras, rules in conflict with scientifically cultivated common sense are downright forgeries, and the sooner they are expurgated from the sacred writings, and the sooner the hurricane of public opinion beats forcibly against the stronghold of irrational and dogmatic conservatism, the better it would

be for the whole world. We hope that the question raised by Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Rao, and the sentiments expressed by Messrs. Shama Rao and Venkatakrishnayya will be carefully considered and acted upon by the public. Mr. Venkatakrishnayya in the course of his speech, said that discussion must precede action. We have had enough of discussion, the time for action has come. Here and there, ardent reformers have silently begun to set examples of rational reform. We hope that our educated people will shake off their time-honoured lethargy and moral cowardice and rise to the level of their material, moral and social duties.—(Selected.)

Some Chocolate Recipes

PRACTICAL HINTS

Mrs. Catherine F. Deighton, author of "Practical Housewifery" and formerly Domestic Economy Teacher, London County Council, writes:—

Like the Athenians of old, the modern housewife is always seeking for something new, in the shape of dainty and "tasty" dishes with which to tempt the jaded appetite of those who have endured the hot weather on the plains, or who have been out in this climate for any length of time. The best chocolate to use for all cookery purposes is Mennier, but that is very expensive, so the thrifty housewife of limited means will have to use a cheaper kind.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Four ounces of bread-crumbs, one pint milk, three ounces grated chocolate, four ounces sugar, four eggs, half an ounce of butter. Put the milk into an enamelled saucepan, add the butter to it, and bring it slowly to the boil. Into a basin put the bread-crumbs, grated chocolate and half the sugar, pour over them the boiling milk and stir well. When the mixture has cooled, slightly stir in one by one the yolks of the eggs. Beat the whole well, pour it into a well-greased pie dish, and bake it in a moderate oven for half an hour, or until the pudding is set through. Whip up the whites of the eggs to a stiff meringue with the rest of the sugar, pile the meringue over the top of the pudding, replace it for three minutes in the oven to set the meringue, being most careful not to let it burn. This pudding may be served either hot or cold, and either a good custard or whipped cream should be served with it.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

• Half a pound of grated chocolate, five ounces of flour, three ounces of ground rice or cornflour, six ounces of butter, six ounces of sugar, half a tea-spoonful of baking powder, four eggs and a little milk. Beat the butter and sugar in a basin until they are the consistency of good clotted cream. Warm a quarter of a tea-cupful of milk in an enamelled saucepan, and in it dissolve the grated chocolate. To the dissolved chocolate add the yolks of the eggs one by one, then when well mixed, add these ingredients to the creamed butter and sugar, beat well for ten minutes. Pass the flour and ground rice through a sieve to mix them, and add them to the other ingredients, a spoonful at a time, stirring all the time to keep the mixture free from lumps. Add the baking powder with the last spoonful of flour, then whip up the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and stir them lightly into the other ingredients, pour the mixture into a cake tin which has been previously greased and lined with a greased paper. Bake the cake in a slow oven for from one hour to an hour and a half or two hours. Test the cake by running a fine steel knitting pin into the centre of it, if the pin comes out clean give the cake another quarter of an hour, then take it out of the oven, take it out of the tin, pulling off the paper very carefully, stand the cake on a sieve to cool, being careful not to let it stand in a draught, and when it is cold ice it with

CHOCOLATE ICING

Take four table-spoonfuls of water, three ounces of grated chocolate, and half a pound of icing sugar. Put the water and sugar into an enamelled saucepan, and when the chocolate is dissolved and warm, stir in the icing sugar. Stir the icing over a slow heat until it is quite thick and glossy; it must be very hot but must not be allowed to boil, or it will crystallise. Pour the icing over the cake quickly, as it sets so rapidly. Decorate the cake after it is iced with white royal icing.

CHOCOLATE TARTLETS

For these are required four eggs, three ounces of grated chocolate, half an ounce of cornflour, a tea-cupful of milk, four ounces castor sugar, half ounce of butter and a pinch of salt. Mix the cornflour to a smooth paste with a table-spoonful of cold water. Heat the milk in an enamelled saucepan, and melt the chocolate in it, bring it up to the boil and add the cornflour; stir until the mixture is thick, let it cool slightly, and stir into it first the butter, then two whole eggs and the yolks of two, adding half the sugar. Have ready some patty pans lined with a good short pastry, fill these three parts full of the chocolate mixture,

and bake the tartlets in a fairly quick oven for from twenty to thirty minutes. With the remaining whites of eggs, make a meringue by whipping them with two ounces of the sugar weighed for the chocolate mixture. When the tartlets are cooked, heap a little of the meringue on each one, return to the oven for two minutes to set the meringue, and the tartlets can be served either hot or cold.

CHOCOLATE MOULD

This is a very simple recipe, and much beloved by children. Take two ounces of cornflour, three ounces of grated chocolate, two ounces sugar, and one pint of milk. Mix the cornflour to a smooth paste, with a little cold milk. Heat the rest of the milk, and melt the chocolate in it, bring it up to the boil, and when it reaches boiling point, quickly stir the cornflour into it. Stir quickly over the fire for three minutes, when the mixture should be thick, smooth and glossy; then add the sugar. Have ready a wet mould, pour the mixture into it, when cold turn out on to a glass dish, and serve with either a custard or whipped cream.

CHOCOLATE TOFFY

Half a pound of sugar, half a tea-cupful of water, two ounces of butter, three ounces of grated chocolate. Dissolve the sugar in the water, using an enamelled saucepan, bring the syrup up to the boil; boil three minutes. Take the saucepan off the fire, and add a quarter of the butter; when it is melted, return the saucepan to the fire, and bring the syrup to the boil again. Take the saucepan off the fire as before, and stir into the syrup another quarter of the butter; do this until all the butter be used. Next stir in the grated chocolate, and boil the mixture, stirring all the time until it is smooth and glossy and leaves the sides of the saucepan. Test the toffy by dropping some of the mixture into a little cold water. If it sets, it is done, and should be poured into a well-greased tin. When it is nearly cold, cut into neat squares.

Vanilla flavouring improves all dishes made with chocolate; the amount used varies according to taste.—(Selected.)

News and Notes

ANONYMOUS OFFER OF A BRIBE.—The District Munsiff of Manjeri recently received an anonymous letter, intimating that Rs. 500 would be paid if judgment were given in favour of the plaintiff in a certain pending suit. The Munsiff read the letter in open court and then directed that it should be filed.

LADY MINTO'S DEPARTURE. A MEMENTO FROM THE LADIES OF SIMLA.—A movement is on foot for the presentation to Lady Minto by the ladies of Simla of some memento of Her Excellency's stay amongst them. No Viceroy's wife has taken a more active or popular part in the social life of the hill capital than Lady Minto, and it is felt that some such testimonial will very suitably emphasise the feeling of regret that this is Her Excellency's last season among them.

WIDOWS' HOME, MYSORE.—The Widows' Home which was opened three years ago by Rai Bahadur A. Narasimangar, late Durbar Bukshi, has been prosperous. There are at present 32 pupils, of whom 17 are resident. Their upkeep is met by Mr. Iyengar's private purse. The total cost for all purposes amounts to Rs. 500 per month. Mr. Narasimangar is now taking steps to amalgamate the Home with the Maharani's College, so that it may continue prosperous in future.—*Daily Post, Bangalore.*

WOMEN PILGRIMS TO MECCA.—The unflagging interest taken by H. E. Lady Minto in the women of India was again shown in the recent interview which Mrs. Currie, Lady Superintendent, Pilgrim Department, Bombay, had with Her Excellency on Friday last. She went minutely into the work amongst the pilgrim women and showed a surprising and intimate knowledge of the subject of the Hedjaz and has graciously sent a message to Mahomedan women to assure them of the deep interest she takes in their sacred obligation enjoined in the pilgrimage to Mecca.

A PIRATE QUEEN.—Among a party of thirty-four Anamite pirates and malefactors just brought to Marseilles, was one of the wives of the pirate, De Tham, who has given the French so much trouble in Indo-China. Co-Ba, as the woman pirate is called, exercised a dominating influence over the pirate king and his followers (says the *Mail*), a power she even preserved throughout the voyage, which the prisoners made in a specially constructed iron cage built amidships. The other prisoners, on receiving their rations, immediately handed them to Co-Ba for distribution, and she laid down iron regulations for the prisoners' life on board. Her word was always scrupulously respected. When the prisoners landed, it was Co-Ba who marched proudly at their head, taking not the slightest notice of the crowds who watched the disembarkation of the prisoners on their way to the Ile de Re, in the Bay of Biscay.

BETEL LEAVES AND BACTERIA. PANIC AT DACCA. GOVERNMENT ACTION CALLED FOR.—The *Indian Daily News* publishes a telegram, dated Dacca, the 14th July, as follows:—"Rumours requiring official confirmation are afloat about betel leaves being infected with poisonous bacteria causing swelling of the facial glands, and consequent deaths due to chewing of betel leaves are reported. The rumour originated in Comilla, and it is believed that many people have given up chewing betel."

Referring to the above scare, a correspondent writes:—"Quite a panic prevails on this side of the Province about betel leaves being infected with poisonous bacteria. Most people, educated and uneducated, have given up chewing them. Rumours of several deaths, due to taking betel leaves, are afloat, but no such case is reported from the Mitford Hospital, Dacca. Having regard to the magnitude of the panic, it is rather strange that no bacteriological examination of the leaves has yet taken place in the Local Government Medical Laboratory, and the truth or falsity of the rumour ascertained. If rumour is baseless, it ought to be contradicted in the public interest. Dacca has no Municipal Health Officer, and it is desirable, therefore, that the local medical authorities should take up the matter and deal with it at once."

NEW RULES FOR P. O. SAVINGS BANKS.—The following resolution has been issued from Simla regarding Savings Banks deposits:—"In the resolution of the Government of India in this department, No. 509, dated the 11th March, 1905, it was decided that with effect from the 1st July, 1905, the rate of interest allowed on cash deposits at call in the Post Office Savings Bank, which had previously been 3½ per cent. should be reduced to 3 per cent. while an increased rate of 3¼ per cent. should be allowed on deposits held, subject to six months' notice of withdrawal. Experience has proved that the system of deposits held, subject to six months' notice of withdrawal, has failed to find favour with the public, while it has thrown a great deal of additional work on the Post Offices and Audit Offices and has led to the introduction of a complicated accounts procedure which is not easily understood and observed at the smaller Post Offices. It has now been decided to abolish the system of deposits subject to six months' notice of withdrawal. The rate of interest on deposits at call will remain at 3 per cent. but the maximum limit of annual cash deposits will be raised from Rs. 200 to Rs. 500. The new Rules will come into force from January 1, 1911.

RESIGNATION OF MRS. SIDGWICK OF NEWNHAM. Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, Principal of Newnham

College, for the past nineteen years, has placed her resignation in the hands of the council, to take effect next January. She will be succeeded by Miss K. Stephen, the daughter of the late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. Miss Stephen has been for some years a vice-principal of the college.

Mrs. Eleanor Mildred Sidgwick was born in Scotland on March 11, 1845, being the eldest daughter of the late James Maitland Balfour, of Whittingehame, East Lothian (who died in 1856), and Lady Blanche Mary Gascoigne Cecil, the second daughter of the second Marquess of Salisbury. Mrs. Sidgwick is therefore a sister of Mr. Balfour. She was educated at home, and in 1876 married Mr. Henry Sidgwick, then Prælector of Moral and Political Philosophy at Trinity College, Cambridge, and subsequently Knightbridge, Professor of Moral Philosophy in that University. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sidgwick took a prominent part in promoting the higher education of women at Cambridge, and especially in the foundation and management of Newnham College. Mr. Sidgwick helped to start the higher local examinations for women and the lecturers in Cambridge in preparation for them. It was at his suggestion that Miss Anne Jemima Clough opened in the university city a house of residence for women students, which subsequently developed into Newnham College, of which Miss Clough became the first principal. In 1880, when the new hall was added, Mr. and Mrs. Sidgwick lived there, the latter filling the position of vice-principal until 1882. On the death of Miss Clough in 1892, Mrs. Sidgwick was appointed to succeed her as principal, an office which she has until now retained. The best evidence of her success is the position which Newnham holds in the educational world, and the remarkable achievements of women who have pursued their studies there. Mrs. Sidgwick has published "Health Statistics of Women Students of Cambridge and Oxford" (1890), and various papers on educational and other subjects. She was a member of the Royal Commission on Secondary Education of 1894. Professor Sidgwick, her husband, died in 1900.

A BHATIA WIDOW REMARRIAGE.—In connection with the Bhatia widow remarriage that took place on 4th May at the Madhavdas Rughnathdas Hall, Girgaum, between Mr. Narandas Haridas of Jakhau, Bandar, and Shrimati Anusuya of Shri Dharangam, Messrs. Charandas Chatrabhuji Morarji, Secretary and Manager of the Cutchhi Bhatia Mahajan of Bombay and Morarji Velji of the Halai Bhatia Managing Committee of Bombay, have issued an interdictory order, dated 23rd May, forbidding Mr. and Mrs. Narandas from partaking of

any caste-dinners, as they had infringed the long-standing custom of the Bhatia community. This excommunication is to last till the Mahajan meets and decides in the matter.

To this Mr. Narandas has replied on 20th June, stating that he had married according to the Shastric rites in the presence of hundreds of Bhatias and in so doing he had only improved the lot of a widow. The remarriage was not against the custom, for there had been a dozen remarriages during the year and there will follow more also. As regards not taking any part in caste-dinners, Mr. Narandas writes that he and his wife are being invited by several of the caste brethren and in response they keep intercourse with many. Moreover, he states Messrs. Charandas and Morari had received no authority from the Bhatia Mahajan to issue such an interdictory order as they had done in the present case and adds that he would be thankful to them if they would show to him the authority authorizing them to do so, which he firmly believed they had not. If they produced the same, he would think over the matter, but not till then.—*The Indu, Bombay*

AN ATTACK ON WOMEN.—In the current issue of the *Selborne Magazine*, the organ of the Selborne Society, of which Lord Avebury is president, Mr. James Buckland, who wages war in and out of Parliament against those who traffic in plumes, contributes a vigorous article attacking the fashion of wearing the plumage of birds. He says:—

"The be-feathered Herodias of modern times cannot plead that she errs in ignorance. The truth is that, for all their boasted refinement, some women remain, in their impulses, little else than scented barbarians. They are in such utter bondage to vanity as to be at the mercy of every whim of fashion, and, when fashion decrees that feathers shall be worn, they are absolutely without conscience or feeling so far as the treatment of their victims is concerned."

Woman's ideas of art, too, Mr. Buckland considers, are still largely in the savage stage of evolution:—

"Feathers as a personal embellishment appeal to her only because they are barbaric. What woman, but one without cultivation of mind, would imagine that she was beautifying herself by carrying about her person the corpse of a bird? To one of matured understanding, who is not usually enamoured of the suggestion of death, a woman who exhibits such raw perception of the beautiful, excites no other feeling than one of pity and contempt."

Mr. Buckland adds that the appalling destruction of birds for the gratification of a vulgar taste, renders fashionable women a distinct

menace to the welfare of nations. "Their effrontery, their defiance of public sentiment, in robbing the world of one of its most valuable possessions, makes it abundantly clear that the only limit they place on their transgressions is that where punishment begins."

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL, CANNANORE.—The Report of the Government Girls' High School at Cannanore for the last year appears to be a fair record. A fifth form was opened during the year and a lady B.A., L.T. was entertained as Headmistress in the person of Miss Salisbury. Unfortunately, however, Miss Salisbury was not able to be in charge of the school for any long time, being compelled to resign her appointment in consequence of ill-health. Miss Bower, the first assistant, who was efficiently maintaining the institution as its Headmistress before it was raised to the standard of a High School, is now in charge, however, and another hand of higher qualification is expected to take over charge from her in the near future. The fees were raised slightly during the year, and though this has not tended to reduce the strength, we fear that that circumstance should not be treated as a conclusive evidence that the enhanced rates are still low enough for the people. The fact that the Cannanore school is the only Government High School for girls in the whole district, must account a great deal for the undiminished strength. We are of opinion that the rules, so rigidly enforced in the case of boys' schools, regarding the rates and payment of fees, should not be applied with equal rigour in the cases of schools for girls. The fact that in spite of increased school fees, the institution has still a commendable strength of 149, clearly shows that in this part of the country there is apparently a greater thirst for female education which the authorities should at least, in the early stages, do their best to fully satisfy. We trust the Inspector of Schools will kindly pay attention to this matter and do what she can to offer as much encouragement as possible to parents of poor and moderate means.

OLD AGE MARRIAGES AND THE MODH BANIAS.—The recent marriage of an old rich Modh Bania gentleman with a young girl, has forced the question of old age marriages again to the front in this community and the daily papers are full of hot discussions on this topic. It causes no little interest to others to read the correspondence in the daily papers. Several young Modh Bania gentlemen belonging to the recently started Modh Bania Mandal (Union) have spared no pains to put down these old foggees with white beards who come forward to usurp with the aid of their money, girls of quite raw

age and understanding from the hands of their foolish, selfish and avaricious parents. It is no wonder if chivalrously enough they stand by the side of these helpless and hapless victims and at least in words try to save them from the pain of an unequal union and early widowhood which is sure to follow. Though the law does not style this a rape and the social customs do not call this a system of barter and sale of girls, in the moral sphere they are nothing but clandestine transactions.—*The Arya Prakash.*

GIRL BRIDES AND BOY HUSBANDS.—Mr. N. K. Ramaswami Aiyar writes to the *Madras Standard*:—Recently a few marriages in high places took place in Tanjore. I attended two marriages in the house of Hon'ble Mr. P. S. Sivaswamy Iyer, our Advocate-General. One was that of the daughter of Dr. Chandrasekhara Iyer and the other that of Mr. Sitharama Iyer, District Munsiff, both his brothers. The girls were young and one of them very young. The boys too were young and one of them quite young. The younger girl was married to the older boy and *vice versa*. On expressing my surprise at these baby marriages, my Hon'ble friend, known to have more sympathy than many another gentleman of Madras with social reform, told me that even these marriages are an improvement in their community. Surely it is so; for I know babies of two or three are married among them. I extremely regret that such objectionable marriages should be continued by educated men. I am surprised that even a Doctor could not put off his daughter's marriage. When will things improve and people act up to their convictions more largely? I am glad, however, that at the above marriages, the nautch which was proposed by some relations was given up. I was one of those who advised the giving up of this item which was proposed by several relations.

SREEMATI SARASWATI BAI.—The presence in our midst of a lady Bhagavatar who held an appreciative audience spell-bound on the 10th July, is a novel experience with us. With a view to satisfy the curiosity of our readers, we sent down our representative to where the lady puts up. A cousin of hers readily responded to our representative's call and furnished him with the following particulars. Sreemati Saraswati Bai was born 16 years ago at Bellary and is a Madhwa by caste. Her father was a jeweller and is now alive. The child was unfortunate enough to lose its mother ere it was 10 days' old and ever since has been taken charge of by an aunt. While she was but four months' old, she was taken to Madras and ever since was brought up and trained by the late

Mr. Buchu Babu Nayadu, to whose kind patronage she owes a good deal. Under his parental care, Saraswati Bai was trained in Hindustani music under the tutelage of Professor Yakub Ali of Madras and showed a marvellous propensity for singing Hindustani songs, in which art she is an adept. This was recognised by Brahmarshree Panchapaksa Bhagavatar of Tanjore, who suggested that the best opening for her would be a training in Harikatha performances. Pandit Krishnachariar of Thiruvayyur, late Sanskrit Pandit of the Christian College, took charge of his promising pupil and trained her up in Sanskrit, in which language she has progressed up to Natakam. She is also a proficient in Telugu and has a fairly good acquaintance of Tamil. The lady can perform four Harikathas, but Hindustani song is her speciality. It is a standing credit to her that she has had no regular training in Karnatakam which she wields with more than ordinary skill. She made her first *debut* in Madras on the 28th February 1909 at the Hindu Theological High School, Georgetown. A few days ago she was brought down to Kanadukathan where she gave eight performances and was presented with a medal worth Rs. 250 (gold set with diamonds) by the appreciative Kanadukathan public. The lady is married, her husband being a clerk in the Madras club. Our representative was told that she was able to make a sum of Rs. 2,000 within a period of nine months. Considering her age, her accomplishments are extraordinary, and we hope that the Madras public will be given many more opportunities of enjoying her delightful performances.

THE STORM IN EUROPE.—Thunderstorms of extraordinary violence have spread havoc through the valley of the Ahr, in Germany, and in other continental districts. Villages and villagers have been swept away, while at Oberammergau hundreds of visitors, mostly Americans and English, have been marooned by the floods, which make travel in certain districts impossible. It is impossible to ascertain the number of the dead. One estimate puts the number drowned at 150, while others put it as several hundreds. The rain fell with such violence that the Ahr, fed by the mountain torrents, was in full flood before many of the unfortunate people living on its banks could reach a place of safety. In some cases, they were overwhelmed while they slept by the waters bursting their banks and spreading out in a vast lake over the countryside, cutting off all hope of rescue or retreat. At Arweiler alone it is reported that 67 corpses were found entangled among the tops of trees or in the brushwood, or jammed in among the boulders

which the swollen river rolled down its bed. At Schuld, the bodies of 40 victims have been recovered. One hundred and three persons are said to be still missing. In the hamlet of Fuchsholen, only six survivors remain to tell the tale of the merciless fury of the waters. Many heart-rending details are reported. Near Esbel, the body of a girl was found tied fast by a rope to that of a cow, which she possibly believed would bear her safely through the flood. Not far away, the corpse of a woman, who held a lifeless baby clasped tightly to her breast, was washed upon the bank of the stream. A father was found dead with two dead babies clasped to his heart. One of the railway engineers saw half-a-dozen of his workmen adrift on a house-gable. They shouted piteously for help, but he could do nothing for them. A moment later, their frail raft was dashed to pieces against a rocky wall, and they were engulfed in the torrent. In some cases, houses which were overturned by the force of the flood, buried all their inmates in their fall. The violence of the waters may be judged from the fact that they swept large locomotives and steam-rollers before them in their course.

Horrible scenes took place at some canteens erected in various parts of the valley for Italian and Croatian railway labourers. The men refused to listen to the warnings of the canteen keepers, and waited until the proprietors themselves took to flight at the approach of the floods. Then they seized all the wine, spirits, and beer that were to be found in the place, and drank themselves stupidly. When the deluge came, they flung themselves against the people who were trying to escape and finally, they were drowned as the flood swept everything before it. Seventy such foreigners are known to be missing. It is possible that a larger number were drowned. While these scenes were taking place in Western Germany, the South was also visited by terrible floods. The rapid melting of the snow in the Bavarian mountains, swelling all the torrents and rivers, caused the destruction of many bridges and roads in that region. Four hundred visitors to Oberammergau, mostly Americans, were unable to leave the picturesque little town, as the railway track and the roads had been destroyed. Their plight was pitiable as sixty houses had been rendered uninhabitable by the flood, and their owners and guests were obliged to crowd into other houses. The Passion Play was in consequence postponed. Berlin itself was visited by a deluge, which converted many of the thoroughfares in the south and west of the city into impassable rivers, in some cases from three to six feet deep. Traffic was entirely suspended until the water had subsided, as the electric current that drives the trams was short-

circuited, the engines of the motors were submerged and the horses refused to venture into the unfamiliar element. In one quarter of the city, says the "Telegraph," the unusual spectacle was seen of a number of boys swimming about in the street. Hundreds of cellars and shops and dwellings beneath the level of the thoroughfare were flooded, and the entire fire brigade of the city has since been employed in pumping them dry.

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE BILL.—A meeting of the Conciliation Committee for Woman Suffrage was held at the House of Commons on the 28th June, Lord Lytton presiding, at which it was decided to use every possible effort to induce the Government to fix an early day for the second reading of the Woman Franchise Bill. It is felt by the members of the Committee that if this stage is delayed more than a couple of weeks longer, there would be an air of unreality about the debate, and, in addition, not a few Members would have paired for the rest of the session, so that a real expression of the view of the House of Commons would be impossible. As a result of the meeting, a small deputation waited on the Master of Elibank, who promised to convey their views to the Prime Minister. It may be added that some Unionist and Nationalist Members who are favourable to the Bill feel that the movement is gradually being monopolised by the Liberal Party, and that if the Bill comes to be considered a Liberal Party measure, they will have to reconsider their attitude.

Lord Lytton, Chairman of the Conciliation Committee for Woman Suffrage, has addressed to the Prime Minister a letter enclosing a memorial signed by 180 Members of the House of Commons, urging that facilities should be given for Mr. Shackleton's Woman Suffrage Bill. Lord Lytton sets forth various considerations in support of this request. He says:—

The undertaking of the Government to refrain from itself introducing contentious legislation would not, in our view, be broken, if at the desire of private members it should, after the second reading, provide time for the further stages of a non-party Bill. That undertaking had its origin in the desire to abstain from any legislation which might make fresh matter for controversy between the Government and the Upper House. Our Bill could not be considered as a Government measure, and no Party would bear the responsibility either for its passage or for its rejection. It is the general impression, alike in the House and outside it, that there is time to spare for our Bill. The matters at present before the House require neither elaborate debate nor late sittings, nor a full attendance. We concede that the

opponents of our Bill would justly demand a full and careful debate on the second reading, but the details of its two brief clauses are so simple and its drafting so careful that only calculated obstruction could prolong the Committee stage. A week should suffice for its full discussion, and a week can with ease be granted in a session so little arduous as this. The moment, in short, is singularly favourable to a woman suffrage, and we see no reason to hope that this unique opportunity will for many years recur.

We desire to recognise the Government's wish to meet us by promising full consideration for our Bill in a second reading debate. But our Bill differs from others, chiefly in this, that it is advanced not as an ideal solution, nor as a statement of theory, but rather as a working compromise. It is for most of us a "second preference, which represents considerable sacrifices in theoretical consistency. In any debate which had a prospect of yielding a practical result and which could, therefore, be described in your own words as "an opportunity of effectively dealing with the question," we are satisfied that we should receive the support of a large majority of the House. But if the House is to understand that nothing can issue from its labours, save the mere registration of an opinion, we should decline to put our Bill into competition with the "other proposals" which you have invited it at the same time to consider. These other proposals are communications of theory eminently suited to an academic discussion. Our Bill is a practical measure, which it would be waste of time for the House to discuss if it is to be debarred from action. A division taken after a second reading discussion which would leave to the Bill no chance of proceeding further than the first Suffrage Bill which passed its second reading in 1870, would have no new value. It has often been said that other Suffrage Bills have been carried at the second reading by an irresponsible majority which voted lightly because it knew that nothing would result from its vote. A division taken under the conditions suggested in your statement of Thursday would be open to the same doubt. We are eager to court debate and to challenge a division, but we ask that it shall be in an atmosphere of reality and at a time when the will of the House, if it should decisively express its will, could still be carried into effect.

The omission of Government in the past to allow effect to be given to the opinion in favour of Woman Suffrage, which the House of Commons has so often expressed, has created among the ablest and most public-spirited women of the country a growing sense of grievance, and a not unreasonable impatience of which the

Government cannot fail to be aware. After the sacrifice, the efforts and the hopes incidental to the present compromise, a repetition of the familiar academic debate could only aggravate this discontent. To women, who are more concerned to get the vote than to hear the opinions of politicians about it, it would be no consolation that a discussion which could have no practical result should be prolonged for two or even for three days. It is, Sir, in the firm conviction that this question is ripe for settlement, that the present session offers a unique opportunity, and that women would not unnaturally consider an academic discussion, however thorough, as an aggravation of their grievance, that we venture respectfully to urge upon you our request that the debate on the second reading may be set down for an early date.

A Meeting was held on the 23th June at Queen's Hall, under the auspices of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and the London Society for Women's Suffrage, in support of the Woman Suffrage Bill. Lady Frances Balfour presided. Mrs. Henry Fawcett proposed a Resolution to the effect: "That this Meeting welcomes the Prime Minister's declaration that the House of Commons ought to have an opportunity of effectively dealing with the question of Woman Suffrage, and calls upon the Government to give effect to this declaration by fixing an early date for the second reading of Mr. Shackleton's Bill; further, that this Meeting calls upon all friends and supporters of Woman Suffrage to do their utmost to secure the passing of the Bill through the House of Commons in this session." She said they would not be satisfied with a barren second reading. In declaring that the House of Commons ought to have an opportunity of effectively dealing with the question, Mr. Asquith had weighed his words and had left the door ajar. It was a heavy door, but they must throw themselves against it, and if they were courageous and firm they had a good prospect of success this session. Lord Lytton, in seconding the resolution, said the Government's answer amounted to trifling with the question. If the discussion was given them within the next fortnight the Bill would still be alive, but if the debate took place in August the whole discussion would be purely academic, worthless and a waste of the time of the House. So long as time remained they would not abandon hope or slacken their efforts to attain their object. The Resolution was carried.

Lord Cromer, speaking, at the annual Council Meeting of the Women's National Anti-suffrage League, at Caxton Hall, on the 28th June, at which Lady Jersey presided, said that they had

been told that the measure which had recently been introduced into the House of Commons was a Conciliation Bill. He thought that term was a misnomer. All the conciliation it effected was to bring about a very temporary truce between the moderates and the extremists in the ranks of their opponents. The moderates liked the Bill because they laboured under the profound delusion that having passed the Bill, which they considered innocuous, into law, they could then rest and be thankful. Should the Bill succeed they feared they would be very speedily undeceived. The extremists did not like the measure, but they reluctantly accepted it as a step in the right direction, the thin end of the wedge. He doubted whether the extreme gravity of the question now under discussion was always fully realised. The issue at stake was that the supreme government of the British Empire, which had heretofore been in the hands of one sex, should be ultimately transferred to the two sexes, in which the female was numerically greatly superior to the male. Why should the vast fabric of the British Empire be made the dumping ground for a crude experiment which had never yet been tried by any of the other great nations of the world? He hoped that he might be allowed as a Unionist to bear testimony to the deep debt of gratitude which all who were opposed to Mr. Shackleton's Bill owed to the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith had shown moral courage.

THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA.—The Maharajah of Patiala has been pleased to donate Rs. 10,000 towards the funds of the Sikh Kanya Mahavidyalaya, Ferozepore, an institution that is doing excellent work in the direction of female education. The Maharajah is further pleased to make a monthly grant of Rs. 600 for the institution.

UNVEILING OF THE PORTRAIT OF MISS WILLIAMS.—A portrait of Miss Williams, the first lady Principal of the Maharajah's College for girls, has been unveiled by Mr. Carr the other day. A few toadies among men and women were present on the occasion. Mr. Carr went into ecstasies over the excellent qualities of head and heart of Miss Williams. One thing we shall grant and that is Miss Williams had good intentions and wanted the school to thrive. She was ill fitted to be a Principal. Her short temper, superciliousness, and credulousness had handicapped her very much. Now that she is gone let us not take up all the follies she has committed but remember only the better side of her nature and the good that she has done for the school.

MISS GLADYS BURLTON.—Miss Gladys

Burlton, second daughter of Mr. C. H. B. Burlton, Superintending Engineer, Madras D. P. W., retired and Mrs. Burlton, of Highmore House, Hereford, has won a £50 Scholarship tenable for three years at Westfield College University. There were 32 competitors for four Scholarships, and the subjects for examination included English and foreign history, English and two foreign languages. In 1908 Miss Burlton obtained a First Class in Honours in the Oxford Senior Examination.

MISS TALBOT.—Miss Talbot, of the Victoria League, has contributed to the *Times* a statement in the course of which she trenchantly criticises various aspects of the relationships between the Colonies and the Motherland. There is, she says, a tendency among the younger people in Australia, New Zealand and Canada to regard the mother country as played out. This feeling, she adds, may possibly be owing to the lack of intercourse, and she advises those visiting England to learn something about British home life and industrial work. The wealthier classes in the Colonies, states Miss Talbot, are slower to realise their public responsibilities than in England. She complains of a want of pliability in the home manufacturers, compared with their foreign competitors, and refers to the tendency, on the part of prosperous Colonials, to bring up their children in a ceaseless round of pleasure and enjoyment, the spiritual side of things and the principles of discipline and self sacrifice being disregarded.

RALPH.—*St. James's Gazette* records the coincidence that a resident of Walthamston, named Ralph, was born on the same day as His late Imperial Majesty Edward VII, was married on the same day, and died on the same day and at the same hour. Attention has also been drawn to the fact that a great colliery disaster followed immediately on the late Prince Consort's death, corresponding, strangely enough, with the Whitehaven colliery explosion which happened within a week of King Edward's death, and in which 135 people lost their lives. In addition, in connection with this particular mine, it is remarkable to note that the first coal was brought up from the mine on the day on which King Edward was born, and that the mine took fire for the first time in 1863, the year of his marriage.

REFORMED MARRIAGE.—A reformed marriage took place in the *Dev Samaj Tadhan Ashram* at Shikarpur on 15th June, under the auspices of the Dev Samaj. The bridegroom is Shriman Dayaldas M. Bhambhani of Shikarpur and the bride is Shrimati Luxmi Devi, daughter of Mr.

Wassammal of Rohri. Both had attained majority; the former is about 20 years and the latter above 16 years of age. This marriage, like numerous others previously performed according to the reformed rites of the Dev Samaj, was free from all such vices as the use of intoxicant flesh-eating, extravagance in expenses, nautches by women of ill-repute, &c.—vices which are so rampant in this country. At the dinner given in honor of the marriage, no distinction of caste was observed, persons belonging to various castes of Hindus dined together.

SOCIAL REFORM.—There can be no mistaking the general awakening to the urgent need of social reform in all parts of the country. As against some recent deplorable instances of inconstancy and reactionary conduct, on the part of some men of whom better things were expected, which have evoked widespread condemnation, have to be set the shining examples of others. One of the most promising of recent events from a social point of view is the marriage which took place last week of the Chief of Sangli, with Miss Kamalabai Joshi, a daughter of Mr. M. V. Joseph of Amraoti. Both parties are Maharashtra Brahmins, and the importance of the event lies in the fact that Miss Joshi is an undergraduate of the Bombay University and a young lady capable of thinking for herself. She is, we believe, of nearly the same age as the young Chief who, on coming of age, took over the administration of his State from Captain Burke last month. The example of Sangli, one of the historic Brahmin houses of the Southern Maharashtra country, is bound to have a great and beneficial effect in encouraging adult marriages is said to have been attended by a very large number of Brahmins. Orthodoxy is not blind and knows when to yield if reformers do not show the white feather at the critical moment. We have equal pleasure in calling attention to a similar marriage performed under the auspices of the Deva Samaj, of which an authentic account is furnished by a correspondent in another column. The infant marriage of a niece of the Hon. Mr. P. S. Sivaswami Iyer, Advocate General of Madras, may or may not be overlooked on the ground put forward by him that it is an improvement on the usual practice of his sub-section. But this writer clearly remembers Mr. Sivaswami Iyer, who was on a visit to Bombay some two or three years ago, telling him that very few even among the orthodox married their daughters before the age of twelve in that part of the country. We can only hope Mr. Iyer had no voice in bringing about the marriage.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in an article in the London *Times* on Woman

Suffrage, makes no secret of her own hope that the movement will not succeed, and of her belief that the anti-suffrage campaign "at the smallest sign of real danger could be immensely and, I think I may say, startlingly developed." On the other hand the admission is made that "both political parties are deeply divided on the subject." That the movement of violence which has been so prominent in public life in recent years has seriously put back the hope of woman suffrage, in part by rousing the anti-suffrage movement, is the opinion of many besides Mrs. Humphrey Ward. But to us the chief interest in Mrs. Humphrey Ward's article is her estimate of what would be the result on women entering more fully into local government, a sphere which is already open to them. She says:—

While we push on resistance we must also push on the positive reforming policy which is to many of us an essential, perhaps the most essential, part of the anti-suffrage policy. In the field of local government, becoming every year more important to this nation, women are in their right, and the nation has given them powers of which they have scarcely as yet used a fraction. Their progress in this direction has been checked by the perversities of the suffrage movement. What we want now—we are glad to see the beginnings of it in many places—is a strong local government movement among women, wholly dissociated from the franchise movement, and opposed to it. Women's local government societies of this kind are now beginning to spring up. The more widely they can be diffused the more will women realise the clear and strong dividing line which exists between the local government and the Parliamentary votes; the more plainly will they see that in a wise renouncement lies their strength, that in leaving to men the work and the responsibilities which are rightfully and specially theirs, they are not curtailing but strengthening their own influence with the nation.



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Acknowledgments for August, 1910

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[No. 3

IMMORTALITY

O joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—
—Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprized ;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence ; truths that wake,
To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence, in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither ;
Can in a moment travel hither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

From Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality
From recollections of early childhood."

Lighten the Indian Woman's Burden

By SAINT NIHAL SINGH



AN Indian way-farer sojourning in the Occident, but dreaming of home, sees many institutions which he fain would transplant to his native land. Our methods of agriculture, of industry, of trade and commerce, are out-of-date and cumbersome; our life at home, gauged by

modern standards, needs considerable evolution before it will be perfect. The Indian, who travels with his eyes and ears open, comparing conditions, is forcibly reminded of the lacks in his country and people. If patriotism sways him in the least, he cannot but wish that the era of modernisation shall dawn on Hindostan without further delay.

Speaking relatively, it is in respect of his country-women—their backwardness to and their life filled with weary humdrum, that the Indian traveller in Europe or America suffers the greatest agony. In his heart of hearts, he desires the uplift of India's millions of women.

Compared with the conveniences at the command of the Western woman and the facilities offered to her to equip herself thoroughly for home or business, the irksome, time-consuming, labour-exacting methods of cooking and house-keeping prevalent amongst the women of Hindostan, cannot but make the Indian sojourner heave a deep sigh and wish for an instantaneous transformation in the realm of India's womanhood.

Barring the female relatives of the "idle rich," the women of India know nothing but constant, irksome drudgery. The cow-dung cakes which they are compelled to burn for fuel in many instances and localities, in the village and city, provide a smoky, erratic fire, injurious to their eyes and prejudicial to their health. The heat furnished by the hearth and earthen ovens is uncertain. All this tends to wear out the nerves of the woman who does the cooking. A great deal of time is required to prepare the simplest meals. In baking or stewing the Indian women seem to grill their very souls. Their lot is all the harder in the hotter parts of India and in summertime even in the comparatively cooler portions of the country. What little time is left, that is not consumed in cooking,

is spent in churning, spinning on a hand-wheel, doing needlework, mending or making clothes—one or another kind of economic measures undertaken in the interests of the family exchequer.

So long as the woman of India is doomed to the drudgery which is hers to-day, Hindostan's glorious future will remain in abeyance. When a mother's entire time is consumed in cooking meals, washing dishes and cooking utensils and scrubbing floors; when she is asleep one-third of her life and spends the other two-thirds in such inconsequential things as making beds and dusting furniture; when all her time is consumed by her housekeeping, we cannot but bewail India's rising generation. When the youthful wife finds that, through the antiquated way of doing things in the kitchen, laundry and bed room, most of her vitality and time are monopolized by keeping house for her liege-lord, and the drudgery she has to undergo day in and day out, leaves her nervous, fagged and without inclination for productive work. To expect this woman to further the progression of the nation, directly or indirectly, is a folly, pure and simple.

It is not right, under these circumstances, to blame the women of Hindostan for being immersed in superstition and steeped in ignorance. It is unjust to score them for putting spokes in the wheels of Hindostan's regeneration.

In India man makes the standards of living for the woman—it is the man who circumscribes the life of the woman—holds her down to a certain routine. The woman has been taught for scores of centuries that a certain domain is hers, and she has been vouchsafed no new light to enable her to learn to better the methods in vogue in her vocation. In economic slavery the woman of India has lived and laboured. She has not been given a fair "show." Equal rights—equal opportunities have not been allowed her.

The curse of the unjust regime involved in the present day social life in India has told, and is telling, on the nation. India's degeneration, in the main, is to be attributed to our people's inequitable treatment of our women—for a backward mother cannot produce progressive sons and daughters. So long as the woman's lot is not made easier—so long as her life continues to be a burden—so long as she has not the time and opportunity to improve her mind and strengthen her body—India's uplift and regeneration will remain unaccomplished and the people will continue to remain on the downward grade.

How to minimise woman's drudgery—how to conserve her time and energy—are problems which those who wish India's good ought to

take in hand. There are questions which ought to engage the serious attention of our patriots. Effort should be made to find a solution, and when the panacea for the evil has been discovered no effort should be spared to carry it into effect.

The cornerstone of American and European prosperity of to-day is its emancipated and intelligent womanhood. Our women compare favourably in intellectuality with the fair sex of any nation, any country. So far as institution is concerned, our women excel those of many an occidental land. What they need is the opportunity to cultivate their intellects. We marry our girls early. In their married state we give them little chance to improve their minds. We are advocating the abolition of early marriages. Our economic conditions are operating against the institution; but this is not enough. Education, it has often been remarked, begins when the student leaves the school or college. The woman, no matter at what age she marries, merely commences her noviate of life. Opportunity for expanding the mind is as essential—probably more necessary—to her after wedding than before marriage. The trouble with Indian women is but one of arrested development. They have the foundation for a splendid womanhood, well rounded out, educated mentally, spiritually and physically; but the superstructure has not been built. It remains to be constructed.

Some one has wisely said: "Want should not display pride." Let us humble ourselves and study how other people are improving their economic conditions. Let us cease to malign others as materialists, whose one aim and effort in life is to coax the forces of nature to do man's mechanical work. For humane, as well as selfish reasons, let us study the methods and follow in the footsteps of those who are trying to emancipate womanhood from the thralldom of unnecessary housework, so that she will have the time and inclination to improve her mind and thus equip herself for bettering the intelligence of the rising generation.

A visit to the house of an ordinary American mechanic has called to mind the above reflections. Not that the writer has felt for the first time the inspiration to write in this vein; but this occasion has been the means of simmering the thoughts down to the point of transcribing them on paper.

John J. Maguire is an Irish American. He is a workman, employed in the shops of a railway. He is paid twenty-five cents an hour and works ten hours a day. His wages, combined with the overtime he puts in, get him probably three dollars—nine rupees—a day. Mr. Maguire is an intelligent, cultivated

man. He was educated in the high schools of his country—the United States. He is a socialist. He feels that he is not getting his time's worth. He believes that if all that was coming to him, what he terms his rightful share of what he produces, was given him he would receive many times more than he is now getting from the railroad shops. He reads the newspaper regularly—usually the evening paper—in the street car as he rides home from work. He also browses amongst books. He is musical by nature as well as by cultivation. Of an evening he likes to play on the piano. He is a brilliant talker. After supper he enjoys lighting his cigar and conversing with some congenial spirit who has gray matter in his brain. Mr. Maguire, above all, loves to talk of the lack of opportunities the American working man labours under. He is fond of deploring the wretched existence the women of his country are obliged to lead. There is nothing sour about the man—he is sweet tempered, kindly, obliging; in fact, if there is any fault in him it is that in his system he has a super-abundance of the milk of human kindness; yet he chafes under the modern-day conditions prevalent in the United States.

Mr. Maguire does not own his own home. He lives in a "flat"—in a big apartment building. The flat is well-appointed; well-lighted; elegantly decorated; superbly ventilated. It comprises a dining hall, kitchen, pantry, bedroom and parlour on one side of the long hallway which runs the entire length of the flat; on the other it has a bath-room, a store-room and two bedrooms. One of the bedrooms is occupied by a friend of the family who pays his way—probably fifteen rupees a week for lodging and board; the other is occupied by the sister of Mrs. Maguire, an interesting, blond young woman of German descent. Twice a day a man and his wife come in from the outside to eat their meals with the family, paying for this privilege probably twelve rupees a week each. Mr. Maguire pays sixty-six rupees a month rent for the apartment which he occupies with his family.

Mrs. Maguire is both pretty and intellectual. She is graceful of manner and carriage. She is always elegantly dressed, vivacious and a brilliant talker—a little shy but all the more attractive on that account.

The apartments in which the Maguires live are heated by means of steam, generated and distributed by the management of the building by means of a plant on the premises. The cost of the steam is included in the rent. When the occupants of the house rise from their beds in the morning, they find their rooms comfortably hot, although outside it may be

disagreeably cold and windy. The flat is lit by electricity. There is also an arrangement for lighting it by means of gas, but Mrs. Maguire prefers the former, since it is cleaner, and there are no matches to be burned. She cooks on a gas range, with the assistance of her sister. The bread is bought from the bakery, while the cakes are usually brought in from the department store. At the Maguire home the menfolk eat at home but two meals a day. At breakfast they drink tea or coffee, but it does not take many minutes for the water to boil or for the tea or coffee to brew. They usually eat bacon and eggs, or ham and eggs; boiled eggs—light food which can be prepared in probably a quarter of an hour. Sometimes they have gruel of some kind, which Mrs. Maguire's sister makes while she is dressing. Once in a while the breakfast consists of some kind of cereal food which is ready-cooked, served with rich cream. They usually have two or three kinds of fruit to eat at the breakfast table. At noon the women eat what they call a "picked-up" meal, consisting of food left from the meal the night before, "stuff" bought from the bakery and delicatessen, an appetising and satisfying meal—though the name may imply the reverse. The men eat their mid-day lunch at the restaurant, paying for it from twenty-five cents to half a dollar—about a rupee and a half. The evening meal is the most elaborate repast of the day. To begin with, there is soup. The meat for the soup has been boiling for two hours or more on the gas range. Very little attention is required on the part of the cook, as the fire does not need to be replenished. Once in a while one of the young ladies puts water into the kettle, and stirs it. Three-quarters of an hour before supper time Mrs. Maguire adds the vegetables, cut up into small cubes, to form the body of the soup, unless she desires to use macaroni, or spaghetti or proposes to make a purée of some kind. She has some sort of fried meat for this meal—probably it took her ten or twenty minutes to cook it. There are "German" fried potatoes or mashed potatoes, or plain boiled potatoes to go with it with stewed peas as a side-dish—the latter more than likely cooked while the soup was in the making. During the time when the meat was being cooked on top of the range within the gas—even the "pie" was being baked. Some simple salad of green vegetable usually is served to lend a tone to the meal. The entire time consumed in preparing the supper perhaps was a half hour, three-quarters of an hour, or at the most an hour and a half, according to the elaborateness of the repast. The meal eaten, the women carry the dishes to the sink and set them in it. The house furnishes hot and cold

water running day and night in the different rooms and the bath-room of the flat. A rubber cap fits over the drain holes in the bottom of the porcelain-lined sink. The faucet is opened and the hot water flows over the dirty dishes. A suds is made with soap, and the dish-washing and drying take twenty or thirty minutes. When the dishes are safely stowed away on the side-board, the ladies doff their long aprons which they had put on over their dresses, and step into the drawing room where the men have already adjourned. One of the chief conveniences in the Maguire kitchen is the "kitchen cabinet." It is a tall piece of furniture, with receptacles above it for the spices, condiments and materials used in cooking, such as sugar, rice, sago, etc. Below are bins for flour, cornmeal, potatoes and vegetables. The dry materials are kept in glass jars with an arrangement which seals them from the action of the air. When Mrs. Maguire wants some sugar or rice, she merely has to turn a little crank at the bottom of the glass jar holding it, and the food-stuff flows out into the dish which she holds to receive it. When she has enough, she releases the crank, and the jar seals itself once more. The moulding board slides in and out of the kitchen cabinet like a drawer, while in a long drawer are kept the knives, forks and spoons used in cooking. Fastened by a thumb-screw to the table portion of this convenience is a "food-chopper." By means of this Mrs. Maguire is able to chop her food as finely as she desires, and as fast as her hand can turn the handle of the little machine. This also chops vegetables for soups or salads, or grinds nuts into butter. Near by, and fastened to the cabinet, is a bread and cake mixer, which, in three minutes kneads the bread or stirs the cake-batter better than she could accomplish by half an hour of hard labour with a mixing spoon. Other labour-saving contrivances are contained in the cabinet. For instance, there is an egg-beater, which beats eggs instantaneously, and a fruit press which squeezes the juices from fruit with very little labour. A mechanical pitter picks the stones from cherries, and a potato "ricer" prepares mashed potatoes so they look like grains of rice. All these conveniences are gathered together in the cabinet which stands near the stove, and thus Mrs. Maguire is able to stand near the range, and reach everything needed to prepare a meal without going three steps from where she is standing. An ice box near at hand, filled with ice the year round, keeps the milk, meats and vegetables sweet, and prevents the butter from melting.

Upon entering the drawing room the visitor usually will find "Buster" playing in the centre of the floor. "Buster" is the pet name

given to Leon Maguire, the seven-year-old son of the Maguires. He is a well-behaved, bright, active child, excellently dressed. Leon's toys are strewn about him on the floor of the room. There is an electric tram-car, equipped with 10 feet of 2-inch gauge steel rails divided in sections, and two dry-batteries which supply the motive power to the street railway. There is also a small typewriter. Leon is to have a party of his little friends to-morrow afternoon and he has been typewriting invitations. No one has assisted him in devising or executing the invitations. His mother taught him the alphabet—and how to use the typewriter—when?—the little boy cannot remember. Leon was sent to the kindergarten when he was five years old, where he remained for one year. Now he goes to the public school, within a stone's throw of his home. He reaches the school at nine, stays there until fifteen minutes past ten, then goes back to his home and enjoys a glass of milk or a light lunch of bread and butter or a sandwich. He goes back to school at half past ten o'clock and remains there until twelve, when he comes out again not returning to the school until half past one, the school being finally dismissed at half past three. "Buster" is a lively, sprightly boy, full of life and vim, a veritable question mark, active, alert and intelligent. His parents pet him a great deal, and his aunt and the friends of the family are proud of his accomplishments. The little boy's life is so well-regulated that unless he is sick his mother is not obliged to devote much of her time in attending to his physical wants. The mother and father provide him with toys of every description, calculated to appeal to different sides of his character and bring out his latent qualities. They are doing this with a definite object in view. They want to find out what sphere in life their son is best fitted for, and when this is done, he will be educated along that line. His father, himself, is a machinist but that is no criterion for him to go by in bringing up his boy. He has no idea of forcing the lad to become a mechanic just because his father is one. It may be that he will develop talent for music or art, or for mechanics, but whatever line his talents may take in that work he will be educated and made an expert by his loving parents.

The Maguire flat always looks neat and clean; but it does not take much breath or time on the part of the young ladies who manage the household affairs of the home to keep it in a prime condition. The management of the building looks after the washing of the windows. Every week a hired woman comes into the flat and gives it a good scrubbing. Every morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Maguire and her sister take the

simple but ingenious carpet-sweeper and lightly run it over the carpet, the halls and rooms of the flat being all carpeted. The operation does not consume many minutes, nor is any dust raised in the sweeping, so it does not make prodigious inroads on the physique of the lady-worker.

The Maguires send their laundry out to be done. Sometimes Mrs. Maguire or her sister goes down into the basement where there is a model laundry for the use of the tenants. There they wash their handkerchiefs and such simple clothes which do not require much labour. It is not necessary for them to boil the linen they are cleansing. All they need to do is to turn on the steam, which does the same work in a few minutes which an hour of boiling would accomplish. If they desire, they may use a washing machine. The clothes are placed in this, and it is attached to the faucet and the water is turned on. The power of the running water runs the machine, and the clothes may be washed, rinsed and steamed without removing them from the machine, with almost no labour whatever on the part of the women, who merely stand by and guide its motions.

Everything about the Maguire home is suggestive of the tendencies of the times—of the *esprit de temps*. Everything in and about the flat brings forcibly to the mind that the genius of the people is engaged in simplifying the house work, freeing the women of the household from toil and monotonous drudgery, and providing amusement for them. For instance, the Maguire home has in it a piano, with a mechanical piano player which plays the most difficult music as if it was being played by an expert musician. A phonograph furnishes songs and dialogues to help the family pass a pleasant evening. A mandolin and guitar furnish their quota of amusement. A desk at one side of the room is used by the women of the family for their writing purposes, while a book-case well-filled with good books testifies to the literary atmosphere of the home. As things are arranged, Mrs. Maguire and her sister have a good part of the day to spend in reading, visiting, going to the theatre, or attending card parties—and a fragment of it to bestow on sewing for themselves and the little boy—the latter work being done on a modern electrical sewing machine which runs with lightning rapidity and simplifies the work of dressmaking, so it is a pleasure instead of being tiresome. But, in the Maguire home there always is talk of the era which is said to be about to dawn—the day that is approaching when there will be public kitchens in the Occident, and the Maguire women will be able to devote the time they now give to cooking to something else, more worth while in their estimation. The day is not far

distant when the management of the apartment building will look after the cleaning of the rooms and floors and dusting of the furniture and walls and the women will thus be enabled to utilize their time to improve their own and their children's minds.

The home-life of the mechanic described above is more or less typical of the lower and upper middle-class people in the United States. There is a sub-stratum of poor men and women beneath this, and an upper stratum of rich people—both of them being extremes and thus unavailable for our studies. There are many household hints for our women in the story of the Maguire home, the leading one being that as a nation, we are very deficient in employing mechanical devices for curtailing drudgery and manual labour. Our economic state and the present-day conditions, social and otherwise, preclude, to a large extent, the re-modelling of our homes. Making due allowance for these considerations, it must be said that we have given little attention to the amelioration of the lot of our womenhood. It behooves us all to put our heads together and study how many of the labour and time-saving schemes we can import into our homes from the Occident, manufacture the necessary implements in India and introduce them in order to lighten our women's burdens and render them more pleasant and helpful companions.

The Palghat Ladies' Association



President, who was 'At Home' to the members on the occasion. A number of European, Nair, Tiyyar, Brahmin and Indian Christian ladies responded to the kind invitation of Mrs. Dupen. As the guests arrived, they were received by

the genial hostess in the pretty drawing-room, and then conducted to the spacious dining hall where seats were arranged for about seventy persons. A feature of the entertainment was that, as Mrs. Barlow entered the drawing-room a shower of rose-petals from a box attached to the roof fell on her. Mrs. C. Raman Menon, a prominent member of the Association who has invariably helped Mrs. Barlow in getting the various English speeches translated into Malayalam, was responsible for this pretty oriental custom of welcoming a guest.

After having spent some minutes in pleasant conversation, the hostess and the guests moved to the lovely garden where they sat for a group photo (see frontispiece. As the photographer was anxious to have the photo taken before the light failed, some of the members who arrived rather late could not be included in it.) After the guests partook of tea and refreshments, Mrs. Dupen addressed the gathering as follows:—

DEAR FRIENDS,

I think you will all feel with me that this is a sad occasion which has brought us together this evening, so different to the happy meetings which we have had at this house and the houses of other kind friends who have helped to make our meetings pleasant and bright. Now we are assembled to say Farewell to our dear and esteemed Secretary, Mrs. Barlow, who leaves tomorrow for Madras. I know we all bitterly regret to lose her, as she has been so kind, so energetic and so indefatigable in getting up these meetings and in devoting so much time, trouble and (I may add) money to help to keep the Association together; and it is to her untiring efforts that success has attended our Society. I feel we cannot thank her enough for all she has done for us, but we can prove our appreciation of her work by trying to keep up the Association, and I hope that all the members who have helped Mrs. Barlow, will help me; I shall try to do my best for it, so that our Secretary may occasionally hear of the success of our meetings.

We can only hope that at some future time Mrs. Barlow, will pay Palghat a visit—then we must have a more pleasant and happier meeting than this, and all the members of the Ladies' Association will, I am sure, be delighted to see her again, and give her a warm welcome; she takes our sincere good wishes with her, and may the same success attend any good work Mrs. Barlow may undertake in the future.

I am very pleased to know that several of our members have contributed largely towards this entertainment and to a gift (which we all hope will prove useful and acceptable) as a small token of our esteem for dear Mrs. Barlow

God and Religion

(A VISION OF THE FUTURE)



THE goal to which all humanity aspires is happiness; and it will therefore be interesting and profitable to trace the connection of happiness with God and Religion. In these days of *ultra* Progress and *ultra* Scientificism, we more often see God denounced than praised; we want to deduce all our effects from a cause, with wonderful wisdom and cleverness, as we imagine, we refuse to accept anything that cannot be traced to an ultimate cause,—and however much we may

stretch our imagination, we find ourselves unable to conceive a cause from which God could have arisen. We therefore think ourselves perfectly justified in refusing to accept God as an entity; and imagine that we are in a position to take into our own hands the ordering of things. On the other hand, we must admit that to the unthinking observer, it appears as if God does not manifest Himself. For if He does, and if He orders everything for our welfare, God being "Universal Love," the superficial thinker finds it rather hard to understand why "he" who deserves to be happy is unhappy, and another who is apparently a very bad man is happy. To account for this by the law of "Karma," a law which appears to me to be inconsistent with the existence of a universal Love, is like jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

This law, which seems to me to exhibit God in the light of an avenger, is inconsistent with His Divine attribute of Universal Love. The severe teacher who is always on the look-out for faults on the part of students that he may punish them; can never be popular; the teacher, who is always on the look-out for faults on the part of his students, not that he may punish them, but that he may correct them with a kind word, is not only popular, but commands reverence and wins the love of his pupils: it may even happen that he has to punish, severely too, an incorrigible pupil, but none the less he will retain the allegiance and love of his pupils inclusive of the incorrigible. We must liken God to the second teacher.

Poor man! he thinks he is fit to judge God when he says that unhappiness is his portion while happiness is the portion of others. The

which we will present to her this evening with our heartiest good wishes for her and her two daughters, who have brightened our meetings in many ways.

"Good bye" is a painful word to say and costs a heart-pang, but we must say it—I wish we could all use the French word "Adieu" it seems softer—so we commend her to our Universal Father and pray that His blessing may rest on her and her dear ones, and that she may be as happy in her new home as she says she has been in dear old Palghat.

She then presented Mrs. Barlow with a handsome silver butter-dish and knife, enclosed in a blue velvet-lined case. This souvenir was subscribed for by the members. Mrs. Barlow in a short and touching speech thanked Mrs. Dupen and the members for the kind entertainment and for the beautiful gift. She said she was very sorry to bid good-bye to the ladies of Palghat, but assured them that she would continue to take a great interest in the progress of the Ladies' Association. Mrs. R. Kunhikuttan Thampan and Mrs. Raman Menon also spoke a few words giving expression to the sad feelings of the members at parting with their beloved and esteemed Secretary. Miss Janaki Krishnan, the accomplished little daughter of Rao Sahib K. Krishnan, the Civil Apothecary of Palghat, then recited with great feeling and expression a farewell poem that suited the occasion. There was at the end a bioscope exhibition which gave much pleasure and amusement to the audience. The function, which was a great success, ended at 8 p.m.

Mrs. Barlow inaugurated the Palghat Ladies' Association some five or six years ago, and she was its moving spirit all the time. The Association has done splendid work in several directions, but especially in bringing about a very cordial understanding between European and Indian ladies. The unflinching interest Mrs. Barlow has always taken in the progress and welfare of the Palghat Ladies' Association has won her the abiding love and esteem of all its members. The Indian ladies especially owe her a debt of gratitude for all the good things she has done for them. In this noble work, it is pleasing to know that Mrs. Barlow had always the cheerful co-operation of her genial daughters, of Mrs. G. S. Dupen, the President of the Ladies' Association who is so deservedly and lovingly called 'the Grand Old Lady of Palghat,' of Mrs. Vivian Dupen, Mrs. George Dupen and other European ladies of the place. The memory of Mrs. Barlow will always be fondly cherished by the ladies of Palghat.

fact is we cannot, we have not arrived at that stage in which we can view things from the standpoint of God; we are not sufficiently advanced in virtue to grasp His standpoint. God never wills to make any atom of humanity unhappy; in His eyes, unhappiness is but a stage to happiness. A man who has always imagined himself happy can never have tasted true happiness: one who has imagined himself unlucky will appreciate luck. One thinks he is unhappy, because he is not rich: his mistake lies in the idea that riches are happiness. Another imagines himself unhappy, because he has not got a beautiful wife; the mistake of this man lies in associating beauty with virtue. Such instances may be multiplied, but in no case should we be justified in concluding the vengeance of God. Every atom of humanity in this world of ours is constituted in invariability; the sum total of the possessions, spiritual and mundane, of every bit of it is constant. Riches will satiate us; nobody will want it, and appreciate happiness in comparison, if all have it. God has therefore arranged a distribution of the various things. Can we imagine greater wisdom than this?

What is God? How are we to form any conception of Him? True, it is difficult to form any conception of Him as a concrete quantity; none the less, we can find how to please Him, and this is all that is necessary in practical life. This is by means of our conscience. What our conscience approves is what God approves. We can never do wrong so long as we heed the voice of conscience. It is only when we neglect this or misinterpret, in the manner we want, what it tells us that we become despicable and fall far below the level God intended for us.

Admitting the voice of conscience, we can deduce rules for our practical life. Firstly there is something within us, our conscience, which pricks us when we do any harm or ill to others. This also induces a restless feeling in us when we are happy at the expense of others, or while others are unhappy, and we are passively looking at without taking any measures to diminish their unhappiness. This same feeling, if we pay proper heed to it, prevents us from doing anything to others, which we won't like when done to ourselves; or, in other words, teaches us to do unto others what we would wish them to do to us. To sum up, the tendency of our conscience, conscience kept on its edge by proper usage and not dulled by disregarding its advice, is to induce a feeling of Love, unselfish Love, within us. We may infer therefore that God is Love.

Religion is the external semblance of our allegiance to God. Granting that God is Love, we see that Religion also is Love, manifested

in its practical form by the dictum "Do to others as you would wish them to do unto you." How few are the people who pay any heed to this!

As a little contemplation would tell us, this is the golden rule for Universal Happiness. In the age in which this rule is realised and acted upon,—it may not be for us to see this age, but nevertheless we can have a vision of it,—the various social inequalities and inconsistencies which sap our vitality and undermine our health and happiness will be things of the past. Social reform, in its various aspects, will also become a thing of the past, as it would have been realised in practice. Woman will not be held in dominance to man, and will take her proper position in the world of reverence and respect. Infant marriages would disappear and child widows, as for the matter of that adult widows also, would not be held in stigma; envy, avarice, selfishness, cruelty, hate, anger, falsehood, lust, would have vanished; the various crimes; such as theft, murder, robbery, arson would also be things of the past. A time shall come when

"Righteousness shall reign whate'er befall,"

and when we will realise without any effort on our part that

"God hath crowned it monarch over all,
And the conditions under which we live
Can ne'er annul its grand prerogative."

Unfortunately, however, now

"Ofttime we doubt this truth,
With some justification, for 'tis as though
The truest hearted suffer keenest woe;
The living least are lived, that those who share
Their best with others are weighed with care,
And that the gates of pleasure and content
Open but to those whose lives for self are spent."
"It seemeth so, but 'tis not really true,
For we as yet have but imperfect view."

In the Golden Age, we shall see

"That only virtue spells prosperity;
That health is only realised by pain,
That more to conquer meaneth more to gain.
And that the boasted good of those who err
Is nothing to the worth of character
E'en though our life be one continuous fight,
If God approves us everything is right."

In that Age, "perfected humanity shall need sorrow no more." At present,

"It were not well our lives should be
Naught but a dream of careless glee."

If this were so

"Our nobler self could never rise
To love's sublime self-sacrifice
Did sorrow ne'er, with ruthless hand
The slaughter of self-will demand."

Then Peace and Love and Sympathy
And Wisdom, blending all the three,
Enter, and claim the vacant seat
By sorrow's purging fires made meet."

B. KRISHNAMACHARI.

Prince Desing

(AN HISTORICAL IDEAL STORY OF INDIA)



IT is a well-known fact that India abounds in ancient historical cities. Jinji, the strongest fortress in South India, was one of them. The scene over the lofty hills close to this fort was splendid. The towers and battlements and other glittering sights used to draw the attention of strangers, who with admiration would say "This must be a fort of a mighty Prince."

And so it was indeed; for here ruled a Kshatriya

Prince by name Desing. He was a virtuous man and cared greatly for the welfare of his people. Thus he had won the favour of his subjects, who loved him more than anything else on earth.

In the glorious month of May, the court of this Prince was to be held. Great was the joy in the town when this news spread far and wide. The palace and the streets were decorated. On the day of the court, people came from distant places to enjoy the sight of the royal procession, because their Prince had lately married a Rajput Princess. Village poets were waiting at the court to sing the deeds and virtues of the King; toiling hard both day and night they selected rare metres, so that their songs might be traced on palm leaves in a wonderful manner. A party of sages had come to see their Prince and bless him. A set of Brahmin priests, who were able to foretell everything regarding the future of their blessed Prince, had crowded there. Musicians were there to amuse the court with their songs. Painters who adorned the wall and people who had decorated the hall were waiting for an opportunity to receive presents from their master. All the state servants had come to attend the court. Boys and girls, young and old, were waiting at the entrance of the palace to wish their King long life and prosperity. The poor thought that the mere glimpse of their just ruler would

bring them bliss. Peasants thought that the mere arrival of their master would prevent famine from entering their village. Soldiers were arranged in military order. Long rows of horses lined the streets, filling the hearts of the spectators with wonder. When everything was ready, there resounded from the neighbouring hills the sound of an Indian bugle and drum which proclaimed the arrival of the glorious Desing. The people leaped with joy. So loud the clamour of the crowd arose that the sound of the bugle could scarcely be heard. The golden umbrella of the Prince was to be seen after a short time and the people ran out to meet him. They joined the happy throng of the attendants of Desing and came to the palace. On their way they danced for joy and sang the praises of Desing, pouring their blessings on the deserving head of their young Prince. Women sprinkled flowers and scents from the terrace of the house on their Prince, whose young wife had now become their Queen. The procession came to the palace and the Prince was taken to the court by his anxious courtiers. Upon the gorgeous throne of Jinji, Prince Desing sat. Servants were fanning him on either side. Words fail to explain the magnificent sight of the court, after Desing had mounted his throne.

But when the court was about to be dispersed, there came a page from the gate and, with folded arms and trembling lips, said "O! Royal Master, a man of noble appearance is waiting at the gate. He says that he came from the far North. He wants the Royal permission to enter the court." "Bring him into our presence," fell from the lips of the Prince. The page ran out and told him that he might see the Prince. In came the messenger and knelt upon the floor and said "O! mighty Prince of this fair land, I have been sent here by the Nabob of Arcot to take the tribute from the Royal Prince, which has not been paid for the last five years. If it is not duly paid, the Nabob will meet the Prince with arrows and weapons. Thou, Royal Prince, shalt be defeated and this fair land will be given to one who will bind it to his rule." The Prince was angry at the message sent by the Nabob, and said to the messenger "Go and tell your master that his vain threats cannot move us. We shall be very glad to meet him on the battle-field." So saying, he dissolved the court and went to the palace.

Weeks and months rolled by; and then, alas, one day a loyal spy came to Desing and said: "My noble ruler, on the other side of the river there waits our foe, the Nabob of Arcot, with his men. Let us prepare to go and meet him on the field." "It is not too late

to prepare for them," said the Prince and immediately wrote to Mamood Khan, his commander-in-chief, asking him to get ready for a battle at once. Mamood Khan received this royal call, when he was in his marriage *pardal*, because that was his bridal hour. As soon as he saw the letter, he said, "My country's welfare first; my marriage pleasure second, so saying, he mounted his faithful horse and trotted along to the palace, leaving his marriage in confusion. It was morning when he reached the palace. The King rose from his bed and specially performed his morning prayers to invoke God's blessings on the battle. He gave orders to all the temples and mosques that prayers should be offered everywhere for his success. Before he was quite ready to start, he thought of his young wife whose love and beauty often melted his heart. Only once before had he conversed with her, and then with a silk screen between them, as the custom then was. Now the very thought of having to leave her took him to her palace again. He could only talk to her but could not see her. But when by chance, he saw her jewelled hand below the screen, he stooped down impulsively to kiss it, and at once she offered it to her lord. Desing could not keep silence longer, so he said:—

"My dear wife! on the day when we were wed These eyes of mine had not e'en this arm seen, Although on the same bridal seat we sat. The screen which by the custom of our race Was drawn by cruel hands hid thee from view. So wondrous fair this arm looks that methinks Rare beauties must be seated on thy face. My foe hath come; fear not; I go to fight, And come with honours loaded from the field, A victor to rejoice with thee to-night At the propitious hour which, by the aid Of all his starry lore, our Brahmin sage Hath for our nuptials named,—to gaze and scan In silent joy what charms, what beauties rare The hand divine has showered upon thy face, And to recount to thee, when with thine own My arm in friendship plays, what blood it shed, What havoc in the Moslem camp it wrought. So let me now depart."

These words fell sadly on the ears of the Queen. What could the poor Queen do? She could not help giving her lord an answer:—

"I was the only daughter of my sire, And cradled in his sinewy arms I grew; And when upon his warrior breast I laid My head to sleep, my mother by his side Lulled me with songs of love in days gone by; The martial women of our noble race Went with their husbands by their side to fight; And one so nursed fears not the Moslem foe. But now, alas! some evil it forebodes That thou shouldst on this day go forth to fight."

As Desing heard this, his heart melted within him and the tears came into his eyes. Down fell some pearly drops on the lotus hand of the

Queen. The Queen felt them and took her hand away so that she might see these precious tears that her lord had shed and said:—

"It is not meet that Jiraji's valiant prince Should like a child at this last hour shed tears And fear to meet his foe; fear not, my lord, To meet like a soldier on the field. If thou a victor comest from the fight, We shall in joy spend our first nuptial night, But if thou comest routed from the field, I never more will see thy timid face Or think that thou art born of Kshatriya race. And if thou fallest bravely fighting, then Remember, Prince, thou hast in me a wife Who will not let thee pass from here alone. Go forth and like a warrior meet the foe. But fear not; Ranga will be on our side, So ere thou goest kiss this hand of mine Which from your eyes that precious tear has sought."

With these words, the Queen, who was by birth of the warrior class of Rajputs, offered her hand at his request, through the screen to her lord. Desing lifted it up and kissed it many times to his heart's content. Lastly, he took leave of her with tear-filled eyes, mounted his horse which was adorned with pearls and gold, and rode to the battle-field. On his way, he determined that he should either win or die.

The battle was fought. The poor Prince was too weak to face his strong foe. Mamood Khan was killed on the field and many of his brave men fell by his side. The faithful steed which bore the Prince was slain and Desing fought on foot. But before the foe could capture him alive, he hurled his heavy dagger in the air so that it might fall and pierce through his chest. Alas! down fell Desing dead. Some of his faithful soldiers bore him from the field to the Queen's palace, and laid their precious burden before their widowed young Queen. She was not dismayed at all, but with calmness asked her attendants at once to prepare a pyre. Immediately this was done. Then she decorated herself like a bride in all her glory and jewellery, came up beside the corpse and said to those assembled there:—

"My faithful men and my brave soldiers! you Who with my lord fought nobly on the field, I see you all weep at our hapless fate. 'Tis God has willed we thus should end our lives, But a worse fate shall surely soon befall Our cruel foe—howe'er exulting now. Weep not—there soon shall dawn another day When from the farthest end of this vast globe A race for valour and for virtue famed Shall wrest his kingdom from his ruthless hands, And ev'rywhere your sons and your sons' sons Shall lasting peace and happiness enjoy, Be witness to the curse pronounced by me, A widowed maiden at the hour of death, Thou setting Sun and thou, O rising Moon!"

Then she embraced her dead husband with a gladdened heart and laid herself down by him. The pyre was closed up and the fire was lit.

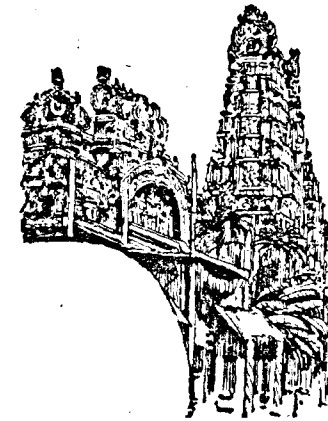
The lifeless husband and the living wife together were reduced to ashes.

This sad news reached the ears of the Nabob of Arcot, who grievously lamented their death and repented much for his greed and ambition. Moreover, it is said that he built a town in honour of the Queen's death and named it after her. This famous town of Ranipet stands today on the river Palar, which is nearly sixty-five miles to the West of Madras.

[N. B.—I selected the above poetry pieces from "Tales of Ind" by Mr. T. Ramakrishna.]

P. S. KADAMBAVANAM.

The Avani Mulam Festival in Madura



IN the May number of this Journal, describing the 'Grand Chittirai festival,' I stated that festivals are frequent in the great temple of Sri Minakshi—Sundaresvarar; the Avani Mulam festival, better known as Pittu Urchavam which occurs in August—September being one of the three important festivals during the year. This Avani festival is the only festival that was inaugurated during the days of the Pandiyan dynasty. It is evident that the festival was short, not a twelve days' festival as it is now, and was probably extended, as it is believed, during the reign of the great Naidu Ruler Tirumala to whom the temple owes its grandeur. In this annual festival—purely religious—twelve, out of sixty-four, miracles are celebrated as festivals during the first ten of the twelve days' festival. The visitors are struck with the sanctity of the place and the religious fervour with which the people offer their libations. In proceeding to narrate the legend of the feast, I shall largely quote from Mr. Nelson's description of the miracles, as no better summary can be successfully attempted at. No comment is necessary, as they speak for themselves. I give them in

the order they are observed. On the first day the forty-seventh miracle is celebrated, and it was.—During the reign of Suguna Pandiya, a soul that had been very pious was compelled for some transgression to enter the body of a small kind of black bird, called B'haradwaja: and was terribly harassed and chased by other and stronger birds, till at last it was compelled to live a solitary life in the branches of a big tree that stood by the side of a high road. One day the little bird overheard some travellers talking about the rare holiness of Madura; and at once flew off to that city, bathed in the golden-lily tank, and for three days flew round and round the Pagoda. Sundaralinga was pleased with its piety, and taught it a prayer, by virtue of reciting which it obtained from the god an improvement in its condition, and was enabled to hold its own afterwards amongst the birds of the air. And after death its soul was taken to heaven. This is called *Karik-Kurivikki Upadesam seitha padalam* (கரிக் குறிக்கி உபதேச சேய்த படலம்).

The second day of the festival was the forty-eighth miracle known as *NaraiKKu Mukti kudutha padalam* (நாரைக்கு முக்தி குடூத படலம்). In the same reign and about the same time, a heron was induced by hearing some devotees praise Madura to come to the golden-lily tank and bathed in it and flew round the Pagoda. Afterwards being hungry, it was tempted to feed on some of the many fish which it saw in the tank. But just as it was about to seize one, its eyes were opened to the enormity of the offence contemplated: and it forthwith prayed to the god to kill its sinful body and remove its soul to the region of bliss. Further, it prayed to him to prevent the possibility of such a sin being committed thereafter by other birds, by causing the tank to cease to produce fishes and frogs. And the god graciously heard its prayers, and to this day no fish nor frog can be seen in the tank.

The third day of the festival is observed in the celebration of the seventeenth miracle in which Siva appeared as a jeweller and known as *Manikkam vittra padalam* (மாணிக்கம் வித்திர படலம்). The circumstances that led to Siva becoming a jeweller were: Vira Pandiya had a great many sons by concubines, but not one by his wife. However after much fasting and praying he got a legitimate successor to the throne, and five years afterwards was killed in a jungle by a tiger. As soon as the news of the death reached Madura, several of his natural sons combined together and stole and ran off with the crown and royal jewels. Consequently when the time came for the coronation of the new king, the ministers were in great perplexity

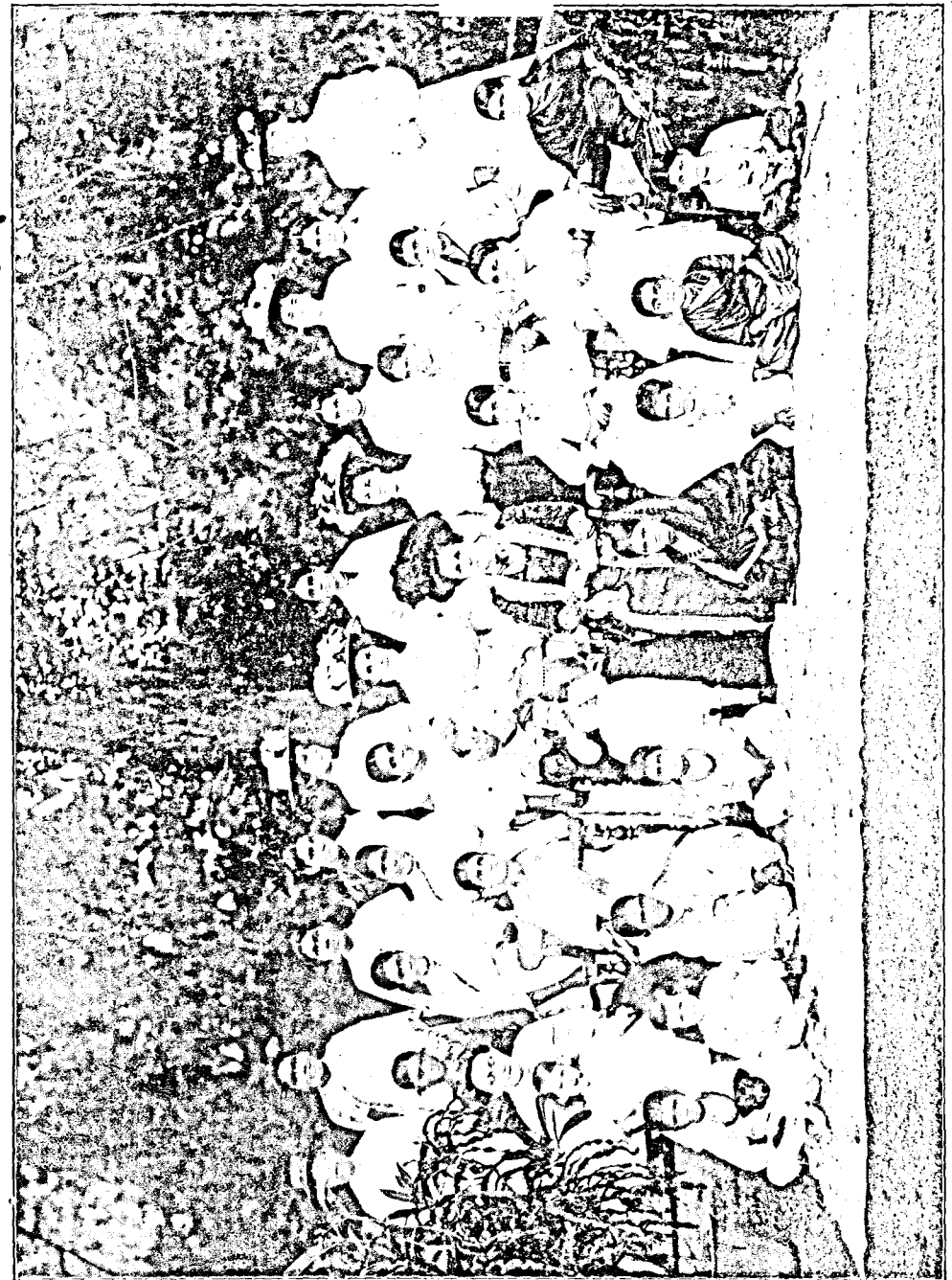
as to how the ceremony could be performed. At this juncture Siva appeared in the form of a young jeweller, and after giving a lecture on the nature, lustre, and properties of various precious stones, presented a number to the ministers, and bade them make a new crown with them. He then named the prince Abhisheka Pandiya, and vanished. The crown was made, according to Siva's instructions; and Abhisheka was crowned, and began to reign.

The fourth day festival was of *Tharunikkuparkkuzi alitta padalam* (தருநிக் குப் பொற்கிழி யளித்த படலம்) and of *Keeranaikkara Yeltria padalam* (கீரணக்கார யெத்திய படலம்), forming as they do the fifty-second and fifty-third miracles. The Pandeyan King Vamsha Chudamani obtained the surname of 'Champaka', through constantly adorning the God with weaths of Champaka flowers, of which he planted out large gardens for the sole purpose of divine worship. He was walking one day with his queen to the upper terrace of his garden enjoying the cool fragrant breeze, and suddenly smelt a perfume far more delicious than that of the flowers, which he fancied must come from the beautiful hair of his queen and not from the flowers which adorned it; and pleased with the idea he went off at once to the College Hall*, and offered a bag of one thousand pieces of gold as a prize, to whoever should write a sonnet disclosing the conceit which had presented itself to his imagination. No one was able to guess what the king had been thinking about: and there seemed to be no chance of anybody winning the prize. But a devout young Adi Siva Braman, Dharguni by name, who wanted but could not afford to get married, prayed to Siva and obtained from him the key to the secret: the God at once composed a good sonnet embodying the king's thought, and presented it to the supplicant. Having taken it to the College Hall, the young man claimed and was about to take possession of the bag of coins, when Natkira, one of the poets, asked him a question relative to the king's thought which he was unable to answer: and eventually forbade him to take the prize. Upon this he went to the Pagoda, and again prayed to Sundaralinga to assist him. The God appeared presently before the College as a poet, and desired to know wherein lay the fault which Natkira attributed to the poem. The objector then explained that in his opinion the idea of a human hair having a fine perfume of its own was ridiculous: and gave other equally futile reasons for rejecting

the poem. But the God suddenly opened his terrible middle eye, and directed a glance at Natkira, the burning splendour of which compelled the poet to leap into the waters of the golden-lily tank in order to prevent his body from being burnt up. After this the prize was accorded to the Braman. The God then disappeared. But he was recalled by the prayers of the whole College offered up on Natkira's behalf: and was pleased to look graciously upon the unfortunate man, who was forthwith enabled to come out of the tank.

On the fifth day is observed the *Ulavakkottai yarulia padalam* (உலவகோட்டையருலிய படலம்) the thirty-eighth miracle. In Kulabhushana Pandiya's reign, a virtuous and pious man, a Sudra named Bhaktasamy was granted an inexhaustible store of paddy. He and his wife were both strict devotees of the God and very charitable to the poor, and never refused alms to religious mendicants. To try their faith, they were reduced to great poverty and distress: and at last made up their minds to commit suicide. Before doing so, however, they prayed to Sundralinga for advice: and the God was so greatly moved by their distress, that he caused them to find in their house on their return from the Pagoda a bag of rice, which never failed, however much might be taken from it. They were thus made happy: and were enabled to give alms as freely and regularly as before.

On the sixth day is celebrated the legend of *Angam vettina padalam* (அங்கம் வெட்டின படலம்), the twenty-seventh miracle. In the reign of Kulottunga Pandiya, an old man lived in Madura, supporting himself by teaching the broadsword exercise. After a time one of his pupils was so ungrateful as to set up a rival school; and draw away the old man's pupils: and not content with this endeavoured to seduce his wife. One day he went so far as to offer the woman violence, but she effectually resisted him, and succeeded in locking him out of the house. Not being a babbler, she told no one what had happened: but she quietly prayed to Siva to avenge her, and the God heard her prayer. Disguising himself as the husband of the outraged woman, he sought out the wicked youth, and challenged him to single combat outside the city walls. The challenge was accepted, and a scientific duel fought with swords. The God put forth his power after a time, and by well directed blows cut off first one of his adversary's members, then another, and lastly his head; loudly reviling him all the while for his wickedness. The Pandiyan was greatly pleased when he heard of this arjusement, and honoured the



GROUP PHOTO OF THE PALGHAT LADIES' ASSOCIATION

* Tamil College of poets: otherwise known as Tamil Sargam. I shall revert to this subject in a separate communication.

God with new ceremonies and additional worship.

The Valaiyal Vittra padalam (வலையல் வித்ரா படலம்) the thirty-second miracle is performed on the seventh day of the great festival. In the reign of Kula Bhushana Pandiya, the God amused himself with some young women in the following manner. They had, in a previous life, been the wives of some Rishis, who retired with them to the Daraka forest; whither Siva, disguised as a beautiful monk, went begging alms. The wives of the Rishis fell desperately in love with him; and surrounded, and tried to take him off each to her own house. The Rishis, when they saw this behaviour, were much displeased: and they pronounced a curse upon their wives that they should be born as daughters of merchants at Madura. When questioned by these women, the Rishis said that the curse would be removed the moment the God at Madura touched them. Accordingly they were so born, and lived at Madura. And then Siva visited them in the form of a bangle-seller of superlatively handsome appearance. He excited their passions as violently as he had on a previous occasion, by holding their hands, and fitting bangles on their arms: and the women conceived thereby, and bore children to him. This is popularly known as 'Valavikkara Lilai.' On the ninth day, *nari pari yakkia padalam* (நரி பரி யாக்கிய படலம்) and *pari nari yakkia padalam* (பரி நரி யாக்கிய படலம்) are observed. During the reign of Arimardana Pandiya, there lived in (Vatt'hapura) Vadur, now known as Tiruvadur, on the north side of the river Vaigai, a young Brahmin of wonderful talent and ability. Before he was sixteen, he had mastered the four Vedas and the sixty-four Kalagayanas: and his fame had spread in every direction. The King heard of him, and having sent for him was so much pleased with his acquirements that he made him Prime Minister. The youth, who is no other than the great saint Manikya Vachaka, gave great satisfaction in this capacity, and was highly honoured: but he nevertheless was unhappy, and could not find rest, being unable to satisfy himself with regard to the way of salvation. Religious doubts filled his mind, and troubled his heart. One day the King looked over his stud of cavalry horses, and finding that remounts were much needed, gave his Prime Minister a very large sum of money, and ordered him to go to some distant country on the sea-side, and purchase a number of horses. The Prime Minister took the money, and set out; but stopped at a holy place called Maha-tirtha and there, after being favoured with a vision of Siva, spent the whole of it in building buildings for the honor and glory of the god. He sent excuses from time to time,

and at last returned to Madura declaring that the horses would appear in a day or two. The god had promised to help him out of his difficulty, and he felt confident that all would be right. The horses did not come: and the King lost patience, and had his minister tortured. He was placed in the sun, with a heavy stone on his back and wooden pincers on his hands. However, he prayed to Siva, and was comforted. He felt no pain in his body: and after he had been imprisoned for a few days, the god appeared as a cavalier mounted on a white horse formed of the four Vedas, and brought with him an immense number of horses, which were placed in the royal stables. And he instructed the King, who was much pleased with his noble appearance, in the science which treats of the proper selection of horses. Now these horses were in reality jackals, which had been transformed by Nandeswara at Siva's command. Being unable to eat grass, they became mad with hunger after a while; broke loose from the ropes which held them; resumed their proper shapes; bit and killed some of the grooms and King's horses; and eventually ran off to the forest. Hearing of this, the King was convinced that his minister was playing him a trick, and again had him tortured. Siva became angry at seeing his favourite thus used; and sent a terrible flood in the river Vaigai, which soon threatened to entirely destroy the Pandiyan capital. The torturers thereupon set the minister at liberty; and he went to the pagoda, and prayed the god with a serene mind. The above narrative is comprised in three miracles, namely the fifty-eighth, fifty-ninth and sixtieth.

The sixty-first miracle from which the festival obtained its name is celebrated on the ninth, the most important, day of the festival. This is known as *Pittukku man sumantha padalam* (பிட்டுக்கு மண் சுமந்த படலம்); and as this occurred on the *Moola natchathram* day, the festival is described as *Avani moolam* festival. The most striking feature of the festival is that freshes come down the river Vaigai on this day accompanied by rains, heavy or small. To go to the history of the festival. The King called a council to determine how the impending danger might best be averted; and it was resolved to compel every citizen of Madura to assist in raising the bank of the river, so as to keep off the flood. And, accordingly, a certain portion of the bank was assigned to every citizen, and he was directed to raise it to a certain height within a certain time. A pious old woman named Ambu, who made a living by selling cakes, was much troubled at not being able to find a labourer to do the work allotted to her; but at last Sundar-linga took pity on her,

and having assumed the form of a labourer sixteen years old, agreed to do her work in consideration of receiving some cakes. He then went off to the river with a spade and basket to raise the bank. But instead of doing as he promised, he loitered about and amused himself; the King perceiving that the bank was water-tight everywhere but at the place where the old woman had to raise it, took a rattan and laid it heavily across the labourer's shoulders. Upon this, the labourer started up; threw a basket of earth into the gap; and forthwith, to the astonishment of the King and all present, the gap was securely filled up. The labourer then disappeared. While the King was wondering who the labourer could be, he perceived that a mark had made its appearance upon his body in the part on which he had applied the rattan to the labourer's body. And on inquiry he found that every inhabitant of Madura, male and female, and every living creature had been marked in the same manner. The reason of this was that, Siva being omnipresent, the blow which struck his assumed body affected every living creature in the world at the same time. The King was greatly astonished at all that had happened: and proposed questioning the old woman. But, as soon as the King and his courtiers approached her dwelling, she was so alarmed, thinking that she was about to be punished for the fault of her labourer, that she fell down dead; and her soul was carried away in a celestial vehicle, amidst the joyful congratulations of the blessed and showers of flowers from on high. The King then went to the pagoda, and prayed to Siva to forgive him. A voice in the air replied that he must forgive his disgraced minister, and excuse him from returning the money advanced to him for the purchase of horses. This was done; and the minister was permitted to go abroad, and visit Chidambaram where he immortalised his name as a great apostle of the revival of Saivism and the overthrow of the Jain faith, and whose life is connected with the District of Madura in a somewhat special manner, and in whose memory a temple is dedicated at Tiruvadur his birth-place.

The last miracle observed in this festival on the tenth day, the other two days being cars and Theertha festivals, is *Viragu vittra padalam* (விருது வித்திரை படலம்). During the reign of Varaguna Pandiya, there came to Madura from some northern country a very excellent musician, Yemanathan. He performed before the King, and gave so great satisfaction, that the King rewarded him handsomely and assigned him a lodging. The King sent for the chief of his musicians, Bana B'hadra (his name was B'hadra, and he was of the Bana caste), and asked him if he could excel the stranger. He said he could with

Siva's help: and a match was made. But having heard of the performances of some of the stranger's pupils, he felt convinced that he would be worsted, and in great distress applied to Sundralinga to assist him. The God heard his prayer: and having disguised himself as an old firewood-seller, went and sang and played on a guitar outside the foreigner's house. His performance being superlatively excellent, he soon attracted the foreigner's attention: and on being questioned by him informed him that he was once a pupil of Bana B'hadra, and as he was rejected by him as being too old, he was living by selling firewood. Hearing this, the foreigner very naturally came to the conclusion that he had no chance of vanquishing his opponent, and secretly left the city that very night. Bhadra was therefore highly honored: and directed to sing daily before the God.

P. R. VENKATESARU NAIDU.

"A Thousand Times Better"

CHAPTER I



IT was a bright lovely evening, the sun was low in the heavens sending his long golden rays full in the eyes of all who turned their faces to the west. Matrons and young women of a village in Malabar were coming out one by one with water-pots to take water at the common well in the middle of the street. The village was small, composed of small houses which bespoke the comparative poverty of the villagers. But there was one house big like a mansion, with ornamental arches and paintings. It stood out in bold relief, as if proclaiming proudly to the world the prosperity of its inmates.

At the time of which we are speaking, a girl of not more than sixteen came out of the beautiful house and stood on the veranda, reading a paper that was in her hand. She was so beautiful that a Ravi Varma could have taken her as a model for one of his celestial nymphs. To speak with-

out any exaggeration there was something angelic about that beautiful creature.

She now moved towards the edge of the veranda, and, throwing one of her hands round a pillar, put out her body as if to see some one coming up the street. But as none was found coming, she withdrew and vanished into the house.

About half an hour after, a bicycle rolled through the street. The rider who was a tall handsome man of about five and twenty years of age stopped before and carried his cycle into the mansion-like house. Just as he entered he saw his wife, the girl we saw a little while ago, standing close to the wall.

"Is coffee ready, my Leela?" he asked proceeding to an inner apartment.

"Yes," she said following him, "You are a little late to-day."

"You are right, my Leela," said he smiling, "I had to call on a friend on my way." He changed his garments, and washing his hands and feet with the water that was ready, sat down for his light evening repast.

After the refreshment Regunath, for that was his name, settled himself in a chair beside his table. His wife also came and took her seat in another chair close to him. She cast a feminine glance at him, her face lit up by a smile which, when he saw, he forgot all his day's care and many a pleasurable feeling passed through his heart. The consciousness that his innocent wife had all her hopes in him, that she entirely depended on him for every thing and that she considered him her highest God on earth, created in him a sense of pity towards the fair creature and made his heart overflow with love. The impulse was too great for him. Rising up he drew her close to his heart, cast a caressing look on her up-turned face and showered kisses on it. After a moment he released her from his clasp and resumed his seat.

"What did you read to-day, my Leela?" asked Regunath.

"I finished the Tamil Novel *Sundari Manohara*," replied Leela.

"And what in it appeals to you most?" "The very thought," she replied "of Manohara's bravery, his faith in God and his final triumph sends a thrill through my heart. I wish that such young men really existed in the world."

"Perhaps there are," observed Regunath with serenity. "Do not think the world only contains bad things. Things that are good do exist." Then he remained silent for a while, but again said, "What do the papers say, my dear?"

"It seems Mt. Vesuvius is again active, and the lava is reported to be doing great havoc."

"But there is," she said with a little enthusiasm, "a fine story, a sensational story in *The Bengalee*. The paper says the story is founded on fact."

"What is that story? tell me," said he showing some interest and sitting up in a listening attitude.

"A Bengalee youth," Leela began, "working in a factory was brought before a certain magistrate on a charge of theft. The youth, on being put in the box and examined, declared, to the astonishment of all, that he was a woman. When asked why she was in the guise of a boy, she said she had been visiting many *thirthas* or 'sacred waters,' and that she had had recourse to this disguise simply to escape falling into the hands of inconsiderate youths."

"Excellent" cried Regunath. "It's a wonderful woman."

"It sounds like a romance" remarked Leela looking at her husband as if demanding his approval.

"Indeed, it does" replied Regunath. "But" he asked "what is the editorial in *The Bengalee*."

"It's something worth reading," said Leela; and she put the paper in his hands and went to attend to her evening duties.

CHAPTER II

Regunath was the son of wealthy parents belonging to the village described in the last chapter. He was an only son to them and so had the advantage or otherwise of claiming all their stock of love. His father, though capable of spending much on his education, did not send him to any distant school to see him pass examinations. But he procured the services of efficient men and had his son instructed by them in all branches of study, so that Regunath in time came to possess a sort of miscellaneous education. As soon as Regunath completed his eighteenth year, he had the misfortune to lose his father. A year after he was married to Leela, a girl of ten years, the daughter of a respectable man of a village not far from his own. Leela had lost her mother when quite young and had been brought up by her father with the help of some of his relatives. Within three years of her marriage with Regunath, she lost her kind father too. She was then brought to Regunath's house and had been with him ever since.

Regunath's old mother, unlike all mothers-in-law, was very kind to Leela. She taught Leela all the household duties in which the girl became, in a short time, proficient, while Regunath with care and diligence educated her himself. She was soon able to read and understand Tamil and English. She took delight in reading papers with her husband and showed a keen interest in the politics of the day.

Regunath's father had deposited all his money in banks. Regunath collected a capital by drawing some of his money from banks and by borrowing at a low interest. He erected a very large building for a shop in the town that was two miles from his village and he began to drive a brisk trade in brass-ware articles. He went to the town every day at 10 A.M., and returned at four in the evening. His trade was prosperous, four days went on peacefully with him. But there was trouble in store for him.

His mother now died. The news of the failure of Messrs. Arbuthnot & Co. fell on him like a thunderbolt. The great crash entailed a loss of almost all his ancestral property. His business and some money in cash were all that was left to him. When his creditors became aware of his terrible loss, they began to press him for money. Consequently his big warehouse, together with the whole stock of merchandise, was brought to the hammer. But the proceeds being found insufficient to pay his creditors in full, he sold his beautiful house in the village and discharged his debts to the entire satisfaction of his creditors. But, after losing all he had and especially his house, he was loath to reside any more in the village which, accordingly, he left one day with his youthful wife Leela and a one-year-old girl.

CHAPTER III.

Nearly ten miles to the north of the town of Cannanore on the Malabar Coast and a little towards the interior, lies even to-day a rural place known as Cherukunnam. It is a sparsely populated region, the temple and the choultry attached to it, a few Malayalee houses and a very few Brahmin abodes being the only places where the human animal can be seen. The few Malayalees inhabiting the place are mostly children of the soil rich enough to pass their days comfortably in the locality; while the Brahmins are chiefly men born poor or of broken fortune and come to reside there attracted by the choultry.

It was a moonless night five weeks after Regunath and Leela left their village; and the time was nearly twelve o'clock. Nothing was found there to indicate the existence of animate creation. The kind mother nature had lulled to sleep all her children. Even the ever-busy, murmuring leaves of the huge *Aswatha* in front of the temple had stopped their function and were hanging listlessly from the branches—so still was the air. The temple and the choultry were deserted—no human being would be bold enough to pass a night there. In the premises of the temple was standing a stump of tree ready to break into a ghost or a demon before the bewildered eyes or

the heated imagination of a man intimidated in boyhood by stories of such malevolent spirits. The very houses that lay isolated round the temple seemed asleep; and the silence that reigned spread a dreariness over the already dreary land.

At such a time, suddenly from one of the little houses, was heard the violent cry of a child, the pauses in which were filled by low moans as of a person suffering from an ailment. On being listened to closely, it was found to be the feeble voice of a woman trying to pacify the crying child. Once she said:—"Oh God, I cannot suffer this." Another moment her words were "Don't cry, my darling; I am by your side. Oh Lord Krishna, I am almost dying of thirst. Is there none to give me some water?"

At once footsteps were heard and in the dim light of the stars a figure was seen moving through the lane from which branched the foot-path leading to the cottage whence the voice had been proceeding. The figure stopped as though to listen. It was a young man. He heard the cry and directed his steps towards the hut. He knocked at the door; and "who is there?" came the feeble voice.

"A help in your distress, madam" said the youth "I'm come to give you water. Please open the door." He waited for the opening of the door. But, Hark! A sound inside as of something falling heavily down! A weak groan! The young man at once became impatient. He pushed the door violently and fortunately as the latch was off, the door flew open. He stepped in, but stumbled upon a human body. In an instant, he struck a light with the matches he had with him, and found the body to be that of a young woman in a swoon. The lamp was searched for; found and lighted. He raised the woman, removed her to the place where the child had been crying, and laid her on her back on the meagre bed. He brought the light near her face. It was Leela, once bright, but now pale like a withering flower. When the young man offered water, she got up to open the door. But she was so weak that her head reeled, which made her fall again in a fainting fit.

The young man dashed a small quantity of cold water on her face. Suddenly she came to herself. She opened her eyes and lay still for a while. Then she made signs to show that she wanted water. At once he gave her a little, which just relieved her and gave her life to speak. She asked for more, but he said: "I shall give you milk. You should not drink cold water." He hurried out to milk his own cow and returned with the milk in a quarter of an hour. He made a fire, boiled the milk and gave it to our distressed Leela, who, as she had not tasted a morsel for the last two days, drank

it heartily and expressed her thankfulness in a gush of hot tears.

She felt herself much relieved. The thought of her child returned and she sat up and pacified it. The child, overmuch fatigued by crying, soon fell asleep. Leela's rescuer now urged her to lie down and sleep. He told her he would be on the veranda that she might call him if she wanted anything. He came to the veranda, spread his upper cloth on the floor, and laid himself upon it and slept. For the rest of the night Leela enjoyed a sound and peaceful repose.

The night slowly began to melt into day and the eastern sky appeared arrayed, like a bride, to receive the Lord of day. On the morning the young man went to a physician and got him to treat Leela, who, in a few days, completely recovered from her illness. The youth would see her occasionally and she loved and respected him as her own brother and she admired his kind-heartedness. She once more began to go to the choultry to eat her meal and feed her girl. In the course of a month her health recuperated. But what was it to her? Everyone could see that she was in trouble—her eyes were full of anxiety. Her face had none of the charm it once possessed. "Grief was heavy at her heart" for she was not then with her dear Regunath. She expected letters from him every day. Every morning brought her hopes of seeing her lord but every evening she was sadly disappointed.

Thus passed full three months at the end of which another blow, and that a heavy blow, fell on her. Her child had been the only solace to her stricken mind. In her moments of distress when she looked up to death as her deliverer, she would take up the baby and press its face gently against hers. She would lay it on her lap and dandle it and kiss it and the innocent thing would, in response to the caress, smile at the mother whose sorrows all would 'melt away in the dawn of the baby's smile.' At other times when 'she would sit, perfectly good, amusing herself with low-crowing noises and see-sawings of her tiny body' Leela would find herself in a world of pleasure and feel a certain something in her heart which made her shudder at the idea of death, and strongly urged her to live.

But one Sunday night the child began to shake its limbs convulsively and the pupils of its eyes were raised and fixed. Leela's blood curdled in her veins. She wept and prayed to God to save her child, but to no purpose. The convulsions lasted two hours. Its tender limbs became cold. It lay motionless and breathed its last. This new calamity was too heavy for her. She was now cruelly deprived of the only thing that consoled her poor soul, in fact the

only object for whose sake she lived. Despair took possession of her heart and made her frantic. But this, instead of driving her to court death even by violent means, drove her to cling to life with a spasmodic grip like that of a wounded tigress and to stare her misfortunes in the very face.

CHAPTER IV

Dear reader, it is necessary, I believe, to tell you what became of Regunath after he left his village and how his beloved Leela came to be alone in the cottage at Cherukunnam. Sorrowfully departing from the scenes of his childhood, Regunath took his wife and child to Cherukunnam and occupied the little house, where we found Leela one night suffering from fever with none to care for her. In the choultry which belongs to the Raja of Chirakkal, they obtained their daily food and they lived in the cottage free of rent. They passed here a few days in this way until the first agitations of sorrow subsided a little and their minds were composed enough to think of plans for the future. He told his wife that he would go out to some other place and be employed somewhere and so try to redeem their former, or at least strengthen their present, position. His wife, though like most Hindu wives, unwilling to part from her husband, yet unlike all of them, yielded to reason and agreed to the proposal of her dear lord. He gave her his word that he would be writing to her often and sending her money to keep her from want. He called her particular attention to the breeding of their dear girl and he gave Leela advice on the point. Then, with great sorrow on the part of both, the parting was effected, and Regunath started for Madras.

From Madras he embarked for Burmah and, after a voyage of four days, landed at Rangoon. But even here his misfortunes followed him. Unused to the hardships of life, the privations that a sea journey submits a man to, overstrained his nerves with the result that he was suddenly taken ill of fever. He lay in a hotel for a few days until his purse was emptied, when the manager of the hotel caused him to be removed to a hospital. Here his fever rose very high. But careful treatment checked the fury of it and in a month he was cured of the fever. Still his consciousness did not return for two months to come, during which time he had no thought of his wife or child.

Slowly he began to recover consciousness. The thought of Leela and the little girl began to strike his mind now and then. At length an eager desire to write to her dominated him, which suggested itself to the authorities of the hospital, as a sure sign of his thorough revival.

On further examination they found him well enough to go out and accordingly released him from their custody.

CHAPTER V

It was a bright April evening three years after we had found Leela living alone in the little house at Cherukunnam. The sun was just sinking behind the highest tower of the Presidency College at Madras. Various kinds of vehicles were standing on the road running parallel to the beach, and persons of all ranks were to be seen promenading along the "Lovers' Path," enjoying the cool health-giving breeze. Native gentlemen were sitting with their wives on the sands and locked up in conversation after the fashion of the occidentals. Here and there on the sandy region, groups of young men, chiefly students, were beguiling their time and shaking off the weariness of a tedious day, some by singing, others by ridiculing the insipid teaching of their junior professor, and some others by listening to any of these. Men and women of all classes were going into the "Marine Aquarium" to see and admire the novelties of the sea. The sea was getting darker and the waves higher, and the breeze was becoming cooler, charged with moisture from the ever-growing breakers. While, far away from the shore, fishermen in catamarans were returning from their expeditions and their wives or mothers, as the case might be, were waiting on the shore with food and dry clothing for the poor, hungry, shivering people coming back with their day's fortunes. A vessel was steaming out of the pier, "dragging at each remove a lengthening chain" of smoke.

At that time a furlong to the north of the "Marine Aquarium," and remote from, and unmolested by, the merry groups of youngsters, two youths were sitting face to face, engaged in a tete-a-tete. One of them was a tall youth of about two and twenty, somewhat lean for his tall stature. He was of a dark complexion. But his face had a noble appearance. The other was more or less of the same age but a little less tall than his companion. His complexion was fair, and his face with its lively, intelligent and yet meek eyes would have suggested a feminine face, but for the growing, dark, healthy moustache. Their conversation at this time was touching upon Psychology and ghosts and the Supreme Being and might be insipid to some of my readers. But I feel sure that it will suggest some useful questions to a thoughtful mind.

"Can we see God, Kailas?" said the handsome young man to his companion.

"Undoubtedly, dear Krishna" replied the

other; "Our religion says we can see Him and our Sages say they have seen Him."

"But I cannot bring myself to believe" said Krishna "that man can ever see God in a form. I am sure we can know Him."

"I can't help believing our Sages" said Kailas who had a sort of superstitious orthodoxy in him. "But I tell you" he added "It is not good that you question the veracity of our Vedas."

"Well, I can't believe anything" remonstrated Krishna, "unless it stands to reason. Blind faith is always bad."

Kailas looked disapproval. "There are many instances" he said "in our Puranas of God appearing before men, I mean devoted men."

"How can a man see God?" said Krishna. "What do your Sages say?"

"If you have a strong desire to see Him" said Kailas, "with enthusiasm or zeal, an inordinate desire, a desire that reigns supreme in your mind and gets identified with your very being, then you can see Him. He will surely reveal Himself to you and that in whichever form you believe him to exist. So our Sastras say. There is a story that at Guruvayoor,* Lord Sri Krishna appeared before the innocent servant of a Nambudiri Brahmin, in the form of a buffalo."

Krishna could not forbear laughing. "My dear Kailas," he said "You delivered your sermon with the zeal of a Parson Everton. But I am sorry to say it has no effect on me. I do think that what your Sages say they have seen is not the Illimitable in a form, but some Hallucination produced by their heated brains, —a phantom that one sees in a delirium."

"Your assertions won't do. You must prove it," said Kailas with a defiant look.

"Prove! I can prove!" cried Krishna, his eyes expressing confidence.

"Let me see how you do it," said Kailas.

Krishna assumed a more erect posture and began:

"It is a law of Psychology that intensity of thought about an object presents the form of the object to our eyes. But this form is nothing more than an illusion. Swami Vivekananda in illustrating *Maya* says that a stump of tree appears to be a constable in the eyes of a thief, that a lusty youth takes it for his sweetheart awaiting him and that the same stump stands like a ghost before a timid person walking that way. The thief's guilty mind is so terribly haunted by the thought of meeting a constable on the way, that the sight of the stump conjures up a constable's form before his eyes. He may even fancy the

*A place in the Malabar District famous for the temple of Sri Krishna.

form to be moving towards him. Similar is the explanation in the other two cases.

"Macbeth, in Shakespeare, after he formed the bloody resolution, sees a dagger in the air. I remember the famous lines. Macbeth soliloquises:—

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle towards my hand? Come let me clutch thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see the still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw."

He soon comes to the reality and says:—
"Mine eyes are made the fools of other senses,"
and at last he concludes:—

"There is no such thing.
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes."

"The required degree of excitement is easily secured in children. When we tell them stories of ghosts, they learn to imagine for themselves fearful forms, and sometimes they suddenly wake up from sleep and cry: "Oh mother! There stands the ghost! Ask him to go away! He says he will eat me up! Tell him to go away! "They actually point out a place as the ghost's position. The child sees a form, though there is nothing at all of the kind.

"Now, a devotee imagines a form as God's, keeps it before his mind's eye and meditates upon it for days and days until at last the form, which was hitherto before his mind, now appears before his physical eye. If another man meditates upon a different form, that form will stand before him. This is why Sastras say that God will appear in whichever form you believe him to have. But what you say our Sages have seen is not The Supreme Being, but a phantom "the work of their heat-oppressed brain." The more your brain gets excited, the more would the form appear real."

"What you say" said Kailas "appeals to me. But I cannot for all the world disbelieve our Sages."

"My arguments may be wrong" said Krishna, "who knows? But I am not to disbelieve them, unless my arguments are refuted. But if they use the words 'know' or 'realize' instead of 'see', I have nothing to speak against them."

At this stage of the conversation, their attention was drawn by the appearance of two Hindu ladies walking towards the edge of the water. One was a beautiful young woman of some eighteen years of age, holding the hand of the other, an elderly woman of a well-built frame. She was also beautiful; but her beauty was not of a delicate touch nor had her face anything of

that feminine virtue of modesty or bashfulness, which is generally met with in typical Hindu ladies. Both of them were gorgeously dressed and lavishly decked with ornaments.

"Who are those ladies in silks and gold, Kailas?" asked Krishna.

"I know the elderly woman" replied Kailas, "She lives near the Parthasarathi Temple."

"She seems to be the wife of a rich man. What is he, her husband?"

"Her husband!" exclaimed Kailas say rather "Husbands!" His face expressed indignation and contempt. "Poor creature" he added remissively, "the young girl would be ruined by the wretch."

Krishna looked at his friend with surprise. "What do you mean, my Kailas" he said, "I can't understand you. Explain yourself, I pray."

"Well, I mean this" said he impressively "That woman is a disgrace to our Brahmin community. Her name is Subbamma I am sorry she is going to make that poor girl a prey to infamy and vice."

Krishna was dumb. His face expressed mingled feelings of wonder, grief, fear, and pity. "What do you know" he then enquired "about the girl?"

"Nothing definite" he replied. "It is involved in a mystery. In fact, the temple and the streets around it constitute a land of mysteries. I have been seeing the girl with that devil, these ten days. I guess—" he stopped as if unwilling to say more."

"What do you guess? Tell me."

"I guess that this young woman came from some rural district, victimized by Subbamma. You see she is getting old and none will prize her any more. I think she means to pass her days by selling that fair innocent creature."

Krishna was silent for some time lost in thought. "There's God" he said at last "who rules the destiny of persons and of things." He stood up and began to dash off the sand from his clothes. "It is getting dark. Let us go" he said.

Kailas rose up and the two young men left the beach. As they gained the road they took leave of each other and walked in opposite directions.

P. R. CHIDAMBARA IYER.

(To be continued.)



Susila—a Monologue



I am the youngest daughter of Jayadwaja—the King of Srinikatan. My name is Susila. I have two sisters and two brothers.

My sisters are wedded to princes who are on a par with my father, both in dignity and in nobility, and are enjoying the pleasures of life to their entire satisfaction. It is universally accepted that the youngest children are generally the objects of love to their parents. But, to this universal phenomenon, I form an exception. Whenever my father sees me he would often look upon me with much contempt, so much so that I am often led to move myself from his sight. Failing to conjecture the cause of my father's detestation, I made known my heart to my maids who, having pitied my miserable plight, spoke thus:—

"We are also quite ignorant of the authenticity of the cause, but what we have heard we shall let you know. It seems you were born at an inauspicious moment—the effect of which would prove disastrous to you in your after life. He who marries you will lose his kingdom.

He will then be driven to the forests. There he would taste the bitterest fruits of sorrows and miseries. Then by some strange Irony of Fate your husband shall desert you. But by some strange coincidence you will again join your husband. We think this would be the main cause of your father's hatred."

When such heart-rending words fell from the lips of my maids, I was drowned in the abyss of misery. Then I gave vent to the following words: "Alas! can these words be true? If not, what could be the cause of my misery?"

'Heaven hides from His creatures the Book of Fate,

And opens nothing but the page prescribed'.

—Pope.

What cruel destiny is awaiting me I know not? Perhaps my present misery is the reflection of the wicked acts of my previous birth. My maids said that myself and my husband would, after undergoing serious trials and difficulties, join again. This itself is a great blessing to me."

Being buoyed up with this cheering hope, I then, resolved to navigate the ocean of

difficulties by the ship of chastity. With this firm resolution I secured peace of mind. After a time I attained my marriageable age. My face was like a lily. My lips were like a cherry. In fact, my whole person shone with such brilliancy of lustre that every one who chanced to see me was enamoured of my feminine beauty. Several princes, wishing to join their hands with me, requested my father to give me in marriage to them. Thereupon my father placed before me photos of several young princes who were shining with an equal masculine beauty. He then asked me to make my own choice and abruptly went away. I then felt very sorry for my father's indifference towards my matrimonial alliance. A mere glance at the photo will only give us a clear idea of their kindly pomp and beauty but not of their moral worth. Character forms the chief element in the life of a man. A man without character may well be compared to a ship without a pilot. But, in the end, thinking that, if we should transgress the words of my father it would lead to disobedience and sin, I selected one whom I thought would prove a worthy husband to a girl of angelic beauty like myself.

V. SESHAGIRI RAO.

(To be continued.)

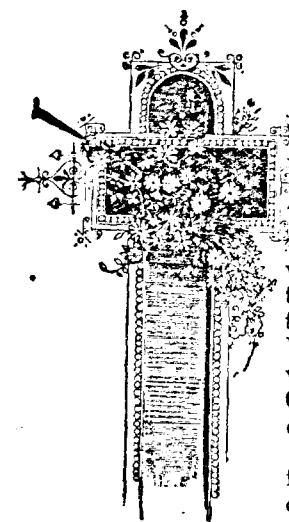
A Nightmare



THE clock had struck twelve P. M. when I went up to my bed and lay awake building castles in the air of my future days. For nearly an hour I had no sleep at all. Afterwards I began to slowly close my eyelids. But my sleep was disturbed by a dreadful dream. "On a moonlight night I found myself placed at an inn in the metropolis. It was a glorious night; the sky was overcrowded with stars 'keeping a young silver moon in chaste company.' The city clock had scarcely struck one, when I heard the sound of a dog barking in the distance. The watchman, unmindful of his duty, began to snore loudly. From the top of an old dilapidated building, I heard the hooting of the owl. A sound as that of the moaning of the wind was heard. At these unpleasing sounds, I made an exclamation of dislike and thought of changing my resting-place. Suddenly I got up and walked out. On my way, I began to watch the twinkling stars overhead. The moon

The Late Miss Nightingale

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S,
LONDON, 21ST AUGUST.



THE funeral of the late Miss Florence Nightingale took place on Saturday, and was attended by large crowds.

The remains of the deceased were conveyed to Waterloo Station, and thence by train to West Willow, in Wiltshire where they were interred in the Churchyard beside those of her parents.

A profusion of beautiful wreaths covered the coffin. Queen Alexandra sent a cross of orchids

inscribed: "To the Memory of the Greatest Benefactress of Suffering Humanity." The wreaths also included one from the Tasmanian Trained Nurses' Association.

A party of Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots' Guards carried the coffin to the train, and also acted as the bearer party at West Willow.

A memorial Service was held at St. Paul's Cathedral, and was attended by 5,000 people. King George, Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian, and the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) were represented, as were also the War Office and the Admiralty, Hospitals and Nursing Orders at Home and abroad, and numerous Red Cross Societies.

Seven hundred nurses and forty Crimean veterans were seated under the dome. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, and his wife, and a brilliant group of Army and Navy Officers were present at the Service at St. Paul's which was also attended by Mr. F. Lakeman and Mr. F. Ward, and many other Australians.

A telegram from the Royal Victorian Trained Nurses' Association and other Colonial tributes to the late Miss Nightingale have been published in the Press.



was still shining. It was not perfectly dark when I stepped into the street. The dying lamp gave but a glimmering light and 'all the bustle of human pride was forgotten.' The air was pinchingly cold. Here and there were seen poor people lying on verandahs—beggars, strangers, coolies, females and orphans—all in a wretched condition. Some were without covering on their bodies even of rags, while others were seen emaciated with disease as if 'the world had disclaimed them.' Poor houseless creatures! I could not help pitying them.

As soon as I reached the centre of the street, a young man of two and twenty, attired almost in the Chinese fashion, came out from a handsome shop as if he had to see everything right in front of his shop. He wore a clean white linen shirt and a pair of black trousers. When he saw me at dead of night, he called me and offered me lodgings. I went up to him and to my great surprise, he was my intimate friend Gopi who had left my company some years back.

"Well Gopi," said I surprisingly, "It is a long time since I met you. I feel myself quite happy to-day. Tell me when you came back from Singapore. What news do you bring with you? I am very curious to know all about your adventures." He begged pardon for his long silence and with a repressed smile, told me all about his adventures. Then he began to catechise me upon many subjects. In the meanwhile, many kinds of eatables were provided for me. I made a barmecide's feast of them, next we went to bed. It was a very nice bed and I have never seen the like in my life-time. I laid myself down upon the bed and began to sleep.

After a short time, my sleep was disturbed by something like a shriek. I woke up and sat upon my bed. I heard the hooting of the owl, 'the fatal bellman, that gave the sternest good-night.' Suddenly another cry of an alarming nature was heard from an adjoining house. I ran to the spot with unflinching courage. To my great astonishment, I perceived a woman dead and a child moaning by her side. I came out all of a sudden and saw two thieves running. I followed them with a loud cry. One of them caught me by the arm and gave a severe knock upon my head, while the other took his dagger and was about to stab me. I attempted to cry aloud, but was dumfounded. Somehow, I gave a horrible shriek. At once my brother came to my bed and woke me up. I opened my eyes and found all was a dream. But the effect of it made me speechless and motionless for nearly an hour. What is a dream after all? It is nothing but a "false creation proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain."

P. R. A.

News and Notes

THE LADIES' MEETING IN POONA

LADY MUIR MACKENZIE'S SPEECH.—In replying to the farewell address presented to her by the Hindu Ladies' Club, Poona, on 23rd July, Lady Muir Mackenzie spoke as follows:—

"It is a great pleasure to me to find myself once more present at a gathering of Mrs. Ranade's Ladies' Club. Last time, I was here, you were arranging to start a branch of the Seva Sadan in Poona. I am glad to hear your efforts are being crowned with success and that you often hold classes and meetings for various objects—mainly I believe beneath Mrs. Ranade's hospitable roof. There must indeed be great need for a band of workers like you, in this big city of Poona. As soon as we desire to aid those less fortunate than ourselves we alas! find only too many people in need of our services. In every part of the world, there is suffering and misery so great, it is necessary to remind ourselves frequently of the bright and hopeful aspects to life so that we may not lose heart. Politicians and statesmen argue and dispute as to the method of relieving poverty and suffering. Philosophers, too, write many great volumes on these subjects. What do we women do? I think we let statesmen argue and philosophers theorise, and we just attack the wrongs that come before our eyes, and try and sweep them away. The housewifely methods reign strong among us. We each have a home which we try and keep in order. Men as well as children have a way of upsetting and untidying our little arrangements and it falls to our lot over and over again to patiently 'tidy up.' Thus it comes natural to many women to try and set right, and 'tidy up,' the great disorders of the world. There is a higher and holier reason why women cannot leave the wrong and wickedness of the world unchallenged—it is because the Mother-Heart is theirs. Since the beginning of the world, women have had to protect and care for helpless infant lives, and this training of thousands of centuries has endowed every one of us with a strong desire to protect and shield 'all that are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity' as our Christian prayer book says. The Mother-Heart is able not only to encircle its own immediate surroundings, but its love is so limitless it can shelter in its beautiful warmth the whole world. The woman with the true Mother-Heart feels instinctively that all the men and women in the world who need her are her children.

'That love for one from which there doth not spring Wide love for all, is but a worthless thing'.

Emerson says very beautifully.—'Love is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow

nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges, until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nature with its generous flames.'

All through the ages women have nursed the sick, taught children and endeavoured to relieve distress, but it is only recently that these efforts have become systemised. Science and method are the ruling spirit of this age, and so our very charities and kind actions must needs be caught up in the general effort to arrange our lives in a scientific and methodical way. The East has begun to think the Western way of caring for the sick and needy is good. But it must not be forgotten that the methods in use in the West to-day are of recent growth. For instance in England fifty years ago, the well-trained, capable nurses we meet with so frequently to-day were quite unknown. How did it come about that we now possess such efficient and trustworthy helpers in time of sickness? The movement which led to this end was born at the moment of a national crisis. In 1854 England declared war against Russia. The result was that the hospitals at the seat of war were soon filled with sick and wounded soldiers—there were it is said four miles of beds. The suffering and misery was so great that an appeal was made to the English at home to send out nurses to the seat of war. A certain rich lady, Miss Florence Nightingale, responded to the appeal and she started for the front with forty-two nurses, some of whom were ladies of high position. The beautiful and humane work these nurses carried on amid the sick soldiers can never be forgotten. When the war was over England wished to show her gratitude to Miss Nightingale. Funds were therefore collected for a memorial and at Miss Nightingale's request the money was devoted to the formation of a training school for nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital in London.

Fifty years ago, English women lived very quiet domestic lives. Women belonging to well-to-do families did not go out into the world to earn their daily bread and live independent lives as they do to-day. When Miss Nightingale and her forty-two helpers returned to England, there was a flutter in society and questions were asked in shocked tones as to the ultimate destiny of ladies who had left the shelter of their homes and struck out an independent line of their own.

A very practical and benevolent woman—the late Lady Kinnaird saw that the first thing to do was to provide shelter for these girls. I have heard Lady Kinnaird's daughter describe how her mother took a small house in London

where the heroines of the Crimean War could co-operate and live together. This home was the nucleus of the great world-wide organisation known to-day as the Young Women's Christian Association.

Since the year 1854, English women have gradually emerged from a state of tutelage and dependence. Colleges for women have arisen and every year they send forth into the world nurses, doctors, school mistresses, all trained as efficiently and scientifically as their brothers. Gone are the days when any woman who could manage to read and write was deemed a right teacher for the growing girl. Gone too are the days when any ignorant old woman who offered her services was engaged as a nurse for the sick. In England to-day if a woman wishes to hold her own in the battle of life she must equally with man be a professional being. These ideals are only fifty years old and I am dwelling on this point because I want the thought to be an encouragement to you in your efforts to start this splendid sisterhood—the Seva Sadan.

In the West where we women are supposed to be so progressive and advanced, we have till lately worked patiently in faith and hope, in humble, unnoticed ways, and from the seeds thus sown great organisations, sisterhoods and charitable institutions wielding great power and weight have sprung into being. Thus it will be with the Seva Sadan. To-day you plant the seed and therefrom in generations to come a great tree will spring up whose branches will spread a kindly shelter over the whole of this great India. You, daughters of India, must indeed love and yearn over your mother land. I who have come to know her but recently find my heart going out to her in love and affection. An increasing interest too in India's great problems and a desire for her welfare growing upon me with every day I continue to stay here. One thing I sincerely believe and that is that the future of India is in the hands of her women. I think too that the hands of Indian women are very capable. When I saw one girl student in a class of hundred youngmen in the Fergusson College, I thought, 'if the girls of India have courage to do this in their desire for education, the future of Indian women is assured.' The few pioneers we have to-day, means a great army will copy the pioneers in times to come. To-day we have one Mrs. Ranade bravely carrying on this beautiful work for her Hindu sisters. In generations to come, many women will strive to follow her example. I wish you all success in your undertakings and I thank you for giving me this opportunity of saying good-bye. I shall hope to hear news of you from time to time and I shall often send kind

thoughts across the sea to my Indian Sisters, whose gentle, patient, self-sacrificing lives I have learnt to deeply admire.

I cannot thank you warmly enough for the very kind and affectionate words you have said about me in the address which you have been good enough to give me to-day. What you have said has gratified me more than I can say.

I do indeed believe as your Seva Sadan motive says that 'Life is a trust' and all we members of the great Human Family are 'one at core if not in creed.' It has been a privilege to try and draw together the members of all communities. I have always remembered we all belong to one great Empire and that we must each do our share to advance its interests. Are we not all Daughters of the Empire? Let that thought knit us together more closely. I am glad to think that though the sea will soon roll between us, we shall still all be living under the same Imperial rule.

Farewell, dear members of the Hindu Ladies Social Club and the Seva Sadan. I wish you all success and happiness in your lives and thank you from the depth of my heart for your beautiful address."

THE PALGHAT LADIES' ASSOCIATION.—An "At home" was given by Mrs. Krishnan in connection with the Ladies' Association at the "Mango grove," the residence of Rao Sahib K. Krishnan. The function was one of the grandest and most successful ever held in Palghat in connection with the Ladies' Association. The Bungalow was most artistically decorated. In response to the kind invitation of the secretary there was a large attendance of ladies, both European and Indian, among those present being old Mrs. Dupan, Mrs. and Miss Barlow, Mrs. G. Dupan, Mrs. G. Peter, Mrs. C. Raman Menon, Mrs. Sekhara Menon, Miss Achutha Menon, Misses Kanath Krishnan, Mrs. and Miss Parameswara Iyer, Mrs. Venkita Subba Iyer, Miss Setha Iyer, Mrs. T. K. Ramunni, Miss Guruswamy, Mrs. T. K. Achuthan, Mrs. A. P. Krishnan, Mrs. C. Achuthan and several others.

The literary proceedings of the function were presided over by Mrs. Dupan. In her opening speech she congratulated Mrs. Krishnan on the honour which had been conferred upon her husband by the Government on the occasion of His Majesty's birthday. Mrs. Barlow then read an informing paper on the Life of Queen Alexandra. She mentioned among other things the intense love which the queen always had to the sick and suffering. A translation of this was read by Mrs. C. Raman Menon, one of the prominent members of the association.

After this, refreshments were served which

consisted of cake, confectionary, fruits, etc., got down from Madras and Ooty besides locally made sweets and aerated waters.

The second part of the programme began with duet on the piano by Miss H. Stevenage and Miss Krishnan which was received with loud applause. This was followed by a sweet solo by Miss Monticlone and another by Mrs. G. Peter. Then came a recitation in English by Miss Krishnan, after which Mrs. A. P. Krishnan played a fine tune on the accordion.

Then Miss Parameswara Iyer and Miss Krishnan played two very fine tunes on the Harmonium. A special feature of the meeting was a Bioscope Exhibition. At intervals the Pathophone grinded away some very exquisite music.

THE LADIES' MEETING IN POONA.—Mrs. Ranade's house was the scene of a very interesting function on Saturday, the 23rd instant, where a large number of ladies, Hindu, Mahomedan, Parsi and European met, under the auspices of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club and the Poona Branch of the Seva Sadan, to bid farewell to Lady Muir-Mackenzie whose approaching departure from India has caused a feeling of deep regret among a large circle of friends and admirers. Mrs. Ranade, Mrs. Lonse, Mrs. Hirabai Pudamjee, Mrs. Khambatta, Mrs. Jehangir, Mrs. Ghasvala, Mrs. Mody, Mrs. Dastur, Mrs. Chinoy, the Begum of Cambay and her daughters, the Begum of Wai, Mrs. Metha, Mrs. Nalini Metha, Mrs. Motivala, Mrs. Taisabeh Vinchurkar, Mrs. Kashibai Kanitkar and over 200 other ladies were present. Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. Alderson, Mrs. Samarth, and Mrs. Matharabai Kelkar had sent letters of regret for inability to attend.

Mrs. Ranade opened the proceedings with a short speech and gave expression to the sense of deep regret that prevailed among them all and to the sense of personal loss which she herself felt. Mrs. Ramabai Apte followed, in Marathi, Mrs. Sitabai Bhandarkar read the address in English, which was presented to Lady Muir-Mackenzie in a lace-bag and Mrs. Gavaskar read a translation of the same in Marathi. Lady Muir-Mackenzie then briefly replied and read an interesting paper prepared for the occasion. She concluded by paying a tribute to Mrs. Ranade's work for the benefit of her sisters and thanked the audience for all the kind and loving words that were said about herself.

Mrs. Annapurnabai Apte spoke a few words about the Aid Class. Lady Muir-Mackenzie then presented the certificates to the successful pupils in the Class and declared that the Nursing Class would open in the beginning of August. The Begum of Cambay, Mrs. Hirabai

Pudamjee, Miss S. Sorabjee, Mrs. Nalini Metha and Miss Anandibai Pange delivered short speeches suited to the occasion. Mrs. Kashibai Kanitkar proposed a vote of thanks to Lady Muir-Mackenzie and Mrs. Satputre seconded. Gramophone and music entertained the audience while flowers, attar and pansupari were being distributed. Finally, light refreshments terminated the proceedings.

THE BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF A BENGALI LADY.—It has given us very great satisfaction to find that a Bengali lady named Sreemati Basanti has creditably passed the Intermediate examination for Sanskrit title in Vedanta. Verily, as one of our correspondents has said, the blessed days of Gargi and Maitreyi would seem to be returning to this fallen land. What adds to the value of the achievement of this lady, who has abundantly vindicated the capabilities of her sex, is that she has successfully passed the examination in a subject which is generally recognised as a very hard nut to crack, considering the subtle points with which it has to deal and has been placed in the first division. Our ladies have already proved their metal by coming off with flying colours in the University examinations, and there are Bengali ladies who have passed the highest examinations in English, Philosophy and Science, and passed with honours the difficult test in Sanskrit or Mathematics. But this is the first time, we believe, that a Bengali lady has shown her mastery on one of the most abstruse subjects in the world, and shown conclusively that her genuine can withstand the rigours of even the Sanskrit Title Examination. It is indeed a happy revelation to us that our ladies are as much up to the severe demands of University examinations as to those for the acquisition of Sanskrit title. The lady in question hails from the Jagatpur, Assam, tal of Chittagong, and we remember to have heard of other ladies going through their courses or passing public examinations in different subjects from the same tal. The credit for the vindication that our ladies are not behind their male brethren, so far as the grasp of Sanskrit philosophy is concerned, belongs in a pre-eminent measure to the Adhyapak of Sreemati Basanti, named Pundit Kunja Behari Tarkarada. We heartily endorse the suggestion of our correspondent that the lady-graduates of the University owe to themselves to send an address of congratulation to the Pundit for the success of his lady-pupil, which is, indeed, a matter of congratulation for the whole community, and specially for ladies, and that a small purse be presented to him in recognition of his achievement in showing the world that

our ladies of the present degenerate days, if properly trained, may well approximate to the high pedestal of their predecessors of blessed memory in ancient times. Those who maintain that high education is not for ladies should ponder over the lesson of the brilliant success of Sreemati Basanti in one of the stiffest examinations in a subject which is known even to baffle the intellect of man. We hope that her example will inspire her sisters to go and do likewise, and thereby cover their sex with glory.—*Indian Mirror*.

Canadian women are employed in practically every form of activity in which it is possible for a woman to engage. They are book-keepers, stenographers, confidential clerks, bankers, dentists, doctors, teachers, lawyers, florists, caterers, musicians, artists, journalists, boarding-house keepers, and settlement workers. The Canadian young woman has made a success of business life. She has no intention of allowing herself to be 'put upon.' Work is plentiful, and she adapts herself with remarkable ease to any change in her circumstances. Generally speaking, she is as active in the work of helping others as she is on her own account. In a large office building in Toronto, in which 140 young women are employed as clerks and stenographers one of the staff, a girl not long out from England, fell ill with tuberculosis. Her companions, upon their own initiative and practically unaided, sent her to a sanatorium. Treatment having been undertaken too late, and the girl longing to return to England, these young Canadians secured a subscription from their employers, arranged for the sick girl's passage, for some one to travel with her, and for every other necessary detail of the complicated undertaking. Altogether these business girls gave \$400 for the relief of their friend, an amount sufficiently large to have cost some of them a sacrifice.

Miss ALICE SARGENT, daughter of Professor Charles S. Sargent of Brookline, is planning to sail her own sloop again this season in the races for the Taft cup. Miss Sargent delights in heavy weather, and is as daring as any man of the Massachusetts bay fleet. Past year she won a prize in the Manchester Regatta.

EVERY child in the public schools of Chicago is to be taught to swim, instruction being given on the shores of Lake Michigan. Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent, is the originator of the movement.

Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE is at her summer home in Newport, R. I.

AN INDIAN CURE FOR EAR-ACHE.—"Take a piece of lean mutton, about the size of a large walnut, put it into the fire and burn it for some time till it becomes reduced almost to a cinder; then put it into a piece of clean rag and squeeze it until some moisture is expressed, which must be dropped into the ear as hot as the patient can bear it. This has been tried in a family at Madras, in more than one instance, and gave immediate relief, after laudanum and other medicines had been ineffectually applied."—P. R. Venkatesalu Naidu.

MISS ALICE STONE BLACKWELL left Boston this week for her cottage at Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard.

Mrs. O. H. P. BELMONT sailed for England June 29. She plans to study the administrative methods of the three largest Suffrage Associations.

MISS ELIZABETH MORRISON of Providence won the Chace prize for the best essay on woman suffrage at the Commencement of Brown University last week.

Mrs. TAFT, wife of the President, was a school teacher for three years in the early '80's. As Miss Herron, she had charge of the primary department of a school at Walnut Hills, a suburb of Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. KATE BIGGERS has been nominated by the Oklahoma Republicans for chairman of the State Board of Charities and Correction. Mrs. Biggers is the much-beloved president of the Oklahoma Equal Suffrage Association.

Mrs. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in the Woman's Home Companion for July comes out for woman suffrage. Mrs. Sangster has always been an "Anti," but she is now converted, and she gives her reasons for her change of belief.

MISS GRACE C. STRACHAN, the leader of the women teachers of New York in their struggle for better salaries, has written a book on "Equal Pay." It was in such demand among the teachers that the publishers could not fill all the orders before school closed.

MISS BERNICE GRADY, aged 18, a member of the senior class of the high school at Brockton, Mass., has been appointed on the clerical staff of the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington. She will be the youngest employee of the department. The position carries with it a salary of \$900 the first year and an additional salary according to merit.

MRS. MARTHA GENERALS, an aged Afro-American woman of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has been granted a bronze medal and a pension of \$20 a month by the Carnegie Hero Commission for her bravery in saving the life of little John Walkes. The boy took hold of a broken wire on the street, which was heavily charged with electricity, and he was being badly burned. Mrs. Generals rescued him. In doing so she was severely shocked herself.

MISS HELEN MILLER GOULD has received a specially designed loving cup of solid silver on her birthday. It was the gift of the members of the railroad branch of the Y. M. C. A. in twenty-five cities, located along the Gould system in the south-west. The cup represents an appreciation of Miss Gould's untiring efforts to get better living conditions for the men on the Gould lines, and is the result of voluntary contributions.

MRS. SARAH POSNER deserves a Carnegie medal. When a fire broke out the other day at

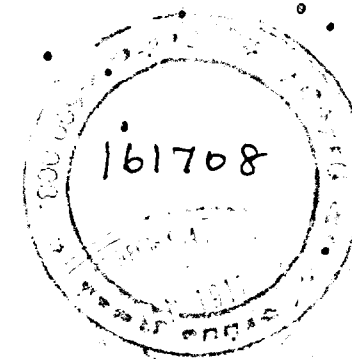
41 Billerica Street, Boston, just across the street from her, she laid a narrow plank across from her window to the window of the opposite flat, walked over it, 30 feet from the ground, and carried back over the same frail bridge first her neighbor, Mrs. Rosenberg, who had just been confined, and then Mrs. Rosenberg's newborn baby. When they were in safety, but not before, Mrs. Posner collapsed.

MISS ELIZABETH J. TRACY, a teacher in Public School No. 83, in New York City, has been suspended, the charge on the minutes of the board of education reading thus: "Suspended for neglect of duty." This drastic act was decided upon when Miss Tracy no longer put in an appearance in the schoolroom to teach her classes. Of course some punishment was due to a teacher who thus failed in her duties. Miss Tracy was absent from her schoolroom, and this was enough. But the teacher really could not help being absent. She died. The fact did not enter into the consideration of the school managers, and she was suspended.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

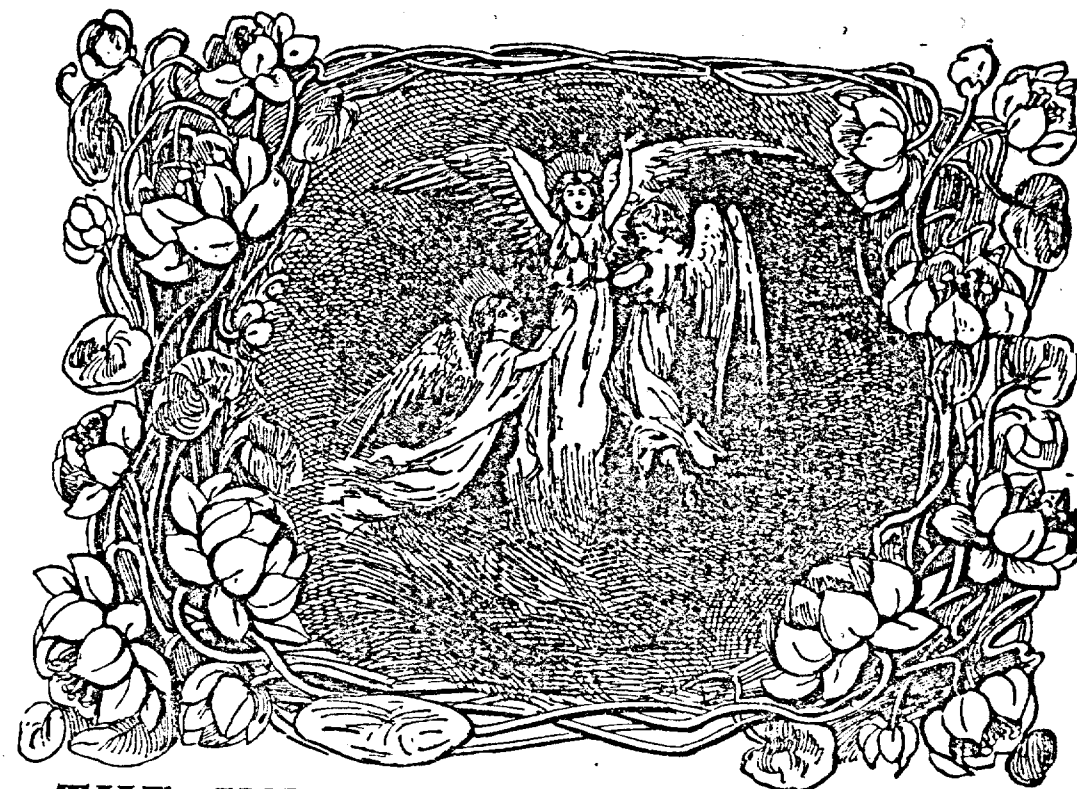
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MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE
(See page 116)



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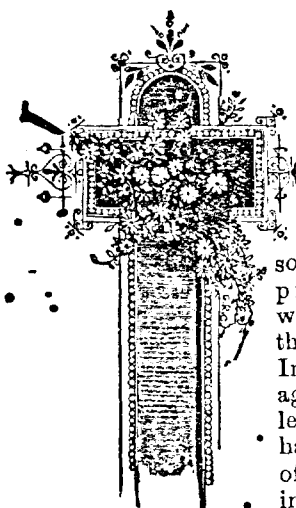
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DECAY

"I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them in the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lips and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that marked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear;
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look in my works, ye mighty, and despair'!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

SHELLEY.

Some Incidents in the Life of our Gracious Queen Mary



THE recent death of our beloved King Edward VII has directed our thoughts and conversations to a great extent to the Royal family, and it would be appropriate at this time to know something about our present Queen Mary, whom many of us had the pleasure of seeing in India about four years ago, and a few of the leading Indian ladies had the rare privilege of meeting and conversing with.

There are many lessons which we can learn from her noble life, and with this object in view I have ventured to give a brief sketch of her life and I trust that the readers of this article will try to imitate her example and make their respective homes bright and happy.

Queen Mary was born at Kensington Palace on the 27th May 1867. It is a happy coincidence that she had the same birthplace and the same birth month as that of our late Queen Victoria the Good. She was christened in the same palace with the names Victoria Mary. She was the only girl of her family, and had for her playmates her brothers Princes Adolphus, Francis, and Alexander. Queen Mary was the first English lady to hold the title of Princess of Wales after an interval of more than five hundred years, a fact which is not commonly known and realized.

Joanna, the fair maid of Kent, an English lady by birth, was the last Princess of Wales, but having become a widow at an early age she accompanied the Black Prince to the Duchy of Aquitaine and was little seen in the English Courts afterwards. From that time all the Princesses of Wales have been foreign Princesses.

The mother of our Queen was the Duchess of Teck. She remained unmarried for a long time, as she seemed unwilling to marry any foreign Prince. She even refused the hand of Napoleon III. She used to say "I would sooner live and die a Princess of Great Britain than have any other title in the world." Finally she married the Duke of Teck, a descendant from one of the oldest noble families of Wurtemberg.

This happy union did not result in our Queen leaving England. The Duchess of Teck was a very popular lady and was known among her people as "Our Mary."

Queen Mary was brought up by her kind and learned mother in a thorough English manner, and while young was instructed to pay particular attention to the duties she owed both to her country and also to her people. The mother of our Queen may be said to be one of the most generous hearted of ladies. She not only took active interest during her residence at Kensington Palace in the work of the Parish, but also taught her little daughter to do deeds of kindness and to attend to the wants of the poor. Our Queen always evinced great sympathy towards the poor, realizing as she did the unfair conditions which press upon the great mass of her people. One day the Duchess is said to have ordered a dinner to be taken by her children to a poor family near the Palace, and imbued a new spirit in them by saying, "Now my children, I am going to send you to the house of these poor people, for I want you to realize what it means to have no food and the joy of getting a meal." This object taught by the kind mother to her children during their childhood has never been forgotten by our Queen. It may be truly said that our Queen was reared in an atmosphere of philanthropy. She was taught to help her mother in all that she did for the poor, and to occupy her spare time usefully in making garments for the Needlework Guild, of which her mother was the President. She often accompanied her mother to hospitals and other like institutions.

The Queen's early home life was indeed a charming one. There was nothing that cheered our Queen so much when a girl, as her visit to her home, the White Lodge. She would always take her seat beside her mother when she was knitting, and would listen cheerfully to the family joys and sorrows spoken by her mother in a most homely manner. Her mother was well conversant with the then social and political questions, and was very anxious about the education and the development of character of her little daughter. Our Queen was not allowed by her mother to take too much part in public functions like the present day girls of similar position and rank, as her mother "well knew how to guard the impressionable years of her budding womanhood." She was rarely seen at a Court function. She found pleasure in her quiet home life and spent most of her time in reading and music. She is said to have been very fond of history. She cared little for athletics, and had no liking for cycling, golf or any such games, though no doubt she often played tennis with her brothers.

Three Pictures from a Life

I



IT was a brilliantly lighted hall. The occasion was a meeting to which the elite of the society had gathered to hear distinguished speakers. The room was getting well filled, the hum of voices was getting louder and the glittering of ladies' jewels, the sheen of

their silks and satins, and the varied colours of their bright costumes made it a magnificent scene. All at once the murmur subsided, the eyes of the audience turned towards the door and were thrilled to admiration at a lovely vision—lovelier than a poet's dream. For, through the doorway was entering a young girl, leaning on the arm of an elderly lady, apparently her mother and slowly advancing into the room. She paused here and there, and nodded, her lips parted in a pleasant smile, showing the pearly teeth behind. Her sparkling eyes danced merrily at the rapturous gaze of all beholders. As she took her seat, all eyes were rivetted on her face, and well they might be, for seldom such perfect grace and beauty were combined in a human face and form. She was simply clad in light pink, unadorned with jewels. Her arms were bare, showing the soft skin so white and clear. Her flowing hair was tied with a ribbon, so black and wavy. Her large eyes with their long lashes and liquid depth were so sparkling and expressive—now beseeching, now imperious, now shy; eyes that no one could see once without longing to look at again. Her tender and spiritual mouth was so sweet and inviting. Such was Nalini Sen at fourteen years of age, sometimes fondly called Nellie.

Three years passed by, three uneventful years. Nellie was seventeen now and her beauty in no way belied the promise of her youth. But true beauty is beyond description, which however glowing, can never tell half the truth of a beautiful living thing. She was well-educated. Her father had died when she was very young and she was the only child of her widowed mother. They were poor and it was only through the



kindness of a well-to-do friend that they had been able to come to the seaside for a change. It was holiday time, the place was crowded, as all fashionable health resorts are, and the young girl was enjoying this change to her heart's content, having never been away from home before.

It was evening and the time of the full moon. But it was early, she had not risen yet. The waves were dancing merrily on the shore and Nellie with bare feet was dancing along with them. She was still a child at heart and in her ways. Her mother sat looking on and so did two gentlemen at a little distance unobserved. The breakers with their foamy crests broke at the girl's feet and she gaily toyed with them. The moon rose; the boundless, endless, dark, heaving mass of waters gleamed beneath its silvery rays; the breakers looked like piles of snow rushing madly, merrily to and fro; bearing along with them a light human form merrier, lovelier than even they. Beautiful was the moon-let sea, beautiful were foamy breakers, but far more beautiful was the fragile human form bathed in the liquid light of the moon and looking almost ethereal in its radiant beauty and and innocent joy. Dance on, thou child of light and beauty! for dark days are looming over-head, when the memory of this evening will be a green spot in an ariel desert.

Of the two gentlemen who were watching and enjoying this scene one was of middle height, stout, not bad looking, but there was something hard and repellant about his face. He was thirty-five and a rich landowner. "By Jove, what a lovely girl! Do you know who she is, Naren?"

His companion simply shook his head. He was too absorbed in thought to speak. Moreover, he was naturally reticent and was considered very undemonstrative. Judged by the ordinary standard of beauty, he could not be called handsome, but he was something more. He was noble looking, a man to command love and respect everywhere, and his height added to his dignity, and the pensive sadness of his face to his charm. He was twenty-five and a barrister.

* * * * *

The holiday month was coming to an end. Mother and daughter were seated alone, Nellie at her mother's feet. "Nellie, darling", said the elderly woman, "you must choose between these two men. You know they are both aspirants to your hand and Hari is importunate in pressing his suit."

"O mother, I am so young, I would rather wait till I am able to judge better."

"Which means you cannot rely on your mother's judgment. You do not feel that I would choose the very best for you."

"It is not that, dearest, but unfortunately in this case your choice does not please me, though on most things we agree."

"What fault can you find with Haripada? He is young, good-looking, of good family, rich, and, what is more, he worships the very ground you tread on."

"All that you say may be true, mother, but somehow or other my heart does not go out to him and I do not trust him as I trust the other."

"My child, I can not have you marry the other. I like him well enough, but I will not have my beautiful girl wedded to poverty, when she can have everything one's heart can desire and take her place among the proudest and best of the land."

"But, mother" said the girl softly, almost in a whisper, "supposing I like the other better than the one you have chosen for me?"

"My darling, in that case you will bring my grey hair in sorrow to the grave. I know what poverty means and I would fain spare you the bitter experience. As for liking Naren better, I am sure it is a child's fancy."

There was a long pause. Then the girl spoke:—

"Be it so, mother. Since you have lived your whole life for me, it is but right that I should do your bidding. Only I make one stipulation, and that is your home must always be with me."

"Certainly, my precious child. Do you think I could live without you or that he would wish it? You do not know how good he is!"

So it was arranged. Both men, Haripada Ghose and Narendra Nath Mukirji, had courted the girl, had been most assiduous in their attention, and in the race between the rich and the poor it was the rich man who won.

It was the evening before the wedding. Nalini was alone, her mother being busy with wedding preparations. A gentleman came in. It was Naren. He had brought a small packet, which he put into her hand. Both were silent. The silence was growing too significant and oppressive. The girl broke it.

"This means you are not coming to-morrow?"

"It means I am leaving town on a professional call and may be away for a day or two."

Again there was silence. Again it was Nalini who spoke. "Are you angry with me?"

"How can you say it? There is no such word as anger in my vocabulary where you are concerned. But I might be tempted to say more if I stayed longer. So good-bye!"

One long look into her eyes and he was gone. He did not even take her hand, but he went away smiling. There are men who can smile even on their way to the scaffold.

II

A year has passed. The scene is changed. It is a beautifully furnished room. Nalini is seated on a rocking chair rocking an infant. Seated by her is a friend who has come to see her month-old baby. A carriage stopped at the gate. Nellie got up saying:

"You will excuse me for a few minutes, won't you?"

"Certainly. But where are you off to and in such a hurry?"

"My husband has come home and I must attend to him."

Good heavens! Can't the man attend to himself? She looks so delicate, scarcely able to stand! "was the mental comment of the friend. And when Nellie had passed backwards and forwards several times with her face flushed, carrying even the slippers of the man, she could not contain herself any longer. "Why, Nellie, what makes you worry yourself over these trifles? You have plenty of servants. Surely they can save you the trouble of running back and forth on such errands as these?"

Nellie smiled as she answered "Yes, but Mr. Ghose likes me to do these things for him."

"Likes?" thought the friend, "say poor child, he insists on your doing them. No good husband would like to have his delicate, fragile wife do these menial services for him." But she was wiser than to give vent to these thoughts in words, so she simply said:

"Where is your mother? I thought she lived with you."

"Our fashionable ways did not suit my mother who is getting old, you see, so she has taken a house and comes to see me as often as she can."

The friend departed.

Six months rolled by.

It was a stormy evening. The wind was howling outside and though there was not much rain, it was continually drizzling. Nellie was seated at a small table on the first floor making a baby's frock. She let fall the work and sighed. Suddenly the door softly opened: A gentleman came in. It was Naren, who had been an occasional visitor in Mr. Ghose's house during the past eighteen months. Being friends and living in the same town, it would not have looked well to have avoided them altogether. Besides, he could not help seeing that the marriage had turned out anything but happy, and his heart yearned for the girl he had, and still, loved so well. Lately a coldness had sprung up between the friends and he had not visited in the house for some time. On seeing him, Nellie's face flushed. She extended her

hand but seemed to feel embarrassed. It was the man who spoke,

"Are you alone to-night?"

"I am always alone in the evening except when I go out, which is not very often."

"Your hand felt warm. You are not looking like yourself. Are you ill?"

"Not ill, but sad and frightened."

"Frightened? Of what?"

"Of my husband and his ways."

The man was silent.

Nellie continued:—

"After to-night I must not see you again. But I am glad you have come, though it may not be right of me to tell you what I am going to tell. Yet I cannot help it. I am so miserable! And unless I unburden myself, I think I shall die. My life has been one long misery since my marriage, and now that he has taken to drinking heavily it is positive hell. He was addicted to the vice before his marriage, but kept it well concealed from us, and lately he has begun drinking heavily. He cannot bear to hear your name, he is so unreasonably jealous, though God knows I have given him no occasion for it. He is so cold and cruel, so abusive, and is sometimes violent. See how he clutched my wrist last night and bent my bracelet into it."

"Don't! For God's sake, do not tell me any more," and the man's voice was hoarse with emotion.

"Just a little more and then we shall part for ever. My poor mother could not bear to see me so badly treated and once or twice spoke up for me, at which he insulted her, so, that she had to leave the house. Still I managed to see her occasionally, but now he has forbidden her the house altogether, and I am so lonely and so frightened of him!"

The strong man's face was working convulsively and it was evident that he was exercising great restraint upon himself. But he broke down at last and kneeling at her feet took her hand tenderly in his own and kissed the bruised and wounded wrist and said with almost a wail—"O my darling! My darling! Why did you bring this upon yourself?"

"Hush! It was for dear mother's sake. But I will not speak of it. Her punishment is so great it will shorten her life by years. I am afraid to look forward to the future. There seems nothing worth living for. I had meant to be great and do great things, but he has destroyed all my ideals and killed the best in me—Hark! was not that the opening of the gate? My God! It is he. He is coming and were he to see me here alone with you, he would kill me."

"Courage," whispered Naren and neared the window. Standing hidden behind the curtain, he waited for the man to enter his house and then letting himself down the window with the agility of a boy, with one bound he cleared the courtyard.

III

Once again a brilliantly lighted hall. Fifteen years have passed since the events described in the last chapter. On this occasion men and women had gathered to welcome a fellow country-man who had greatly distinguished himself and from the bar had been promoted to the bench. He was late in arriving and the subject of talk everywhere round the room. Men were loud in praise of the Honourable Mr. Justice Narendra Nath Tumkirji, who by his unremitting toil, unflinching courage and whole-hearted devotion to duty had risen so high. Women were eloquent over his noble appearance, his long absence from the country, his gentleness of disposition, his good character. He was still unmarried and therein lay his charm in the eyes of women, who had woven a romance round him. "Over forty, so gifted and yet not married," was whispered from mouth to mouth.

In a retired part of the room sat a woman attired in widow's garb, beside a European Missionary lady. She was quietly listening to everything and there was an expectant look on her face. It was sad to see the pensive droop of the mouth and the rings under her large eyes. Suddenly the tender mouth trembled and the eyes shone with unusual brilliancy. The guest of the evening had arrived and no sooner had the fact become known than the crowd closed round him and he disappeared from view. With some difficulty he extricated himself from his friends and admirers, and then his glance wandered in search of something. He evidently found the object of his search, for he smiled with satisfaction. He quietly threaded his way through the assembly and arrived where the young widow was seated and who alone had not risen to greet him. He took her hand and held it for a minute.

"Won't you introduce me to your friend?"

"Mr. Justice Tumkirji . . . Miss Maxey."

"Miss Maxey, I hear Mrs. Ghose is working with you. We are old friends, though we have not met for years. I should like to call on her to-morrow. At what time may I do so?"

"Mrs. Ghose is always free after four. Let her choose her own time."

He turned towards Nellie and gently asked what hour she would prefer.

"Six o'clock" was the quiet answer.

"We shall say six, then," and pressing her hand he once more freely mingled in the company.

Long before the hour of appointment, Nellie

was impatiently pacing the floor: full ten minutes before six the visitor arrived. They were alone.

"Since when have you been here?"

"Ever since I became a widow, a little over six months now."

"Was it necessary to take this step?"

"I do not know what others would say, but to me it seemed necessary. The bulk of the property went to his nephew, since I was childless, my one baby having died in infancy. A monthly allowance sufficient to cover my needs was left to me, but I preferred earning my own living to accepting."

"And your mother?"

Here she lifted her mournful eyes to his face and said—"Do you not know? It is nearly five years since she died."

A pause. The room darkened. The man rose, but bent over her and softly whispered, "Nalini!"

"Naren!"

His arms closed round her, his breath came quick and fast, his voice broke as he whispered, "O my darling! My one, my only love."

It was a lovely morning. All the servants were assembled on the steps of a palatial building dressed in their very best and were on the tiptoe of expectation, for the master was bringing home his bride. Miss Maxey was there, too, supervising everything and looking very happy. Suddenly the cry rang—"They are coming—they are coming."

The carriage drove up the avenue of trees and as he helped his wife down, he tenderly whispered in her ear "Welcome home, my bonnie bride!" And bonny indeed she looked with the new happiness that had come into her life and illumined her whole face. A beautiful woman is never so beautiful as when a great joy born of love comes into her life, for then her soul beams through her eyes. Hand in hand they went through the rooms, flooded with sunlight and sweet with spring flowers, speaking kindly to every one and thoroughly enjoying and appreciating all that love and kindness of friends had done.

Evening set in. At last they were alone. She was looking up at the skies. The moonlight was on her face. He was watching its perfect outline, its changing expression and thinking of that evening by the sea-shore when he had first seen her. That was a never-to-be forgotten picture.

Suddenly she turned round and asked, "What are you thinking of?"

He lifted her face up and as he tenderly kissed her, he softly said, "Of you, my one and only love!"

Her eye grew moist, she wound her arms round his neck and drew his face down to press the kiss closer. N. B. S.

Learning by Doing at The Japanese Women's University



IF you wish to see the flower of Japanese girlhood, take a little journey to the Japanese Women's University in the Mejiro district of the Mikado's prosperous capital. There, in the only women's university in the entire Orient, they are fashioning the destinies of present and

future generations.

The first impression of the place remains with you. As you enter the main gate, at the right and left stand neat, red brick buildings. The Japanese is afraid of the earthquake and does not believe in erecting sky-scrapers. He does not allow his buildings to tower. Instead he spreads them over a large area. The University buildings, therefore, are neither large nor tall: they are dotted all over the grounds.

The drives, sidewalks, pathways, pavements and alleys are all solidly built and neatly kept. The dwarf, slender plants and shrubbery alongside the roads and walks are pruned in the characteristic Japanese style. Cherry Blossom Avenue conspicuously attracts attention. You enjoy the fragrance wafted from across the fields. The young rice charms your gaze. Green and golden tracts of beans in cultivation delight your eyes. Merry laughter and sweet music, melodies from the playground, classroom, conservatory, and gymnasium float to you on the wings of the summer breeze.

As you advance the scene becomes even more impressive. You see the shy slim Japanese maidens, diminutive in stature, tidy in attire, sweet, smiling, and unobtrusively gay. The types of their beauty, the quaint modes of dressing their hair, and the styles of their garments, are as many as the girls in number. A few appear in native Japanese costume. Their dress consists of a single outer garment, the kimono. The brownish-black hair is prettily arranged in curls, "teapots," bows and arrows, in myriad lovely though perhaps somewhat fantastic shapes. The girls do not spoil the beautiful effects by wearing bonnet or head-dress of any description but add to their charms by adorning their hair with knots of gay, bright-coloured ribbons.

Besides these girls in native dress there is

another class, robed in hybrid fashion. The upper part of their costume is distinctively Oriental. It is a sort of kimono with wide sleeves. The lower part is the Japanese modification of the Occidental skirt, called the *hakama*. This is the dress that distinguishes the feminine literati of Japan. Clothed in this semi-European, semi-Oriental costume, you find these alert, sprightly young women promenading the parks, playgrounds, and gardens, gathered in clusters around the temples, shrines, and pagodas, abroad on the streets and electric cars and railroad trains, or employed in serious business, poring over books in banks, offices, schools, and colleges. In this quaintly interesting attire affected by the student, journalist, and clerk, you find the majority of the University pupils.

Still another section of the students is attired in the present-day European style. If it were not for the characteristic, slanting eyes, and olive skin, the girls would not look different from those of school age in Europe or America. In their tight-fitting, well-tailored, dainty Western garb they look attractive. Whether in the native or what they call "foreign" or "semi-foreign" style of dress, they are charming. They manage to harmonize such a variety of bright, live colours with their different styles of beauty that the general effect is fascinatingly picturesque.

The whole place appears swarming with life, animation, and bustle. Every room in the building, every nook and corner of the grounds, seems alive with these active, cheerful, buoyant women-folk. Your first and last impression of the University is that it is a busy place—a place where they do things. There is nothing of the staid, Nirvanic quietude which is generally regarded an essential characteristic of Oriental institutions. Life at the Japanese Women's University is full of infinite variety and intense vitality. The countenances of the girls are genial, bright, and wreathed in smiles. There is a merry twinkle in their eyes. Their exuberant playfulness, their buoyant spirits, their innocent pranks, all lend a piquant beauty and fascination to the place.

The Japanese Women's University belongs to the category of sane educational institutions. It endeavours to develop the faculties and powers of the students by training them how to do things. It aims to teach the young women such things as they will need to put into practice in their later life. The situation of the institution is ideal. It is far removed from the reach of the disturbing elements of the city, away from smoke, din, and turmoil, the nearest car line being four miles distant. The resident students live in the pure, fresh air, amidst lovely

surroundings, and the day scholars are taken out of the dense, foggy atmosphere of the city into the soothing quiet of the country.

The University farm consists of several hundred acres. This gives the authorities room for spacious vegetable, fruit, and flower gardens. Each student has a patch of ground allotted to her and is entrusted with the care of a limited number of plants in the conservatory. In Japan, to arrange flowers in attractive bouquets is deemed an essential accomplishment for a woman. The education of a girl is not considered complete until she has acquired proficiency in this art. The cultivation of the æsthetic nature of the pupils receives a great deal of attention. Every effort is made to create, develop, and direct a taste for the beautiful, the artistic, and the harmonious. I was shown a few drawings, paintings and sketches, the work of the students, and I have never seen better amateur work.

In their eagerness for æsthetic culture the practical side of education has not been permitted to suffer. I was admiring what had been done in the line of beauty culture when President Naruse earnestly remarked: "We want our graduates to be responsible and sensible mothers, wives, sisters, and friends. We wish to impress upon their youthful minds that the primary object of all true education is to benefit one's self by serving society." Here the President entered into a discussion of Japanese ideals as imparted at the University; these, he maintained, have contributed largely to the success Japan has achieved in late years. He remarked that instead of the individual, the family is the unit of Japanese society. He said that Japanese people live a sort of group life, and that the whole nation is a kind of group trust. That was the reason, he said, that the people of Dai Nippon were eager to give up their all when the interests of their family or nation, which merely meant an extension of their family in the group trust, required a sacrifice. With the Japanese educator, inculcating the principles of patriotism is of supreme moment. "What good to be educated," he questions, "if it does not fit and inspire one to serve the nation?" Everything else is to him of less importance than the teaching of patriotism—of charging the young mind with a strong desire to serve the nation. Not a book is written, not a poem composed, not a song sung, not a ceremony performed, not a lesson taught, which does not have this end in view.

The Japanese people, despite their Orientalism do not live in the traditions of the past. They dearly cherish the memory of days gone by; they are proud of what their forefathers did; they esteem and honour the past; but they are

equally proud of their present. They take a lively interest in the affairs of to-day. They are living, working, and shaping their destinies in such a way that to-morrow, when it dawns, will find them equal to its tasks.

Thus it is that the Japanese Women's University is an intensely practical institution. While there are classes in English and Japanese Literature, Pedagogy, Music, Art, Physics, Chemistry, and other sciences, the students are taught to raise, feed, and take care of the horses, cattle and poultry which the institution owns. It is President Naruse's intention to teach every art and science in the University which the pupils may have to employ in their work-a-day lives. The University insists upon the students learning to launder their clothes by the most modern methods. The model laundry turns out first-class work. The institution has its own herd of dairy cows, milked by the students. The dairy products are all handled and sold by the girls, who are instructed in the use of the latest Western devices for sterilizing the milk and bottles.

The restaurant conducted by the students offers delicious and healthful food to the scholars at cost prices. Most of the day pupils bring their luncheon from home in dainty boxes; but the patronage of the restaurant does not seem to be affected. Culinary instruction receives a great deal of attention. A large, well-aired, neatly-kept modern kitchen, supplied with a complete twentieth-century equipment, is provided. Every girl has a gas stove of her own and a full assortment of utensils. The supervision of the culinary department is entrusted to a staff of experienced instructors who teach both Oriental and European methods of cooking in a practical and efficient manner.

I lunched twice at the University. Both times I was feasted although they did not know I was coming. The pleasant recollections of the dishes I ate there and the graceful manner in which they were served will cling to me through life. I was shown the quaint Japanese tea ceremony. It was an exhibition of the orthodox manner in which tea ought to be prepared, served, and received. In the Orient, where grace and not "hustle" is the ideal, it is considered that the teaching of etiquette and gentle manners can never receive much attention.

The dormitory attached to the University is organized on both the Japanese and European plans. In the Japanese section the boarders sleep on soft, downy mats spread on the floor. In the European section they have neat folding beds which serve as cots at night and writing tables in the day time. The dormitories are kept scrupulously clean; not a speck of dust is to be seen around the buildings.

One of President Naruse's "queer notions" is to have a small bank on the premises. This is intended to inculcate in the pupils habits of economy and at the same time instruct them in banking methods. Similarly, the dry-goods store in the University grounds enables the students to qualify themselves to become expert sales-women and book keepers. The bi-lingual *Ladies' Home Journal* issued by the University, written, managed, set up, and printed on the premises by the students under the direction of their instructors, is another leading feature.

In oriental countries physical culture is gaining votaries day by day. A thoroughly ventilated and well-equipped gymnasium is attached to the institution. The students drill to the music of the piano, organ, and violin. The authorities have designed special drill exercises and the girls take a great deal of pleasure in going through the graceful motions. Indian clubs, fans, bamboo hoops, halberds, wands, bars, bells, and swings are employed in the exercises. The music of the gymnasium songs is inspiring. I was given an exhibition of Japanese fencing. With wonderful agility and skill slim and supple Japanese girls took part in the performance. While witnessing the fencing I mused that woe would betide the man who might dare to take liberties with a girl who can handle weapons with such dexterity and alertness.

Nearly two thousand pupils attend the University, and it employs over one hundred teachers, lecturers, professors, clerks, librarians, and dormitory matrons. A number of the Faculty received their education either in America or Europe, and there are several English and American teachers and professors connected with the institution. The ratio of men and women teachers is two to one.

The fees for admission and tuition are very small but the affairs of the school are managed so efficiently and economically that the income from these fees pays nearly all the expenses without any gratuity or subsidy from the Government. In a country like Japan where almost every institution of any note is subsidized by the Government it is refreshing to come across one which proposes to stand on its own feet, unsupported by governmental crutches. Sometimes a little deficit results which is made good, without any trouble, by voluntary donations. The Empress of Japan takes a lively interest in the institution. Only a short time ago Her Imperial Majesty donated a princely sum to the University from her private purse. The ministers and high Government officers, educational authorities, and leading Japanese men and women, notably Count Okuma, Marquis Ito, and Minister Kobuta, the present head of

education in Japan, support the institution with liberal personal subscriptions towards building and current expenses.

The best claim this University has for recognition is that it is endeavouring to bring about a complete and harmonious development of Japanese womanhood. The education of the head, hand, and heart is simultaneously and conscientiously carried on. The future mothers, wives, sisters, friends, and educators of Japan are being taught that all work is worthy and dignified. They are learning that a woman not only liveth as she thinketh, but also thinketh as she liveth; that education is the result of doing—not merely of learning to do.

The institution is still in its early infancy. It was founded in 1900 by Jinzo Naruse, who continues to be the presiding genius of the institution. It is but half finished, being still in the process of evolution. Considering the shortness of time and the limited facilities at the command of the authorities, colossal indeed has been its success. Five years and another half million dollars, according to the estimate of the board of trustees, will be required to provide all the courses which the well-wishers of the institution believe ought to be taught there.

Jinzo Naruse is one of the most clear-sighted educators of the world. He is not merely an imitator, but is eminently an original man. Born in the common walks of life, he has displayed marvellous tact, courage, perseverance, and insight. He is attracting to himself co-operation, men, and money. He is building up an educational institution which will live for generations as a monument to his genius, patience and hard work.

"A Thousand Times Better"

(Continued from our last issue)

CHAPTER VI

Watching the two women, after he took leave of Kailas, Krishna was able to find out the house where they lived. The next day, after sunset Krishna went to their house unobserved and knocked at the door. Subamma opened the door and received Krishna and gave him a seat. A short conversation ensued, after which Krishna was allowed to talk alone with Sundari. He cast down his eyes and stood motionless and tears began to flow down his cheeks. Sundari was so much puzzled by the strange behaviour of the young man, that she

stood aghast unable to know what to do. But after some time she regained courage and asked Krishna to account for his mystifying conduct. Krishna could not speak, overcome by feeling. But he was repeatedly urged to reveal to her whatever it was that made him act in such a manner.

"The cause of my strange conduct, oh, fair creature," said Krishna at last controlling his feelings with effort, "is nothing but the strange misgivings I have about you. I was born and brought up in a small village far far away. You were born I don't know where, and you are married I don't know to whom and yet what unhappy chance is it that has blown us together today!" Krishna was growing vehement, his pity for the girl was so much. Sundari's face 'went whiter than ever'; she stood with her eyes vacantly fixed on Krishna's face.

"You are beautiful, Sundari," Krishna went on, "as your name signifies. You seem to be—why, you are no doubt a damsel to keep, ever burning, the divine light of chastity in a Brahman's sacred household, but you have impiously extinguished that light and come, I don't know how, to this unholy abode. You are a garland to adorn the faithful bosom of a husband, and you are fallen into the hands of this diabolical woman ready to deliver you up to heartless men, who will handle you in the roughest and worst way imaginable. Alas! The smiling garland will fade away in a moment! In a word, my Sundari, you poor pretty pigeon, you will be undone—hopelessly undone."

Sundari's tears began to pour forth in a flood. Lowering his tone a little, Krishna said:—"I can't allow this, my dearest Sundari—or shall I call you my dearest sister? I cannot bear to see you ruined—I am fully determined to save you."

Sundari's weeping increased. This time it was with joy at the word 'save.' She fell down at his feet and broke into sobs. "Oh—brother—save—save me—I am—helpless."

"Helpless!" cried Krishna "why, where's your husband, you impious woman?"

Sundari again burst into an agony of grief. She could not answer Krishna. Her heart was almost breaking. But she only looked up at Krishna. Her eyes wore a look that was pitiable indeed.

Krishna remained silent for a few moments allowing time for her agony to cease. "Where is your husband, Sundari?" he said in a coaxing tone, "you must tell me everything."

"Oh! my husband, my dear lord" said she still weeping, "is no more. God save his soul."

"Where are your parents then?"

"I have 'nt them too. I have but a mother-in-law. I could not bear her tyranny. I grew desperate. One day I met Subbamma at the temple in my native village in Tanjore. We talked for some time. I allowed myself to be prevailed upon by her and came away with her. I was wrong. Now I am helpless! You are my brother. Oh! Do save me!"

Krishna was inwardly glad that his words had effect. "Don't weep, Sundari," he said after a brief pause "I am resolved to save you and God willing, I will succeed. But tell me how long it is since you came to this woman?"

"I'm not guilty of sin," said she, "though I must be punished for having thought of it. I have been here but ten days."

"But are you ready to obey me—to follow my instructions with faith?"

"Do you doubt it?" cried Sundari "to anything you say I will submit with willingness. You are God's messenger, come on purpose to rescue me from the clutches of Satan."

"Are you sure you will obey me?" asked Krishna again in order to assure himself of her obedience.

"I am sure—there is not an iota of doubt."

"Then, shall I propose what's best for you now? Will you accept it?"

"Propose anything. I shall accept whatever it is."

"Then," he said eyeing her fixedly, "then, I'm going to ask you to marry again."

Sundari's face displayed a change of feeling. She stood silent with eyes bent downwards.

"Yes, I know—" he said understanding her feeling, "I know you are a widow. Still you must marry. Remarriage to you is a thousand times better than the ignominious life you would have preferred, but for my intervention. A young mind is full of romance and love and it does require an object to receive that love. You can't live without a man to love you and lead you properly through the path of life. I will get you a suitable youth. You will marry him, yearningly love him and remain faithful to him. But until I get a person worthy of your hand, I shall support you. What do you say?"

"I have nothing to speak against," replied Sundari "You are my God, my parent, my brother, my everything."

"But, promise me," said Krishna, "Swear that you won't act foolishly any more at the woman's instigation; that you won't receive any man within this house."

"Have you no pity on me? Why should

you try me so much and torment me? Dear brother, believe me. I promise as you desire."

Krishna was satisfied with her words. "I shall see you occasionally and give you money when necessary. But now I must be gone." So saying he took leave of her and went away.

CHAPTER VII.

Krishna used to visit Sundari every week and give her money with which she met her own wants and kept the mistress of the house, Subbamma, from complaining against her. Krishna was a clerk in a weaving establishment on a salary of Rs. 30 per mensem. Out of this he saved Rs. 15 on Sundari's behalf.

Two months passed in this way. One evening Krishna, when returning from his work, saw a new board hung up in one of the streets. He stopped and read "Regunath and Company, Rangoon Rice and Brassware Merchants." This was a new firm and Krishna wishing to know the terms entered it.

Beside a table Regunath was sitting, managing and directing his assistants. When he saw Krishna, he rose and welcomed him and seated him on a chair. Regunath, as his concern was a new one and as he had comparatively little experience in Madras, wanted to know the names of leading men and merchants of the place. Krishna had a prepossessing appearance and amiable qualities. His conversation was intelligent and agreeable and Regunath felt an inward impulse to make friends with him. Krishna had a fair knowledge as to who the prominent personages were, though he had no acquaintance with them. Consequently he was of some real help to Regunath. Regunath furnished Krishna with the quotations and sent him away with the request to visit him and his occasionally.

I shall now tell you briefly the history of Regunath, after we saw him leaving the hospital in Burmah. Subsequent to his recovery from illness, he got employed as a clerk in the Revenue Department on a salary of fifty rupees a month. Out of this amount he managed to lay by a sum of twenty rupees. But he was cut out for commerce and would not rest idle with his savings. He saw that brassware articles would command a sale in Burmah and ordered to India for a consignment of articles and sold them to advantage. In a few months he obtained enough for a capital and he resigned his post and solely engaged himself in trading on an extended scale. The result was that he, in three years, got very rich, like most successful traders, and found himself to have fully retrieved

his former position. He left Burmah and went to Madras and started the firm.

There Krishna visited him often and a strong friendship grew up between them. In spite of his prosperity in trade, Regunath was always unhappy. The thought of his Leela always troubled him. After his revival from disease, he sent from Burmah a number of letters to Leela to Cherukunnam. But she was not there. Nobody knew where she was gone after the death of her child and none was able to supply him with any information regarding her. So from that time he had been actually struggling between hope and despair. It was simply tantalizing not to know any one of the two possibilities, that she was alive or that she was dead. He would sometimes sit mooning like an idiot, his anxiety for his Leela and his child preying upon his mind. The only comfort he found was in the company of Krishna, the pleasure of which he used to get every now and then. Whenever he saw Krishna, he forgot his sorrow. The two would begin conversation on various topics, such as politics and Social Reform and Religion and Ethics, and would pass, in that way, a happy hour or two.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Are you married, Regunath?" demanded Krishna one day as they happened to talk of Social Reform.

A change passed over Regunath's face. He heaved a sigh and said:—"My dear Krishna, I was. But I can't say I am."

"Why, is your wife dead then?"

"I should think so. But I don't know. I'm not certain."

Krishna showed some surprise at these words of uncertain meaning. "That's curious" said he, "you do not know whether your wife is living or dead!"

"Really" said Regunath, "really I do not know. It's more than three years since I saw her lovely face." Regunath then proceeded to relate the whole of his history to his friend.

"If it is three years since you parted from her" said Krishna, "and if you have heard nothing from her or about her ever since, why, then, we must conclude that she is not living anywhere on this earth."

"Oh! that cannot be!" cried the other; "She cannot be dead." "But," he added sorrowfully, "How can I know? Who will tell me?"

"You left her at Cherukunnam?" Krishna enquired.

"Yes," replied Regunath.

"I have friends at Cherukunnam. I shall communicate with one of them and ascertain what has become of your wife and child. You will receive information in a few days. Meanwhile be comforted." Krishna soon directed his friend's attention from the subject and Regunath forgot his sorrow in the sweet volubility of Krishna.

At the end of a week when the two friends were together, the postman called and delivered to Regunath a letter. Regunath opened it and began to read. Presently his face grew dark and tears began to fall.

"What's the matter?" asked Krishna when he saw this.

Regunath gave the letter to Krishna with a sob. "My Leela is no more," he said in absolute wretchedness. "My child is gone. They have left me—left me for ever."

Krishna read the letter which was a short one. It ran as follows:—

Dear Sir,

Three years ago there lived in a small cottage here a young woman with her little female child. The child expired suddenly on account of an attack of fits. A few days after the mother also was found dead in the cottage. I don't know if they belonged to you, and if they did, I am only sorry for you and sincerely condole with you.

CHERUKUNNAM,	I remain,
Date.....	&c. &c. &c.
	RAMAKRISHNA.

"Your doubt now is cleared" said Krishna. "But don't be unhappy."

"What shall I do? What comfort have I?" said Regunath weeping bitterly. "How shall I live without my dearest Leela? She loved me so. She was so amiable and so dear to me."

"My dear Regunath," said Krishna, "Are you a child? Aren't you a man? Shouldn't you act like a man? The death of your wife and child is one of your many misfortunes, and you must brave it as you have done all the others."

"Oh! it's too hard for me. What shall I do?" cried Regunath weeping. Krishna persistently tried to alleviate the distress of Regunath, who gradually felt the influence of Krishna's words and allowed himself to be comforted by him.

CHAPTER IX.

A month ran out and Regunath forgot his sorrow or was at least able to look at it with equanimity.

"Don't you wish to marry, Regunath?" said

Krishna one day with a playfully mischievous look.

"Don't you talk of my marrying." Said Regunath.

"Why, you must marry again. You are quite young."

"No, I can't do it. I won't do it."

"Your reason?"

"My devotion to my Leela is such. No other woman can have a place in my heart."

"But tell me this. Do you think your Leela, if she were alive, would prevent you from doing good to the world?"

"No. Not at all. On the other hand she would encourage me to do as much as I can for others."

"Suppose you do some service to the world" said Krishna with an arch look, "Do you think you act against her will? Do you think her spirit will disapprove of your action?"

"No."

"Then do you really wish to do any good to your fellow men?"

"I do, provided I can."

"If by marrying" proceeded Krishna, "You can do a great good, you can set an example to the world, and can be of immense help to a poor forlorn pretty creature, then Regunath, should you not do it?"

Regunath gazed at Krishna with surprise. "This is really Socratic, Krishna," said Regunath, "I cannot see what you are driving at. Be plain, Krishna."

"Answer my question first" insisted Krishna, "Should you not marry under such circumstances?"

Regunath hesitated a little, but he could not answer in the negative. "Yes, I should" at last he said.

"Then be prepared to do it. Here is an opportunity for you to become great. If you marry, you do me a great service. You crown my efforts with success."

"That is enough to make me do it. My dearest friend, be sure that Regunath will do anything for your sake. But be plain."

"There is" Krishna said "a beautiful damsel here, who is now in trouble. And if you marry her or if I can get you to marry her, she is saved—completely saved."

Oh, that I can do—I am ready to do" ejaculated Regunath with joy.

"And if you do, you become famous as the boldest and most practical of social reformers."

"How is it?" demanded Regunath.

"Because, if you marry her, you marry a widow."

There was a change of expression on Regunath's face. It evinced some disapproval.

"But hear me fully," continued Krishna "and you will be satisfied. I saved that pretty creature from the clutches of a harlot, who would have sold her wholesale to Satan but for my appearance at the right moment. She was about to begin an unholy life. But I dissuaded her. I saved her and I am now supporting her with my earnings. She looks upon me as a brother and I consider her my sister. I have promised her a suitable husband and, if I can have you marry her, I can feel myself to have done my duty. She is so good, so innocent, so pliable and so beautiful that I do not for a moment doubt your happiness in your marriage with her. What do you say now?"

"Dear Krishna," said Regunath, "why should you ask my opinion? Do you think I will raise any objection? I am ready to do as you want me to. But I am only eager to see her."

"That's but just and reasonable" said Krishna. "Besides Sundari must also see you and be satisfied with her new lover."

"When shall we go there?"

"I shall take you to her, to-morrow."

CHAPTER X.

The next evening Regunath and Krishna paid a visit to Sundari. She was very pleased when she was intimated that Regunath was the man on whom to bestow her devoted love. The three passed there an hour of supreme delight in light-hearted conversation. Regunath felt satisfied that she was just what he expected. Now they came to matters of importance.

They began to talk of the date on which the wedding should take place and of the necessary arrangements to be made. Regunath felt capable of spending a large sum of money on the occasion and he resolved to do so. The marriage was arranged to take place soon, on an auspicious date at a house hired for the purpose. Regunath and Krishna resolved to invite almost all the leading men and social reformers of the city. They even resolved to have the ceremony performed by a priest in accordance with the rules of the Veda. The orthodox priesthood was covetous enough to allow Regunath to buy it off with substantial presents.

The day arrived. Many ladies and gentlemen arrived as guests and thronged the marriage pandal; and social reformers looked at Regunath with wondering eyes and not without an in-

ward feeling of shame that all their orations were nothing compared with the bold feat of Regunath. A learned Brahman acted as the high priest and presided over the ceremony. Many others were present, ready to offer their services for a tangible consideration.

Sundari appeared very beautiful and blooming in her rich wedding costume supplied by Regunath. She stood before the assembly bashful like a maiden to be married the first time. The ceremony of tying the sacred knot, *Thali*, was performed according to scriptures, amidst great pomp and chanting of religious texts by Brahmins.

There were four days' rejoicings to be gone through. There were entertainments by great professors of Hindu music. And lovely dancing girls danced before the party like celestial damsels in the Court of Indra.

During the four days the task of receiving the guests was assigned to Krishna. He was very active and diligent and his handsome face glowed with joy. He welcomed all persons with due respect and the reception was sweet to them, as it came from the amiable Krishna.

The four days' festivities ended. All the guests had departed except a very few selected friends. Regunath, Sundari and Krishna and the other friends sat down for a merry chat after the fatigue of four days.

"Shall I put you a question, Regunath?" said Krishna with a cunning smile.

"Yes, my dear Krishna," replied Regunath. "I'm ready to answer you."

"Then tell me this," said Krishna? "What is your next wish that remains to be fulfilled?"

"I want to see my Krishna with a partner soon. That's my dearest wish."

"Wait, and you will see that immediately." "But" added Krishna "have you no other wish?"

"Yes, one more" said Regunath sighing. "That cannot be fulfilled."

"What's that?" Querried Krishna.

"I wish my Leela were with me to-day" said Regunath.

"How dare you entertain such a wish?" said Krishna with a look of surprise. "Would she not be jealous of your dear Sundari?"

"No. Never, my dear Krishna," replied Regunath with seriousness. "Jealousy cannot find a place in her noble heart."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And is your wish earnest?"

"As earnest as anything."

"An earnest heart can achieve anything" said Krishna. He put his hand to his moustaches and plucked them out and threw off his overcoat. Behold! There were seen as the poet said:—

"The bashful look, the rising breast
Alternate spread alarms."

And when all the paraphernalia of disguise were removed.

"The lovely Krishna stands confessed
A maid in all her charms."

• It was the lovely Leela standing once more before her dear Regunath to be again under his caressing glance. All were amazed. Their hearts were filled with admiration for Leela. Regunath was struck dumb and stood for a moment like a cold statue. His heart beat with astonishment and overflowed with joy. He clasped her in his arms, as he had done years ago.

Sundari was all the while standing motionless. Her face once glowed with joy, as she remembered that the person who saved her from a downfall and protected her for a long time was after all a woman like herself. She was all gratitude. Her heart became full. She ran towards Leela and held her in a close embrace. The two lovely faces closed, like two roses blown by the gentle wind.

• The marriage ended joyfully for all. Leela and Sundari lived like sisters without giving way to jealousy or any kind of misunderstanding between them. Leela was very kind and affectionate to Sundari, and Sundari was ever grateful to Leela. Regunath loved and governed them well so that they lived in perfect peace and happiness.

P. R. CHIDAMBARA IYER.



Attingal—The Original Home of the Travancore Ranees

(BY R. K. A.)



ATTINGAL—the original home of the Travancore Ranees is a little town situated some 20 miles to the North of Trivandram. It is the hereditary domain of the Ranees of Travancore who formerly possessed the sovereignty of the country. Even now the Senior Ranee of Travancore possesses absolute right over the place, and all the income that is derived from the place is utilised for her private expenses. A separate manager is appointed by Her Highness to look after these estates. There is also a small Brahmin village close to the public offices which is said to have been founded in 1254 A. D. The Ranees of Travancore are even now called Attingal Thampurans. It was with these Attingal Thampurans that the English East India Company first entered into negotiations. In 1684 the East India Company obtained from the Senior Ranee of Attingal a spot of land at Anjengo and in return they paid the Ranee ground rent and also rich presents annually. In this spot of land—Anjengo—the English built a fort 86 yards square and carried on trade in pepper and spices. This fort served the English as a depot for military stores during the wars of the Carnatic. It is also said that M. Dupleix twice attempted to take this fort but failed. The historian, Robert Orme, son of the Chief of Anjengo factory was born in 1728. This fort is now in its ruins.

The Maharaja, who ruled Travancore from 1718-1724, was a weak ruler and so the Ethuvettill Pillamars and Yogakkars became very powerful in the state and they began to do all sorts of mischief. In 1721 at the instance of the Ethuvettill Pillamars, certain people came to the English factory at Anjengo and demanded the usual annual presents in the Queen's name. The resident of the factory refused to pay it, since he suspected it would not reach the Ranee. But he himself went to Attingal to deliver the presents to the Ranee in person. The Ethuvettill Pillamars were angry at this and treacherously murdered the Englishmen and their sepoys who came to Attingal. This treachery made the English take vengeance on these Ethuvettill Pillamars, who considered themselves "Lords

of the land." So the English helped the Ranee and the Raja of Travancore against these Pillamars. As a sort of amends for the treacherous murder of the Englishmen and the loss incurred thereby, the Queen of Attingal and the Maharaja of Travancore granted to the East India Company the gardens of Palatadi and Kottadalli. The grant ran as follows:—

"Towards Chessungue are the gardens of Palatady and Kottadally which were formerly bought by the Commander of Anjengo, but when on the 15th April 1721, he had the 10 other persons went to Attingal to make presents to the Queen, they were killed by the treachery of Pullays and Kariakkars who seized the money of the Honorable Company. Seeing the loss and damage thus done to the Honorable Company, we have ceded the same gardens to them, giving up their revenues and the right of cutting trees and all other privileges, which the Company make, take and they and heirs may enjoy these gardens without any obstacle or having any obstruction but we are obliged to ask for a free passage and protection on the part of the Honorable Company. Thus in truth we confirm (the grants) with our signatures to the Commander on the 10th January 1731."

During the reign of Marthande Varma Maharaja, the Ethuvettill Pillamars were severely crushed by his able minister, the well-known Rama Iyen Dalawah and after this Attingal and Travancore were amalgamated. It was thus that Attingal is also a sanitarium, being situated on the banks of Attingal river, and the seat of some Christian Missionaries. Even though the Ranees now live in Trivandram, they visit the place once a year and live for a few days in their original home. The Maharajas of Travancore also visit the place once every year and stay there for about a fortnight.

The Coming U. P. Exhibition Ladies' Court



preparation of the Ladies' Court.

IN connection with and attached to the Ladies' Court a Purdah Club has been organised by Mrs. Leslie Porter for the convenience of Indian Ladies.

A meeting was held on June 19th to discuss various subjects in connection with the

All were delightfully surprised at the progress that had been made in a few weeks. Photographs of the Ladies' Court were laid before the meeting. The building is a large handsome one with a flat roof from which members of the Ladies Purdah Club can watch through screens all the sports on the recreation grounds and river, not to mention the aeroplanes flying overhead.

The energetic Lady President, Mrs. Leslie Porter, lost no time in designing furniture for the new building, and the pretty show cases, and glass wardrobes, and tables have kept pace with the walls.

Mrs. Leslie Porter will be pleased to have the names of Indian ladies wishing to join the Club and invitations will be sent to any who will apply to her at Government House, Naini Tal. Work for exhibition may be sent to the address given below before the 31st October.

Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals will be awarded.

The following list indicates the kind of exhibits sought, or any others:—

Lace work of any kind, embroideries on muslin, net, cloth, silk or satin, kasāda work, crochet, wool work, knitting, ribbon or drawn thread work, saree borders, painted sarees, bead work of any kind, artificial print, flowers, plants or figures in any material, tapestry and crewel work, pictures, paintings, wood carvings, photographs, etchings, poker work, (all above article for sale or loan).

Heirlooms should be enquired after, as shawls, embroideries, knicob, laces, etc.; these would be exhibits on loan.

English ladies should be asked for old lace, especially the rarer kinds as rose point, d'Alencon and the like.

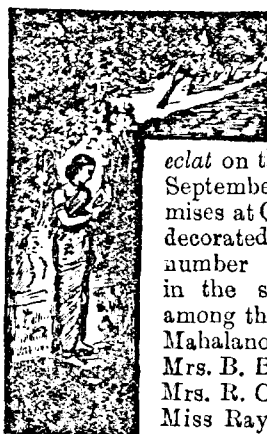
There will be a competition in dressed dolls, for which special prizes will be given. The dolls should represent distinctive costumes, e. g., a bride, children's dress, dancing girl, chaprasie, syce, English ladies' dress of any past century, peasants of Europe in national costume. This idea may be expanded, where ladies are willing, as a complete bridal party, nautch girls and musicians, household of servants, etc.

HINTS TO EXHIBITORS.

Loan articles are those of a valuable or interesting nature, which are not intended for sale or to advertise the exhibitor or her business. All carriage expenses on all articles must be prepaid by the exhibitor.

The name and address of the owner must be clearly shown on each article, and if intended for sale, its price. Exhibits must reach Allahabad during the month of October through Rai Sanval Das Bahadur, Junior Secretary, Board of Revenue, Allahabad.

Maharani School



THE second anniversary of the Maharani School, Darjeeling, was celebrated with great éclat on the afternoon of the 1st September, in the school premises at Oak Lodge, which were decorated for the occasion. A number of ladies interested in the school had assembled, among those present being Mrs. Mahalanobis, Mrs. N. C. Sen, Mrs. B. B. Sircar, Mrs. H. Basu, Mrs. R. C. Gupta, Mrs. A Sircar, Miss Ray, and others.

The Maharaniadhirani of Burdwan was to have presided, but being unavoidably absent very thoughtfully sent a handsome donation towards the festivities of the afternoon. Mrs. P. C. Sen paid the expenses of the refreshments and Mrs. S. N. Sen provided the gifts for the children.

The programme of the evening consisted of a Thanksgiving Hymn sung very nicely by the pupils of the school, and after some Devotions a second sacred song was sung by the senior pupils.

Mrs. N. C. Sen then read the report, from which it was gathered that the school was in a flourishing condition and taught up to the second class. Her Highness the Maharani of Cooch Behar had founded the school exactly two years ago with but seven scholars, and now there were sixty-eight day scholars and nine boarders. The school supplied a great need for the Bengali community whose girls had prior to its establishment to be educated along with the boys of hill people. They had, therefore, great reason for thankfulness in having their own school, and the

report exhorted the pupils to take full advantage of it, as India would not prosper till her women were educated. The Maharani's life was full of good deeds, but they considered the opening of this school by no means the least of them, and they felt that Her Highness would think of their anniversary celebration that day, though absent in England.

Mrs. P. C. Sen thereafter delighted the hearts of the children by distributing the toys, every one of them receiving one or more gifts.

After this, refreshments were partaken of by all the guests and pupils in Indian style. The refreshments were cooked by the teachers and boarders, and were plentiful and greatly enjoyed.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Mrs. S. Sen, the Lady Superintendent, and the staff for the successful year they have had; and particularly Mrs. Sircar, the wife of Dr. B. B. Sircar, the popular Honorary Secretary, for the steady growth of the school, due to the interest she has taken in it from its very beginning. The grateful thanks of the community are also due to the Maharani of Cooch Behar, the Maharani of Mourbhanj and the Maharaniadhirani of Burdwan for their liberal and regular financial support without which the school could not have been carried on.—*Darjeeling Visitor*, 6th September, 1910.

The Lady-in-Chief

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE
(Selected)



At a dinner given to the military and naval officers of the Crimean War it was suggested that each guest write on a slip of paper the name of the person whose services during the late campaign would be longest remembered by posterity. When the papers were examined, each bore the name of "Florence Nightingale." With this incident Sarah Tooley begins her biography of Florence Nightingale. And now, after four and fifty years, just as that heroine has passed to the great majority, that prophecy has been wonderfully fulfilled. For few have heard the names of Lord Raglan, the commander of the British, or Marshal St. Arnaud, who commanded the French.

There is something romantic about the very name of Florence Nightingale. It sounds like the name of the heroine of a fanciful story rather than that of a real woman. This impression is strengthened by Longfellow's beautiful poem,

"Santa Filomena." For in that poem we see a figure flit from room to room in a "house of misery," and she seems a creature of the imagination. For most Americans it is this fanciful figure which has long been associated with Florence Nightingale. The Crimean War, in which she played her wonderful part, has become a part of history, and most of the actors in it have passed away.

But the world is now reminded that not only was Florence Nightingale a real woman, but that up to August 13, 1910, she was still living in her quiet London home. Nightingale was a title which fell to her father, who inherited it with an estate from a great-uncle, Peter Nightingale, a few years before the daughter's birth; his real name was Shore. She was christened "Florence" because she was born in Italy, near to that beautiful and classic city.

Her childhood and youth were spent on the ancestral estates in Derbyshire and Hampshire, the first being the summer and the second the winter residence of the prosperous country squire, her father. Though gently reared, she was much out-of-doors, and horseback-riding was a daily exercise.

We are not concerned especially with the incidents of her life, except as they are related to the great work she came to do. She was a born nurse, bandaging her broken dolls and nursing their imaginary ills. Her first live patient was a dog with an injured leg, whose remarkable recovery brought her many more patients of a like sort. As she grew older, the patients became the poor people in the neighborhood of her home. She visited the hospitals of England and on the Continent, and at twenty-nine took a course in a training-school for nurses in Germany. This she supplemented by a stay at a Roman Catholic hospital in Paris, where she saw the work of the most skilful surgeons of the time.

In London she became interested in Lord Shaftesbury's Ragged Schools, and then turned to the "Harley Street Home for Sick Governesses," of which she became superintendent. Meantime her work had twice been interrupted by illness occasioned by overwork. But she had demonstrated her remarkable efficiency. She had saved the Harley Street Home from the financial ruin that threatened it, and she had made it efficient and comfortable.

But meantime she had done something else which has proved of far greater consequence to the world: she had shown that the work of a nurse might have all the dignity of a profession—that a lady of position and refinement might adopt it, just as a young man from such a family might enter the profession of medicine. That was a great triumph in 1850, when the

"nursing in English hospitals was largely in the hands of the coarsest type of women, not only untrained but callous in feeling and often grossly immoral." Such a stigma attached to the work of a nurse that no self-respecting woman cared to take it up, "and if she did it was more than likely she would lose her character."

When we contrast this picture with that of the modern nurse, whose kindness and skill play such a part in modern life, we realize how great was the reform in which Florence Nightingale was a pioneer.

In 1854, at the age of thirty-four, she was recovering from the strain of her London work when the daily papers brought tidings of the terrible condition of the hospitals in the Crimea. It was October, and the Crimean War, in which England and France were pitted against Russia, had been declared the previous March. The battle of Balaklava was fought on October 25, in which occurred the famous charge of the Light Brigade. That battle, and especially that charge, illustrated the splendid courage of the English army and their French allies. Probably no war in history has shown finer discipline or greater courage and power of endurance than were shown by the soldiers of the Crimea. When only one hundred and ninety-five of the Light Brigade came back of the six hundred and seventy-three who made that twenty-minute charge, and the commanding General said, "There has been a great blunder," they called back, "Never mind, my lord; we are ready to go again." Such was the splendid spirit of those English troops, displayed again and again throughout that terrible and unfortunate war.

But more terrible foes than Russian bullets faced these brave men. Their food was ill cooked and insufficient, though ample supplies were sent from home. Stores were misused and left to rot, or even when they arrived were left unopened for lack of proper orders. A consignment of boots for the army was found to be all for the left foot. The hospital supplies were left unpacked and covered with munitions of war in the holds of vessels.

Picture, then, the condition of the great hospital at Scutari which Florence Nightingale found on the 4th of November, 1854. It had been built as barracks for Turkish soldiers. The walls of the quadrangle were a mile in extent, and within there were four miles of corridors, in which lay eighteen thousand sick and wounded soldiers. The rooms were filled with vermin and filth, and the helpless soldiers were tended by untrained orderlies, many of whom were ill. There were only thirty-four of the nurses, and the situation seemed hopeless. When the Lady-in-Chief—a title which signified the admiration

and respect with which she was looked up to by her associates in this hospital work—made the first round of the wards, the beds were reeking with infection, and the sheets of canvas were so coarse that the wounded men begged to be let in their blankets. Add to this picture the statement: "In this vast caravansary of wounded sick and dying men there was no proper provision for washing, no kitchens, culinary conveniences or cooks suitable for hospital needs, and no sanitation, and some conception may be had of the Augean stable which this little band of nurses had to cleanse." As if the problem which faced the Lady-in-Chief were not already great enough, the wounded from the battle of Inkerman were brought in by hundreds within twenty-four hours after her arrival. It was the testing moment of her life, and because she met it with a skill and genius for organization and leadership which history does not surpass, she is forever enshrined in the hearts of the nation she served. Her command of the hospital was absolute, and she knew that her only hope was to enlist a small army of helpers. This she did with lightning-like rapidity. She unpacked supplies, and appealed instantly for more. Even the Queen and her daughters were soon making bandages for the wounded. She became a general, fighting with disease and death, and she knew it was her first business to inspire and direct her army. She knew that England only needed to know the truth to pour out her treasures at her feet.

And here is the real secret of Florence Nightingale's wonderful success and enduring fame. She understood the power of organization, and knew how helpless is individual service in a great national trial without it. There was no organization necessary when the only task was to bind up the leg of an injured dog. Her own devotion was sufficient when there was only one sick patient to be cared for among her father's tenants. But her London hospital work had taught her the value of leadership, and of arousing public sympathy. And now at Scutari this knowledge was utilized on a colossal scale. A nation must be at her back, and her little company of nurses must be made department commanders. This is why order began to come out of the chaos at Scutari.

The suffering and waiting were of course still terrible, but the poor fellows knew that they were no longer the victims of inefficiency, knowing that their patience was wonderfully increased. Indeed, the reverence of these rough soldiers for the Lady-in-Chief has hardly a parallel in history. Behind her organizing genius there was a woman's heart which inspired that genius. It was not simply as inspector that she went through the corridors at night after

the infinite details of the day had been attended to. As she glided, lamp in hand, to the bedside of those in sorest need, she seemed less the directing genius of a great enterprise than the gentle friend and helper of those to whom she ministered. At two o'clock one morning a visitor, passing through those crowded corridors, found her writing down the dying words of a soldier whom the doctors had given up. To her this soldier committed his watch and trinkets, and then, with her hand upon his forehead, he passed quietly into the sleep that proved his last. Another visitor told of how the men would turn to kiss her shadow on the wall. It is scenes like these which Longfellow has immortalized in his "Santa Filomena":

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

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

One wonders how it was possible for this frail woman to endure such terrible drafts upon her sympathy in addition to her tremendous labors. For such scenes we are indeed grateful, but we must not let them hide from us the larger tasks which gave to her life an epoch-making significance. Others might have carried the lamp, smoothed the pillows, and taken the words of the dying. But it would seem that Sidney Herbert, England's Secretary of War, was right when he invited her to take the post, that she was "the one woman in England" who could do the work of organizing and directing which the crisis demanded. From the work she did there in the Crimea not only England but the world learned the great lesson that men and women may be organized to save life, as armies had long been organized to destroy it.

From the time when ancient armies counted their wounded a total loss and left them on the battlefield to die, to the middle of the nineteenth century, the means of caring for such sufferers had been painfully lacking. But with the coming of the modern newspaper, sending by telegraph the story of the sufferers to the very homes from which those sufferers came, such neglect seemed no longer bearable. After

describing the conditions at Scutari, the correspondent of the London "Times" had roused England by asking: "Are there no devoted women among us able and willing to go forth and minister to the sick and suffering soldiers?" In response to that appeal Miss Nightingale and her helpers had gone. It was plainly time for a change of front. The sick and wounded must be cared for. It was here that the organizing genius of the Lady-in-Chief found its opportunity. What she did astonished not simply England but the world. It was the revelation of the power of organization in a new field—that of philanthropy. Others, indeed, had seen the vision of this power before her, but she was called to do her work with the eyes of the civilized world upon it. That is why the story of philanthropy in every field has been a different story from her day to ours.

She returned to England in 1856; five years later our own Civil War began. A brief period of our armies in camp made it evident that the same experience of suffering and loss which had befallen England in the Crimea was in a fair way to be repeated here. The scattered organizations for the relief of the soldiers seemed helpless. It was then that a few men of insight and genius saw that our hope lay in organizing the humanitarian forces of the North into an effective organization to cope with this tremendous problem. The Women's Central Relief Association of New York was organized, and for this Dr. Henry W. Bellows, pastor of All Souls' Church,¹ drafted the Constitution. It was quickly discovered that little could be accomplished except through some organization which should receive official recognition by the army. It was Dr. Bellows who appealed to the Secretary of War for the appointment of a Sanitary Commission, that philanthropy might be made effective. As a result the Commission was appointed, with Dr. Bellows as President and a corps of distinguished physicians and surgeons among the members.

In his letter to the Secretary of War Dr. Bellows referred especially to the work of Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War. He said that the success of her work made clear both our opportunity and our duty.

I cannot dwell upon the work of that Commission, nor tell how the \$5,000,000 raised through its agency was expended, and how the clothing and supplies furnished by it were systematically distributed throughout the war. The

¹ The edifice of All Souls' Church, of which the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer is now the minister is a familiar landmark at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, New York. The church has a dome but no spire, although the original plans provided for one; for the money with which the spire was to be constructed, about \$40,000, was given by the church to the newly organized Sanitary Commission.

story of our nurses, with Dorothea Dix at their head, duplicates the heroism of that "angel band" in the Crimea under Florence Nightingale. I cannot tell how camp sites were inspected and pestilence avoided, how miserable hospital buildings were abandoned and new ones erected, as a result of the clear reports and persistent appeals of this Sanitary Commission. But many best able to judge have said that without its aid the struggle for the Union must have failed. Because Florence Nightingale contributed thus unconsciously to the saving of this Union by inspiring those who organized the Sanitary Commission, Americans owe her an incalculable debt of gratitude.

While our own war was still in progress the losses to the Italian army from the neglect of the sick and wounded were so enormous that Henri Dunant, a citizen of Geneva, succeeded in drawing together an International Congress in October, 1863, to consider how a neutral body might be formed for the relief of the wounded in battle. The result of that Congress was the organization of the International Red Cross Society. This meant the extension of Florence Nightingale's Crimean work not only to one nation but to the civilized world. True, the work of organizing this splendid dream of worldwide mercy and beneficence fell to other hands, for our heroine went back to England, after her herculean task was over, a hopeless invalid. But to her the leaders of the Red Cross went for advice, and frankly acknowledged their work to be but the flowering of the seed which she had planted.

What that wonderful organization has meant, not only in times of war, but in times of pestilence, famine, earthquake, flood, and fire, we all know. It has meant a body of trained and consecrated experts in every quarter of the globe, ready to answer to the call of suffering and need whenever that call should come. It has meant the breaking down of national prejudice, and the steady advance of that spirit of universal brotherhood which is the harbinger of "the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

But, though an invalid, the work of Florence Nightingale did not end in 1856. Through her books and her advice she has ever since been a teacher of teachers. The work of district nursing among the poor she began before she went to the Crimea. The testimonial of \$200,000 raised by a grateful people on her return was devoted to a Training School for Nurses, and this school has fostered her ideals. And now throughout Europe and America district nursing among the poor is recognized as one of the most beneficent of charities.

I need hardly call attention to the fact that organized war against such a plague as cholera,

against such a scourge as tuberculosis, is only the application of our heroine's methods against the cholera and the fever with which she fought in the Crimea: Remove the causes, make clean and sanitary the surroundings. And this can be done only by organization, by the co-operation of all those affected. We must fight disease, with its invisible hosts of death-dealing germs, as we would fight a visible enemy on the field. Modern science continually supplies us with new weapons for this warfare, and it is our own fault if we do not win the day.

See, then, the tremendous significance of this clear-thinking and devoted woman's life. Through her example the business of nursing the sick has been raised to a dignity which no other profession can surpass. The nurse's cap is everywhere the symbol of knowledge, efficiency, and devotion. In the Crimea the women nurses were heralded as "the angel band," and, despite exceptions, the modern nurse belongs to that company still; before Florence Nightingale she did not belong to the respectable classes of the community. This gracious woman by her work revolutionized the treatment of wounded soldiers on the battlefield, and of the sick and wounded in hospitals, not only for England, but for the world. She inspired the Red Cross movement. Her work heralded the day of organized resistance to disease, which seeks to prevent rather than suppress the scourge and pestilence of the past and the tuberculosis of to-day.

As, with Longfellow, we see his "Lady with the Lamp" in that house of misery flitting from room to room, we seem to see that lamp grow to the brightness of a star to which the nations look, and in whose benignant light they all rejoice.

News and Notes

THE INDIAN NURSING STAFF.—A souvenir for H. E. Lady Minto. H. E. Lady Minto was the recipient of a pleasing tribute from the Indian Nursing Staff, when Mrs. Davies, Chief Lady Superintendent, handed to Her Excellency a massive silver inkstand, accompanied by an appreciative address very artistically printed on vellum. The General Committee of the Association was represented by Major-General Sir Robert Scallan, Surgeon-General Sir Charles Lukis, Sir Warren Crooke-Lawless and Mr. A. M. Ker. The address was as follows:—

I am desired by the Lady Superintendent and the Sisters of the Nursing Staff (including past members) to ask your gracious acceptance of the accompanying small gift in token of our deep

regret at your forthcoming departure from India. Words can but poorly convey to Your Excellency how much we recognise and appreciate your constant and affectionate concern in all that involved our welfare and that of the Association at large, and much as we shall miss this personal care, we beg leave to assure Your Excellency of our earnest service always in furtherance of the aims of the beneficent organisation to which it is our privilege and pleasure to belong. Also, Your Excellency, that our attachment to the cause of medical relief in its divers aspects for which you have worked so consistently and so well during your brief time in India, is both firm and sincere, and our devotion to its interests in our special department and in whatever sphere we may be deputed to labour will, we are sure, continue to live and thrive in the knowledge which we all feel of Your Excellency's good wishes. We all agree that the remarkable growth and success of the Minto Nursing Scheme in India in less than four years augurs well for further expansion in the years to come, and this pleasing reflection we would venture to offer to Your Excellency on our parting farewell.

Lady Minto's reply. The following is Her Excellency's reply:—It is difficult for me adequately to express my thanks to the Lady Superintendent and the Sisters of the Minto Nursing Staff, including past members, for their very kind thought in so generously presenting me with this beautiful silver inkstand. I need not say how much I shall treasure their farewell gift, and I sincerely thank all the subscribers from my heart for presenting me with so valuable a souvenir. I am glad that the present selected is an inkstand, as I shall be able to have it always on my writing table and be daily reminded of the great work that is being done by the Sisters in relieving the sick and suffering in a country which more than any other in the world needs prompt and skilled attendance. It is a matter of the greatest gratification to me to know that the Minto Nursing Association has been established on a satisfactory basis in eight different centres in India. I have earnestly endeavoured during the five years that I have been here to promote the nursing scheme to the best of my ability, and I fully recognise the invaluable assistance that I have received from the Chief Lady Superintendent, the Honorary Secretary and the members of the Central and Provincial Committees, all of whom have worked so indefatigably to bring the Association up to its present state of efficiency. Although I am obliged to sever my immediate connection with the Nursing Sisters in India, they may rest assured that my interest in their welfare will be as keen as ever. I know that I am leaving a body of brave workers, who will under the guidance of

Providence, loyally carry out the aims and objects of the Association, and to whom I bid a regretful and affectionate farewell. I am sending a photograph of myself to each of the Sisters which I hope they will keep as a remembrance of an Association which will be always connected in my mind with many happy hours.

THE GOVERNMENT GIRLS' SCHOOL, PATUKOTTAL.—A correspondent writes:—The occasion of the visit of Mr. R. F. Austin, Collector of Tanjore, was taken advantage of by Mr. K. S. Gopalaratnam Iyer, the District Munsiff, to request him to preside at the prize distribution in the above institution, which took place on the 10th instant. The school buildings, which were recently erected at a cost of Rs. 10,000 were decorated and a large number of officials, Pleaders, Zemindars and merchants was present. The Report of Mr. V. C. Rangasawmy Naidu, the Headmaster, gave an account of the school, which was started twenty years ago by a private gentleman, and which was about fifteen years ago handed over to the Taluk Board. In 1904, the Government took up its management, with a view to provide better facilities for the education of girls. The school had more than 100 girls (57 Brahmins, 55 Sudras, two Christians and one Mahomedan) on its rolls, and Miss P. F. Parsons during her visit in August last, expressed the entire satisfaction. A Local Committee was meeting the salary of the Hindu music teacher by raising voluntary subscriptions. A programme consisting of drills and action songs was gone through. The Chairman said that he was sorry that the public of the place could not take care of the school themselves, but required the fostering care of the Government for its upkeep. He was, however, glad to note that the District Munsiff and a few leading gentlemen were taking an interest in the prize distribution, and generally in the school itself.

TWO INTER-MARRIAGES.—Ferozepur, in the Punjab, witnessed a unique scene on the night of the 21st August 1910. Two inter-caste and inter-provincial marriages were at one and the same time performed according to the reformed rites of the Dev Samaj in the commodious compound of the Dev Samaj Girls' High School. There were some five hundred persons present, including two hundred persons belonging to the Dev Samaj. In one of the marriages, the bridegroom party arrived from Shikarpur Sindh. In this the bridegroom was Shriman Motilal, son of the well-known Bhatia merchant and house-proprietor Diwan Hassamal Zowkiram. The bride was Shrimati Amar Devi, daughter of the late Dr. Chandu Lal, a Punjabi Kapur Kshatriya gentleman by caste, whose educated and noble hearted widow is the Superintendent of

the D. S. Widows' and Married Women's Home at Bathinda. Both the bride and the bridegroom have received education and Brahmacharya training in the Dev Samaj High Schools respectively for girls and boys. Both have attained majority, the former being about 17 years of age and the latter about 21. Both of them and their parents and brothers are members of the Dev Samaj. As regards the other marriage, the bridegroom was Shriman Sukhdarshan Lal aged 22 years and the bridegroom was Shrimati Chandravati aged 17. The former is the eldest son of the above mentioned Dr. Chandu Lal and the latter is the daughter of Babu Ugarsen, a Rajput who holds a respectable position under Government in Burma and is a member of the Dev Samaj. In this case also the parties have received education and Brahmacharya training in the respective two High Schools of the Samaj.

In the front of the Conductor's *Bedi*, stood a small *Mandap* beautifully decorated with evergreens, plantain leaves and flowers. On the right and left sides of the *Mandap* were seated each of the pairs or would be united couples, in their gaudy dresses and blooming and healthy appearances. The various parts in the ceremony, including the solemn pledges of fidelity and friendship, mutual service and co-operation in the path of life, expression of good wishes and offering of presents were gone through by each of the parties one after the other. The whole scene was most impressive; and while on the one hand it shewed the evolution of noble feelings in our venerable old Risbis, especially in this connection, on the other it pointed to the glory and grandeur of Shri Dev Guru Bhagwan who, while retaining all that is high and noble in the past, eliminates all that is wrong and harmful and makes such necessary additions as are in conformity with the progressive spirit of the age.

THERE IS A GOVERNMENT GIRLS' SCHOOL AT CANNANORE, which, judging by the report for the past year, seems to be doing much useful work. This institution which is the only one of the kind in the Malabar District is well patronised by those for whom it is intended, having on its rolls nearly 150 girls. During the year the school fees were slightly increased and notwithstanding this circumstance the strength of the school did not diminish but on the other hand the demand for admission was great. The fact that in Malabar with its peculiar social usages there exists a flourishing girls' school teaching up to the High School standard is a welcome sign indicating that the well-to-do classes in the West Coast are fully alive to the benefits and blessings of female education.

The country needs more schools of this kind and in fact each district ought to have at least one well conducted institution like the Cannanore Girls' School. They, more than anything else, are calculated to dispel ignorance among Indian women and to do away with many injurious customs among the people.

A PROMISING SYRIAN LADY STUDENT.—It was in August last year that Miss Poonen, B. A., A. L. C. M., the first lady graduate among Syrian Christians, who secured a creditable pass in the B. A. degree of the Madras University, went to England to study in the London University, and obtain a degree in Medicine and Surgery. Since her admission into that University, the progress she has been making has been very creditable. The latest news is to the effect that she has passed her examinations and obtained a high place during the first year of her study. She is, it may be added, the only daughter of Dr. E. Poonen, Surgeon in charge of the General Hospital. She is also a good musician, being an Associate of the London College of Music.

WOMEN LAWYERS.—Mrs. Minnie W. Rutherford of Magazine, Ark., has prepared a bill which will be presented at the next session of the State Legislature, providing for the admission of women to the bar in Arkansas. Mrs. Rutherford is a college graduate, and has taken courses in several law schools. She has just concluded a course in Property and Criminal Law at the Summer Session of the University of California. She has found, she says, that the property rights of women are better protected in Arkansas than in California. Mrs. Rutherford is chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Federated Women's Clubs of Arkansas, and national superintendent of the Department of Juvenile Courts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

As a rule, women lawyers are broad in their views and have public interests in addition to the work of their profession. The president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, which has been formed in New York City chiefly to fight the white slave evil Miss Elizabeth Moss, is a practising lawyer, as is also the treasurer, Miss Bertha Rembaugh.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean says:

The largest legal fee ever given to a woman attorney was won by Miss Mary E. Miller, a Chicago attorney, when a jury in Judge Gibbon's court gave her a verdict for \$32,500. The verdict was against the heirs of the late John Bross, former lieutenant governor of Illinois, whom Miss Miller represented in a will litigation. To make her victory all the more complete

Miss Miller conducted her own case, examining witnesses and making her own argument to the jury. While Miss Miller's fee does not come near equalling in amount the enormous sums paid at different times to her brother members of the bar in Cook County and the country at large, it establishes a new mark for women lawyers of the United States.

MISS K. BROWNINGS LECTURE ON "Man visible and invisible" attracted a very large audience, including numberless young buzzing bees. Yes, there too the youngsters wanted the school master's ferule to flourish over them. Pity, the courage of the teachers failed there!

MRS. JACKSON, the widow of the murderer Collector of Nasik, gets an annual pension of £490 and his mother £200. The Dowager Countess Mayo, relict of Viceroy Mayo assassinated in the Andamans, got a lump sum of £20,000 and £1,000 per year for life. No body grudges such pensions or gratuities. Only let the principle be more generally adopted and Indians have as good benefit of it as Europeans. To come from great men to small; what about the family of the late Mr. Chandiram, Mukht-yarkar, murdered at Pano Akil?

WOMEN KILLED IN A COLLISION.—In Upper Chitpore Road on Wednesday afternoon a collision occurred between a tram-car and a bullock cart resulting in the death of a Bengali woman whose identity is at present unknown. It is stated that three Bengali women were proceeding from north to south while a bullock cart and a tram-car were proceeding from the opposite direction. The women in order to avoid danger got on to the west side of the road where there is no footpath, when suddenly the tram-car, after passing the bullock cart, collided with it, the yoke of the cart which had swerved being caught in a seat of the motor of the car. The cart was forced against a roadside shop, and one of the three women was pinned between the shop and the cart. The other two women had a remarkable escape, one of them getting under the cart, while the other ran into the shop. The third woman was extricated, but before she could receive medical treatment she expired. The Jorabagan Police ascertained that the tram-car was not proceeding at an excessive speed. The driver said the bullocks of the cart got frightened and their swerving caused the yoke to be caught. The body of the deceased was removed to the morgue.

WOMEN MARINERS.—Both in Denmark and in Finland and Norway women are employed as sailors, and they are excellent mariners. In

Denmark they are employed as state officials at sea and do pilot service excellently, and steer new-comers safely to harbour.

QUEEN MARY is intensely patriotic, and she has never given up her custom of buying clothes made by British workers of British material.—*The Review of Reviews*.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S WILL.—Queen Victoria made her will in 1876. It was embossed on vellum quarto size and bound in volume form with a lock. None knew anything about it, excepting the executors, one of whom was King Edward.

POSTMISTRESS 61 YEARS.—Next month, Mrs. Cabot will retire after 61 years' service as Postmistress of Southwick, Sussex—a record service.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST SIGNATURE.—The first signature ever made by Queen Victoria is now in the British Museum. It was made in pencil when she was Princess Victoria, at the age of four years.

MISS ANNA JONES, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has been appointed by the Court as a standing commissioner to take testimony, depositions, etc., for use in legal proceedings.

MISS GRACE STRACHAN who led the teachers of New York City in their recent struggle for better salaries has written a book on the campaign and the principles involved. The book is called "Equal Pay."

MISS LIDA DOUGHERTY has been nominated for superintendent of schools for Bee County, Texas, and Miss Annie Wiseman for district clerk in Wilson County. Both were named by the Democratic party.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT has so far recovered from her illness that she was able to preside at a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the N. Y. Woman Suffrage Party. She is now in Dansville, N. Y., for a period of rest.

BARONESS IRENE DENOBILI, the well-known suffrage organizer in Italy, has recently been decorated with a gold medal in recognition of her brave conduct when she rescued, at the imminent danger of her own life, two little children who had fallen into a river and were drowning.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE addressed the Newport (R. I.) County Woman Suffrage League,

which met on August 4, at the home of the Misses Mitchell at Bristol Ferry. Mrs. Florence Howe Hall also spoke on the suffrage question. Mrs. J. M. Eldredge read an article on the peace agitation which began 75 years ago.

MRS. MARGARET CHANDLER ALDRICH has converted her handsome home off Riverside drive, into a summer hospital for the sick babies of the poor. The spacious parlors are filled with white cots, each of which has for an occupant a little patient from some crowded tenement. Mrs. Aldrich is one of the women who wants to vote.

MISS, LILIAN WHITING has returned to Boston after a prolonged trip abroad. In addition to the book, "Louise Chandler, Poet and Friend," which she has prepared for all publication, Miss Whiting has written a new book of the "World Beautiful" type, called "Life Transfigured," which she expects to have issued before the holidays.

MISS MARY E. DEXTER, superintendent of schools for Yolo County, Cal., will hold the office for another term of four years, by the consent of the voters, irrespective of party. Miss Dexter's administration has been a marked success; she is progressive and up-to-date in her ideas, and it is largely due to her efforts that the county schools rank among the best in the State.

MISS CATHERINE ANTHONY, representing the New York School of Philanthropy, has been making a careful investigation of conditions among the poor classes in and around Pueblo, Col. She has visited the best fields where all classes of men, women and children are employed and work a great many hours a day for small wages. She has gleaned much information about the Greek colony in Bessemer. So much of the information as the society desires to be made public will be published in "The Survey."

MRS. ESTILL of Ada O., has for twenty years served meals to students at eight cents per meal—good, nourishing food at \$1.68 per week. She says: "I knew it could be done and at a profit, too," and in proof of this she points to her handsome home, paid for by "my students," as she calls them. She has helped hundreds of struggling boys and girls to get through the university, and many prosperous men, when they speak of the widow Estill, are quick to say, "It was she to whom I owe my first start," and many a girl reveres her name.

MRS. ELIZABETH HIRSCH is serving as vice-president of the City Council, of Liegitz,

Germany. Mrs. Hirsch, on the death of her husband undertook the management of his large manufacturing interests, and has succeeded admirably. Her success in business led to her being chosen to municipal office.

MISS KATE MAHONEY of Troy, N. Y., is the newly-elected president of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association. Mrs. E. B. Gowan of Buffalo, who had held the office for twenty years, refused to continue in service. Over one thousand delegates, representing 125,000 women, attended the national triennial convention.

PUNDITA RAMABAI, held by many to be the most learned woman in India, has been engaging the services, for several years, of fifty workers, with her own printing establishment, for making a translation of the Bible and a commentary upon the same for the eighteen million Indians who speak her native language, the Maratha.

MISS MAY WELLER OF NASHUA, Ia., is at the head of the movement started by the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs, to prevent the telephone companies from destroying trees. After ascertaining that the law forbade telephone men from going on private grounds, club women throughout the State began driving invading line-men from their lawns, and now they are urging other women to follow their example.

MISS MARIE C. STOPES, a young geologist went to Japan, and spent a year in exploring coal mines and collecting fossils, with which she combined visits to Japanese as well as European residents, dancing and dining and seeing the country. She came into touch with every class, from the officials at Tokio, to peasants in wild places, where no European woman had ever been seen. She has written "A Journal from Japan," in which many varied experiences are related.

MRS. MARY CARROLL was recently appointed sanitary officer in St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. Carroll goes about the city, under the direction of the city's recreation department, of which Miss Charlotte Rumbold is the head. She visits the rest rooms and public comfort stations, and sees that all sanitary precautions are taken and the places kept scrupulously clean. Each of the stations is in charge of a man and his wife, and over these Mrs. Carroll has supervision. The establishment of the stations has been found of the greatest advantage. This is simply an extension of woman's work as housekeeper.

MISS LUCIAN BALZ, a trained nurse in charge of the Friendly Society work in Burlington, N. J., is credited with effecting remarkable cures in six cases of infantile paralysis. Four of the children can now walk and the others have almost recovered. In each case, the children's legs were twisted and useless, and doctors offered hope of nothing but a life of helplessness. External applications and massage, physicians say, replaced drugs in her treatment. The virtue of the treatment has been so thoroughly demonstrated, that the matter will be brought before the State Medical Society.

DR. RACHEL J. DAVISON was unanimously and enthusiastically nominated for coroner on the Prohibition ticket of Genesee County, Mich.

MRS. PANKHURST, the energetic English suffragette, will utilize her holiday in Scotland next month for the purpose of an extensive Scottish campaign.

MRS. PAULINE ADAMS, secretary of the Norfolk Va., Woman Suffrage Association, is questioning the three candidates for Congress from that district on how they stand on co-education in the University of Virginia and on suffrage for women.

MISS ALICE M. HAGERTY, State factory visitor in the Department of Factory, Workshop, and Public Building Inspection, has begun a crusade in Cincinnati to prevent the employment of children under age, and to see that the laws regulating the employment of girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen are strictly enforced. Ohio has good child-labor laws and Miss Hagerty is determined to secure their enforcement.

MRS. FLORENCE JEFFRIES OF FT. PIERRE, S. D., chairman of the Votes for Women Committee on Badges, has been doing some very effective work in the Black Hills, where she has been sojourning for the relief of hay fever. Mrs. Jeffries made an address at the recent Dry-Farming Congress in Rapid City. This was reported on the front page of the Daily Journal with the heading, "Mrs. Florence Jeffries electrifies dry-farming congress with monologue fit to grace the parlors of the Waldorf-Astoria."

QUEEN MARY MINISTERING CHILDREN. As she was brought up to the service of the poor, so the Queen has brought up all her children. Every day each of her children has been taught that it was their duty and privilege to work with their own hands some useful article for

the poor. Every birthday is celebrated not merely by the giving of gifts to the child whose birthday it is, but by the giving of presents by the Prince or Princess to some poor children of their own age. *Apropos* of this giving of gifts, I heard a story the other day on the authority of the nurse who was taking care of Prince Eddie while recovering from some child's malady.

A STORY OF PRINCE EDDIE. The boy was fretful and impatient, whereupon the nurse, deeming it her duty to admonish him, said, "Your Royal Highness, surely you ought not to be so cross and impatient. Just think what you have got. You have a loving father and mother, a beautiful house to live in, a soft bed to lie on, and plenty of toys to play with. Do you know, the first little boy whom I went to nurse had no father or mother. He lived in a dirty room in the slums. He had no bed to sleep in. He lay on the floor, and he had no pillow but a bundle of old newspapers. And he had not a single toy—not one."

Prince Eddie replied, "I did not know there were any boys like that, without any toys. Might I give him some of mine?"

The nurse replied, "If your Royal Highness could spare some of the toys you no longer care

for, the poor boy would, I am sure, be most grateful."

To which Prince Eddie answered: "Oh, nurse, what do you mean? I said I wanted to make the poor boy a gift, and you say I am to give him what I am tired of. But mama always tells us that a gift is not a gift at all unless it is something that we want ourselves, but which we give up for others. No, no; I will give him some of my own toys that I like myself." *The Review of Reviews.*

TITLED LADIES AS CANVASSERS. Some titled ladies have spent a large amount of energy and money in getting people returned to Parliament both from interested motives and for *con amore*. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the first wife of the Duke of Northumberland, the Duchess of Devonshire, and Mrs. Beaumont, grandmother of Lord Allendale, have all distinguished themselves in this direction. The Duchess of Northumberland has made speeches for several hours at a time.

WOMEN TRAM-CONDUCTORS. Nearly all the Tram-conductors in Valparaiso are women, and the change is reported to be a satisfactory one.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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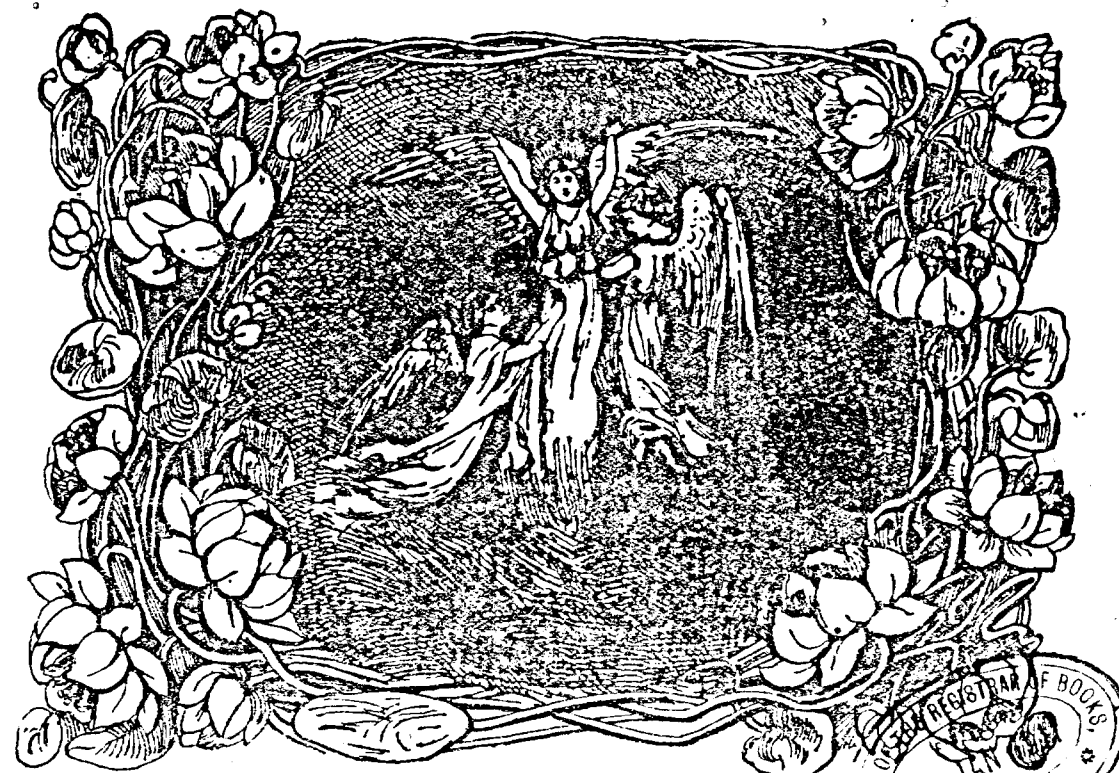
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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. X]

NOVEMBER, 1910

[No. 5

The Lord of Peace

Wait, wait; not long. The Rectifier will rise;
A purer and more righteous era come.
The crowd of kings, the sovereignty of crowds,
Shall alike pass, and perish. Time shall be
When earth, one state, the lord of peace rules all.
Deep in earth's caverned heart, self-hidden, I see
Her loins with wisdom's silver serpents girt,
The Nemesis of nations. Stern she sits
Her monumental throne. The hush of death
Spreads round her, halo-like. Even Hope, her
friend,
Oft deems her dead. Yet lives she; live she will.
She hath a vital secret in her breast,

As though she nursed a god which scarcely breathes
The freedom of the future.
This age, ours, happier, amiable than all
Passed, in that God who witness lacks not ever
His ways to vindicate, now breathes among men
More of his own humanity; and earth,
Mellowed by westering suns, her teachers teach
A broader, kindlier message; show how need
Cored in our nature for divine commune,
Trust in a holy future, largelier planned
Than doubtful pride deems safe; makes strong
the strings
Of man's heart to endure.

—P. J. Bailey

Stories from a "Casket of Gems"



AMONG the very many glowing pictures of Oriental life and thought composed by Sir Edwin Arnold, perhaps the best known is the "Light of Asia" or the Great Renunciation, being the life and teaching of Gautama, Prince of India and founder of Buddhism. Sir Arnold's work "The Light of the World," dealing with the life and teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ, is comparatively little known, for not even such magic verse as that of Sir Edwin Arnold is comparable with the poetry of the New Testament language. Possibly, too, lovers of the familiar Bible account of Jesus do not care to see it in any other setting. Whatever may be the reason, the "Light of the World" is certainly not so popular as the poem already mentioned—and others like "In my Lady's Praise," "With Sâdi in the Garden," "Lotus and Jewel," "The Song Celestial" or Bhagavad Gita, "The Secret of Death," "Indian Idylls," etc. The poem entitled, "In My Lady's Praise" is an "In memoriam" on the poet's life, very graceful in conception, and revealing the deep and abiding "love which is stronger than death." The introduction to the casket of gems is athrenody in which the poet sorrows that he, like Shah Jehan who built the Taj Mahal, is unable to build such another:—

No snowwhite marble blocks have I to pile
Nothing of wise artificers to toil,
No Kingdom's treasures at the grave to pour
As gold were at flower, as if silver were
Jungle blooms stripped, and jewels fountain drops.
Only these jewels have I, which were cut
White from the mind and blooded from the heart;
Only my verses have I, which I built
Line by line, for thee living, and now roof
With sorrowful last words, and coping stones
Of fond farewell. Yet sleep not thou o'er-lulled!
It may be these shall last when those are crumbled.

The "basket of Gems" contains some very beautiful thoughts; and, taking some different gems—opal or amethyst or pearl or emerald—the poet makes it an offering of love, "..... casting at your feet some gem worthy your white neck or arm or brow."

Though there is pathos and sorrow in these fancies of the poet, he recites some beautiful story in connection with some gem or enriches his verse with some graceful thought gracefully expressed and rings a glad note of love remembered after death which lightens the grief. Some of the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* are perhaps not acquainted with Sir Edwin Arnold's

beautiful pictures of Indian life told in English verse, and I therefore venture to give here one of the legends which add so much to the value of Sir Edwin's work. The first legend concerns an amethyst cup, that in fancy the poet offers for his deceased wife's acceptance.

'Tis the maid's stone; she hath no fault or fear
Whose untouched lips drink from such chalice brims.

The Grecian maiden Heraclia once saw a young wounded stork fall on the public way on its flight to the shore of Coromandel. Heraclia folding the bird to her breast healed the wound and allowed the stork to continue its journey, grieving somewhat that it seemed so glad to escape. Afterwards, "when Spring brings back the storks from South to North," on her way to the altar the bird with a glad cry flying down to her feet left the amethyst cup there and "laid his neck against her bosom sweet for love of her" then swiftly soared away. Heraclia thence forward quaffed from no other cup and it was a talisman against poisons and all diseases and pains. When she died with the cup beside her, a whirl of wings was heard and the cup was borne away—and became the possession of the King of Coromandel and when he was slain in Chittur it was hidden in a temple tank, from whence the poet's "midion" fetched it. The story inculcates mercy.

The next is a story concerning the topaz which cures sleeplessness, scant breath and fever's harm, soothes anger, strengthens wit, counter-checks spells, and divination and indicates poison. Once upon a time when birds and beasts were gifted with the power of speech, "The great blind Caesar," hung a brasen gong before his palace gate to enable any one having a grievance to bring it to his notice, by striking the gong, when Caesar gave audience to redress the grievance. A snake which had concealed her young brood under the gateway to the palace, struck the gong, was given audience and complained that in her absence a feudatory porcupine had eaten her young. The blind king ordered that the porcupine should be killed and the serpent should be conducted safely to her hole.

"And this thing was wrought; and men lightly forgot the deed."

But next day while Theodosius the Caesar slept at noon, a monstrous serpent crept up to his couch and from its wide jaws "thick set with fangs and red" laid a topaz on either eye-lid of the king—and lo! when Theodosius waked he could see. The story illustrates justice.

One more story regarding the ruby: King Solomon, the Hebrew King, worshipped by Angels and Djins and Peris, wearing on his finger the sapphire ring "graved with the name of God," was receiving the homage of all the earth

when a dark cloud drifted near and from out the cloud an awful and beautiful shape revealed itself, holding out in one hand a cup of ruby with a liquid from the "well of life" therein, and the shape said.

"Of all men Suleiman! to thee alone
God proffers this!"

viz a draught to ensure "changeless youth, days without end and delights of sense to make immortal years seem few."

King Solomon was anxious to drink it, as it would give him time to repair misspent and misused days, to have wisdom, to build his temple and to live for ever. Yet, as a second thought, he turned to Djins, angels, beasts, and birds and servants and asked their advice, and all of them including Sakhrav the Dev, and Shir the Djin, and Amberni the Peri, and Assad the lion, and the sag and seal and locust all advised the great king to drink the divine draught. When the king was about to drink, the hill fox suggested that Kumri the dove "who bath the neck of purple, and the wings of silver, and his breast filled full of love" should be consulted. The dove, on hearing the question whether the king of kings should drink or not drink the draught, sighed and asked whether if the king drank it, any one that he loved most could drink it also. On receiving a reply in the negative, the dove warns the monarch that if he drank and received eternal youth and life, yet everything he loved would yet die and he would be dead with his dead, that he would taste death in the dust that blew from every tomb. "Lord of all Kings"! finally said the bird—"forgive! Love bids me speak. If her mate cometh not, the wild dove dies! I would not drink thereof, who am so weak, lest I might lose by gaining: Love is wise!" and so "Suleman the king, upon the sword with eager hand the magic draught did spill."

The story is a very beautiful one and inculcates the lesson that without death, the sweet blossoms of love could not exist and "love is creation's final law" as a great poet tells us.

A. P. SMITH.



The Indian Woman



OUR Indian women have always been, and still are—I make bold to say—famed for their constancy and devotion to their husbands. They have earned the name of *Pativratas*, i.e., "keeping the vow to their husbands." Is not this a grand title? For, after all is said

and done, what greater duties has a woman than the dear duties of home? She is the queen of her home and to her, if she be a true woman, the men of the homeland bow in love and respect, and even in fear, the fear born of love, which a good woman inspires. Let us then, as Indian women, ever be proud of this title, which is our birthright, and ever try to earn it afresh as individuals. If we turn to the stories of our ancestors, as we are ever doing, we find there standing in bold outline before us, the stories of the great *Pativratas*, women like Sita, Droupadi, Damayanti, Chandramati, and others. And yet, let us notice, these great women were fairly well educated; what is more, they shared in the duties and responsibilities of their husbands. And still, they were called *Pativratas*. The inference is obvious. Education did not mar, or even interfere with, the character of a *Pativrata*. Education, in fact, enhanced the value of a woman. The real meaning of *Pativrata* therefore is, I take to mean, a true companion and helpmeet to her husband. For, what does a man want in his wife? Not a mere tool or instrument under his hand, nor some one to make his household affairs run smoothly. Does he not desire a woman, whose soul will soar above the kitchen or nursery interests, a woman whom he can reverence as well as love? Such were the women of old. Such then let us try to be. Our proud title of *Pativrata* is, by our lack of education, in danger of being deteriorated into a mere title. Let us try to raise it to its old prestige.

Now, what should be our ideal of the Indian woman? This is what an Indian gentleman writes, "I would like independence in a woman, I would like her to be true to her instincts and

to her environment, able to resist evil and to appropriate the good and the graceful. She is a commonwealth in herself. Her kingdom is the home she adorns with her gentle presence: her extensions of territory are the various circles of friends, which, as at home, she rules with her varied graces, wit, courage and intellect and benign functions of the heart. Her enemies are vice, wretchedness and misery. A mother in seasons of distress and in the ministrations of bodily comforts, a sweet wife to her loving husband, a minister in advice and a companion in solitude, a woman shines in her womanly garb and gracefulness." Home then, as we said before, should be woman's first sphere. But, has she no duties outside home? Certainly she has, but what kind of duties? On the one hand, Ruskin and Tennyson assert that it is foolish to speak of the superiority of one sex to another, because the one has what the other has not:

Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss
Of science and the secrets of the mind.

"In practical energy and in the mental capacity connected with it, man is undoubtedly superior to woman. Woman's strength on the other hand lies in feeling." "A man's work for his home is to secure its maintenance, progress and defence; the woman's to secure its order, comfort and loveliness." And in the state, in public life, "the man's duty is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defence of the state. The woman's duty is in the ordering, in the comforting and in the beautiful adornment of the state."

On the other hand, there is that very large-hearted view of womanhood, which makes woman the equal of man in all things. Whatever, however, the views of outsiders may be, a woman's duties, we find, are mainly a question of temperament and circumstance. Where a woman finds a safe and a happy home, she is willing to remain as its queen and rule over it. Where she has to stand by herself, it is much better for her to earn her own livelihood, if she has the courage and the intelligence for it, instead of depending on the patronage of grudging relations. Our Indian women are chiefly of the first kind. Each one is generally provided with a home, good or bad, as the case may be. But, even in the plain sphere of home, has a woman no longings for a larger or a higher life? Who can say 'no' to this question? Do not let us, for the sake of the lives that are given us, stifle these longings. Let us give expression to them. They are the strivings of the inner spirit within us for utterance and growth. Education, therefore, is what all women, even 'home

women' need. The question of the extent of the education will be according to the character of the women. Leave it to them, after insisting on some sort of a general and useful education. And here, the question of higher education comes in. We hear people exclaiming against University educations for women. But why make a sweeping deduction? Leave it to the women. If they want it, give them a higher education. If they do not want it, give them a good general education and leave them to work out their own destinies.

But, with regard to this education of Indian women, the world has two great fears. One is that education will make them unwomanly, and another is that it will make them too Westernized. An English gentleman writes thus: "a great many native thinkers and some among their English friends in this country will hold the opinion that great changes had better never be attempted, and there is no doubt that anything like a universal change in the habits of Indian women of rank would be a serious affair from the social point of view. Much, for instance, of mistaken philanthropy has been uttered and printed on the marriage question in India, and I could explain some serious results which most certainly follow in the sudden alteration of the Hindu custom of forbidding the marriage of Hindu widows." This is a fairly extreme standpoint, but, to balance it, there are many who think that reforms are absolutely necessary. And, I ask, why should we be afraid of such reforms? Would Columbus have discovered America if he had been afraid to cross the seas? Would many of the great discoveries of science have been made, if people had been afraid to make dangerous experiments? There is a certain amount of risk in every great undertaking. There is an Indian proverb that a physician is no good physician unless he kills a few people. Even so with Indian women. Let us not be afraid of consequences, but help to lift them to a higher level. Even if pioneers fall by the way, the new path must not be abandoned, but pushed on with greater zest. But there are many who hold the honest opinion that there is no need to fear for the Indian women. It is the fashion generally to compare Indian women with English women. But such a comparison can never be correct, for it must be remembered that both are the results of two distinct sets of environment and of two distinct sets of evolution. Why should the Indian woman take her education as the English does? There is the new woman development in England. Why be afraid of the same thing here? Besides, it must be remembered that the new woman phase is only one bad outcome among many good results. And the great end in view is worth the

risk. Moreover, if we pursue the education in the right way, there will be no fear of the Indian woman being denationalized. Her own inherent dignity, her own national instinct will save her. At the same time, we cannot be too careful of such a point. As a writer says: "Above all things, let Indian women be Indian women. They can seek no lovelier grace, no higher destiny than to fulfil, in accordance with the special gifts and powers and needs of their temperaments, the highest intellectual, social and spiritual life that lies within their reach. I, for one, would raise my voice in favour of equalizing Eastern and Western culture, and not letting either be predominant. Modern India should inherit equally—rather possess equally—the one by inheritance, the other by acquirement—a dual culture and all the vitalizing influences of East and West."

Woman all the world over is a paradox. What says Scott?

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

An Indian legend tells us how the Creator created woman from many different things. Among others, he took of "the joyous gaiety of sunbeams, and the weeping of clouds, and the fickleness of winds, and the timidity of the hare, and the variety of the peacock, and the softness of the parrot's bosom, and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and cruelty of the tiger, and the warm glow of the fire, and the coldness of snow, and the chattering of gays and the cooing of the cuckoo, and the hypocrisy of the crane, and the fidelity of the chakravala, and compounding all these together he made woman and gave her to man." A veritable paradox, but for that very cause beloved by the world. Shakespeare represents women as "infallibly faithful and wise counsellors, incorruptibly just and pure examples, strong always to sanctify even when they cannot save;"—"next to the Christian religion, humanity has no other so precious an inheritance as Shakespeare's divine gallery of womanhood." "Woman," says Ruskin, "must be incorruptibly good, instinctively, infallibly wise, with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changeableness of woman." What, indeed, would man do without woman? Therefore, O Man, take care of the woman entrusted to your charge. Make of her a veritable angel,

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

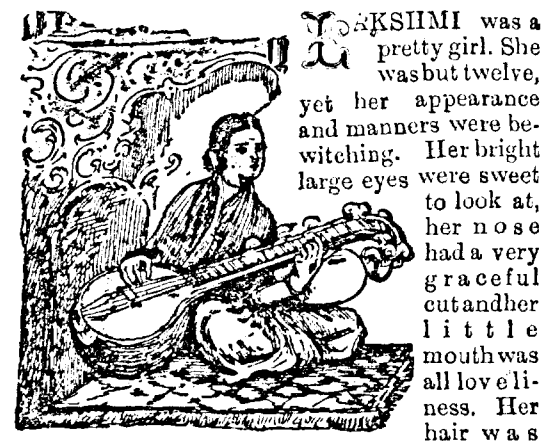
But how? You will ask how? The answer is that

there are so many ways in which the Indian man can help the Indian woman. He can slowly, but surely, do away with the evils that oppress Indian womankind—early marriage, seclusion, enforced widowhood. He can educate her. He can mix socially with her, consult her on the business of life, encourage her, sympathise with her. He can teach her independence. He can help her to make suitable friends. He can teach her to entertain—thus giving her that reliability of manner, which judicious entertainment of friends alone can give. He can travel with her; he can teach her music, painting and the arts of life. He can show her the usefulness of physical exercise. There are so many ways indeed, but why mention more?

Finally, there is much to be thankful for. The Indian men have not forgotten their chivalry. As a writer says: There are different ideals of chivalry in different nations, and it seems to us that the Eastern ideal of chivalry is different from the Western ideal. For instance, is it not chivalry that will not, among the higher castes, allow the women to work?" and so, let us hope that this innate chivalry of our men will be awakened and that they will do their best to better the condition of their wives, sisters, and mothers.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

The Day After Navarathri



LAKSHMI was a pretty girl. She was but twelve, yet her appearance and manners were bewitching. Her bright large eyes were sweet to look at, her nose had a very graceful cut and her little mouth was all loveliness. Her hair was agreeably wayward, though combed down it stood up in beautiful ringlets. More than all this, Lakshmi was a good girl. Being the first-born, she had been greatly fondled by her parents and relatives, but she was far from being naughty. She diligently attended to the wants of her elders and was also a favourite among young chil-

dren. Her kind offices brought her praise and her heart was made the more loving. She was obedient, never neglected the mandates of her mother or grandmother; she quietly submitted herself to all the crude old customs that were dictated to her by the old hags at home.

When Lakshmi was four years old, a younger sister was born to her and three years afterwards, yet another was born. In every family the youngest becomes the darling of the parents. The favouritism that had been first lavished upon Lakshmi was no more hers to enjoy. The third and last was the baby that was now most praised. Lakshmi did not resent this however.

On the other hand, she was extremely indulgent towards her sisters and was most ready to bestow caresses upon them as the others did.

Lakshmi's father was a short stout man. He was good-looking, though. He was a lawyer, and very clever in his trade. He earned much and his wife spent it for whatever she thought was required for her children, herself and her husband. She did not enjoy the privilege unworthily, she was a prudent lady. A thin woman of middle height, her temper was what can be called *eminently workable*. The only defect about her was her "indifferent health," in the words of her husband, which often made her an invalid.

Lakshmi was married, or rather, betrothed in the English sense. It had meant a large and valuable addition to her wardrobe and jewels. She had now to observe more ceremonials in which she took a more serious part than ever before. She was assigned more responsibilities at home and was fulfilling many functions of the housewife. As for the young man she was married to, she thought him a fair youth and looked upon him with good feelings. But he did not seem to engage much of her mind, for she had known very little of him.

It was the tenth day after *Mahalaya Amavasya*, the day after *Navarathri*. Lakshmi's mother fell ill and the cook was away—two events which not rarely occurred together to trouble little Lakshmi. There was an old widow at home, as is the case in most Indian homes, to look after the kitchen; but her eyes were too defective to enable her to go to the river and fetch the daily supply of drinking water. Servants of the lower castes could not do it either, for the water would be polluted and as such, absolutely useless for Brahmin use. In the absence of the Brahmin cook then, the task of going to the river to bring a fair-sized vessel, full of drinking water, fell on Lakshmi. She went to the river at a late hour in the evening—she had forgotten to go till then. All the Brahmin matrons had already returned home from the river and Sudra women with earthen pots were all that appeared on her way,

but Lakshmi was too good a native of the place to feel herself insecure.

The river was characteristically Indian. There was almost nothing of the river in it except a breadth of sand. The women had dug in it a small canal, less than half a mile in length. The water trickling down from sandy springs and flowing on a soil of pure sand, was clear and sweet. Lakshmi finished the polishing of her brass vessel on the bank and it really looked like burnished gold. She got her fill of the water and with mature prudence placed the vessel on her side waist, and with her protecting left arm around its mouth, started homewards. The moon had now risen in the unclouded sky and the river looked one vast bed of silver. The young figure of Lakshmi, slowly placing her soft little feet on the sand, worthily reflected the moon's splendour. Fate envied this happy scene on earth,—Lakshmi tumbled down and the vessel with water fell down. It was the work of two pieces of brick, which poor Lakshmi had overlooked. Some mischievous children had evidently dropped them there.

She was soon however raised up by a pair of strong arms and her tears kissed away. It was Madhav, Lakshmi's husband! He had gone on an evening walk to the other bank of the river and was then returning home. Unexpectedly he met Lakshmi, in a strange condition indeed. Madhav was a brilliant specimen of Mathew Arnold's "young barbarian" at the university, and was now spending his Dasserah holidays at his father-in-law's home, on invitation.

Lakshmi was by no means injured by the accident, but her tender limbs had received a shock from which she recovered only after the lapse of some minutes. The brass vessel lay on the sand, emptied of the water. Young Madhav insisted on being allowed to fetch the water once again and also volunteered to carry it home himself.

"It would be absurd for a man to carry it in the open street," pleaded Lakshmi.

"Nothing is absurd where I am of use to you, my girl."

"But I think I can manage to do it myself."

"Yes, you can only *manage* to do it, my dear; and there is every chance of your failing to do it. Trust me, and it is most easily done."

Lakshmi thought so too. But the idea of her husband carrying water was irreconcilable. Mad Madhav now struck upon a plan. He would carry the water through the greater part of the distance and when the road in which Lakshmi's house stood was reached—only twenty yards from it—Madhav would give back the load, to avoid the sight of any acquaintances.

"Ah! that is not the way," remonstrated Lakshmi.

"I see that, dear, I cannot do things as handsomely as you women can, but I am strong enough to bear this weight in any manner."

"I am very sorry for this evening; never had I a fall like this."

"Are you injured, Lakshmi?"

"No."

"Then it is entirely a happy evening that has brought you so close to me," Madhav broke into a merry laughter in which Lakshmi was pleased to join with a smile.

"And now, shall I praise your beauty which I have been watching these nine days?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You must not call me *sir*. As I call you Lakshmi, you must call me Madhav, there needs be no formality between us."

The request was too affectionate and pleasant not to be complied with.

"Am I beautiful, Madhav?"

"You are. You were the beautiful girl one day, quite a fairy on another and the *fairest lady* on yet another day."

"I don't understand you."

"On the day that you wore the purple silk-and-lace petticoat with the silk yellowish red upper garment, you were the beautiful girl, when you were in the white silk piece with blossoms all over and a blue silk-and-lace border, you were a fairy and when you put on the green silk-and-lace sari, you were the *fairest lady*."

This elaborate explanation surprised Lakshmi very much and she imagined Madhav to have been her most intimate acquaintance ever since her birth.

"Dusserah at home" is the exhibition of dolls and little pieces of artistic furniture, beautifully arranged and decorated. The young girls go about, inviting the ladies of the neighbourhood for songs and *pansupari* at their several houses. They are dressed in specially excellent costumes, made more attractive by being varied every day. The girl, the fairy and the lady described by Madhav would correspond to the successive dresses of Hindu women. The little girl has her petticoat, bodice and a short upper garment; the more grown up ones assume what can be called a *short sari* and bodice, while the *sari* proper would constitute the dress of a lady.

To return to Lakshmi. That moonlight night was eventful to her. She was awake to sensations that she had never felt before. Madhav was to her a new sort of person and a very fascinating one too. He was entirely different from all that she had already known. He was unlike her father and mother; they were certainly

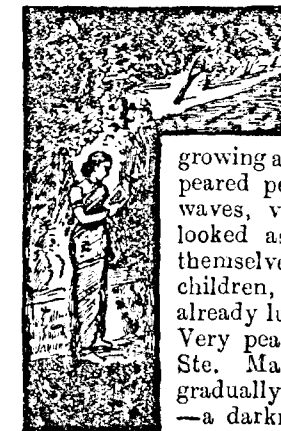
very kind parents, but Lakshmi was only the obedient and good daughter to her good and kind parents, while Madhav—he treated her like a lady. He was her protector—so she thought when she was in his affectionate arms. His talk was decidedly sweeter than that of any other that Lakshmi had met with. Madhav was supreme in her mind and heart! Lakshmi went home that day, cheered secretly by the consciousness of her dear lord.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

A Mother's Renunciation

BY "TIFFANY."

CHAPTER I.



TWILIGHT was creeping on slowly into night and a peaceful silence, belonging only to that hour, seemed to be growing around. Everything appeared perfectly calm; the very waves, viewed from a distance, looked as if they were rocking themselves to sleep, like demure children, when Nurse Wind had already lulled herself to slumber. Very peaceful did the village of Ste. Maxime look as darkness gradually ousted the fading light,—a darkness that was hastened

by the gathering clouds in the distance, at which some of the "old salts" shook their heads ominously.

In a tiny, meagrely furnished room in the little inn hard by, a woman paced restlessly up and down, her hands clasped as if in prayer, but the expression on her face denoted a fierce, almost hopeless, mental conflict. Let us pause for a while and go over her history. Stella Morton, a half dozen years previously, had been a very pretty girl, the belle of her native place, Winterton, and adored by a father who indulged her in every caprice and thought there was no one who could hold a candle to his only child. However, a time came when Stella chafed at the smallness of Winterton and fell in love with a handsome young artist named Edgar Harding. Disregarding her father's objections to him, she left the paternal roof and married him. Her father shortly after this died and the little money he possessed went to Mrs. Harding, who paid her husband's debts with it. They travelled about

in a humble style on the continent, he always hoping to make his fortune when "something should turn up." About a year before this story opens, he died of consumption, leaving her a penniless widow with two boys, aged four and two and a half years. She settled down in a small French town and tried to eke out a living by teaching music and English and taking in needlework. It was a hand to mouth existence for the friendless widow, whose trials were further enhanced by her younger child Edgar getting consumption. Her little boys were now the only joy, solace and friends she had, but, like all earthly joys, hers was bitter sweet. Clarence, the elder, was a fine, bonny, merry child, who reminded her very much of her father. Edgar had always been puny and small, his clearly-cut features very much resembling his father's; his dullness, too, contrasted very much with his brother's great intelligence. Owing to his extreme delicacy, he was poor Mrs. Harding's favourite. Many were the anxious days and nights she spent watching her child, her heart almost bursting with suppressed grief. Even little Clarence, who would wake up sometimes in the middle of the night "to help mammy give Eddy med'cine," was poor comfort to her on those occasions. She would mechanically clasp the little white-robed figure close to her, press a kiss on his forehead and send him back to his bed. Little Edgar at length became so bad that she decided to take him for a fortnight to the seaside, cost what it may; so after disposing of some of her husband's paintings and his watch and chain, she left her lodgings and with her boys came to the cheap inn of St. Maxime and had been staying there two days when our story commences.

For the first two days the child had seemed better and brighter, but now his extreme weakness had returned. The doctor she had sent for told her that she should have taken him to a warmer climate, somewhere further South, and that, though he might live to manhood, it would only be with the greatest care.

The evening of our first introduction to her, the doctor had just left after repeating his injunctions about another change of air and the great need of nourishments, wines, etc. Every word of advice he uttered added to her burden. How could she, in her chill penury, with two children to support, take one child for another change and supply him with all the medicines and nourishments that the doctor had ordered? She was indeed in a pitiable plight, friendless, with no relations she knew of to help her. Despair seemed to gnaw into her very soul as she paced up and down the little room. She went to a cot and, removing the covering, gazed at the

wasted little form lying on it; then she lifted the covering from the next bed and looked long at the beautiful healthy child, tired out by play, slumbering there. How was she to save the fragile life of the former and to educate the latter?

A sudden gust of breeze, the first of the approaching storm, came through the half-opened window and she went to close it; she saw some dark figures with lights in their hands moving about on the beach. Evidently some people who had gone out in boats and had not returned, she thought; the sea was decidedly rough, the sky very lowering with the fast gathering clouds, so there was ample cause for alarm. She drew the curtains, lighted the lamp and sat down to her needlework. The sight of the probable distress of others made her partly forget her own for a while. Little Clarence who had gone to sleep unusually early, woke up and soothed her with his babyish chatter. His talk was all about a little boy he had played with that afternoon on the beach.

"We played football, mammy, and the ball went into the sea and I ran to bring it and he sat down and cried. His nurse ran up and took me and said, 'You are velly naughty boy, master Jack.' She thought I was Jack."

"You must never run into the sea, darling. What would mammy do without you, if you were drowned?"

"You kly, mummy, but you loves Eddy more, because Eddy is so sick."

"Mummy loves you very much, darling," was her answer, though she saw the child had divined her greater love for Edgar as well as the reason for it.

"Mummy, that nurse had a man with her and they took Jackie in a boat for a velly long sail, they said."

"For a long sail! I wonder if they have returned. How glad I am they did not want to take you, Clarence."

"I came back to play with Eddy, Mummy. Then we got tired and went to sleep." He played awhile with his mother's reel of thread, then, seeing that his little brother was stirring, told her so. He ran and got the milk which was warming on the stove and helped his mother to administer it in teaspoonfuls. The task was an extremely difficult one, for between each teaspoonful poor little Edgar's frame was racked by violent fits of coughing which cut into Mrs. Harding's heart like a knife, but at length she and Clarence accomplished the task and she bade him in a weary voice to go to bed. She herself worked with her needle in an absent frame of mind, not even hearing the roar of the sea, the peals of thunder or the rain pattering against her window. At last, when head and eyes ached too much for her to ignore the fact, she put her

work away and prepared for her bed, though sleep seemed disinclined to visit her for some time.

Early next morning she awoke with a presentiment that something was about to happen. She opened her window and saw that the sea was perfectly calm and the sky blue, yet still the cold, heavy feeling remained. Standing there for a minute she saw the landlady pass by and bade her "bon matin." The woman immediately came to the window and in awed tones told her that a nurse had taken her charge, a little English boy, for a sail the previous evening and had stayed out very long. This alarmed the parents, who wished to go out in a boat in search of them, but the fishermen would not lend theirs on that wild, stormy night or go out and help for any money. An hour after the alarm was raised, pieces of the boat were washed ashore about two miles up the beach and later on, with the coming in of the tide, the dead bodies of nurse and child; nothing had been heard of the young fisher-lad as yet.

"That must have been the little boy my son played with yesterday evening," said Mrs. Harding and a deep wave of thankfulness entered her heart when she remembered that her child came home early to play with his sick brother.

"Yes, Madame," said the landlady, "and the little Jack looked so much like your child; they looked like brothers."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding, "who are these people?"

"They are called Carlyles and they came here for two weeks. They were going away to-day, but the Madame is very ill and calling for her child."

"Is any one looking after her?"

"Only her husband, Madame, and he is distrait," was the reply.

"I can go to her presently," said Mrs. Harding. Clarence at this moment awoke and she heard his prayers and helped him to dress quickly. She then felt that she had never loved this child so much as she did now, when she reflected what would have been his fate, if he had gone with his companion for a sail the evening before. What a help he was to her, though only four years of age, always as cheery as a sunbeam. How ashamed she felt of her gloomy thoughts about the future!

"Mother will leave you for a while, darling," she said, "she is going to see a poor sick lady whose little boy is dead."

"Is it Jacky, Mammy?" asked the little fellow, as she kissed him warmly.

"Yes, dear, it is poor little Jacky who has gone to the angels. Will you mind Eddy till I come back? Here is his medicine to give him when he wakes and his milk is on the stove. Drink yours now, dear."

She hastened away to offer her services to the

stricken couple. The landlady had evidently told Mr. Carlyle that she had offered to come and attend to his wife, for he seemed to expect her.

"This is exceedingly kind of you, Mrs. Harding," he said, "but I have sent for a nurse who will be here soon and the doctor will be coming in again presently, so we must not be selfish and take you away too much from your children. One is ill, I understand," and his voice broke, as he looked through the open door at a cot in the next room. He left the room but came in at intervals to see his wife. About two hours afterwards he entered, looking very pale and leading Clarence by the hand.

"Your little son wishes to speak to you, Mrs. Harding," he said.

"Mammy, Eddy is hungry, he is klying velly much," the child said simply.

"Mrs. Harding, pray do not let me keep you any longer. See, there is the doctor coming and the nurse will be here soon. Well, little man, do you like biscuits? Here is a tin for you and some sweeties. My God! How much he is like our Jack!" as the child put up his face to kiss him. He put the tin of biscuits in Mrs. Harding's hand and drew Clarence to him. At that moment Mrs. Carlyle, who had fallen into a light, troubled sleep, awoke and seeing Clarence with his hand in her husband's and Mrs. Harding standing by, jumped up and caught the boy in a close embrace. "My son, my son! my Jack," she sobbed hysterically, "Oh my darling! Those cruel waves did not drown you at all. My precious one, I'll never let you go again, never, never!"

"Be calm, Evelyn," said Mr. Carlyle, gently, "this is—"

"Oh Francis, how can I? My darling, kiss me," then seeing Clarence draw back, she went on, "No, sweetest, mother is not angry, with you now, so give her a kiss."

At this juncture the doctor entered the room and in a few seconds comprehended the whole case. "Mrs. Carlyle," he said gently, "the little boy is very hungry; he woke late this morning and has not had any breakfast. Won't you let him go now and have something to eat? He is tired too, I think."

But when Mrs. Harding left the room with Clarence, it was not Mrs. Carlyle that the doctor sat and talked to. He quickly saw her case and how she was labouring under the impression that Clarence Harding was her own son. Instead he sat and talked to Mr. Carlyle for a long while in the adjoining room and after that they sent for the landlady of the inn.

"Well Madame, we want to ask you a few particulars about this lady, Mrs. Harding," said the doctor, "Do you know whether she is well-to-do or has to work for her living?"

"What a poor woman she is, Messieurs,"

replied the woman. "She is very poor. And the two little children! One of them is very ill. She told me that the doctor said nothing would save the child but a warm climate and plenty of nourishment. But she has not the money, poor lady, and I am charging her very little."

Mr. Carlyle and the doctor exchanged glances. As soon as Madame Dupont had left the room the doctor said, "The plan seems feasible, if she sees it from our point of view. It would be the saving of Mrs. Carlyle as her condition is very critical." But the only reply Mr. Carlyle gave was to walk across to the cot where his dead boy lay and, on removing the cloth that covered the child's face, to murmur, "Poor little Jack! It is only for your mother's sake I wish to do it, my boy," and, strong man that he was, he put down his head and sobbed like a child.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Carlyle's nurse soon arrived and so, leaving her quietly sleeping in the woman's charge, Mr. Carlyle and the doctor asked to see Mrs. Harding. They were shown into the landlady's parlour, where she presently joined them. The doctor, as usual, was the spokesman and began by asking questions about little Edgar's health and taking a kindly interest in both the children. Presently he said, "You must forgive me for asking all these questions, Mrs. Harding, but I am a countryman of yours and I feel for anyone I see alone in a foreign country. Now, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle are only travelling about for the health of the latter."

"We have been most unfortunate in this tour," said Mr. Carlyle. "Mrs. Carlyle was always passionately attached to our little son. We had three other children, all of whom died in babyhood; this was the only child who had lived to the age of four. He was always so happy and healthy, our veritable sunbeam."

"I feel greatly for you, Mr. Carlyle," said Mrs. Harding.

"Well, Mrs. Carlyle has been more or less an invalid for the past two years," said the doctor. "She met with a very grave accident to her head last year and was seriously ill for some time. We feared loss of reason, but happily she recovered. For some weeks past she has been poorly again and now this sad loss of her only child has completely prostrated her. Mrs. Harding, you are a mother, can you not understand her grief?" Tears stood in Mrs. Harding's eyes as she answered, "Yes, I do," though inwardly wondering why these two gentlemen, mere acquaintances only, should speak to her so freely and strongly about a mother's grief. "I understand her grief," she said, "my own little boy is very, very ill."

"Forgive me, Mrs. Harding, but I believe you wish to take the child away for a good change to

a warmer climate, but cannot see your way towards doing it at present," said Mr. Carlyle. "Mrs. Harding, I have a proposal to make to you, which will enable you to do as you wish, if you agree to it."

"To enable me to take my child to a warmer climate, surround him with luxuries and prolong his life!" She exclaimed tremulously. "Oh, for God's sake, don't tantalize me. It is quite impossible," and she covered her face with her hands.

"Mrs. Harding, you have not heard all I wish to say," said Mr. Carlyle gently. "You know how ill my wife is, her reason is tottering in the balance, her life is hanging on a slender thread. You saw how she mistook your little boy for our Jack; indeed, the resemblance is very great. I want to ask you—" his voice grew husky and he paused, as if at a loss for words—"to give your little boy to us. He shall be as our son, we will care for him, give him a good education. My wife thinks he is her child and if she gets to believe that ours is really dead, it will either destroy her reason or her life. Oh, Mrs. Harding, consider this well. Think of your boy's future life and the prospects he will have with us. In return we will send you and your other child to a warm climate and provide him with everything he needs so that his life will be saved and he will grow up to vigorous manhood." He paused, for Mrs. Harding was standing before him, her hands clenched, eyes dilated and face pale and set.

"You come to say this to me—his mother. You desire a mother to sell her child. You inhuman monster!" she hissed. Then suddenly she sat down and, covering her face with her hands, began to weep. "Oh, why did you ever say such a thing to me?"

"Come away, Carlyle," said the doctor, who perceived signs of relenting, and when the door closed on them said, "She will have agreed to it by this time to-morrow."

Meanwhile the poor mother sat and wept tears of both indignation and sorrow—indignation that those two men should have proposed to take her little Clarence away from her, and sorrow that Edgar lay dying and the only way she saw to save his life was by such infamous means. The bare idea of it seemed an insult to her mother's heart. Though Edgar was her favourite, claiming on account of his delicacy, the greater share of her maternal care, Clarence was her pride, help and joy. The thought of parting with either of her children was unbearable. Sleep deserted her that night. When Clarence knelt at her knees as she sat by Edgar's bed and lisped his childish prayers, she was quite determined that she would never part with him; but as the hours passed on and she sat in the same place by her sick child, tending to his wants, her resolution wavered.

The doctor had said that a good long stay in a warm climate, with every care, would be the means of saving Edgar's life. What right had she to allow this life to flicker out for the sake of gratifying her mother's love in keeping her other child with her? Clarence would have a comfortable home—Mr. Carlyle said he would be treated as their own child—his future prospects would be far brighter than if he remained with her, but—here she wavered—would he be happy? This troubled her sorely, but reason whispered to her, "If Mrs. Carlyle thinks the boy is her own, will she not love him and make him happy? He is only four now—in a short time he will cease to think of Edgar and you—will learn to love them and forget you." Here lay the sting—he would forget them. She would not let herself dwell on this fact, for every thought on this point was a pang.

Early next morning, ere the children awoke, she asked to see Mr. Carlyle. She waited for him in the little room where his child lay. He entered, looking pale and worn out, but was quick to perceive the traces the past night's mental conflict had left on her face. "Take him," she said brokenly, "take him, and, for the love of God, be good to him."

Three months later we see Mrs. Harding and Edgar established in a little cottage in a picturesque town on the Mediterranean. They were seated under the trees one bright afternoon; the child lay in a hammock looking at a picture-book, both presents from Mr. Carlyle, while on a small table were set some fruit and invalid wine. Already in that short time he looked much stronger than he did at Ste. Maxime. The improvement had been rapid, but the physician Mr. Carlyle sent in said that she must keep him there for a year at least to completely restore him. She sat on a low chair by him, doing some needlework and talking to him. If the change had done the boy good, it certainly had not done her any; her hair was tinged with grey and she had become very thin, while a look of settled pain was in her eyes. Presently they became so absorbed discussing a picture that they did not notice a carriage stop on the road before their gate and three people alight and come towards them. Mrs. Harding started when she suddenly felt a pair of warm young arms thrown round her neck and a sweet voice cried, "My mummy, I come back to you, kiss me."

It was Clarence! she caught the child in a tight embrace and kissed him passionately, scarcely daring to let him go lest it should prove a dream after all.

"Clarence, my darling!" she murmured at length. "How did you come back?"

"We brought him back, Mrs. Harding," said

a gentle voice above her, and looking up she saw Mrs. Carlyle in a black dress with tears in her eyes. "We brought him back to you, my husband and I, because—because—I could not keep your child and think it was mine." Her voice trembled and she stopped. Mr. Carlyle who, with a man's horror of scenes, had hitherto been looking at some flowers, now came forward with extended hand saying.

"My wife was very ill at the time with the shock, Mrs. Harding, so she naturally mistook your little boy for ours, as the resemblance was so striking. She saw very little of him for the first few weeks, but, when she became stronger and saw him for longer periods at shorter intervals, her mother's heart would not be deceived, she divined the truth and made me tell her the whole story. As soon as she was well enough to travel we came to bring Clarence back to you."

Tears of happiness stood in Mrs. Harding's eyes. She put her arm round Mrs. Carlyle's waist and made her sit down.

"I cannot say how sorry I feel for you," she said, "your trial is such a hard one to bear." Clarence came round from Edgar's side to Mrs. Carlyle's.

"Don't kly, Auntie," he whispered, "have you seen my Edgar?" He caught his mother's hand. "Tell her not to kly," he entreated, "I've so glad to come here."

Mrs. Harding went into the house to bring more chairs out for her visitors and also to give herself more time to compose herself. When she rejoined them Mrs. Carlyle was seated by Edgar's side talking to him, while Mr. Carlyle had Clarence on his knee.

"This son of yours flatly refused to call us anything but 'Uncle' and 'Auntie.' Mrs. Harding," he said pleasantly, "so we have decided to keep to the relationship."

Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle remained there for a long time. During the visit, the latter told Mrs. Harding in the kindest possible way that the cottage was taken on a year's lease in her own name, but that she would deem it a great favour if Mrs. Harding would continue to occupy it with her children.

"Though I could not keep Clarence and love him as my own, I love him dearly, so for his sake you must accept the amount I have deposited in the bank in your name, Mrs. Harding. How sorry I feel when I think of you struggling to support your children, while I have more money than I can spend! For my 'nephew's' sake and for Edgar's sake you must take the money, do!"

It would be impossible to describe how happy Mrs. Harding was after this with her two children with her.

"How good God is," she often told herself.

"How happy He has made me! and I once doubted that He cared for us at all!"

The Carlyles came to see her sometimes and arranged that, when her year's stay was over there, she should go as housekeeper to Mrs. Carlyle, who would then be returning from India to settle in England. She was not separated from her two boys, who went along with her to Carlyle Hall.

"I wonder," thought Mrs. Harding sometimes, "how I did bear to part with my Clarence. I love my darlings too well ever to part with either of them again."

ALICE E. STRIP.

The Dassehra Festival



IT is with a gladdened heart that I wish to write upon this festival—a festival of very great religious impor-

portance to us, a festival that was held in great reverence and celebrated in times of antiquity, with greater warmth and enthusiasm than at present, in commemoration of the victory of Kali over Mahesha, who had been the cause of tyranny and oppression to the world at large, a festival which is celebrated in some parts of India in commemoration of the victory of Rama over Ravana, the King of Ceylon, a festival, which, if observed, correctly and strictly, with pious devotion, will, without the least doubt, secure for us the highest noble ideals, the greatest religious sentiments lofty and ideals of patriotism and lastly reveal to us the glorious past of our motherland and its gloomy present and encourage the present depressed Hindu by distinctly whispering in his ear that India's future is bright. Such are the advantages of the celebration of National festivals. From an unknown past, India has been the perennial fountain from which the waters of spiritual knowledge have been sucked by the other nations. India had been the first to dispel the clouds of ignorance and superstition from other countries by the broad electric light of spiritualism. India's past glory lay in its spiritualism and India's future regeneration lies solely in spiritualism. With the development of materialism, spiritualism is gradually disappearing from our land. Let it be clearly understood that, if materialism should take the place of spiritualism, India can never, never, hope for her regeneration which is the ultimate goal of India's earnest workers. And at the same time, let it be stamped in our hearts that all National festivals play an impor-

tant part in the National, political and moral development of a nation and so, I earnestly request my brethren who are working for India's good to give a prominent place to our National festivals like Dassehra, etc., and celebrate them with great warmth and earnestness.

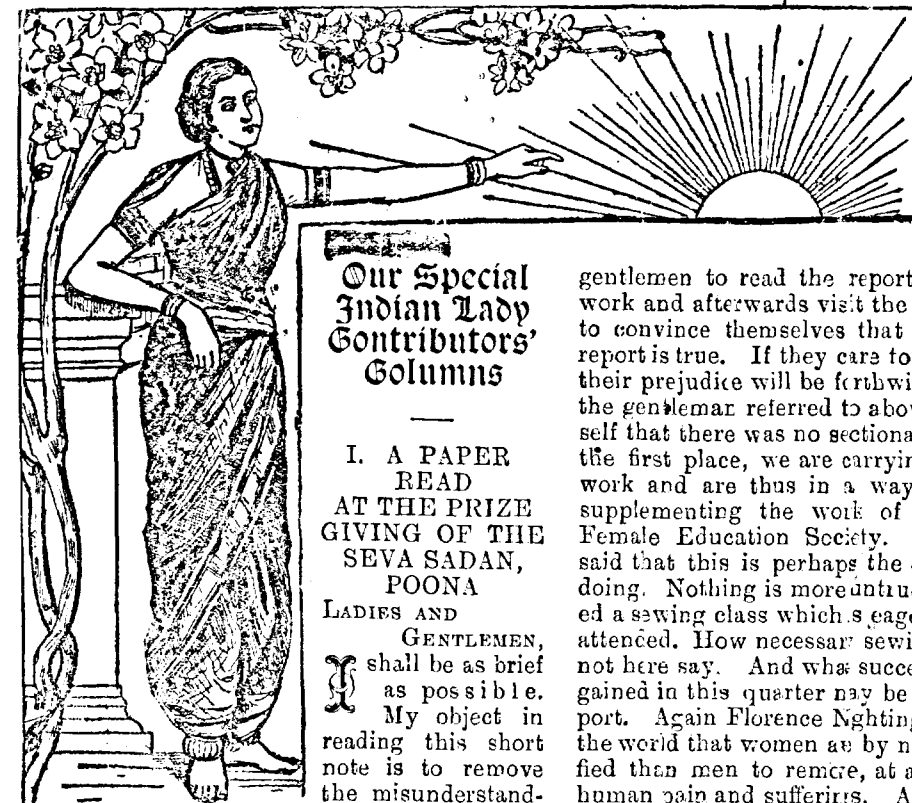
Men whose minds have been corroded by materialistic views may question the significance and usefulness of our festivals. Every festival is not void of its religious significance and so is our Dassehra or the Navaratri festival. This festival comes off in the month of October. Every Hindu home is whitewashed and kept in a decent way. On the first day of the month of Aswi-yuja, every Indian girl and woman places her toys in a neatly arranged way in one of the best corners of her house. The walls are filled with various kinds of pictures mostly cut by the girls themselves. It bears a clear testimony to the fact that Indian ladies have an artistic taste like the Japanese ladies. During this festival Indian women are seen going to their friends' houses and taking some sort of slight refreshments, not in the usual western sense, and returning to their homes. It is a clear proof of the fact that Indian ladies enjoy perfect freedom, though not to the same extent, as our western sisters and that they possess social habits. On Saraswati Puja day better known as 'Mula Nashtram,' all the ancient religious books are placed in a consecrated place and are worshipped with due respect. According to the Hindu conception, Saraswati is the Goddess of Learning. In fact, what Athene is to the Athenians, that 'Saraswati is to the Hindus.' Her Puja is performed with the distinct object that our mental visions may be expanded and our minds may be the store houses of spiritual knowledge and spiritual wisdom.

Maharnavami day is a day that secured peace and joy to the world, because Parvati, assuming the form of Kali fought 8 days with Mahesha-sura and it was on this notable ninth day that the world's tyrannizer was slain. In commemoration of this notable heroic deed, the Hindu devotee worships the Kali who relieved the world from the bonds of continued suffering and misery.

Thus every festival in India is backed up by some religious foundation.

Once more, I earnestly request my Indian brethren to shake off their materialistic views and breathe in again the refreshing and reinvigorating Indian spiritual air, so that the spiritualism of the East may conquer the materialism of the West, and let all my brethren work for the spiritual regeneration of our country, for it is on the solid basis of spiritualism that the lofty edifice of Indian Nationality can be beautifully constructed.

V. SESHAGIRI RAO.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns

I. A PAPER READ AT THE PRIZE GIVING OF THE SEVA SADAN, POONA

LADIES AND

GENTLEMEN,

I shall be as brief as possible.

My object in reading this short note is to remove the misunderstand-

ings that are prevalent among the people regarding the work our Seva Sadan is doing. First, it is said that our work is sectional, that is, only the interests of the Brahman classes are looked after. At any rate, this was the remark that once came from the lips of a public-spirited citizen of Poona. Since the remark was made, he visited our Sadan a number of times and is now convinced that the sectional spirit is conspicuous by its absence here. Ladies and Gentlemen, you may take it for granted that wherever Mrs. Ranade and Mr. Deadhar are the active workers, there the movement will be always carried on in an unsectional, broad-minded and large-hearted manner. I am a Parsee woman and am, therefore, more qualified to give an opinion on this matter. Besides, I do not come here as a mere member of the working committee. My visits here are, therefore, not few and far between. I have been carefully looking into the inner workings of the Seva Sadan, and am perfectly certain that if there was any institution that is free from party or caste prejudices, it is the Seva Sadan.

Again, there are some men, who have alas persuaded themselves into the belief that we are given up to tall talk and little substantial work, that, in other words, our work is more of a showy than of a useful kind. I request such

gentlemen to read the report published of our work and afterwards visit the Seva Sadan itself to convince themselves that every word in the report is true. If they care to do this, I am sure their prejudice will be forthwith removed just as the gentleman referred to above convinced himself that there was no sectional spirit here. In the first place, we are carrying on the teaching work and are thus in a way of very humbly supplementing the work of the Maharashtra Female Education Society. But it might be said that this is perhaps the only work we are doing. Nothing is more untrue. We have started a sewing class which is eagerly and regularly attended. How necessary sewing is to us I need not here say. And what success we have so far gained in this quarter may be seen from the report. Again Florence Nightingale has shown to the world that women are by nature more qualified than men to remove, at any rate alleviate, human pain and sufferings. And the alleviation of human sufferings is one of the principal objects of our Seva Sadan. A series of lectures by Drs. Shikhar and Gokhale every year arranged to teach ladies hygiene, sanitation and nursing. Twelve ladies have already passed the First Aid examination and have been doing useful work at home and outside silently and unostentatiously. I know a lady friend of mine who has passed this examination and is constantly troubled by her servants and their relatives, who prefer their being treated by her, to their going to the hospital. The relatives of her servants who come to her for medical help are not simply from Poona but also from the adjoining villages. I am sure the day will not be far when our Seva Sadan will produce nurses and will thus meet a want so much felt everywhere in India. But to expect the Seva Sadan to produce nurse at once would surely be to expect a matriculation student forthwith to become an M. A. In this connection I may say that the David Sassoon Hospital authorities have kindly permitted our women, who are taking lessons in nursing to go to the hospital and do practical work there. This will highly increase, I am sure, the qualifications of the Seva Sadan nurses. I am also glad to say that the members of our Seva Sadan are doing philanthropic work wherever they go. Instances of this kind

have already been given in the report. So it is no use narrating them here. What I here want specially to say is that gentlemen, before they condemn our work, should read our reports and see for themselves by actual visits to the Seva Sadan whether what is said in the reports is sober truth or exaggerated descriptions. I repeat that so long as Mrs. Janade is here to guide and Mr. Deadhar to help us, there is nothing but progress for us.

"DIANA."

II. NAVARATHRI

There was one giant whose name was Mahishasuran, who prayed to the Goddess of Siva to promise him that he must not be killed by any men in the world. But he never thought about the women. Siva promised him. Mahishasuran treated the people very badly and so the people cried to the goddesses of Siva, Vishnu, and Bramha.

Suddenly a thing shone from their faces, and formed into the shape of a girl. This girl was very beautiful and very brave but Mahishasuran was braver than her. She prayed to God for 9 days and on the ninth day she killed the demon and gained the victory on the tenth day. She was called Mahishasura Murthany and became one of the famous goddesses. All the people keep dolls, and little things instead of her, because she was one of the fearful goddesses and she was born full of anger to kill him, so all the people cannot keep her in their houses.

The people must give beetle-leaves, nuts, fruits and cocoanuts to all the women, except the widows, to make Mahishasura Murthany happy, because she was praying to God full of anger.

Mahishasura Murthany prayed to God for nine nights so it is called Navarathri.

The people who cannot keep dolls at home, keep books and all instruments which they use, on the ninth day called Sarasvati Bhujah, and enjoy themselves. The tenth day is called Vijaya Wasami, because she gained the victory.

THE MEANINGS FOR THE SANSKRIT WORDS.

Mahisham = Buffalo.

Mahishasuran = The giant who has the buffalo's head and the body like human beings.

Mahishasura Murthany = One of the fearful goddesses who killed Mahishasuran.

Navarathri = Nine nights.

Sarasvati = The goddess of Bramha and she always reads books and never stops reading.

Sarasvati Bhujah = The people praying to Sarasvati are said to be Sarasvati Bhujah.

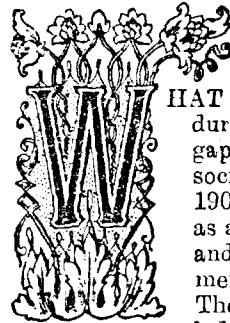
Vijaya = Victory.

Wasam = Ten.

Vijaya Wasami—She gained the victory on the tenth day, so it is called Vijaya Wasami.

BY AN INDIAN WIDOW OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

Second Annual Report of the Seva Sadan Society



WHAT is the work we have done during the last two years? What gaps have we filled? The society was founded on July 11, 1908. That day was observed as a Self-Denial day in 1909, and again in 1910, by our members and sympathisers. There were about three hundred ladies present at the last anniversary meeting, and there was a much larger gathering at the first anniversary. Mrs. Ramabai Ramabei, the respected widow of the late Mr. Justice Ranado, presided on both occasions, and delivered very stirring addresses.

Our account year, however, ends on June 30, and our honorary auditors have examined our books and appended their certificate. Let us see first how the amount guaranteed for the first two years and duly paid, in all Rs. 35,850, has been spent. In July 1908, the monthly expenditure was not expected to be more than Rs. 1,000, and that sum alone was paid by the guarantors. In August 1908, also, that sum was paid. In September 1908 it was resolved to give Rs. 300 a month for one year to our Mahomedan section, and therefore Rs. 1,300 were paid in that month. In October 1908, it was found absolutely necessary to increase the expenditure to Rs. 1,550, and from that month up to June guarantors paid at the rate of Rs. 1,550 a month. Thus, their total payments during the two years amount Rs. 35,850, besides occasional side aid which aggregates a large sum.

It has been recently said: "Aerial navigation is teaching us much about the mysterious and invisible sea of air at the bottom of which we crawl. Now men are rising into the higher levels with grand daring; and on their fragile ships of the air they are encountering those currents, maelstroms, whirlpools, cataracts, updraughts, eddies and manifold turbulences which make the exploitation of this new world so dangerous and fascinating. Every mountain hill, tree, building, sheet of water, every change in the contour of the earth's surface, indeed, by its effects on the lower aerial currents. But, as



"UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN"
(See page 154)

he aspires higher, there are more regular belts moving in various directions at high speed, and giving the daring airman many opportunities of finding a more suitable course. High flight will also be safe flight, for, as the machine plunges from a lofty altitude, a gliding action is set up, which makes the ultimate path to earth a gentler one. On the other hand, the aeroplane which plunges downwards sharply when near the earth, has not space in which to develop the gliding effects and it crashes through thin air to earth with disastrous effects. Most aeroplane accidents have occurred when the machines were at low latitudes."

From the first, we, like modern airmen, believed in the safety of flying high. We have had our share of adverse currents, maelstroms and the rest, and our little aeroplane is most certainly not perfect. But just compare 36,000 rupees with the amounts which are being spent on aerial navigation experiments, and then say whether it will really matter much if all the 36,000 rupees are lost. There can be really no loss at all in the case of those who care for no concrete results, and are in love with an ideal and pursue it for its own sake. The question is one merely of faith. The aeroplaners are spending millions because they believe in the safety of flying high. The guarantors of the Seva Sadan spent about 36,000 rupees because they also had such faith.

Their resources were limited. Had they commanded the millions of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller, they would have, by this time, given Bombay a college for women with the best women professors. That college would not have been an ordinary college preparing for University examinations. It would have devoted itself to training women into self-sacrificing teachers, healers, and ministrants. The Honourable Sydney Holland, Chairman of the London Hospital, has said recently: "Practical efficiency in nursing cannot be ascertained by any examination yet devised," and it may be truly said that practical efficiency in doing loving self-sacrificing service cannot be so ascertained. We, therefore, wanted an organisation, free from the trammels of examining bodies and devoted to the cause of teaching social service by actual service and self-sacrifice and by creating an environment where nothing but these would be heard or thought of. Some may call us visionaries? But are not all aeroplaners also visionaries? Is not every idealist a visionary? Has not every inventor to begin with a vision? How was radium discovered? What large sums were spent on making experiments of all kinds? Ours is also an experiment. We want to see if the waste human material in India cannot be turned into vitally active

loving Sisters Ministrant, into living sunshine, with "the roots of their souls set in sunlight as the roots of a tree are in the earth." We have millions of widows in India. If radium was found in the most unpromising materials, why should we despair of finding such living sunshine in India's daughters? The problem of female education, of female elevation, cannot be solved unless we have our own lady missionaries, and the Sadan aims at creating these.

Out of the Rs. 1,550 a month, Rs. 300, as said already, were paid to our Mohomedan section for one year and after that period, Rs. 150 a month, as at the end of June 1909, they had an unspent balance of Rs. 2,339-12-6. Rs. 150 a month were given to our Parsi Ashram where we have now besides a regular sister and the Parsi matron (belonging to a priestly family), four Parsi probationers, two of whom are sisters of a deceased member of the Indian Civil Service. To our Hindu Ashram, we have been paying at the rate of Rs. 200 a month, and we have now a dozen inmates in that Ashram under their Superintendent, a Hindu lady of high culture, who is the widow of a Deccani member of the Indian Civil Service. To the Training Committee, we paid in the first year the Rs. 700 a month, and in the next in all Rs. 10,600. In the first year, the Committee had to meet a deficit of Rs. 1,295-15-6, and, in the second, a deficit of Rs. 3,422-3-8. The rest of the Rs. 1,550 a month was given to our Lay Sisters' Work Committee, and in the next year to that Committee, and the Committee of the Industrial Home and the Home for the Homeless, for relief of the poor and the distressed.

In the first year, out of the guaranteed income, we spent Rs. 535-4-0 in cheering and comforting the patients in the J. J. Hospital, the Cama Hospital, the Gokaldas Tejpal Hospital, the Arthur Road and the Maratha Hospitals, the Adams Wylie Hospital and the Thana Lunatic Asylum. In the second year we had a Hospital of our own, consisting of ten beds (three of which were for midwifery cases) and we spent only Rs. 156-6-6 on the Bombay Hospitals. In the first year we spent Rs. 250-6-4 on poor relief. In the second, we commenced taking in waifs and strays found by the police and not accepted by any other institution in Bombay. Sheth Chabildas Lalubhai placed his Malad bungalow and garden at our disposal, and promised to pass a regular deed of gift to us on a certain appeal pending in the High Court being disposed of. That appeal has been disposed of now, and a regular conveyance will shortly be drawn up. The bungalow required repairs, and we repaired it. We had to keep a couple of watchmen to protect the inmates, and the monthly expenses there have been heavy. A very devoted woman

is matron of the Home. The Police Commissioner has sent us several waifs and strays, and we have now 11 mouths to feed in the Home for the Homeless (including 4 homeless widows). We commenced this work in July 1909 on a small scale, in Bombay, but the Bombay rents and expenses were very heavy. Then we repaired the garden house aforesaid, and in November 1909 occupied it. Our total expenditure on the Home from July 1909 upto June 30 1910 (including Rs. 772-11-3, the cost of the repairs) was Rs. 2,139-5-11.

- In the second year, we bought a loom and a knitting machine and a hand press in order to start our Industrial Home for women and children.
- In the Sadan, however, we cannot accommodate more than 18 or at the most 20 ladies, and there is now no room. We applied for a grant of land at Andheri, and Government have been pleased to give us about 15 acres of land. As soon as the rains cease we intend to commence building operations there, and organise the Home in right earnest. The total amount spent on the dead stock purchased for the Home was Rs. 1,318-9-9. The maintenance and other charges amount to Rs. 214-9-5. One of our girls is becoming a compositor and the knitting machine is being used largely, in the Home for the Homeless. One of our probationers has been taught type-writing and the Braille character for the Blind. She has taught the former to two Parsi ladies, and we hope to teach the Braille to blind girls in the two Homes aforesaid when they are fully organised. Our hands have been too full, and our difficulties have been many, one of the greatest being the house difficulty.

The Industrial Home is intended for women of a better class than those who will be admitted to the Home for the Homeless. The Ashrams are for those who are to take their formal vows as Sisters. The Homes will provide plenty of work for them. We want to develop the Industrial Home on the lines of Pandita Ramabai's Home, and make it, in course of time, self-supporting. Both the Homes will enable us to do our best for the poor and the distressed.

- In the second year, we also started a Dispensary in Jacob's Circle for the dwellers in the 16 chawls in that Circle. They are very poor, and three lady doctors, who do not charge us anything, have been sparing each about six hours a week in giving them medical relief. The upkeep of the Dispensary (including dead stock and drugs) has cost us Rs. 438-12-3. The compounder's pay is Rs. 20 a month.

In the first year as well as in the second, we had, in the Sadan, our general Dispensary for women and children, and our ophthalmic Dispensary. This latter was started on a lady specialist offering to work for us. The general

Dispensary is in charge of three other lady doctors. Our three dispensaries, therefore, are worked by seven lady doctors, who accept no remuneration from us for their services. The sacrifice of 6 hours a week by each of the lady doctors means that the Sadan is able to give medical relief to the poor through them for 2,016 hours in a year. If each lady doctor were paid at the rate of Rs. 2 per hour, the sacrifice would amount to over Rs. 4,000.

In the first year, the drugs used in these two Sadan Dispensaries cost us Rs. 464-2-0, in the second Rs. 971-14-6.

In the Amroli house in Girgaum, which we occupied for a year, we had a very large lecture-hall, but very few facilities for treating in-patients. The house we now occupy in the Grant Road quarter near the Railway Station, has not a spacious lecture-hall, but it has enabled us to start our humble hospital, intended primarily for the training of our sisters and for the treatment of cases requiring prolonged nursing. In the first year, we spent Rs. 246-5-9 on furniture for the female medical ward in the Amroli house and on surgical instruments. In the second year, in our new house, our midwifery ward was opened by Her Excellency Lady Minto in November last, and our total expenditure on the wards was Rs. 2,440-1-2, including Rs. 755-1-9 spent on surgical instruments, and Rs. 348-5-0 on the beds and other dead stock.

The Hospital is in charge of one of our regular Sisters, an L. M. and S. of the Bombay University, highly recommended by Dr. Benson of the Cama Hospital, our honorary consulting physician, who has given us great help from time to time. Our Sister also trains our medical probationers. The work done by her will be fully detailed.

The expenditure on the Hospital, mentioned above, does not include the honorarium of the Sister or the establishment charges or the rent. Our house consists of two blocks. The rent for the larger block is Rs. 290, that for the smaller, Rs. 150. There are communication-doors both on the ground floor and the first floor. The Hindu Ashram and the Training Institute, the two dispensaries, the general wards, the administrative offices and the small Industrial Home are all in the larger block. The Parsi Ashram is on the first floor of the smaller block and the midwifery ward on the ground floor. We have also two casual wards near the entrance, and a room for our printing press. There are 19 ladies living in these blocks, besides the women servants in the separate kitchens attached to them. In the compounds of the two blocks we have planted a garden at our own expense for the benefit of our in-patients and our probationers and Sisters. In the first year, the rent item

(including the rent paid for the Parsi Ashram in Contractor's Buildings, Grant Road) amounted to Rs. 2,289; in the second to Rs. 3,759.

Our Establishment Charges, in the first year, amounted to Rs. 2,421-1-8, in the second, to Rs. 4,783-11-0. In both the years, we had a paid Assistant Secretary and a paid Accountant. The Assistant Secretary first employed a graduate, charged us Rs. 50 a month; the one, next employed, who was also a graduate, Rs. 75 a month. We have now trained one of our own probationers to work as Assistant Secretary (with the help of the lady Superintendent) and also as Accountant. This means a saving of Rs. 75. The Accountant used to get Rs. 30 a month, and we give, for the benefit of her family, an honorarium of Rs. 30 to our sister, who has been doing our administrative work since June last, besides her board and lodging. She has been with us for nearly two years, and she has taken a vow to serve us for, at least, two years more. She is the matron of our Hindu Ashram, and she ungrudgingly does any other work she is asked to do. She can work a knitting machine, knows type-writing, can correspond and keep accounts in English, and she has been attending the midwifery and nursing class in the Sadan. She is the first regular sister trained by the Sadan. She attended to the patients in the Hospital, during her period of probation, and had to keep up nights as a nurse. We can honestly say we are proud of our sister, and are sure, that God will bless her and her work. She was brought up in a pious Brahman family, and she was one of the first to come to us, and she has stood by us and hopes to be with us all her life.

To each of our other two regular sisters, we pay Rs. 100 a month, as honorarium, and out of this sum they pay us for their board. But for certain family reasons they would not charge us even this amount. One of them was earning Rs. 300 a month as head of a school up-country, and she can, at any moment, command triple the amount of our honorarium, as there is a great dearth of qualified school-mistresses belonging to high families.

The wants of our Parsi matron are provided for by a gentleman who prefers to be nameless. The Parsi Ashram merely provides her with board and lodging.

Our Mahomedan Section had no Ashram for probationers in the two years. In June last, however, they succeeded in finding a matron and a probationer, and they want a house near the Sadan. At present, the two are living in Khetwady. Our expansion has been hindered again and again by the house-problem. But we must jog along as best we can, until this problem is solved. The Mahomedan Section had to pay

Rs. 140-5-0 in the first year, and Rs. 238, in the second, as conveyance charges, for the purda girls it sent to the Sadan classes. They were not probationers, but they have been doing very useful work in our work-class A, and are a credit to the Sadan. The new probationer will be sent with them until we can find a house near our own or remove to a better house. We were in touch with many Hindu families when we occupied the Amroli house. The Grant Road house is far from them, and few comparatively attend. The Amroli house was utterly insufficient for us, and so we had to choose between two evils, and finally decided that it was far more important to house and train our probationers than to attract a large number of ladies to our general lectures. We had several lady graduates and even lady M. A.'s on our list of general lecturers. One of our lady Joint Secretaries is an M. A. in Science, and, with her help and the help of other ladies, we could have University Extension lectures for women in the Sadan, if we had the means, and the house difficulty did not perplex us. We have several Mahomedan ladies in our Society, who, though they have obtained no University degree, have high accomplishments and the finest culture. One of them took charge of two Mahomedan waifs sent by the Police Commissioner, and she has a school for poor girls in her own house. Had we a large plot in the city of Bombay, close to Girgaum and Khetwady, and had we a large building-fund, we could have our three Ashrams in one compound, with our Hospital near them, and with lecture-halls where those who have the wealth of knowledge and culture can give it to those who lack it, free of cost, and at hours convenient to the poor and the busy and the heavy-laden. We could have there also a General Enquiry and Help Office for poor women and children, give information regarding other institutions and organisations likely to help them, and do our best for the poor according to our means. One of our gentlemen helpers has been making a list of endowments and charitable trusts, in order to compile a directory for us, and help us in this work. There are several other useful things we could do, if we had a suitable house, quiet and secluded, but not far from the heart of the city. This would specially be useful to us in coordinating all our activities, in economising our energy and in utilising the talents of our Mahomedan and Parsi and Hindu sisters in the interests of the poor.

The establishment charges paid by the Mahomedan Section amounted in the first year to Rs. 68-8-6, and, in the second to Rs. 54.

What is our capital, then? Mainly, the love

of a few persons for the Sadan, and their faith in its ultimate success. What are our present liabilities? They are immense, for they are the liabilities of those who believe their life is a trust for loving self-sacrificing service of all descriptions. Have we a reserve fund? Yes, a small one in money, but a very large one in hope. What is our profit and what our loss? The initial sacrifice was about Rs. 36,000, and our Endowment and Building Funds alone amount to more than double that sum. We have, besides, valuable land at Andheri and Malad, and the Consumptives' Homes Society has 69 acres of fine forest land in the Himalayas, to which more is being added by the liberality of H. H. the Maharaja of Patiala. It has also Rs. 60,000 for its home. What are contingent liabilities? None except those of trustees as aforesaid. What is the property held by us? It is worth about Rs. 7,000, excluding the immovable property which has not yet been valued. But we have other property besides. It is neither movable nor immovable. It will not disappear with an earthquake, or with any other convulsion of nature. It is property which a millionaire may not have, but which even the poorest in the land can have. It consists of Humility, Faith, Hope and Love. Are there any debts owing to the Society? A poor worker became mad, on being informed that his family in the Mofussil were threatened with the attachment of the little they had in execution of a decree for Rs. 45 against him. We sent him to one of the best doctors and he advised that the anxiety weighing on the patient's mind should be removed. So we gave him Rs. 45, and placed a money order form before him and he gladly filled it in, and he was then taken to the post office to remit it himself. After some months he recovered. He is not able to pay us, and the amount has been debited to Poor Relief. A young lad, an orphan, who had taught himself English and weaving, and qualified himself for a post of Rs. 40 in a mill, came to us for a loan. The mill, according to its rules, keeps the first month's pay as a deposit, and the lad wanted only Rs. 15 for his maintenance. We have given him the loan, and feel sure he will repay it. Our only other debtor is the Consumptives' Home Society, and it will repay the small amount standing against it on our books. We have no other debtors. What are our investments? Port Trust Bonds, Government Promissory Notes, Fixed Deposits with Banks, and something much better, we hope, deposits of love in the hearts of those we have loved and relieved as our brothers and sisters.

We are rich in faith. We have a reserve fund of about 7,000 Rupees for our third year, and He, whose work we believe we are doing, will

enable us to go on with it, if we really deserve well of Him. If we do not, some worthier hands may carry on what we have humbly begun. Our Society is registered under Act XXI of 1860 and is therefore, a trustee for the public. No member can take a single pie for his own personal use or personal profit. All the property, movable and immovable, actual or potential, is a public trust for social service, in the widest sense of that term, and for creating workers devoted to such service. Very little use has been made of women in India in the last twelve centuries for such service, and our principal object is to remedy that defect. "Every glow of æsthetic appreciation for a great work of art, every thrill aroused by an act of sublime heroism, every pulse of religious aspiration weakens, by just so much, the potential energy of passion, because it has found its kinetic equivalent in a higher form of expression." We want, in a small way, to afford a field to our women, for such higher form of expression. In a humble way we aim at sublimating and spiritualising and by these means, really normalising the sex, whose presence civilises the other. It ought to be considered a high privilege to help in such work. Every chivalrous son of India ought to help his sisters in restoring the lost balance. All the sex differences, except one, are really (as has been recently said) not qualitative but environmental. Give a new environment, more favourable to the development of the altruistic qualities, and there is hardly any high goal which our women can not reach. A very small attempt has been made in this direction. If the public think we are on the right track, let it help us. If not let the movement languish; but, of one thing we are sure, it will not die.

OUR CREDENTIALS.

Reviewing our first annual report, the *Westminster Gazette*, in the issue of October 22, 1909, said: "The report speaks highly for the self-sacrifice and devotion of India's women." The Indian papers also have been appreciative. Their Highnesses, the Maharajas of Gwalior and Jodhpur, paid us a visit and expressed themselves surprised at the progress already made. Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda accompanied by the Princess, Indira Raja and others, spent nearly 2 hours at the Sadan and said, she would like to have a similar institution in Baroda. In our visitors' book, Her Excellency, Lady Minto, made the following remarks:

"I was much interested in visiting the Seva Sadan and in seeing the different classes at work.

Many philanthropic people have devoted their time and money in starting this institution, and it cannot fail to have a beneficial effect upon the community, in bringing softening influences into

the lives of many, who have not had the same advantages as their neighbours. I hope the laudable example of the Trustees of the N. M. Wadia Charity, in giving so large a donation, will be followed by others, so that the work of the Seva Sadan will gradually develop. I heartily sympathise with its aims and objects, and sincerely wish it all the success it deserves."

Lady Muir Mackenzie, when performing the opening ceremony of the Ladies' Art and Industrial Exhibition at Broach, said: India has its own problems. There are many kinds of poverty besides the poverty which comes from the lack of money. There is mental, moral and spiritual poverty. Every woman who feels a call to be a world-redeemer, finds some form of poverty confronting her. The awakened must aid the hapless multitude. Evolution is no longer a blind force. We are permitted to direct its course. Every woman who strives to bring the glorious power, acquired in the mental world and in the domain of the spirit, to lessen the tyranny of materialism and sensuality, is hastening the evolution of mankind. Perhaps you will agree with me that the good Sisters of Mercy, who work for the Seva Sadan in Bombay, are striving to become true world-redeemers."

We are very humble workers, and our world is a small one. Lady Muir Mackenzie is too generous, and we are thankful to her. But our Society is yet an infant of two years, and we are conscious of many imperfections. We, however, aim high and have faith in our ideal, and, if we deserve to succeed we shall most certainly succeed.

As said already, our method of training our sister is, so to say, environmental. The Seva Sadan circle is a small one, but it has four segments, the wards for in-patients, the dispensaries for out-door patients, the educational classes, and lastly the homes for the poor and for the workers among the poor.

OUR HOPES AND OUR PRAYER.

After all, we are fully conscious of the insignificance of our work, considering the ignorance that is prevailing among Indian women and the great mass of social evils that are crying for immediate relief. We are weak instruments, but our fervent prayer to Him, who is the spring of all strength and inspiration, is to bless us with the needful power and light, so that our lives may be consecrated to the service of God and "to the relief of man's estate."

CONCLUSION.

Very humbly, we call upon every earnest woman to spare either time or money, if not both, for her sisters. Very humbly, we call upon every earnest well-wisher of his mother-land to

become our helper. No sacrifice, no help can ever be fruitless. There is perfect homogeneity of life, so much so that what affects the mineral affects the plant, what affects the plant affects the animal, and what affects the animal affects man. Similarly, what affects the poor, in the long run, affects the rich, and what affects one sex affects the other. Wonderful, most wonderful is the homogeneity which creates strange responses in minerals, and makes of the epidermal cells of plants, polished or unpolished or unpolished lenses "arranged in pattern and mosaic to catch the sun's rays." God's light similarly shines in every human soul however humble, but there are blinding veils due to our own thoughts, words and deeds, which have to be removed. The little house-fly has 4,000 facets, each of which is a lens, to make up its eye, and the butterfly has 17,000. We cannot develop even a rudimentary spiritual eye, without at least a myriad lenses of love, turned towards the poor, the ignorant, the sick, the sinful, the suffering, the weary and the heavy-laden. "The emptiness of ages" is on the face of many of our brothers and sisters, and on their backs are heavy burdens. In our humble way, we want to remove the former and lighten the latter. We want to convert the wasters into builders, and turn low grade defectives and criminals into useful members of society. We want to aid the widow and the orphan, provide a home for the homeless, help to the helpless, care for the suffering, and tender sympathy for the dying. And we believe our call will not go unheeded.

With the spectroscope one can detect "a particular particle—say neon—lost in a thimbleful of air with four million others." With Rutherford's finer apparatus consisting of a firing chamber containing radium a target chamber containing a detecting arrangement connected with an outside electrometer and a window of mica between the two even finer calculations can be made than are possible with the spectroscope. It has for example been found that every cubic centimetre of helium under standard conditions, contains 25,600,000,000,000,000,000,000 alpha particles of radium. But, alas, no Ramsay, no Strutt, no Rutherford, can show to the sceptics how many Indian women are potential Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity, Sisters of the Poor. We are told by some that India's day is done, and that though there was a time when her daughters could rise to the highest heights of heroic unselfishness and plumb the deepest depths of spiritual unity, they are fit now only to sew, to cook, to burnish and to scour, and can never be more than "live chattels" and "laughing stocks of time." But we have a different faith. We believe that Indian women will come forward in

large numbers to help their sisters by becoming medical, educational and social missionaries and do away with the reproach that Indian society is but a cart with one wheel. We have had disappointments, but we have had encouraging response too, and we have faith in our women still, faith absolute that an appreciable number of them will, like "creatures native unto gracious act," move in their own clear element of ministering angels, and that when the new day comes, the light will be "the dearer for night."

Mrs. T. K. Krishna Menon,
M. R. A. S.,

AT THE BHĀSHĀ PŌSHINI SABHA.



THE Bhāshā Pōshini Sabha is a society started for the encouragement and the development of the Malayalam language and its literature. Almost all the great literary men of Malabar are its members, who number more than six hundred. Its permanent President is H. H. Kerala Varma, c.s.i., the Valiya Koil Tampuran of Travancore, a great patron of letters, whose profound scholarship and poetic skill are the wonder and despair of many an erudite pundit and gifted poet of India.

The eighteenth session of the Sabha was held at Vycome on the 3rd and 4th of October. It was a grand success in every way. To quote the "Madras Mail": "A large number of poets, pundits, landlords, teachers, vakils, etc., attended the meeting; and a few Malayalee ladies, among whom mention may be made of Mrs. T. K. Krishna Menon, M.R.A.S., were present. The special pandal erected for the occasion was crowded, the audience, numbering 1,000 people, representing the different sections and classes of the Malayalam-speaking population of Travancore, Cochin and Malabar."

For the first time in the annals of the Sabha, a lady was invited to attend the meeting and to read a paper before it. The happy recipient of this signal honour was Srimathi T. C. Kalyani Amma (Mrs. T. K. Menon), the editress of the "Sārada," a Malayalam monthly conducted in the interests of the ladies of Malabar, and the authoress of the well-known life of H. M. Queen Victoria.

The "Malayāla Manōrama," the foremost Malayalam newspaper, edited by Mr. Maman Mapillāy, B.A., L.T., M.R.A.S., who is also one of the secretaries of the Sabha, has the following on Mrs. Menon's speech:—"This is the first speech that a Malayali lady delivered before such

a large assembly as that gathered at Vycome. But that is only one of the special features about it. There are many other good points in its favour which it is impossible to describe, but which those who have heard it must have felt and enjoyed. Although no other business was transacted at the meeting, the audience would have been entirely satisfied by hearing this speech..." Every sentence was punctuated with cheers, and, when she sat down, she received quite an ovation. H. H. Kerala Varma, publicly complimented Kalyani Amma on the timely sentiments of the speech, her choice, homely diction and her graceful, respectful delivery. And soon after her speech, it was resolved to admit eligible ladies also as members on their payment of half of the present usual subscription.

It is not possible to adequately translate her speech; the spirit of the original, the artful play upon words, are untranslatable. But this is, more or less, what she said:—

"Your Highness, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Mr. Maman had written to me to say that I too should attend this meeting. Oh! what an honour! Is my presence such a priceless boon—so flashed my womanly vanity. But, at once, I quieted it; for I knew Mr. Maman had other ends in view. Every great drama must have clowns to act as reliefs to the principal *dramatis personae*. Mr. Maman's request had its origin in that principle, I thought. He might emphatically deny this soft impeachment. Be that as it may.

Mr. Maman tried to score another point in this matter. There is a false report flying abroad that to ladies, as a class, fault-finding is a standing profession. So, to avoid a scene here, per chance, Mr. Maman cleverly worded his invitation by saying that I should grace the occasion with my *presence*. Somehow, he got scent that I was too clever to be caught by that artifice; so, he seconded his invitation with a request that I should deliver a speech before this assembly. Well, I have to say something to you, gentlemen. I pray you may be pleased to give me a patient hearing.

What a long time has passed after this Sabha was started! Up to this, I have not heard of one single lady being invited to join it. Was it well done? You want money? Then you will begin to worship Mahā Lekshmi. You want wisdom? Then you have no shame to invoke the blessings of Sarasvathi. When you are in trouble, you pray incessantly for the protection of Sri Bhagavathi. At other times, oh! women are weaklings, good for nothing. In other countries, women are clamouring for franchise, for civic liberties. Here, we only pray that our husbands may not be fathered with the authorship of the works we turn out. In days of old, this was not

so. "Woman is half man"—so goes the famous puranic sentiment.

If you doubt the capacity of ladies, I can quote instances where, even in war the most manly of arts, women have excelled men. In former days, not only in religious and philosophical disputations before royal assemblies, but even on the battlefields, ladies have stood by their husbands and helped them in very critical moments. What is the cause, then, of this alleged downfall in the interval? Be it what it is. But I may tell you, it will be a serious fault of yours if you still persist in slighting womankind.

Therefore, my first request is to kindly admit ladies also as members of this Sabha. By way of penalty for this delay, you ought to admit us for just half of your subscription. But that is a minor matter; and I leave it to your sweet will and pleasure.

I have yet another request to make to you. For the improvement of our language I and many journals and papers started from several places. But most of them, after a feverish existence of an year or two, die and are heard of no more. But, unlike them, the Bhāshā Pōshini Magazine lives and thrives in a very becoming way.

You know that, among a certain class of young men, it has become a fashion of the times to disparage the Malayalam language. This contagion is, I am afraid, spreading among women also. Unless you eradicate this tendency, it will be a source of incalculable mischief to our mother-tongue. Our mothers can improve our language more effectively than many decent monthlies. It is also a truism that it is better, easier to mould the character and the tastes of children than of old people. It will be very easy to improve a language if all those who use it know it thoroughly; at any rate, to be sure, they should love it before that end can be achieved. For these reasons, mothers have greater facilities of making their children love and learn their mother-tongue and of instilling a lasting taste in them for the literature of their language. But if the fence itself were to eat the crops, what is the remedy? If the women themselves were to slight their language, will their children ever learn to love it? Therefore I say that you should make your journals attractive, interesting and instructive to the ladies of this land, and through it, you should create and develop in them a lasting love and reverence for our language and our literature. This is necessary for their future glory. This is my second request.

I think by this time Mr. Maman must have had enough of my presence and of my speech. He must have already taken an oath to himself never to invite this class of mortals any more.

Anyhow, Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you very sincerely for inviting me to this meeting, for allowing me to say these few words on behalf of my sisters of Malabar, and for giving me this patient indulgent, and attentive hearing."

VYCOME.

B. P. S.

News and Notes

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.—It is stated that Queen Alexandra has expressed a desire to be known by her old title instead of that of Queen-Mother, which was conferred on her after King Edward's death. The change has not been officially announced, and the only public indication that it has taken effect is to be found in the *Court Circular*, which formerly referred to the Royal widow as the Queen-Mother, but now adopts her former title of Queen Alexandra. The institutions patronized by her Majesty will also be known as "Queen Alexandra's Homes," etc.

ST. JOHN'S GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, NAZARETH.—A correspondent writes:—St. John's Girls' High School, Nazareth, which was formally opened by Mrs. Ashe, on the 15th September and which was then closed for Michaelmas, opened for regular work on Monday, the 3rd instant. The girls walked in procession from the old school, the present boarding house, to the new school, the Manager, the teachers and Mr. Cox, I. C. S., joining them on the way. The girls first assembled at the "Cameron Hall," when appropriate prayers were said by the Manager. There was then a public meeting in the "Margoschis Hall," when the Headmaster delivered an address of welcome, and the first Assistant read an address to the Manager, the Rev. C. W. Weston, congratulating him on the erection of the new building. Mr. Cox proposed to the Manager to give the pupils a half-holiday and the latter, in the course of his reply, thanked all those who did and paid for the work. Garlanding, cheers and the National Anthem brought the proceedings to a close.

LADY MINTO held her last meeting of the Dufferin Fund on Tuesday morning last. In her address she expressed the wish that more Indian ladies and gentlemen would take an active part in collecting subscriptions and helping generally. The work is hampered for lack of funds which amount annually to under Rs. 30,000. The most urgent need, said Lady Minto, is to improve the pay and position of medical women and to introduce a better system of nursing.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S GIFT.—Queen Alexandra has presented to Liverpool Free Library a valuable book illustrating the collection of arms pre-

sented to King Edward by the Princes and Nobles of India.

WOMEN'S MEDICAL SERVICE, OCT. 21.—The Secretary of the United Kingdom Branch of the Association of Medical Women in India writes to the *Times* urging Lady Hardinge to change the name and scope of the Dufferin Fund and to found a Women's Medical Service for India, opening definite career and secure position for qualified medical women of all nationalities.

FAREWELL TO MISS MYERS.—A large and enthusiastic gathering of the members of the Methodist Tamil Church and their friends was held on Saturday, the 22nd instant, at the Short Street Girls' School, to bid farewell to Miss Mary Myers, a lady missionary on the eve of her departure to America. The Revd. H. B. Mansell presided and, among those present were the Hon. J. T. DuBois (Consul General for America), and Mrs. DuBois, Revd. C. R. and Mrs. Vickery, Rev. F. H. Sullivan, Mrs. Norris, Misses Blackmore, Sutton, Read, Stefanski, Crossette, Nicolls, Mr. and Mrs. Subramanian, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Sundrum, Mr. and Mrs. Jesudason Ayer, Mr. and Mrs. Thambicannu, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Paul, Messrs. S. Dyriam, Pakiam, Solomon Thamboosami, Sathianadan, Jacob, Daniel Dyriam and others too numerous to mention. The proceedings began with a prayer in English by the Revd. Mr. Vickery, and in Tamil by Mr. B. D. Henry. The Chairman, in an interesting speech, eulogised Miss Myers' work in the Tamil Church, and called upon Mr. A. Athisayam to read the address. The following paragraph gives an idea of Miss Myers' work:—"We think it is no exaggeration when we say that with all your duties as the 'Builder of Little Ones,' you have willingly devoted your leisure hours to the welfare and the advancement of the Tamil people, and your anxiety for the welfare of your Tamil sisters has been such that it is not for us to put into words the great obligation under which you have laid this congregation, nor is it necessary to say that your labours have left a good and lasting impression behind." An illuminated copy of the address and a group photo of the Church members were then presented. Mr. Jesudason Ayer said that he found in Miss Myers a friend in need and, therefore, a friend indeed. She was the means by which Mrs. Jesudason was brought to Christ. He then presented her with a fan and a pocket Bible. Miss Myers was garlanded amidst cheers and a Benares silk cloth, contributed by the members, was presented to her. Miss Myers who was full of feeling and looked more charming having had herself dressed with the Benares sari presented (with the aid of an

Indian lady), rose amidst loud applause and thanked the members for the kind reception. Votes of thanks were given by Mr. Henry, the pastor, to the Committee for arranging the entertainment, the Chairman for his kindness in presiding, Miss Myers for her kindness in accepting the gifts and to the gathering for their response in such large numbers to the invitation; and a most pleasant function was brought to a close with the benediction by the Chairman. Refreshments were then served. Miss Myers left for home the next day on one year's leave.

Asylum for Women.—A public meeting has been convened at Mysore in the Town Hall to establish an Asylum for the education and bringing up of helpless females of all classes so as to make them useful members of society.

WHAT IS A LADY? A prize offered by the *Gentlewoman* (London) for the best definition of a lady was won by the following effort: "To be a lady means, rightly, to be a gentlewoman who shows by her every word and action a sweet and gentle dignity, with a gracious charm of manner; a woman whose heart is pure and true, who is tender toward all suffering, who sympathises with those in trouble, and is ever ready to give that which costs her some effort and self-denial. A lady thinks no work derogatory, and no one is deemed too low to receive courtesy and kindness. She is pure and good in every detail of life, a true friend, and a 'ministering angel' in sorrow and in sickness."

CONCERNING WOMEN.—Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen was elected this month by acclamation to the Senate of the University of Toronto, as representative of the medical alumnae.

DR. PAULINE NUSBAUMER holds the office of City Bacteriologist in Oakland, Cal., and Jessie V. Berry that of City Chemist. Miss Berry is a graduate of Stanford University.

MISS HELEN GOULD has just been honored with the degree of doctor of laws by the American College for girls at Constantinople. Miss Gould has befriended the school for years.

MRS. KATHERINE WILLIAMSON has been chosen chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Colorado State Federation of Women's Clubs. This office, which was formerly held by the late Mrs. Martha A. B. Conine, carries much more weight in Colorado than in States where women have no votes.

MRS. PANKHURST answered at one of her Highland meetings the question as to women be-

coming members of Parliament if they had votes, by remarking that it would have to be a very remarkable woman to begin with. One of the many sturdy workmen present shouted, "Ye'd fine yersel, Mistress."

REV. CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE of Kalamazoo Mich., will go to Minnesota the last of this month for an extended sanitary survey of the State. She has been commissioned as a State officer by the State Health Department, and will work in Minnesota for six weeks, making a survey of fifteen of the leading cities.

COUNTESS IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING WOMEN OF SPAIN. Standing in the midst of Spanish political life she has expressed her views, always looking to the welfare of the people, in numerous essays, novels and stories. The King of Spain made her a Countess two years ago.

MRS. JOHN BURCH OF SEDAN, KAN., had a trying experience the other day, standing eight hours at the bottom of a cistern holding aloft her two-year old child. The baby had fallen into a cistern, and the mother seized the child and called for help as she raised it above the surface of the water coming up to her neck. But no one was in hearing, and she remained in the cistern until her husband returned from his work in the fields in the evening and found her. Mrs. Burch is dangerously ill, but the child sustained no bad results. A Carnegie medal is being asked for Mrs. Burch.

MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG, Superintendent of Schools in Chicago, has been a potent influence in the bringing about of an unprecedented achievement. For the first time since Chicago became a city it can accommodate its whole school population. On the opening day of the public schools, it was the boast of the school authorities that every one of Chicago's 300,000 school children could attend school every day and have a seat. "Half-day sessions" have become a thing of the past.

MARY ARONETTA WILBUR, a teacher of banking and political economy in Miss Dana's school for girls at Morristown; N. J., is the author of a book entitled "Everyday Business for Women," which is issued by Houghton, Mifflin Co. The aim of the book is to furnish simple and accurate instruction for the transaction of the ordinary, everyday business which is likely to fall to the lot of every woman. The methods of banking, the management of a check-book, foreign exchange, getting money in emergencies, how to send money, bills and receipts, the relation of employer and employee, relations with

railroads and hotels, simple book-keeping, taxes and customs, the use and transference of property, stocks and bonds, wills and estates—all these are clearly explained.

MISS ALICE STONE BLACKWELL, editor of the *Women's Journal*, expects to return to Boston next week from her summer home at Chilmark, Mass.

KATHERINE M. COOK was nominated by the Democratic State convention for re-election as Superintendent of Public Instruction of Colorado.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE addressed the Newport Civic League last Monday on "The Increased Opportunities for Women to Render Public Service."

MRS. CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ OF LOS ANGELES has been appointed a member of the State Board of Charities and Correction of California. She is the only woman on the commission.

MRS. LULU CURTISS ADAMS, mother of Glen Curtiss, lives in Buffalo, N. Y., and devotes her time to the decoration of China. Her handiwork always bears the trade mark of a tiny airship in honor of her noted son.

MRS. A. D. WINSHIP, aged eighty years, registered as a student in Ohio State University. Mrs. Winship will take an optional course, and says that she is going to college simply because she likes to acquire all the knowledge that she can.

MRS. GABRIELLE GREELEY CLENDENIN, daughter of Horace Greeley, occupies the house on the farm at Chappaqua, where the great editor of the New York Tribune lived during his last years. Mrs. Clendenin has the wooden type-case at which Mr. Greeley learned the printing trade.

MRS. ALMA LAFFERTY, the only woman member of the Colorado Legislature, recently received a "Black Hand" letter mailed from a point in Pennsylvania, in which she was warned that she was doomed to death because of her persistent activity in the interest of woman suffrage. It is said that Mrs. Lafferty received several letters of the same kind during the session of the Legislature last winter. She paid no attention to them, but this time she turned the letters over to the postal authorities, who are seeking to find the sender.

MISS MABEL BOARDMAN of Washington, a member of the central committee of the Red Cross Society, addressed the National Conservation Congress at St. Paul on "Conservation,

the Principle of the Red Cross." She pointed out that while Japan is planning a permanent Red Cross fund of \$75,000,000, it seems impossible to raise such a fund in this country, though citizens give liberally as occasion requires. New York has promised to give \$500,000 toward a permanent fund, and Miss Boardman asked whether the United States might not raise two million.

MRS. AGNES K. MURPHY MULLIGAN, a New York real estate woman who has gained remarkable success through her eighteen years in business, is to retire, to devote herself hereafter to her home duties and her six children. Mrs. Mulligan, in her business capacity, has been the broker for the sale of fully \$30,000,000 worth of property in the Bronx of New York. When she first entered business life, unexpectedly, it was to assist her father in the real estate business, and after his death she continued to carry on his business. She met with exceptional success from the start and has enjoyed a very large income from her efforts. She and her husband first met when they both were taking a law course at the University of New York.

ENDURANCE.—Endurance is a high test of character. To keep up and keep on; to stand up under pressure; to bear strain without giving way,—these are the marks of the kind of strength that counts for largest service. The woman who can take care of her several little children and her sick husband and helpless father-in-law all day long, day after day, and then appear at a

formal dinner in faultless attire and with cheerful words for every one, and not one word about her burdens, has character marked by an endurance that the hardest athlete might envy. The man in business who braces his energies against the onset of almost unbearable shocks of disappointment, and pushes on and on, never yielding to the tugging grip of discouragement, shows character by his endurance in toil and struggle. It is not that these brave souls rise to the occasion, perform sudden feats of strength, do brilliant work for a single hour. But day after day, week in and week out, endurance is the habit, the atmosphere of their steadfast duty-doing. Character has not met its severest test until it has proved its ability to endure.

WOMEN'S SPHERE. A woman's sphere—is it the home? That much must be granted; there is nothing fairer or higher in the world. Said Margaret Fuller, when her baby was born: "I am the mother of an immortal soul." Holiest and highest, motherhood touches the deepest mystery of all life and lays the firmest foundations of the new creation. But is that all? when Providence has denied the hunger for motherhood, may it not mean some mission, not loftier but wider than the home? Will not God transmute the gift denied into some large ministry to the lonely hearts that are hungering for love? The priceless treasure of affection, whose ever-springing fountain of love would have made a holy home, has been turned into longer if shallower channels, that may irrigate and redeem vast human deserts.—A. C. W.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. X]

DECEMBER, 1910

[No. 6

Love

To man
One sweet exemption, by God's grace, pertained;
One gift diviner than the angels gave,
Or took away, by them o'erlooked, but given
From heaven's own treasury, all their mutual
ire
Could ruin not, nor pervert; love, nought but
love;
Parental, filial, conjugal, and divine.
Life's armies were recruited still by love;
Fond hearts still grew affection, as fields grain;
Still bloomed and fruited with an inward life,
And vintage of delight.

I beheld
All things rejoice beneath the light of love,
Which seemed to burn within me, and beam
through,
Lost in the boundless loneliness of God.
I saw earth's war-scarred countenance sweetly
glide
Into the angel lineaments of peace;
And gentlest sorrow dream herself to joy.
Tears shed on earth were reaped in heaven in
smiles,
And what was sown in sighs was raised in
songs.

The Season's Message



THIS season kindles a warm glow in our hearts. It is a time when all men have agreed to stop work and make merry together. It is a season when friends and relations try to gather together and renew old ties. This custom helps one to feel the power of the common life over the individual life and makes us see the necessity we have one for another.

There is a feeling of joy and merry making in the air—men lay aside their work for this and put on their holiday garb. The custom of giving and receiving presents at this season is also prevalent. These are but tokens of friendly feeling and are sent, not so much for the sake of the value of the presents, but for the message they carry, which may be thus put into words:—"I am thinking of you to-day and I wish you all happiness and the blessing of the season." It may be just once in the year that I can do so, nevertheless it means that the thought and the wish will be there to-day, to-morrow and in the days to come. In other words this is just to remind you of me and of the fact that I am your friend"—This is the spirit of Christmas. "Peace and good will towards men" was the message of the angel and so it should be between ourselves. Love towards our neighbour is the message of Christ and when taken in the highest sense it is but the image of Divine love. Love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than sin, stronger than death. To Christians this season is the anniversary of the fact that eternal love came to live in our midst, to make us feel something of the brightness, the purity, the strength and the reverence of love that God has for his creatures. In this busy working world we are apt to forget the message of love and to become selfish in following our own ends and furthering our own ambitions. We forget our fellow neighbour's wants and desires. We look upon his successes with jealousy and his weakness with a sort of happiness. These are the

thoughts that we are taught to smother at this season, and to remember that we all have need of each other in this world and that we have great need of loving, to show sympathy and receive it. In one word the message spells love.

If we can make up our minds to remember this message on Christmas day—but one short day and night in the year—can we not do it always?

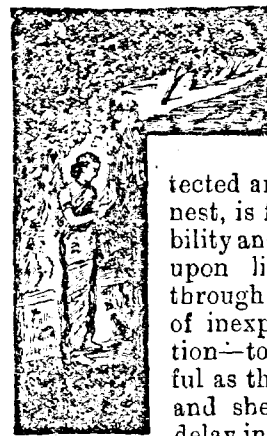
But by ourselves we are unable to do it.

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might."
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling pass'd in music out of sight."

May this be the season's message to all of us.

AN INDIAN LADY.

Some Thoughts for Girls.



GIRLHOOD is deemed one of the happiest periods of a woman's life, for, during that season she is protected and secure in the home nest, is free from all responsibility and has leisure to judge upon life's broad expanse through rose-coloured glasses of inexperience and imagination—to her it appears beautiful as the "river of a dream" and she is impatient of the delay in entering upon it. Her special niche in this world is not yet found and she does not know what life has in store for her, but she believes it is something beautiful, for the thoughts of youth are happy thoughts.

But this is a working world and we cannot afford to spend any portion of our life in idleness and day-dreams, because regret and remorse are two haunting fiends that give no rest, once the golden opportunity is allowed to slip by without its being used—girlhood is a stage of preparation for us, and not to be spent in longings after the unknown. The stronger, deeper life of our womanhood is before us,—the latent possibilities of our child-

hood have to be shaped and developed. In a word it is a season when we should learn to form our character and discipline our will, so that we will be strong to fight life's battles, not only for ourselves but for others. It is a time to be spent in prayerful vigil, for we have been promised a grand inheritance—"Queens of the Earth."

* * * *

Most girls find life dull and common place. "I wish that I were a man" is the thought of many a girl. The thought that she cannot go out into the world and do things that her brothers do is irksome and limiting. But she forgets the grand fact that she is a woman and that that one little word is full of significance. It represents, as it did in the first woman, all the beauty of loveliness, the strength of sweetness and the purity of innocence. The ideal may seem too high, but we cannot be too proud of our birth-right and of our kingdom. Let us not misuse it. Let us feel our duty to be in our homes. Ours is a labour of love—to lighten the mother's cares, to make the father forget his anxieties, and to increase the children's happiness by sharing in their little joys with all a child's delight. Home is our sphere and we must learn to cultivate all the graces of womanhood to be a blessing in our homes.

* * * *

Now at the present day, the education of girls plays an important part—"give them the same opportunities and the same education that you give their brothers" said a great teacher. Quite true, but let not the end and the aim be mistaken and misunderstood. Education is to make us more cultured and refined, to open to our minds the grand pathways of knowledge, so that we learn to be more humble, to give us opportunities to read the many treasures of thought and experience of all ages and times, to widen our sympathies; so that we become more useful members of society. Girls, when they go in for higher education, and till they have done something very great, and after they have finished their education, are discontented with the slow-moving routine of home life. This gives altogether a wrong aspect of life and spoils all the good effects that education has, in bringing out and cultivating the faculties of the mind.

Girls are liable to make emotional friend-

ships at this age. Hero worship in the sixth form takes a very sentimental turn. If the object of this worship is sensible, she will know how to guide them and tell them out of their folly, but some are silly enough to encourage it and it leads to a bad effect on character. The violent friendships very soon end and the girl comes out, we hope, a better woman for her folly. Women are blamed for not making real and true friends with each other. In History or in fiction, we do not read of women friendships like that of Damon and Pythias and Jonathan and David—We are said to be too self-centred, and too small-minded to allow ourselves such firm friendships. This is a subject much discussed and I would leave each woman to argue for herself in this matter. Nothing can compare with a true friend, and friendship is the one of the noblest gifts that we can have. With this fact before us, let us forget self and knit to our hearts a friend, when we meet a "kindred soul."

* * * *

All women love dress—in fact, it is one of the greatest pitfalls to a woman's nature—A love of finery and too much thought indulged over it will lead to a weakening of character. Other evils also follow, in extravagance, shallowness and a carelessness for the deeper things of life. But how is this failing to be checked? not by shifting it altogether, but by idealizing beauty. The overdressed girl should learn to enter into and appreciate the real spirit of beauty, so that she will learn to dress beautifully. A great part of the beauty of dress is derived from its suitability to the wearer. Unsuitable imitation and the following of fashion for fashion's sake is to be regretted—The dress should be not mere display, but a revelation of this beauty of a woman, so that it gladdens those who see it.

* * * *

The question of love and marriage is a serious one for girls. In the hurry and strain of our modern-day life, we are in danger of losing some of the most precious of things on earth. We may wake up and find that the bud of promise has withered, before it blossomed into flower. Girls have often a high ideal of love, and happy are they who have realised it in their lives. They have found the "pearl of greatest price" and are blessed among women. Many miss it and pass

through life soured and broken-hearted. Though the highest is denied them, yet they have around them fellow-labourers, whose lives will be cheered and brightened by the shedding of love's radiance.

Marriage is the problem that each woman will have to solve for herself. When there is true love, there can be no greater happiness. For "love is the power that moves the world. Nothing is more potent than such a union as is within the reach of all—where the insight and practical capacity of the weaker is mated to the judgment and initiative of the stronger; where each supplies the want in each; where no rivalry, no jealousy, no lack of generosity, mars the full development of the gifts of each, but each is illuminated and transfigured by the other, the word of the one interpreted by the deed of the other, and every sordid frailty of humanity is etherealized by the love-poem of their lives."

We require preparation and self-education, before we undertake one of the most vital steps of our life, viz., marriage. So many undertake it lightly. The excitement of the event, the fun of entering a new life, the pleasure of having one's own money and things to enjoy, the position, that a married woman as compared to the unmarried girl, enjoys in society,—all seem to have influence on the mind of a girl before she is married. But when the question is considered seriously, a girl will find that she has to fit herself morally to fill a very responsible position. The development of the higher nature, which will rise above all pettiness and small-mindedness, and lead to large heartedness, calmness, generosity, forbearance and self-control, and finally the blending of one's independent will in that of the other, all these require thought and training.

"Nothing is sweeter than Love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in heaven and earth, because Love is born of God and cannot rest but in God above all created things."

Perfect womanhood is a gift of God and God's best gifts are all *graces*, that is, they can be won by prayer and effort. It is our duty to win them and "to remain without them is a sin of omission."

"Bear a lily in thy hand,
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.
Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.
O that dew like balm shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;
And that smile like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God Thou art."

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

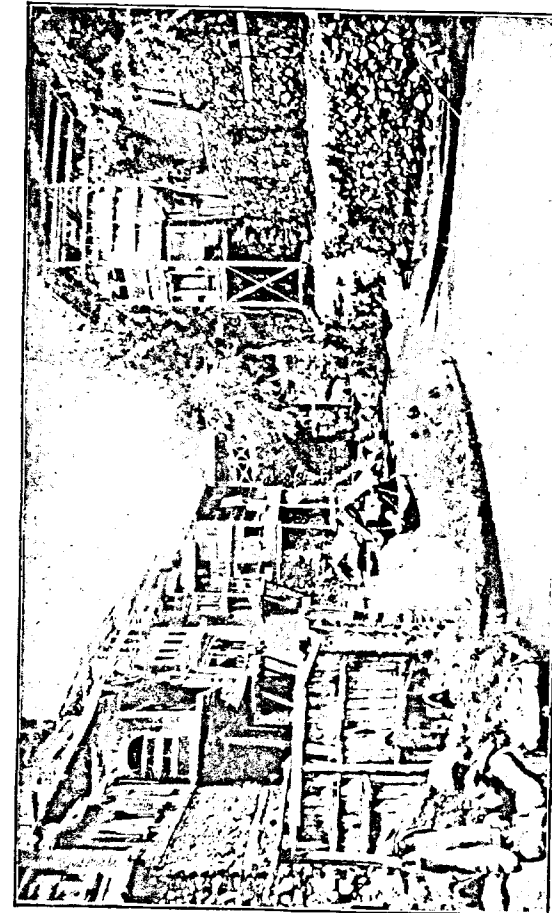
"Unto us a Child is Born"

Isaiah 9: 6

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO THE WORLD



UNTO you is born this day a Saviour" was the message brought to the earth nearly 1900 years ago. On one night, near the town of Bethlehem in Palestine, some poor shepherds were keeping watch over their flock of sheep on a field. The night was very cold and dark. Early in the morning, they saw a bright light suddenly shine, which was caused by the presence of an angel from above. Their astonishment was very great. The light was so bright that they could hardly see the angel. They were frightened. "Fear not," said the angel, "for I bring good news of great joy for all the nations. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. This shall be a sign for you. You will find the infant swathed and lying in a manger." While they were thus listening to these words, their ears were filled with a heavenly melody. In the meantime the angel vanished out of their sight. Their admiration grew higher and their curiosity was roused. They talked to each other and finally concluded that they should go to Bethlehem and see whether the words of the angel were true or not. Away they went immediately, and to their great satisfaction saw Joseph, a carpenter of Nazareth, Mary his betrothed wife, and a baby lying



MAIN CANAL AND MERCHANTS' HOUSE, KASHMIR



GUREZ VALLEY, FORT, RIVER AND BRIDGE, KASHMIR

in a manger. Having found that what the angel said was true, they told the by-standers what had happened in the field. They returned home, praising and glorifying God for all that they had heard and seen.

The anxious Eastern astrologers, who knew fully well that a King of the Jews was to be born at about that time, wanted to come and see the child themselves. They knew not the way. Up they looked, and noticed a bright and new star, which was shining both day and night in the western direction. Three of them rode on their camels and followed the star, wherever it went. The star, which was afterwards called "The Guiding Star," took them to Bethlehem and stopped just over the inn where the baby Jesus was lying. They entered and found the child with his mother Mary. Being filled with joy at the sight of the child, they worshipped him and offered him the valuable treasures which they had brought from their home. This was the baby which became so great and unique in the history of the world. Let us take Jesus in different aspects and see in what way he was greater than all others, that have ever crossed the stage of this world.

1. As a man—"Jesus was a perfect man" said a Muhammadan friend of mine one day. "What do you mean by saying 'a perfect man'?" I said. "He was more than a man" was his answer.

Let us take a little of Christ's life and see whether he performed properly the function of man or not.

Joseph was a poor carpenter, who was living from hand to mouth, and as Jesus was brought up under his roof he learnt carpentry under him and helped him. When he was twelve years old, we know how he went to the temple at Jerusalem where his remarkable character was seen by his discourses with learned doctors. He was baptised when he was thirty years old and his ministry began then. His unspotted life is wonderful indeed. He loved children, which is the peculiar character of many great men and poets. He was the children's friend and set them as an example for man.

Histories of great men tell us that they spent much of their time on the mountains in solitude. A man who lives there learns the world by himself, enjoys the wonderful works of the unseen Hand and thus gradually becomes religious. Poets in India and

elsewhere have been inspired by mountain scenery. Geographers say that mountaineers are more religious than those who live on the plains. Jesus, a great religious leader, was not an exception to this rule. We read that he spent most of his quiet times at the top of mountains. The beautiful "Sermon on the Mount" was preached on a hill in Galilee. "He went about doing good." The life of Jesus itself was the greatest factor in the establishment of his Kingdom. The people who wanted to murder him were able, neither to find fault with his teachings, nor to pick holes in his character. He lived a celibate life, showed filial affection to his parents and was put to death in his thirty-third year by those, who envied his life and reputation.

2. As a teacher—One of the greatest secrets of the success of the Christian religion, was that Jesus was himself a preacher. His teachings were wonderful. "The Sermon on the Mount" is the shortest and the best teaching which the world has ever seen. How beautifully he defines such words as, 'Theft,' 'murder,' 'adultery,' 'dharma' (charity). The prayer which he taught us is short and sweet. "Having studied the Vedas, the Quran, and the Tripitakas of the Buddhists, I have nowhere found a prayer so brief and all comprehensive as that which the Christians call 'The Lord's Prayer'" says Raja Ram Mohan Roy. Jesus spoke as "never a man spoke." It was he who first taught that humility is the road to greatness. He carried the babies in his arms and said, "Of such is the kingdom of God." History tells us that he was a friend of publicans and sinners, which itself is an example of his true greatness. It was he who first brought the idea of the full pardon of sin to the world. He made the world understand what mercy is and he himself was a living monument of Divine love. "Love your enemies," was his golden teaching and "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them," was his golden rule. "He is not only the wisest of the great and the greatest of the wise" says an American, "but he taught the wise wisdom and the great greatness." "Uneducated" though he might be called and even was called, he uttered the wisest of the sayings, which made the world admire him. Is there anything good in this world which Jesus

has not uttered and practiced as an example to others?

His teachings were original. Even when he quoted the ancient literature of his people, he transformed the old with the new spirit of his teaching. Although he was not educated from the worldly point of view, his teachings were certainly original.

One great difference between Jesus and other leaders is that Jesus carried out in his own life whatever he spoke. He preached his new religion, not merely by his lips but by his actions also. Let me quote Mr. Lecky "The three short years of the active life of Jesus have done more to regenerate and to soften mankind, than all the disquisitions of Philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists." Hence Jesus is called the living law of Christianity. "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" said Jesus. Nor was any answer ever given to him.

3. As a reformer—Christ reformed the Jewish religion and founded Christianity. Although he was poor and travelled on foot from place to place, he offered rest to the weary, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He taught the value of children by identifying himself with them and he was a great deliverer of the poor and the illiterate, who have been trodden down for years. "He eats with publicans and sinners," was the charge brought against him. He raised the position of the poor and laid the foundation of his kingdom upon them. Hence his teaching is applicable to the poor and the rich, to the learned and the illiterate, to the civilized and savages. Thus his religion has become universal.

Scribes and Pharisees would not even touch a woman and thought it to be a crime to look at them in public. Their position was raised by the influence of Jesus.

His teachings were philanthropic. Times and laws were changed after him. An eminent French writer says "the history of the world resolves itself entirely into two periods—that preceded Christ's appearance, and that which followed it."

If Jesus were taken to-day from the world's civilization, what would happen? Literature, poetry, laws, morality, all would lose their origin and ideal. Aspirations after a purer and higher life and hopes for the future will have no place for us. The globe will be dark, if no rays from Jesus fall on it.

Jesus is the centre and his life and teaching are the radii with which the moral and religious circumference of this world is described.

As a result of the reformation caused by his teaching, he had the shameful death of a reformer and was counted one among the criminals. Kings and the conquerors of the world have founded their Empire by shedding the blood of others, while Jesus shed his own blood for others and conquered the world. "Never a man spoke as this man spake" and never a man lived as he lived, or died as he died."

4. As God—My soul rejoices when I begin to say something about Jesus in this aspect. The very fact of His being able to be perfect in the aspect showed above makes us understand that He was divine. No wonder Napoleon said one day to one of his generals, "I know men; and I tell you Jesus is more than man." His birth itself was miraculous. India will be able to understand the value of the birth of Jesus, if only she shakes off prejudice from her mind, and if the real meaning of the verse "Nothing is impossible with God" comes home to her mind in a proper manner. History tells us that the astronomical world expected the birth of Jesus at a particular time. Although He was born in an inn, He was worshipped and honoured by the astrologers. He was simple and poor, but the rich seeds of virtue were within Him. He had no place of rest. But He spoke of a place which He called His Father's House.

The four Gospels are adorned with instances from the life of Jesus. We know that they were written at different places by different men and in different times and we also know that the authors of these Gospels were not highly educated. Yet they all concur with each other. Why? Because they themselves were eye-witnesses of the events they narrate. Let us suppose that these authors wanted to praise a man Jesus by name. If so, would they be likely to mention the sufferings and shame which Jesus endured? Biographers say very little or sometimes nothing of the shame and disregard that befell those whose biography they are writing. But the authors of the Gospels say that Jesus was badly treated and even suffered the death of a criminal. Do not the plain statements of these authors speak to us clearly enough? Only at one

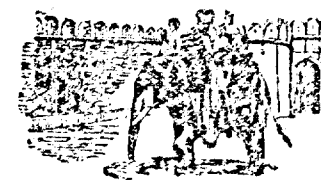
time in His life was He honoured in the worldly point of view: that was in His triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

Can we say that the Gospels are human imaginations? How could they be? The authors never spoke of themselves and they centred their thought on one man and with one object. Even then the personality of Jesus as they explained it, is great and extraordinary. This extraordinary explanations could not be at all conceived by men of their stamp. If Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were so clever as to conceive such wonderful teachings, ideas and parables, they would have easily kept that credit for themselves. Why did they give that credit to a particular person, Christ? When we think of all these things, we see that Jesus of whom they speak is Divine. "I confess" says Rousseau, "that the majesty of the Scriptures astonishes me—that the holiness of the Gospel speaks to my heart. Observe the books of the philosophers with all their pomp;—how petty they are beside it! Is it possible that a book at once so sublime and so simple is the work of men? Is it possible that He whose history it contains, is himself no more than man? Is this the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in His morals! What a touching grace in His instructions! What elevation in his maxims! What profound wisdom in His discourses! What presence of mind, what delicacy and justness in His replies! What command over His passions! Where is the man, where is the sage, who can act, suffer, and die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato paints his imaginary just man, covered with the opprobrium of crime, though worthy of all the rewards of virtue, he paints Jesus Christ in every feature. The resemblance is so striking that all the fathers perceived it, and it is not possible to mistake it. What prejudice, and what blindness must it be to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the son of Mary? What a distance between them!" Let the reader judge for himself.

P. K.

Glimpses of a Tour in Kashmir

I
BY LADY BENSON



FOR those who are fortunate enough to be able to get away from the heat of

the plains of India for six months, there can be no more beautiful trips than the one to Kashmir. The ideal time to give to this trip is undoubtedly seven and a half months, from the middle of April to the end of November. This period would include the vision of the spring flowers over the land and cover the sight of the final blaze of the rich autumn colouring of the chenars, poplars, and mulberries.

Unfortunately we were not able to leave Madras until the first week in May, and had to endure the great heat of that season, over the 2,000 miles of rail journey, between Madras and Rawal Pindi. It needed some resolution to face four nights and four days in the train, at that time of the year, in order to reach the "Earthly Paradise" of Kashmir at the other end. However, like many dreaded experiences, the actual suffering was not as great as we had anticipated. Between Madras and Bombay, the thermometer only reached 96°. In Bombay we were able to drive to the "Taj Hotel" and rest there for some hours, before starting for Rawal Pindi in the "Punjab daily mail." We found the carriages in this train very comfortable, fitted with electric lights and fans, and with better springs than the Bombay and Madras railway carriages, so that we were much less shaken in them, and were able to read with greater comfort. To this train is attached an excellent Restaurant Car, in which we had breakfast and dinner each day. The glare and heat was too great to allow us to look out of the windows during the day, to see the kind of country we were passing through, but as each evening came we looked out and saw nothing but wide horizons of bare fields, rocks, stones, and a haze of dust.

Between Bombay and Rawal Pindi, the thermometer in the afternoon reached 106°—a truly unpleasant experience, but it

might have been worse, and we comforted ourselves with the thought that at any rate it was less disagreeable than being sea-sick. We passed Agra in the cool of the evening, but failed to catch a glimpse of the Taj. In the fields, we saw peacocks sunning themselves on the walls of villages, and hares, and spotted deer, and camels, also jackals slinking away through the long grass. Rawal Pindi was reached on the afternoon of the fourth day. We were truly delighted to say good-bye to the hot dusty train and to feel that we had actually arrived at the very gates of the Earthly Paradise. Rawal Pindi surprised us very much, the thermometer on the 11th of May was only 82°! There was green grass everywhere, and lovely gardens, full of pink roses. We thoroughly enjoyed having tea in a garden on a green lawn. We had been much looking forward also to a good night's rest at the Hotel, after our four noisy shaken nights in the train, but alas! we had not reckoned on "sand flies"! We do not know them in Madras (one has to travel in order to discover one's mercies!) but sand flies are far worse than mosquitoes, they are *silent* foes, but most persistent ones, and they completely monopolized our attention and energies through the long hours of that summer night. I am glad to be able to add that we did not encounter them again, during the remainder of our tour.

At Rawal Pindi begins the long drive of 166 miles to Baramulla, the first place in Kashmir, where one can be met by one's Houseboat on the Jhelum river. This drive is accomplished in excellent tongas, occupying four days. We rested during the middle of each day, and at night, at the dāk bungalows, maintained by Government, on the road. At these bungalows we were well fed, at moderate charges, found the rooms, beds and furniture all clean and comfortable; they compared most favourably with the dāk bungalows we were accustomed to in up-country districts in the Madras Presidency. We specially noted that they were all well provided with pegs on which to hang hats and clothes, and with good shelves. Both are such an inestimable convenience to travellers. It is wise to divide the stages into Kashmir into marches of not more than 40 miles a day. Our first drive covered 64 miles, from Rawal Pindi up to Murree, and down to Kohala. This was altogether

too long, and we were dreadfully tired at the end of the day. It is better to drive only to Murree, and rest there for the night. The difficulty in the month of May is that all the Hotels are full at that time, and that it is almost impossible to get rooms anywhere. It was so in our case. The drive up to Murree is very like driving through the Wynaad. The ascent is not as steep as to Ootacamund, as the rise is only 4,300 ft. As Murree is approached, the scenery becomes more beautiful, and pines and deodars, mixed with chestnuts and sycamores, present a delightfully varied mass of novel foliage to the weary traveller from the plains. We lunched at a dāk bungalow at Murree called "Sunny bank", and then continued our drive to the furthest point of British territory to Kohala.

This involved a descent of 4,000 feet, and we drove the whole time on the edge of a precipice, not always very securely guarded by walls. It was amusing to pass strings of camels, fastened to each other, nose to tail.

These animals are much used for transport and carry firewood and grain, and all manner of stores. Here we caught our first views of the snow mountains, seen through the branches of the pine and chestnut forests.

After sixteen miles of down hill the first glimpse of the river Jhelum is seen, like a silver thread far far down in a deep gorge below. We sent on our luggage from Rawal Pindi in Ekkas, most uncouth looking conveyances, with shafts running up aloft above the pony's head, at a most impossible angle, and with apparently no storage room to speak of. However they managed to put away our numerous boxes, *plus* the cook, into three Ekkas, which turned up safely at Baramulla five days after leaving Rawal Pindi. Our butler accompanied us in the tongas and was a most useful person throughout the trip, as he spoke Hindustani, and managed the drivers, boatmen, and coolies with great success and good temper during our tour.

There is an iron girder bridge at Kohala across the Jhelum. At one end of it British tolls are levied, and at the other end Kashmir tolls. The fees are Re. 1 for each tonga on the British side, and Rs. 1-8 each on the Kashmir side. Nearly every bridge in Kashmir was washed away by the disastrous floods of 1893. This new Bridge was completed in 1895. The cost, Rs. 120,000, was shared by the Kashmir Darbar with the

British Government. After crossing this bridge on the morning of the 11th of May, we were now in Kashmir itself, on the new "Jhelum Valley Road", the "Grand Trunk Road" connecting Kashmir with the Punjab. This great work took ten years to complete from 1880 to 1890. The whole was under the superintendence of General de Bourbel, R.E., Chief Engineer to Kashmir; and sections were carried out by Mr. A. Atkinson, Mr. Farrant, and Mr. E. G. Hebbert, Executive Engineers for Kashmir, also by a firm of contractors, Messrs. Spedding, Mitchell and Co. When one sees the tremendous work involved by this beautiful road through the heart of the Himalayas, and sees the stupendous cuttings through solid rock and conglomerate, and looks down the giddy depths below, and to the awful rocks above, one feels that the names of the Engineers who constructed the road so successfully, and who overcame such enormous difficulties, should be commemorated with gratitude and admiration. The 196 miles from Rawal Pindi to Srinagar is now daily accomplished by the mail tongas in 34 hours, which means, of course, driving night and day, but travellers can comfortably drive the distance in three days, without undue fatigue. Contrast this with the dangers and trials, the time, and loss of life to man and beast that had to be encountered when the Moghul Emperors indulged in their Exodus from the heat and toils of Delhi, to enjoy the cool breezes and gorgeous flowers of Kashmir.

You can read a full and most interesting account of the journeys of the Moghuls in "Bernier's Travels," a book to be purchased at Messrs. Cambridge & Co., Bombay or Madras, for Rs. 3. Bernier was a Frenchman, a doctor and lawyer, who travelled to India in 1663. He had been trained under a famous philosopher in Paris, and owed his great powers of *accurate* observation to this man. His descriptions of Kashmir can be easily verified to-day, and this gives great importance to the statements in, and adds to the value of, his whole book, in the face of the exaggerated and unreliable writings that have come down from others, with whom accuracy and correct observation were of no account.

Bernier lived in India from 1663 to 1667, and became a physician to the Great Moghul, and also to a Persian merchant, by name Mulla Safi, a very learned man, whom the Emperor Shah Jehan made paymaster of the

army, with the title of Danishmand Khan (Learned Knight).

This "Learned Knight" was delighted with Bernier, and used to question him concerning the manners and customs of the west, as well as concerning the philosophy, religion and science of, in those days, the comparatively little known western countries. This "Learned Knight" of Bernier wrote:—"My Nawab or Agah, 'Danishmand Khan', expects my arrival with much impatience. He can no more dispense with his philosophical studies in the afternoon than avoid devoting the morning to his weighty duties as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Grand Master of the Horse. Astronomy, geography and anatomy are his favourite pursuits." In this way Bernier accompanied the Royal Exodus into Kashmir. It will be interesting to read an extract from his description of this Exodus; he writes:—"Aurangzeb left Delhi on the 6th of December" at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a day and hour which, according to the astrologers of Delhi, cannot fail to prove propitious to long journeys. Having reached Chah-hinar, his country villa, which is about two leagues distant from the capital, he remained there six whole days in order to afford time for the preparations required by an expedition, which was to last 18 months.

He is attended not only by 35,000 cavalry, which at all times compose his body-guard, and by infantry exceeding 10,000 in number, but likewise by the heavy artillery, and the light or stirrups artillery. The heavy artillery consists of 70 pieces, mostly of brass. Many of these cannon are so ponderous that 20 yoke of oxen are necessary to draw them along; and some, when the road is steep or rugged, require the aid of elephants, in addition to the oxen, to push the carriage wheels with their head and trunks. Lahore was reached on the 25th February 1665. Two months on the road, to accomplish 120 leagues! No wonder Bernier calls it "slow and solemn marching." He describes with detail, the modes of travelling of the Omrahs, "when in the train of the King they are exposed like a private soldier to the sun and dust frequently until 3 o'clock in the afternoon and they find these marches very fatiguing. But when *not* in the train of the King, these luxurious lords move along very differently; neither dust nor sun then annoys them, but they are stretched, as on a bed, in

a *paleky*, closed and covered or not as may be found more agreeable; sleeping at ease until they reach their tent, where they are sure to find an excellent dinner, the kitchen and every necessary article having been sent forward the preceding night, immediately after supper. The *Omrahs* are always surrounded by a number of well mounted cavaliers called *gourze-bedars*, because they carry a kind of club, or silver mace. The King is also attended by many of them, who go before him, both on the right and on the left, together with a multitude of footmen. The *gourze-bedars* are picked good-looking men of fine figures, and are employed to convey orders and despatches, the Princesses and great ladies of the *Seraglio*. Some prefer *choudols* which are borne on men's shoulders. They are gilt and painted, and covered with magnificent silk nets of many colours, enriched with embroidery, fringes, and beautiful tassels. Others travel in a stately and close *paleky*, gilt and covered, over which are also expanded similar silk nets. Some again use capacious litters, suspended between two powerful camels, or between two small elephants. It is in this style I have sometimes seen *Rauchenara Begum* (Aurangzeb's favourite sister) pursuing her journey, and have observed more than once in front of the litter, which was open, a young, well-dressed slave, with a peacock's tail in her hand, brushing away the dust and keeping off the flies from the Princess. The ladies are not unfrequently carried on the backs of elephants, which upon these occasions wear massive bells of silver, and are decked with costly trappings, curiously embroidered. I cannot avoid dwelling on this pompous procession of the *Seraglio*. It strongly arrested my attention during the late march, and I feel delight in recalling it to my memory. Stretch imagination to its utmost limits, and you can conceive no exhibition more grand and imposing than when *Rauchenara Begum*, mounted on a stupendous Regu elephant and seated in a *Mikdember*, blazing with gold and azure, is followed by five or six other elephants, with *Mikdembers* nearly as resplendent as her own, and filled with ladies attached to her household. Close to the Princess are the chief eunuchs, richly adorned and finely mounted, each with a wand of office in his hand; and surrounding her elephant, a troop of female servants,

Tartars and *Rachonerys*, fantastically attired, and riding handsome padhorses. Besides these attendants are several eunuchs on horseback, accompanied by a multitude of *Pdgys* (the Portuguese word *peão*, from *pé*-foot, and meaning a footman, anglicised into *peon*) on foot, with large canes who advance a great way before the Princess, both to the right and to the left, for the purpose of cleaning the road, and driving before them every intruder. Immediately behind *Rauchenara Begum's* retinue appears a principal lady of the Court, mounted and attended much in the same manner as the Princess. This lady is followed by a third, she by a fourth, and so on until 15 or 16 females of quality pass with a grandeur of appearance, equipage and retinue, more or less proportionate to their rank, pay, and office. There is something very impressive of state, and royalty in the march of these sixty or more elephants; in their solemn and, as it were, measured steps, in the splendour of the *Mikdembers*, and the brilliant and innumerable followers in attendance; and if I had not regarded this display of magnificence with a sort of philosophical indifference, I should have been apt to be carried away by such flights of imagination as inspire most of the Indian poets, when they represent the elephants as conveying so many goddesses concealed from the vulgar gaze.

"I observed that the great rivers are commonly without bridges. The army crossed them by means of two bridges of boats, constructed with tolerable skill, and placed between two or three hundred paces apart. Earth and straw mingled together are thrown upon the planking forming the footway, to prevent the cattle from slipping. The greatest confusion and danger occur at the extremities; for not only does the crowd and pressure occur most there but when the approaches to the bridge are composed of soft moving earth, they become so broken up and so full of pits, that horses and laden oxen tumble upon one another into them, and the people pass over the struggling animals in the utmost disorder. The evil would be much increased if the army were under the necessity of crossing in one day, but the King generally fixes his camp about half a league from the bridges of boats, and suffers a day or two to elapse ere he passes to the opposite side of the river: when

pitching his tents within half a league from the bank, he again delays his departure so as to allow the army three days and nights at least to effect the passage. As to the number of people, whether soldiers or others, which the camp contains, it is not easy to determine this accurately; so various are the opinions on this point. I may venture, however, to state generally that in this march there are at least 100,000 horsemen, and more than 150,000 animals, comprising horses, mules, and elephants; that besides these, there cannot be much less than 50,000 camels, and nearly as many oxen and horses employed to carry the wives and children, the grain and other provisions belonging to the poor people connected with the bazaars, who when they travel take with them, like our gipsies, the whole of their families, goods, and chattels. The servants in the army must be indeed numerous, since nothing is done without their assistance. I rank only with a two-horse cavalier and yet I cannot possibly contrive with less than three men. Many are of opinion that the camp contains between three and four thousand persons; some believe this estimate to be too small, while others consider it rather exaggerated. Accurately to determine the question, the people should be numbered. All I can confidently assert is that the multitude is prodigious and almost incredible. The whole population of Delhi, the capital city, is in fact collected in the camp, because, deriving its employment and maintenance from the court and army, it has no alternative but to follow them in their march, or to perish from want during their absence. You are no doubt at a loss to conceive how so vast a number both of men and animals can be maintained in the field. The best solution of the difficulty will be found in the temperance of Indians and simple nature of their diet. Of the five score thousand troopers, not a tenth, no, not a twentieth part, eat animal food; they are satisfied with their *kichery*, a mess of rice and other vegetables, over which, when cooked, they pour butter. It should be considered too that camels endure fatigue, hunger, and thirst in a surprising degree, live upon little, and eat any kind of food. At the end of every march, they are left to browse in the fields, where every thing serves for fodder. It is important likewise to observe that the same tradesmen who supply the bazaars in

Delhi are compelled to furnish them in the camp. These poor people are at great pains to procure forage: they rove about from village to village and what they succeed in purchasing, they endeavour to sell in the army at an advanced price. It is a common practice with them to clear, with a sort of trowel, whole fields of a peculiar kind of grass, which having beaten and washed, they dispose of in the camp at a price sometimes very high, and sometimes inadequately low. There is a curious fact respecting the King which I had almost forgotten to relate. He enters the camp sometimes on one side, sometimes on another; that is, he will to-day pass near the tents of certain *Omrahs* and to-morrow near the tents of others. (The nobles are encamped without on all sides according to their rank. The guards for Thursday, Friday and Saturday encamp in the centre, those for Sunday and Monday, on the right; and those for Tuesday and Wednesday on the left). This variation of route is not, as you might suppose, accidental; the *Omrahs* whom the Monarch honours by his vicinity, must leave their quarters to meet him, and must present His Majesty with a purse of more or less value, from 20 to 50 golden vorepies, according to their liberality, and the amount of their pay."

The graphic account of their Exodus to the Hills for an 18 months' sojourn, throws into shade the modest flitting to the Hills for 6 months of the Rulers of to-day! In the days of Akbar, Jehangir, Shah Jehan, and Aurangzeb, (who one and all enjoyed the cool breezes of Kashmir for lengthened periods of their reigns), they had no daily press, or telegrams, to keep them in touch with their subjects, and also no speedy means of transport to return to the plains in case of need.



B. b. The Maharanee's Birthday.

(TRAVANCORE.)



HER Highness Sethu Lakshmi Bai, the Maharanee of Travancore, completed her 15th year on Monday the 5th Dec. 1910, and the birthday was celebrated with much eclat and rejoicings. As usual the festivities commenced

seven days prior to the birthday by the way of special offerings in the temples of the State and feasts to the Brahmins of the land, both morning and evening. Early on the morning of the birthday Her Highness, seated in a nicely decorated palanquin, started in procession to worship in the several temples in and outside the Fort. The procession comprised several troopers of the bodyguard, the Nair brigade sepoy, in their full dress uniform, with band, native music and an army of Harikars and Pattakars over and above the many Palace officers. The procession had a most imposing appearance. Amidst the silk umbrellas, the coloured dress of the military sepoy and the variously clad native officers, the dignified youthful Ranee in her palanquin presented a picture, which, to no artist, would be an unwelcome subject. Many relations and officers who had been invited for the occasion were given a most sumptuous feast. Letters and telegrams of congratulations and good wishes poured in upon Her Highness from several Indian and European Ladies and Gentlemen. This is her 15th birthday and next year she will complete her 16th age, when she will be recognised as the Attingal Moothathampuran, and the management of the Attingal estates, which now rests with the Government, will be restored to her. In this connection a very short account of this Ranee would not be out of place. Her Highness was born on the 19th November 1895 as the daughter of K. Kerala Varma, B.A., Koil Thampuran of Kilimanoor, the nephew of the late Ravi Varma Artist. Her Highness was adopted into the Royal family of Travancore on the 31st August 1900, as the Junior Ranee of Travancore. Since the death

of H. H. the late Lakshmi Bai, C. I., the Senior Ranee, our Young Ranee Lakshmi Bai became the Senior Ranee of Travancore. The wedding of Her Highness was celebrated on the 6th May 1906, the prince consort being H. H. Rama Varma, a handsome young prince from the family of the Parappanad Rajas. Soon after the adoption, tutors were appointed to teach Her Highness and her sister, English, Sanskrit, Music, Needlework and other subjects, and it may be said without any fear of contradiction that she has mastered all these subjects with very great success. Latterly Her Highness has imbued herself with an inordinate desire for book reading. Shakespeare and Milton have become her inseparable companions. Historical books and biographies are read in set hours—novels, which many have substituted in the place of solid reading, are resorted to by Her Highness simply for recreation in hours of relaxation. Her gentleness, adherence to truth and a sort of innocence with regard to everything have become known among those who had the occasion to know her. I have been told that she can now entirely dispense with her tutors. The unanimous prayer of her loyal subjects is that this noble lady should be long spared to do good to her country.

Keats—The Poet of the Beautiful



KEATS was essentially and truly the Poet of the "Beautiful." He, in his own words worshipped the mighty Abstract idea of Beauty in all things, unlike Shelley, who was always chasing

after the falling stars and whose poetry is but

feverish descriptions rising almost to a delirium, of what the poet wants to feel. Keats gloried in and exalted over the beauties of Nature.

Unlike Wordsworth who, in the "voice of the mountains," in the "face of the primrose" perceived or thought he perceived the presence of a spirit akin to his own, Keats found delight in Nature for the simple reason that in everything he saw around he discovered the presence Beauty.

"In truth" he writes, the great elements we knew of are no mean comforters, the open sky sits upon our senses like a sapphire, now the air is our robe of state; the earth is our throne, the sea a mighty minstrel playing before it. I have found in the ocean's music an enjoyment not to be put in words."

In another letter he says, "The roaring of the wind is my wife and the stars through the window pane are my children, the mighty Abstract Idea of Beauty in all things I have, stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness. I feel more and more as my imagination strenghtens that I do not live in this world alone but in a thousand worlds."

It can thus be seen that the whole and entire soul of the poet was absorbed in the contemplation and worship of Beauty! Wherever and in whatever shape he felt the presence of this mighty principle, there he bowed in loving adoration. Soon after the publication of those famous or infamous articles regarding 'Endymion' in the *Quarterly and Blackwood Magazine*, he writes, "I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public or to anything in existence, but the eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty and the memory of Great Men."

Every one who is acquainted with Keats and his poetry knows what a strong sensuous nature was his.

His sensibilities were so subtle that it has been said that Keats could have felt scrow with his hand.

Yet it is a curious fact that there is in his poetry a certain degree of coldness towards the premier objects of a passionate and senseless poet's regard—viz., Love and Women. This great defect (if we may so call it) in his poetry can be accounted for only in one way. With Keats the love of woman lies identical with or rather apart of the imaginative love of nature. In Keats's poetry generally,

woman is not a spiritual being akin to the spirit of man, possessing capabilities, faculties, powers of enjoyment and feeling equal to his, though of a different type, but rather she is classed with the beautiful yet inanimate things in nature, in which man takes delight, but which cannot respond to his feelings, emotions and thoughts. This, which is shadowed forth in the allegory underlying Endymion, where the passion of Endymion for Cynthia is symbolical of the love of a soul for the principle of beauty, is exposed in the 'ode to melancholy' where among the objects on which a sensitive mind is recommended to indulge its melancholy fit, the anger of his Mistress is enumerated with roses, peonies, and rainbows, as a beautiful phenomenon plainly without respect to its cause, meaning or effect. In his other poems too, we find lines and passages imparting the same idea.

"He took delight,

Lucurious in her sorrows, soft and new—"

Lamia.

Again

"*Fine was the mitigated fury*"—Lamia.

Thus we see that this was not a passing thought that crossed the mind of the poet, suggested perhaps by some association, but rather the outcome of an internal feeling that had its source in the very centre of his being. The mighty Abstract Idea of Beauty in all things was the very soul of his poetry; the very essence of his life. Women, to him embodied with flowers, streams, rainbows and stars this Idea of Beauty, and love of woman, therefore was with him not far different from these feelings roused within him by a beautiful flower or a radiant rainbow.

This is what the poet says in a letter, "An amiable wife and sweet children I contemplate as a part of that Beauty, but I must have a thousand of those beautiful particles to fill up my heart."

Though Keats was thus essentially a Poet of the 'Beautiful,' though he was ever absorbed in the contemplation of Beauty, yet we must remember that with Keats this "yearning passion for the Beautiful" was not merely a sensuous passion—it was a spiritual and an intellectual passion, for Keats loved, not merely the outward forms and visible semblances of beauty, but also as he says, the Absolute Idea the Principle of Beauty in all things. How sincere was Keats's worship of

Beauty, how much deeper than a mere sensuous one was his passion for the Beautiful, is seen in the assertion of the poet that all knowledge and all wisdom is comprehended in understanding the close connection that there is between Beauty and Truth. He identifies "Beauty with Truth";

"Beauty is Truth and Truth Beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

In the evolution of the world towards higher things, Keats would always place the first in beauty above everything else. For he says:—

It is the eternal Law that first in beauty should be first in might. Real Beauty is the outcome of a faithful adhesion to the Law of the Universe, and therefore to see things in their beauty is to see them in the Truth. Goethe indicated a similarly grand truth, when he said,

"The Beautiful is higher than the good;
The Beautiful includes in it the good."

Keats, thus, possessed an imagination which was able to comprehend true beauty wherever it was found, and he interpreted it aright. In the few short years of life allotted to him, Keats not merely saw the 'Truth' that is present in beauty, but—more than this—he felt the joy that always goes with beauty.

In his two famous lines,

A thing of Beauty is a joy forever.

And Beauty is Truth and Truth Beauty.

May be summed up the whole of his poetry.

'It is no small thing' says Mathew Arnold, 'to have so loved the principle of Beauty as to perceive the necessary relation of Beauty with Truth and of both with joy.' Keats then accomplished so much in poetry that, in one of the two great modes by which poetry interprets life, in the faculty of naturalistic interpretation, in what we call natural magic, he might rank with Shakespeare.



The Stage exerts a wholesome Influence on Society



THE subject before us this afternoon seems a difficult one from an Indian point of view, because we very seldom get an opportunity of witnessing a really good drama acted before the footlights in Mad-

ras. But I shall endeavour to do what little I can and I trust you will find it at least interesting and that you will bear with me patiently to the end.

Let us enquire what the origin of the Drama was. Man from the beginning of the world has always had the innate desire to give expression to his feelings and conceptions. He expresses his thoughts and emotions by gesture and by speech or by a combination of both. There is yet another way by which we may give vent to our thoughts and feelings and that is by imitation. "To imitate", says Aristotle, "is instinctive in man from his infancy." The assumption of character, whether real or fictitious, is therefore the earliest step towards the drama.

It is in the dramatic idea, that the action of play breathes and has its being, the subject being only the lifeless vestments which clothe it. "The story of the Scottish Thane is the subject, not the action of Macbeth."

Schiller, one of the greatest German poets and a philosopher, says that the stage exerts as good a moral influence on society as the church and declares that there are only two places for the preacher, the pulpit and the stage. Didero, a Frenchman, has always thought that some day the most important moral points might be discussed on the stage, without interfering with the rapid movement of the dramatic action.

Tragedy and comedy play upon the emotions of our minds in different ways. The

strong or serious emotions are alone capable of exercising upon us that influence which Aristotle termed "purification," but which a Greek comedian thus expressed,—

For when seer a man observes his fellow
Bear wrongs more grievous than himself has known
More easily he bears his own misfortunes.

In other words, the small trifles which constantly worry us sink into insignificance before the greater trials which other men and women have to undergo. They cause us to forget our own narrow-mindedness, when we merge into the wider sphere of sympathy with others whose griefs may be greater at the time than they can bear. The stage develops the imagination of the spectator and gives the play-goer full scope for sympathy and the power to be able to enter into the feelings of others, though far removed from him as regards time and place.

Those plays, which come under the category of comedies, are chiefly concerned with the sense of the ridiculous. They represent actions which are capable to a great extent of arousing our visible faculties and even these are not without their good effect, for the result is that we give vent to peal after peal of healthy laughter. Carlyle, in his Sartor Resartus says,

How much lies in laughter; the cipher key
Wherewith we decipher the whole man.

When a man returns home in the evening, weary and sad after his day's toil, how much better is it for him to spend his time in this innocent way than to frequent the drinking saloons and gambling dens of the city. I am sure his wife and children would bless the comic opera and Music Hall, if they would only keep him from the drink evil and gambling mania—Referring to the former in his speech, last month, Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, remarked as follows:—

"I met the other day, a great brewer and he was talking to me about the way in which drink was going down in Lancashire. He welcomed the fact and attributed it largely to the popularisation of Music Halls in this county."

The last quarter of the 19th Century introduced a great change in the Theatrical life in England. The taste for Theatricals improved as a result of the great changes

which had been taking place in the life and thought of the nation. With the advancement of the nation's ideal of morality, the nature and substance of dramatic literature also advanced. Like other commodities, literature also is subject to the law of supply and demand. If unwholesome plays sometimes come before the foot lights, neither the actor nor the dramatist is to be blamed, but the public for they govern the supply. What they ask for, they immediately receive. Let them ask for the things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and these will be forthcoming. But in the 19th Century, towards its close, the public ceased to delight in coarse and vulgar representations and the proprietors of the theatres soon adapted themselves to the change, otherwise their stalls and pits would be empty.

The stage in recent times has become a powerful factor in rousing national enthusiasm. The drama, being the most lawful form of literary art, is best adapted for imparting valuable lessons to the people. Great problems like national defence are, at present not beyond the range of play-wrights, for instance, the recently staged play called "An Englishman's Home."

I will now say a few words about the Indian drama, and I trust it will not be the same as carrying coals to Newcastle. The origin of the Indian drama is purely Indian. No foreign element contributed to its birth.

Hindu writers ascribe the invention of dramatic entertainments to an inspired sage Bharata, (whose name signifies an "actor") or to the communications made to him by Brahma himself. The origin of the Indian drama was thus doubtless religious and its beginnings were made in the 3rd Century B. C. The existence of the Indian drama was known to European Literature only after Sir William Jones had translated Sakuntala written by Kalidasa, one of the greatest Indian masters. Sakuntala which has often been played in Madras is a love-idiyl of surpassing beauty and in the opinion of the highest authorities it is one of the master pieces of the Poetic Literature of the world. Another great dramatic poet is Bhavabhuti or Crikantha who lived in the 8th Century. His best play, Malati and Madhava, and his love for its theme has been called (with more aptitude than usual) The Romeo and Juliet of the Hindus.

Harischandra or the Martyr to Truth, an-

other Sanskrit drama which is very popular in South India, emphasises the divinity of Truth, for he sacrificed his own Kingdom, wife and child on its altar. The moral which the spectator deduces from this drama is that men should be faithful to truth at all costs.

In a famous Indian play, the manager once asked "what are those qualities which the virtuous, the wise, the venerable, the learned and the Brahmins, require in a Drama?" The answer was—"Profound exposition of the various passions," pleasing interchange of mutual affection, loftiness of character, delicate expression of desire, a surprising story and elegant language". We have a drama written by the celebrated Bhavabhrti, in which all these qualities are combined to make a pleasing whole.

Indian Dramatic Literature is produced by the culture of a certain section of the community only and cannot be called national, but it is said to exhibit many of the noblest and most refined as well as the most characteristic features of Hindu religion and civilization. The ethics of the Indian drama are of a lofty character and their poets are mentioned "as masters of many of the finest forms of pathos," above all, of that which blends with resignation.

Therefore in India, we have great dramatic works, but no stage worth the name. No respectable man takes to the stage. We have not yet realised what we can do in that direction.

I was told by a lady, the other day, who had just returned from a visit to Japan, that whenever any heroic or noble deed is performed it is always dramatised by the Japanese. They paint various scenes of it on their fans, screens, wall paper and kimonos. It kindles the fire of patriotism in the heart of each one, whose national emblem is the chrysanthemum and arouses a desire to emulate the glorious deed.

During a certain period of its history, the histrionic art had reached its low water mark. The theatre was frequented by the lowest classes and had a demoralising influence on the world at large. It was condemned throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, but in the midst of this general condensation we find individual ecclesiastics resorting in their writings to the drama. The Passion Play of Christ usually attributed to St. Gregory and others,

was written for purely educational purposes. The fame of the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau in the Tyrol is world-wide. We have heard of several persons, who, hesitating on the brink of Atheism after having witnessed the play, have become devout Theists not only in word but in deed. Who can deny that the stage exerts a wholesome influence, when it is capable of achieving such wonderful results?

The Miracle Plays and Moralities of the Mediæval Period are most popular among the English people and have taken a firm hold on them. This only proves how great is the power for good which the stage, worked in the higher direction, is capable of exercising over a whole nation. Mr. Bentley of New York held that the histrionic art was divine, and with the devotional, constituted that image in which man was made. To play was as natural as to pray and their nurseries combined their earliest churches and theatres.

The Pageants, which are being held almost every year in Warwickshire and other parts of England, afford another proof of the moral effects which the art of acting produces. They are patronised by the King and Queen, Lord Roberts and the nobles of the land. They stir up the sentiment of patriotism among the people and set forth in vivid pictures the whole characters of ancient heroes, whose brave deeds are worthy of emulation.

"Shakespeare's Tragedies are, for all time, examples of the highest kind of tragedy. The struggle between will and obstacle, character and circumstance" are beautifully expressed and in forcible language. There is a great deal of truth in the saying, that if the nation, which produced Shakespeare, should cease to care for him, there would be a perilously small hope for the Bible.

When any character or deed worthy of the highest praise is made known to the world in writing, it produces some effect; when it is made the chief subject of a speech or lecture the effect is greatly enhanced. But when it is dramatised and represented in vivid colours on the boards, the result achieved is most wonderful and creates a never-to-be-forgotten impression on the mind. Shakespeare warns us against the fiend of jealousy in Othello, we are told to steer clear of unholy ambition or desire for unlimited power in Julius Caesar. Even in modern

times we find how, when sovereignty merges into despotism, the national wit puts an end to it, as in the case of the recent Portuguese Revolution. Again in King Lear, unselfish love for parents is taught to an admiring audience. The Merchant of Venice teaches us how unrelenting cruelty is punished and a merciful disposition is extolled in the well-known lines,—“the quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven upon the place beneath.”

A well conducted stage is an object lesson, which illustrates in a most impressive manner, the origin, growth, and marvellous effects of human passions, and the skilful development of the plot greatly helps the character-building, especially of the youthful portion of the audience which witnesses the play. For as the myriad-minded poet puts it,

“Oh the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances.
And one man in his time plays many parts.”

The stage is much more than a place of amusement. On the contrary, says Mr. Jones in the *Fortnightly Review* “it is a Church, an improved, comfortable airy, modernised kind of Church. The use of a theatre is that men may learn the great rules of life and conduct in the guise of a play, not formally, nor actually, as they learn them at school and in church, but pleasantly, insensibly, spontaneously and often with a more assured and lasting result in manners and conduct.”

The stage instructs and inspires. It gives us an insight into the manners and customs of the period and the ethical standards by which actions and motives were judged, and we can thus trace the progress which has since been made by comparing them with the standard of morals existing at the present day.

The stage holds out a warning finger to those who are inclined to deviate from the path of virtue and shows them how bitter and awful are the wages of sin. It extols the virtuous and encourages them to perform still nobler deeds. It provides teachers with the knowledge of the workings of the human mind and enables them to watch and help their pupils in their character-building. The stage gives us instances of men and women, walking in the difficult and narrow paths of virtue and truth, who meet with

distress and misfortune and yet can take courage from the thought that there is always a gracious Providence watching over us to keep us from harm and danger, while our enemies are scattered and put to flight.

“There's a divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough—hew them how we will—”

The stage is a great factor in developing the national virtues and suggesting the great evils of the age. “We have only to remember Shakespeare to know, that to see sin put before us in its true light, is to receive from the stage, lessons of the vastest, of the deepest kind.” The stage sometimes holds up to ridicule certain comedies in which the vices and follies of their types are derived from popular life. Everybody will agree that this is an effective way of curing a nation of its foibles and weaknesses.

The Play, entitled “The Importance of being Earnest,” at the Museum Theatre, has done much to promote the development of the English Drama. It is one of the several plays, which have been acted by the Madras Dramatic Society and it is sure to prove interesting to those who have never witnessed it before.

Although music is an inseparable companion of the drama, yet it is only one of its “adventitious elements.” It uplifts the soul from its morbid surroundings and places it in a purer atmosphere. Handel's “Messiah” is soul-inspiring and when listening to it, we are apt to forget our earthly troubles and soar to worlds unknown, where neither sorrow nor cares exist. It is the true universal speech of mankind and according to Addison

Music is the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of Heaven, we have below.

When a person frequents a theatre, where plays with lofty morals are acted, he seems to lose all desire and acquires a distaste for baser environments, where formerly, he might have spent much of his leisure and began to imbibe moral poisons.

The stage has been the medium, for the greatest geniuses of the world, to impart their thoughts to their fellow-men and thus to leave the world better than they found it.

Again, the stage provides an honest means of livelihood to talented people, who would otherwise hide their light under a bushel.

Actors, stage-managers and play-wrights are not the only ones who derive benefits from this source, but also, scenic artists, engineers, architects, carpenters, mechanics and labourers.

It is quite true, that in former times, the stage was in a deplorable condition, and the reproach of vice and immorality still survive to a certain extent. These facts are indeed stubborn things, but where, may we ask, is that walk of life, which is not tainted by them? And yet, one cannot say, that the stage is particularly tainted. Sir Henry Irving was a great and good man; as a proof of his abilities and the appreciation of the whole English nation, he was knighted by our late King. His son, as we all know, follows in his father's worthy footsteps. Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, David Garrick, Sir Herbert Tree, Miss Ellen Terry and many others are also noble examples of highly cultured, respectable and accomplished men and women. Among the famous singers may be mentioned Madame Melba, a great favourite of Queen Victoria's, Madame Albani, and Madame Calve.

If the stage should begin to produce an unwholesome influence on Society, there is a Censor in England to thwart it and nip it in the bud, and with the existing laws and public opinion, there is no need to fear that profane or scandalous plays will be acted in the lime light nor will there be any chance for the stage to be able to pervert the morals of society.

In connection with this fact, I might mention what Mr. D. T. Stead, the well-known Editor of the *Review of Reviews*, stated to the representative of the "*Daily Chronicle*." The announcement that Mr. Stead's daughter was to make her debut as an actress on the London stage had occasioned much surprise and amusement in many circles, for her father is the only well-known public man in England who maintained for half a century so stern and unswerving an attitude of hostility to the theatre that he refused even to cross its portals.

"Remember," said Mr. Stead, "that I am only a tyro, and until four years ago never went to the theatre. Judging from the plays which I have seen, 20 per cent. make you better, 60 per cent. leave you where you were,—Amused or bored, as the case may be—and 20 per cent. make you worse.

That is a rough estimate, and, instead of boycotting the lot, because of the degrading and demoralising 20 per cent., it is the duty of every good citizen to contribute according to his means to encourage the 20 per cent. at the other end of the scale."

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, in conclusion, I venture to hope that the important facts and arguments, I have endeavoured to place before you this evening will convince, at least some of you, of the lasting and beneficial influence which the Stage exerts on Society.

SUSAN ZIMHA LAZARUS.

Jane Austen—A Study



Miss Jane Austen, the mother of the English Nineteenth Century Novel, as Professor Saintsbury calls her, was born in a middle-class family, and under her father's care, we are told, she received a sound education, though she had but few of the modern accomplishments. She lived a quiet, uneventful and unmarried life of forty-two years and, as the author of the series of six novels, *NORTHANGER ABBEY*, *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE*,

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY, *EMMA*, *MANSFIELD PARK* and *PERSUASION*, she has come to be ranked high among the great novelists of England. Jane Austen marked a new epoch in the history of fiction-writers by bringing out her famous 'society' novels, which, by their display of keen and intelligent knowledge of man and his common involvements, have thrown into ridicule and contempt the old 'sensational' stories.

In *NORTHANGER ABBEY*, we perceive the skilled hand of an amateur writer, but by no means a finished production of a master-novelist. The plot of the novel does not bear dignity. But there are characters in the novel delineated with life, distinction and

skill. The chief interest in the story centres around a visit paid to Bath with all its bustle and gaiety in social life, by a certain Catherine, of good and gentle disposition, born in rather a poor middle-class family. The all-absorbing attentions of Mrs. Allen to her toilette, the monetary motives pursued by General Tilney in his conduct in life, and the flirtations of Miss Thorpe, are all described with vigour. Equally appealing are the humble, innocent and pure Catherine Morland and her faithful and generous spouse, Henry Tilney. In *NORTHANGER ABBEY* we find Austen indulging in many satires, which, though well-executed in themselves, greatly mar the interest in the story. In fact the novel itself is, as somebody put it, a clever and well-sustained parody on romances. In the fifth chapter Miss Austen deviates into pages of remarks on Cecilia, Camilla, Belinda and Spectator, though it must be owned that what she has said on the popular fashion of speaking lightly about novels and her definition of what a novel is, are perfectly true. There is also among others a fine satire on the general use of the backneyed word "nice." But in this Miss Austen has been prudent enough to put the words into the mouth of one of her characters.

Now passing on to her masterpiece, *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE*—the novel that was read thrice by Sir Walter Scott and that drew out the memorable praises of both Scott and Macaulay. Every one seems to regard it a fashion to place *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE* far above the other novels of Jane. I, for one, am strongly led to believe that *SENSE AND SENSIBILITY* has as much claim to being the best production as *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE*. In the first instance one can attach more importance to the title, *SENSE AND SENSIBILITY* than to *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE*. Neither does Darcy seem to be full of pride, nor does Eliza Bennet seem to be an embodiment of prejudice. On the other hand there seems to be much significance in *SENSE AND SENSIBILITY*. There can be no more glaring weakness in woman than sensibility and there is no more merit in woman than sense. In the sisters, Elinor and Marianne, Jane Austen has blended the most natural characteristics of woman. Elinor is a woman of elegance, not of extraordinary beauty, is only fairly accomplished, but is imbibed with a good deal of sense to

conduct with care her own individual ship in this tempestuous ocean of life, avoiding all dangerous rocks. But Marianne, good in herself, in steering her ship entirely disregards all possibilities of danger and sails straight in her own way, gazing perhaps on the magnificence of the natural phenomena on an ocean until a wreck affrights her and she is reformed to embrace a more careful path. No book of Jane has been entitled so pertinently as *SENSE AND SENSIBILITY*.

Austin Dobson speaks with no hesitation of the two heroines of *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE*, as being more attractive than Elinor and Marianne. One may not readily agree with this. The insipid and even stupid Jane Bennet, however more beautiful she might be, seems to be incomparable with the poetic Marianne of warm feelings. The good gentle Elinor "like Patience on a monument smiling at Grief" is a more estimable character than the rather blunt-mannered Eliza Bennet with all her qualities raising her to a heroine's position. Lady Catherine, Mr. Collins, Mr. Bennet curiously corresponding to Mr. Primrose in the *VICAR OF WAKEFIELD*, and Mrs. Bennet whose nerves break down at every moment—all these are immortal names in fiction. But not less interesting are those in *SENSE AND SENSIBILITY*. Mrs. Jennings with her good but vulgar inquisitive nature, Mr. John Dashwood with his implicit faith in the judgment of his wife, Mrs. John Dashwood with her shameful treatment of her sisters-in-law and Miss Lucy Steele, her self-interest solely guiding her conduct in life,—all these are lively and accurately drawn pictures. The scenes of conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Bennet glow with humour, but in *SENSE AND SENSIBILITY* there is even more. Except Elinor, who, it is said, is a picture of Jane Austen herself, almost all the characters occasion very often immense wit and humour throughout the book. "Lady Middleton contents herself with merely giving her husband a gentle reprimand on the subject five or six times every day." We see that Mrs. Palmer "in her way was equally angry. She was determined to drop his acquaintance immediately, and she was very thankful that she had never been acquainted with him at all. She wished with all her heart Combe Magna was not so near Cleveland; but it did not signify, for it was a great deal too far off to visit; she hated him so much that she was

resolved never to mention his name again, and she should tell everybody how good-for-nothing he was." Everyone must have laughed enough at how Mrs. Jennings is a wonderer. Nor are we less familiar with how Sir John Middleton was delighted when Elinor and Marianne went to London. "To a man whose prevailing anxiety was the dread of being alone, the acquisition of two to the number of inhabitants of London was something."

Professor Saintsbury rightly says that Miss Austen's portraiture is distinctly satirical, and that even it has been accused of a touch of cruelty but that this only gives flavour and keeping quality. I have always been strongly impressed with the cruelty that Jane Austen exhibits in the treatment of her "Fanny's children." She seems to have a very lofty conception of the value of modern good manners and the good-natured Mrs. Jennings with her spontaneous generosity and disinterestedness is an ill-used creature by Austen's pen.

There is a delicate touch of pathos in the pages devoted to Marianne's illness at Cleveland. But let it be remembered that Miss Jane never deviates into those extraordinary pictures of horror and grief which many novelists take pleasure in dwelling on. For instance the horrible narration of the still more horrible crimes of Paris by Lytton are far out of the province of the peaceful art of Jane Austen. Consistent with womanly softness, Miss Jane excites nothing more than the gentler emotions throughout her novels. In *MANSFIELD PARK* she declares herself: "Let other pens dwell on guilt and misery; I quit such odious subjects as soon as I can, to tolerable comfort, and to have done with all the rest."

The heroine in *MANSFIELD PARK* is almost the same as in *NORTANGER ABBEY* and that in *PERSUASION* is not very different. There can be no denying the fact that the first three novels are distinctly superior productions to the other three.

Jane Austen does not venture to portray a man at any length. In this she falls short of her abler sister George Eliot. Most of Austen's characters are feminine and all the important ones are women without exception.

It seems strange that, though she is said to have been fond of and even a favourite with children in life, Jane has a very poor picture of children in her novels. Even at

thirteen, Margaret in *SENSE AND SENSIBILITY* excites no great attention from her. In none of her novels do we meet with a loveable boy or girl. We meet only "with the patterns of gentleness" of the Middletons and the mischievous urchins of Mr. Price that seem to have made Fanny very much vexed with her own home. It is properly said of Jane Austen's novels that "they lack depth of feeling and breadth of sympathy." Yet Austen deserves congratulation for one virtue. The writer in the Dictionary of National Biography says that no writer ever understood better the precise limits of her own powers. Miss Austen's pictures of life are limited to particular classes, but in the narrowed sphere she has done her work admirably. To the Indian reader it is after all a relieving feature that the vulgar and often unintelligible poor class of England did not attract the fancy of Miss Austen.

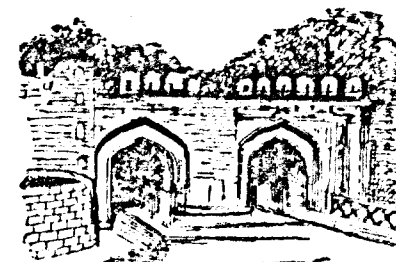
Jane Austen conceives of a pious, unaffected admiration of nature and the reader frequently enjoys fine references to the beauties of Nature, felt by such of her heroines as Fanny and Marianne. On the other hand, it is pleasant to note that Jane does not break into those grotesque effusions with which some of the greatest novelists weary the reader.

Jane Austen's style is simple, direct and spontaneous. She has not the "bow-vow" of Scott and her narration is uniformly elegant.

Finally, in the face of fathers in the art as Dickens or Scott, Jane has no claim to being "next to Shakespeare." Yet Miss Jane Austen, with her modest means, has used her powers with such keen intelligence, discretion and grace that her novels are bound to draw the sympathy and admiration of many an English reader for centuries to come. In her novels can be realised to the greatest extent the ideal she has herself presented that "a novel is one in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineations of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour, are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language."

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

The New Theological University



It is a well-known fact by this time that a Theological College preparing for the degree of Bachelor

of Divinity has lately been opened in Serampore. To the people of Calcutta, Serampore is a very familiar name, but to those living in other parts of India its position and history may not be so well-known. Serampore is a small town situated on the river Hughli about twelve miles from Calcutta and a place of great historic interest. It was from here that the first Bengali newspaper *Samachar Darpan* was published and the first Bengali convert Krishna Pal was baptised. It was the birthplace of the first native Protestant Christian Church in North India and the first Mission press. It was the home of the pioneer Missionaries Carey, Marshman and Ward and the field of their life-long labour. It is the last resting place of Carey, on whose tomb-stone may still be read the inscription dictated by himself:—

"A wretched, poor and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

The name of Carey is indissolubly linked with Serampore; like correlative terms the one invariably suggests the other, and it is his name that lends the place its interest and charm. Born in a humble sphere of life, he rose to the highest honour and dignity through the innate nobility of his character and lives in the memory of men as a truly great and good man, and being dead yet speaketh and his works do follow him.

The spot on which the College and Carey's house stand, commands a lovely view of the river, and the College building well described as the finest edifice in British India. The fine broad marble staircase with its polished brass railings, the gift of the Danish king—a truly royal gift!—the beautiful Assembly Hall with its lofty dimensions and magnificent colonnade of pillars; the large library, now divided up into three large-sized class rooms, will bear comparison with the

grandest building in the City of Palaces and are well worth a visit from even a remote part of the country. In the College are still preserved carefully Carey's books and translations, his study chair, the pulpit from which he preached and the crutches he was compelled to use for a time, because of a fall from the river bank. It is a spot full of sacred memories and yearly visited by people from all parts of the world.

So much for Serampore, and now a word as to the present Theological College.

It was in the year 1800 that Carey arrived in Serampore and in 1818 he founded Serampore College "with the view of elevating the Christian community and developing to the full its latent, intellectual and spiritual possibilities, and secondarily for Christianising and evangelising such non-Christians as cared to avail themselves of its privileges." Possessed of high ideals and a rare breadth of vision and foresight, he aimed at securing permanence for his College and to this end used the best materials available and raised it on so imposing a scale as to excite envy and invoke criticism. The principle by which modern Missionaries are guided can be well expressed by a Bengali proverb, which when translated would stand thus—"The Brahmin's cow must expect to eat little, but give much milk," or in other words, sow sparingly but reap plentifully, but such was not Carey's motto. His was to sow liberally and scatter broadcast with a lavish hand, and having done so, he expected a plentiful harvest, and with a prophet's eye and a prophet's faith, he waited for the vision and knew that, however long it tarried, it was sure to come.

And it has come at last; the Theological School, which has had its existence from time immemorial, did not meet the demands of the day, so that it had to be re-organised, and on the 27th of October 1910, a higher Theological department was opened in connection with Serampore College. This department is intended for the theological training of Indian Christians on University lines. The curriculum includes all the branches of the theological study with special reference to Indian conditions. It is not only a College but a University with power to confer the B. D. degree on all who successfully pass its examination. The Royal Charter granted to Carey by the Danish Government gives it this prerogative

and the Charter and Statutes provide, that students of all nationalities and creeds may be admitted to the college classes, Arts and Theological. "No caste, colour or country shall bar any man from admission into Serampore College." The curriculum of the College leading to the degree of B. D. will extend in the case of graduates over a period of three years. The period of residence may at the discretion of the Senate be shortened to two years in the case of those who have taken the M.A. degree or the B.A. with honours of any Indian University. Provision is also made for those who have passed the Intermediate Examination, in whose case the period of study will extend longer. A detailed prospectus with complete rules and regulations may be had on application to the Principal, Serampore College, Serampore.

New additions have now been made on the extensive College grounds and a commodious, well-arranged hostel has been provided for residential students. Facing the river stand the college building and Carey's house, at the back of which, but not quite hidden from view, rises a large two-storied quadrangle, two sides of which are used as the residential quarters of the Principal and the Indian staff of teachers, and the other two sides consist of rooms for college students, Arts and Theological. Scholarships varying from Rs. 100 to Rs. 180 or more a year, according to qualifications and circumstances of students have been offered. Non-residential or external students may also qualify themselves for the Divinity degree, just as they can for other degrees of any other Indian University.

An Institution like this meets a long-felt need and should have the co-operation of all, and especially of those on behalf of whom it has been founded, to make it a success. A question may here be raised, viz., to what end shall we have our sons and brothers take this degree and spend three or four of the best years of their lives in the study of it? To this I would reply as the Scotch are supposed to do, by asking another question:—To what end do we have our dear ones spend the best years of their lives and take their Arts and Science and other degrees? The aim of education is the attainment and practice of virtue and wisdom; to call forth, train and develop those highest gifts of body and of mind which ennoble men and which

are rightly judged to rank next in dignity to virtue only. To the vulgar temper, gain and pleasure are the one aim of existence; to a lofty nature, moral worth and fame. If culture and training are thought to be essential to fit a man for other spheres of life, should not God's service require it in a still greater degree? Compare the Clergy in England with those of India and let us ponder over the state of our Indian Churches.

In speaking on behalf of this College and the higher Theological training, I am not advocating Mission service. Far from it. What we want are reformed Indian Churches, with trained Indian ministers of strong intellect and deep devotion, churches thoroughly purged of all foreign denominationalism, thoroughly independent of foreign means and worked on principles which will appeal to the people of the land. Born in a country where the creator has lavished His gifts with no stinted hand, bred to simple habits—in food, in clothes, in the art of living—let us be true to our country and keep to a pure and simple form of religion and get rid of all the *isms* which neither appeal to us Indian Christians nor to our non-Christian brethren, but on the other hand, are a stumbling-block in the path of many. But to bring about all this change for the better, training is necessary, and God in His providence has brought within our reach the means by which to equip ourselves. Let us not miss the opportunity. He, that sitteth above and doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, has allotted to each individual and to each nation a part to play and a function to perform in the world-system, which it is our duty to watch carefully and try to fulfil. That India's regeneration and complete conversion can only be brought about by Indians and not by English missionaries has been talked about till it has become almost a truism, and we Indians relish the idea with great pride and lay it with flattering unction to our soul, but do we realise what it means and the responsibility and self-sacrifice it involves? What the condition of Indian churches in other parts of India is, is not for me with my limited knowledge to tell, but I can, by one concrete example, speak for Calcutta. In the recent death of the Rev. T. K. Chatterji, the Bhowanipore Congregational Bengali Church, of which he was the Pastor, has

sustained a loss which it has found difficult to supply. Look where they will, they cannot find a *suitable* man to step into his place and carry on the work independent of mission help. And this is exactly what is wanted. Indians have too long occupied a subordinate position; "the relation between the Eastern and the Western worker has invariably been that of master and servant. It is the only relationship that could possibly exist in some missions." It is high time that this state of things was changed, and highly educated, spiritually equipped Indians stepped forward to take the lead in all Indian affairs. India is not to-day what it was a century ago. New means and methods are needed to meet new conditions and grapple with new difficulties. When India awakes to the realisation of its spiritual needs, it is then and then only that it will be fitted to take the lead both in the political and religious world and bring about a change for the better. It is the spirit of God alone that can raise such leaders and ministers in the Indian Christian community; but in all ages He has used means to accomplish His purpose, and we believe that the Serampore Divinity College will prove a mighty agency in His Almighty hand.

N. B. S.

The Maharani School, Darjeeling

SESSION 1910



THE Maharani School is now in its third year of existence. It was started in September 1908, as a free day school for the little boys and girls of the Bengali community resident in Darjeeling. As a day school, it has removed a great want

of this place. In 1908, the highest number of pupils on the rolls of the school was 60, including girls of ages varying from 5 to 10. The subjects taught came up to near the lower primary standard of Government

vernacular schools. On the teaching staff, there was a paid lady graduate in arts and some honorary teachers.

In 1909, the highest number of pupils on the rolls was 62. There were five teachers this year; four paid and one honorary. The monthly income amounted to Rs. 350. The subjects taught came up to near the upper primary standard. A managing committee and a ladies' committee were formed this year, to look after the management of the institution. The Managing Committee were glad to find the work of the institution well appreciated by the parents of the pupils.

Towards the end of the working period of 1909, the Managing Committee sent round a prospectus to several respectable ladies and gentlemen in different parts of Bengal, offering to develop the school into a boarding and day school. And it is to the credit of the Ladies' Committee chiefly that we have our present residential school. The very ladies, who in 1903 undertook to remove the want of a good girls' school in Darjeeling by establishing a day school manned by lady teachers only, now solved the problem. A residential school for Indian girls has been started in the bracing climate of the summer capital of the Government of Bengal. Parents of boarders cannot be too sufficiently grateful to the Ladies' Committee.

ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1910

The school re-opened on the 8th of March, 1910. The highest number of pupils on the rolls this year was 77 in September; boys numbering and girls

The teaching staff consists of six teachers, five of whom are paid and one honorary.

The subjects taught include—

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Languages.— | 4. Geography, |
| Bengali and | 5. Hygiene. |
| English. | 6. Drawing. |
| 2. Mathematics.— | 7. Music. |
| Arithmetic. Al- | 8. Drill. |
| gebra and Geo- | 9. Sewing |
| metry. | 10. Moral lessons by |
| 3. Indian History. | anecdotes, &c. |

INCIDENTS.

The 1st of September 1910, the anniversary of the birth of our school, was observed in a fitting manner. In the morning hymns were sung by the boarders; and a discourse by a lady member of the Manag-

ing Committee, describing the benefits and the hopeful future of the institution, was read. In the afternoon the children were entertained to a sumptuous feast; and toys were distributed amongst them. Mrs. P. C. Sen and Mrs. S. N. Sen very kindly bore all the expenses of the entertainment. The Maharani-Adhirani of Burdwan very kindly and gracefully sent Rs. 50 on the occasion.

No. 2. Mrs. Monahan was kind enough to treat the school children to a bioscopic exhibition in the Town Hall.

No. 3. An entertainment was got up on the 1st of October, under the distinguished patronage of H. H. the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and Lady Baker, for the benefit of the School. The best thanks of the Committee are due to Mrs. N. C. Sen and those English ladies and gentlemen who generously helped to make the entertainment a financial success.

Teachers—Thanks of the Committee are due to Mrs. Snehalata Debi, the lady Superintendent of the school for her tactful management and untiring energy to make the institution a success, and her motherly care of the children entrusted to her charge. The Committee also take this opportunity of thanking Miss Kamala Sen, Miss Premlatika Halder, Miss Suniti Bir, and Miss Terrel for the work they have done. Special thanks of the Committee are due to Miss L. Gupta for her services as an honorary teacher of the school.

Special thanks of the Committee are due to H. H. the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Baker for the kindly interest they have been taking in this institution.

It is hardly necessary to mention that the school owes its life, to a very large extent, to the fostering care and unceasing support of H. H. the Maharani of Cooch Behar.

The institution is also greatly indebted to the Maharani-Adhirani of Burdwan, the Maharani of Mourbhonj and the Maharani of Vizianagram for the liberal grants they have been contributing.

The Committee also acknowledge with grateful thanks the liberal donations from the Maharaj-Kumar of Tikari and the Rani of Kakina.

News and Notes

B. G. M. SCHOOL, PALGHAT.—On Monday, the 28th evening, the Manager and teachers of the Basel Mission High School held a social gathering in the school hall to meet the Rev. L. J. Frohnmeyer, Inspector of Basel German Mission for India. In response to the invitations the *elite* of the town were present. Prominent amongst those being the Rev. and Mrs. G. Peter, Mr. H. Knobloch, Inspector of Mission Schools, Mr. H. Kuhner, Secular Agent, B. G. M., and Miss Kuhner, Rev. Mr. Shaner, President of the B. G. M. in Malabar, the Rev. Mr. Hauer, Mrs. G. S. Dupen, (Senior) Mrs. George S. Dupen, Mrs. V. P. Dupen, Mrs. H. M. Hall, Mrs. Misquiter, Miss Stevenga, Miss Montclar, Mrs. S. Arunasalam, Mrs. T. K. Ramunni, Rao Bahadur P. I. Chinnaswamy Pillai, Rao Sahib K. Krishnan, P. K. Ahmed Koya, B. A., V. V. Parameswara Iyer, V. K. Mahdava Raja, P. Sankunni, B. A., L. T., S. Arunasalam and others. The proceedings began with a welcome song sung by the School choir, after which the Rev. Mr. Hauer, the Headmaster, made an opening speech in the course of which he reviewed the work done by the Mission High School, thanked the parents of the boys for their kind patronage and in a few well chosen words introduced the Rev. Mr. Frohnmeyer to the audience. The distinguished guest, Mr. Hauer, said that he had done great and ennobling work in the educational field of Malabar for over 30 years in the past and it was one of those beautiful discourses of Mr. Frohnmeyer delivered at the University of Basel that attracted the speaker to the work of the Mission. He (Frohnmeyer) had laid them all under a deep debt of gratitude by his long educational work in Malabar and as an examiner and fellow of the Madras University and Malayalam literature has been greatly enriched by his important work, grammar and physics primer. After some instrumental music, one of the students of the institution gave an excellent recitation.

Mr. Manickam, the Senior Assistant Master then read an address.

The Rev. Mr. Frohnmeyer, briefly replied, thanking the teachers and students for their kind expressions in the address. He said that one in his age—he was nearing sixty, must be able to bear all the exaggerated

things said of him. His visit had been said as a land-mark in the annals of their school. It was far beyond his aspiration. He was glad to reflect that a great part of his life had been spent in Malabar in educational work. Some mention was made of the honors which meant that additional trust and responsibility had been placed on him. He took special interest as a humble servant of God to the best of his abilities the work that was entrusted to him. He congratulated the school staff on the remarkable success with which they have been carrying on the work and was glad to find that the fighting the battle of life was being carried on under the enthusiastic and energetic lead of Rev. Mr. Hauer. In a Mission institution students have better advantages for they are incalculated the highest ideals possible. In conclusion he wished them long life and prosperity and success in their noble work. A few select action songs were beautifully rendered by masters Ramachandran and Sukumaran, sons of Rao Sahib K. Krishnan, and masters Victor and Edwin Manickam, and they received a well merited applause for their splendid performance. Mr. Ed. Porian exquisitely sang some solos to the accompaniment of banjo.

Light refreshments were then served to the guests and with the singing of the National Anthem the gathering broke up.

THE GAEKWAR AND MAHARANI.—The Gaekwar and Maharani who have lately been staying at the Ritz Hotel, and have now gone to live at Bushey, lunched with the Secretary of State at his home on Wimbledon Common. The Maharajah and Maharani were a short time since the guests of Lord and Lady Lamington in Scotland.

THE ROMANCE OF A QUEEN.—Says the *News of India*—The death of the Rani Kenari Kapurthala last week was not unexpected, for we foreshadowed it only a few weeks ago by an extract from the *Critic*. The Rani Kenari was from one of the small surrounding Hill States of Simla. Whatever she cost the Kapurthala State is an open secret. Disguised as a boy attendant she left India and travelled to Europe with His Highness in 1893. Within a few weeks' stay in Paris, her picture in a New York paper in Western dress represented quite a handsome young lady. She lived at the Waldorf

in New York and subsequently at the Wildermere at Chicago, during the Exhibition. Her return to India as an accomplished woman in French, Music and English, puzzled every one who knew her as a bright, modest hill girl of Simla. Nothing was good enough for her. And with all her luxurious surroundings and undisputed power she was kind-hearted, sympathetic and an Indian Queen in her ways. When the Spanish Rani came to rule, she was forced to abdicate. Her heart was broken. The only solace was the chance of death and it is no secret that she courted every means to attain her end as forgotten favourite of the harem.

BY A SPECIAL CLAUSE in the will of Miss Florence Nightingale, her books and papers whether printed or in manuscript relating to her Indian work, and the wood-cut blocks and stones for maps in connection therewith are bequeathed to her executors upon trust to publish or prepare for publication the whole or any part of the same as they shall think fit. £250 is left to them for such purpose and without in any way limiting their discretion, she requested that they should consult her friend Sir William Wedderburn in the matter. A further legacy of £250 is also left to Sir William "for certain purpose."

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.—There was a prize distribution to the girls of the Baldwin Schools M. E. Mission, Bangalore on the 12th, instant with Bishop McDowell in the chair. The report was read by Miss F. F. Fisher, Principal and the prizes were given away by Mrs. McDowell. There are 37 boarders, and 175 day scholars. The average attendance is 75. Three girls have been sent for the Trinity College Music Examination, and all passed. Fifty-seven girls were promoted. The passing mark for the whole school is 75%. The Bishop gave some good advice to the pupils and the party were entertained in the evening by drill, "The flowers" "Dairy Maid Drill" and by a scene from Julius Caesar.

AN ATHLETIC YOUNG LADY.—Miss Margaret A. Graham, aged 19, of Mass., U.S.A., is a record Athlete in America. She stands 6 feet 3½ inches high and weighs 239 lbs, and is still growing. She threw a base ball 88 yards made astrate run of half a mile in 1 m. 40 sec.; has sprinted 100 yards in skirts in 11½ seconds, and swam 100 feet in 23 seconds.

OPEN LETTERS SEEM THE ORDER OF THE DAY.—Mrs. Ramji Bin Rowji has written a humble petition to Her Majesty, Queen Mary, on behalf of the Women of India, in which she summarises the needs of her sisters for legal, educational, social, and moral reforms. She points out that "if the mothers of the nation are left in outer darkness; if they are merely "household stuff," merely "live chattels," merely "cunning casts in clay," merely "magnetic mockeries" and denied education, no decrease in crime is possible. . . Under the amended Factories Act, the women have an eleven hours' day with an hour and a half for rest, and the children have a seven hours' day, with half an hour's rest for six hours' work. But we have so little to eat, and we have so little of comfort. . . Over two hundred thousand children are married under four years of age, over two millions between five and nine, and three millions under fourteen. Premature motherhood, malaria and consumption, carry us off by thousands. Those who survive have generally a hard time of it. Clever officials and non-officials have been quarrelling as to the average annual income of an Indian. Let your Majesty accept the official estimate of Rs. 30 (or two pounds), and then judge how many personal sacrifices we, the women of India, have to undergo in order to make two ends meet."

CONCERNING WOMEN—Mrs. Katherine Moody Spalding is editor of the "Woman's Own Page" in the Bridgeport (Conn.) Telegram. Suffrage news is one feature of this interesting department.

MISS A. WHONE, a native of old England and a New York milliner, wishes to help in the Washington campaign, and offers through "Votes for Women" to trim six hats as a contribution to the cause.

MISS JEAN GORDON, factory inspector for Orleans parish, says in her third annual report recently submitted that during the past year there has been a phenomenal growth in Louisiana of "sentiment in favor of adequate protection for the children."

DR. ELIZABETH G. MITCHELL of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., and an instructor in histology and physiological chemistry in Howard University, is at

work on the problem of finding a remedy for pellagra, based on the serum theory.

MRS. PHILIP P. STALFORD, and Mrs. R. B. Moore of the Spokane Political Equality Club have made addresses in behalf of woman suffrage before sixty-five labor unions of that city. They have been speaking also before the labor unions of the coast towns. Mrs. Stalford was leader in the successful effort made in Spokane for the appointment of police matrons.

MRS. ELIZABETH J. SIROVICH OF HULL, Mass., will canvass the First Plymouth Senatorial District up to the time of the State election, in connection with her brother, Wm. W. Burke, Democratic candidate for the Senate. Mrs. Sirovich was formerly a teacher, and has been active in temperance and educational work. She is a member of many clubs and is a firm believer in woman suffrage.

MRS. BLANCHE H. MASON OF SEATTLE, Washington, is Assistant Labor Commissioner in charge of a department for women and children in her State. She has enforced the law requiring seats for women workers; has hunted down violations of the ten-hour law; and will this winter recommend to the Legislature an eight-hour law for women, and the re-enactment of the Messenger Service Law, which provides that no boy under nineteen be allowed in such work.

MRS. EVA McDONALD VALESH was originally a western newspaper writer. During the past twelve years she has made extended visits to Europe and has studied industrial matters there. For eight years she has been at the headquarters of the American Federation of Labor in Washington, D. C., as Assistant Editor to Samuel Gompers on the official magazine, the American Federationist. Mrs. Valesh recently resigned that position and went to New York to take part in the national movement for the organization of working women. Her work as a labor expert brings her in contact with men and women of all classes who are interested in industrial advancement.

"MOTHER FRANK" is the name which New York's East Side gave to a little Russian woman fifty-five years old and five feet tall, who has mothered the poor and suffering





SRIMATE G. PARUCUTTY AMMA, B.A.
The first Nair Lady Graduate
(See page 168)

among these Jews for a quarter of a century. For years she has quietly gone about work which we now know technically as hospital social service, encouraging the sick, following up discharged patients, and starting them afresh. When she said good-by to this country a little while ago the Beth Israel synagogue was filled with her poor, who prayed all day that she might be prospered in her new work. She goes to Palestine to teach her people there that "Palestine is a place to live in, not to die in." Industry and thrift and improved tilling of the land are some of the things she hopes to promote.

AN OLD WOMAN'S KNOWLEDGE.—At a recent baptism in Korea a poor illiterate woman of 64 repeated the Lord's prayer, Apostles' Creed, the Ten Commandments and half of the baptismal catechism. She was taught sentence by sentence by her husband.

TWELVE RULES FOR MOTHERS.—Mothers are God's vicegerents on earth. Here are

twelve rules for their guidance:—

Home life is the school in which permanent impressions are made.

Teach by your own example, tenderness to age, infirmity, deformity, also kindness to dumb animals.

Don't criticize your friends unkindly in the hearing of your children.

Always fulfil promises if at all possible.

Be prudent in giving pocket-money; little is better than too much.

Don't insist on children going to school when they feel ill.

When finding fault, don't talk loudly; the example is bad.

Don't punish by causing fear.

Show the bright side of religion.

Be careful not to exaggerate when relating any incident, as example is more powerful than precept.

Encourage your children to bring desirable companions home.

As your sons and daughters grow up, show you trust them and endeavour to make them cheerful.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for November, 1910

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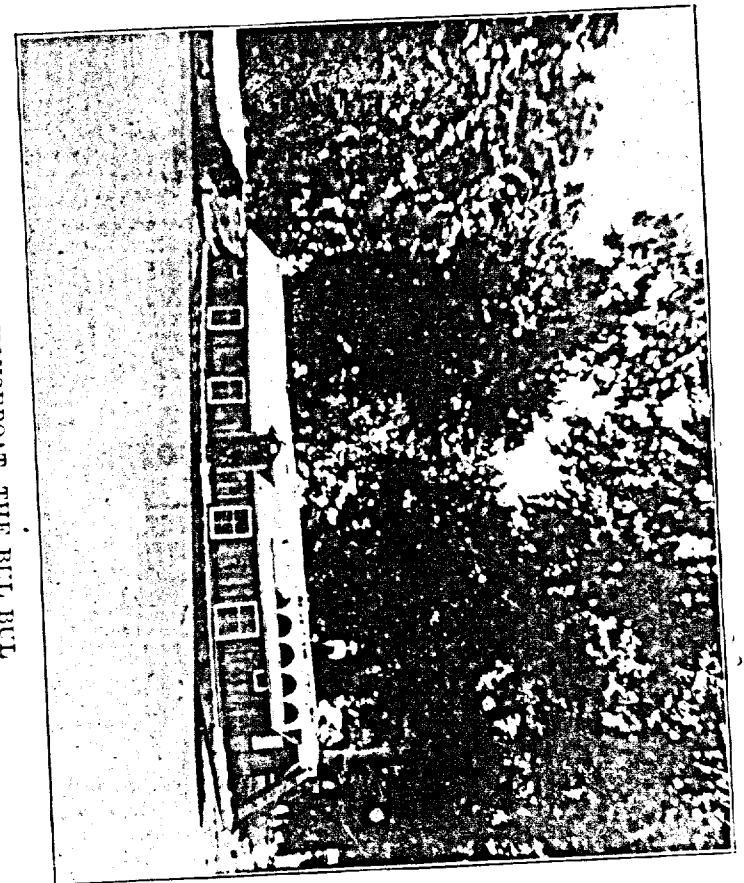
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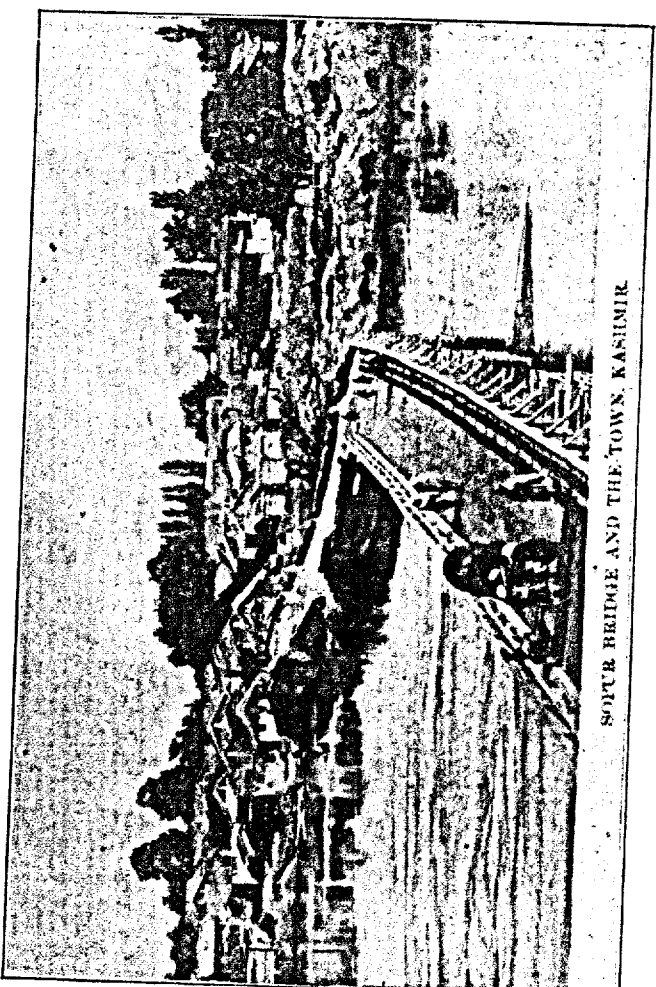
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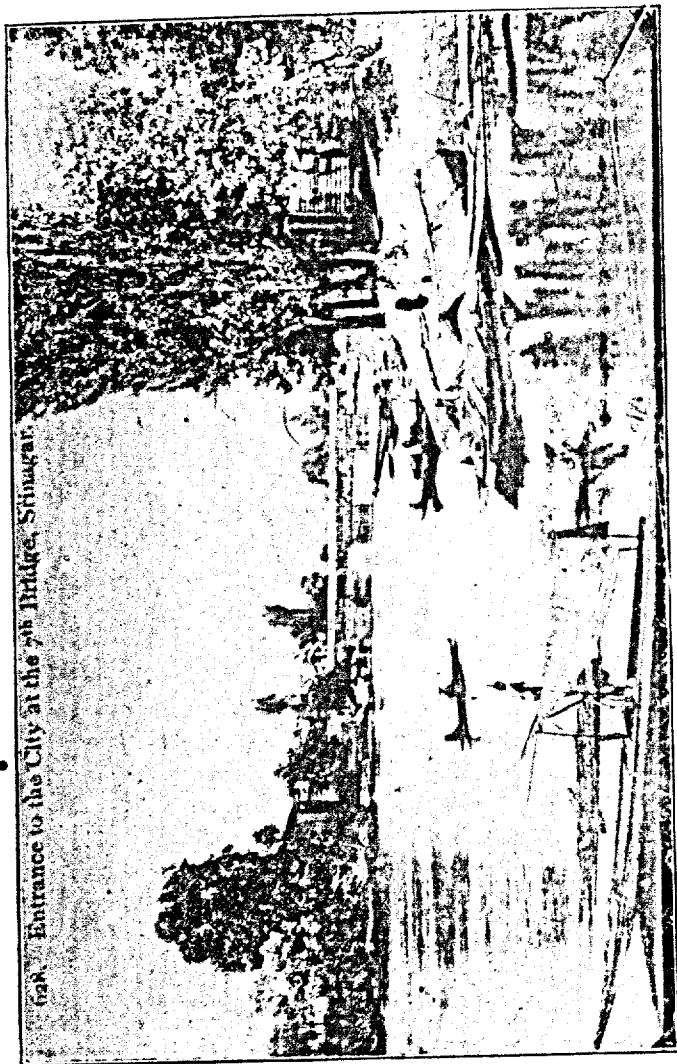
600. Takht Suleiman Hill and the Ghelam, Srinagar.

TAKHT SULEIMAN HILL AND THE GHELAM, SRINAGAR



601. SOUR BRIDGE AND THE TOWN, KASHMIR.

SOUR BRIDGE AND THE TOWN, KASHMIR



ENTRANCE TO THE CITY AT THE 7TH BRIDGE, SRINAGAR.



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[No. 7

SONNET

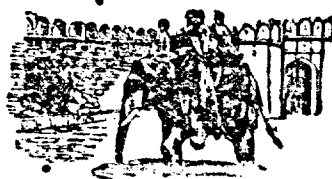
The flowers look loveliest in their native soil
 Amid their kindred branches; plucked, they fade,
 And lose the colours Nature on them laid,
 Though bound in garlands with assiduous toil.
 Pleasant it was, afar from all turmoil,
 To wander through the valley, now in shade
 And now in sunshine, where these blossoms made
 A Paradise, and gather in my spoil.
 But better than myself no man can know
 How tarnished have become their tender hues
 E'en in the gathering, and how dimmed their glow!
 Wouldst thou again new life in them infuse,
 Thou who hast seen them where they brightly blow?
 Ask Memory. She shall help my stammering Muse.

—Toru Dyll.

Glimpses of a Tour in Kashmir

II

BY LADY BENSON



EVERY one asks "Were you disappointed in Kashmir? Did it come up to your anticipations?" On re-reading my letters, I find this answer to the question; written on the spot, in May, "No fancy can paint it too brightly. It is far more beautiful than one imagines, even after the beauties of Japan, and the wild glories of the Rockies." But everything goes by comparisons in this world. We had come from the great heat, and dust, and glare of the plains, after suffering much discomfort, and looking on hundreds and hundreds of miles of arid uninteresting country. In contrast to this, no wonder that the heights and snows, the waters and flowers of Kashmir were little short of heavenly! We arrived in fine weather, and it remained fine nearly throughout our visit. The only thing we complained of was the heat! We expected the river valley and Srinagar to be cool and bracing, and had provided ourselves with warm clothes and blankets, but found that all that we required, with the thermometer at 82°, was muslin dresses suitable for Madras! This was undoubtedly a great disappointment and drawback to the trip; nowhere, not even at Sonnamerg, at a height of 8,500 ft. up in the mountains, did we experience the invigorating, health-giving breezes of the Koondahs or of the Ooty downs. The reason must be due to the inland position of Kashmir, so far from the sea; and to the fact that, although Gulmarg, Pahlgam, and Sonnamerg, the three chief mountain resorts for Europeans, are between 7 and 8,000 feet high, yet they are themselves in a valley surrounded by mountains 12 and 15,000 feet high, which shelter them from the breezes. As a place for bracing one, Kashmir cannot compete with Ootacamund. But as far as scenery is concerned it stands unrivalled. Bernier in 1665 wrote: "In truth the kingdom surpasses in beauty all that my warmest anticipation had imagined." If visitors arrive during a rainy

week they must be woefully disappointed. Naturally then the glorious snow mountains are hidden, the life on the river is depressingly moist and cramped, and uncomfortable, and the glory has departed from everything. We were fortunate enough to arrive at Baramulla, the first "townlet" at the beginning of the valley, on a bright sunny evening. The joy of finding our House-boat awaiting us was great. It looked just like a floating Noah's Ark—such as children have as toys. A glorified "Noah's Ark," however, for it had the prettiest little drawing room, and dining room carpeted and furnished with every comfort, and pretty Kashmir embroideries, a bed room on either side of the two sitting rooms and bath rooms beyond; while a useful little pantry divided the drawing room and dining room. We were so delighted with our possession, that it was some little time before we realized that we were the proud possessors of two more boats! *i.e.*, a *doonga* or cook boat, for the servants, in which we could store our heavy boxes. This boat we roofed over with thick mats, efficacious in keeping out both the wind and sun. The house-boat was built of pine wood, and had wooden walls, and a roof made with stringles (tiles of wood). The third boat was a pleasure boat, called a *Shikara*, it had a pretty cotton awning, and was painted green. In this we rowed in the early mornings or afternoons, on expeditions up and down the river, and about the lakes and canals, in places where the big boat, the "Bul Bul" could not go. This *Shikara* held as many as ten people. We had a "Mangi" or boatman, in charge of the house-boat, who with his wife and old father formed "the crew"; his brother had come in the hopes of being engaged as a "general help," and this man, who rejoiced in the pretty name of Nōroo—we engaged. There was also a man in charge of the *Shikara*; so we had quite a little colony on board. When the time came for moving up the river, 4 or 5 coolies were engaged who were paid 6 annas daily for towing and poling the boats; the boatman, his wife and brothers also working. The first night "on board" was delightful, so cool and quiet with the water rippling against the sides of the boat. We found it fascinating while sitting at dinner, or afterwards at the windows of our pretty drawing room, to look out and see the boats passing up and down, and to watch all the

busy river life, and see the lights reflected in the water. We were in no hurry to leave Baramulla, and spent an enjoyable afternoon strolling about the very dirty, but most picturesque bazaars. We walked to the little post office, crossing the 34-mile-long avenue of poplars which leads from Baramulla to Srinagar. This avenue is surely one of the wonders of the world! the trees are planted so close together, and are so evenly grown, they form a wall of foliage on either side, through which the sun-light flickers in flakes of light. The stems of the poplars are of silver bark, and look like pillars of silver. In the autumn these trees turn a delicious pale gold colour, and when seen against the intense blue of the sky the sight is marvelously beautiful. Miss Florence Parbury has illustrated this view very beautifully in her book on Kashmir. "An Emerald Set in Pearls". How often we thought of Moore's lines—

"The poplars are felled!
Farewell the shade
And the whispering sound in the cool
colonade"

But here the poplars were *not* felled, and we enjoyed to the full "the whispering sound in the cool colonade." Close to the avenue is a little enclosure, round a white marble cross, which bears this inscription—

"Sacred to the memory of Alyn Derwyn Owen
Drowned at Baramulla 12th July 1890, aged 25.
"Could love have saved thee
Thou hadst not died."

The walk through the old town of Baramulla was most offensive to the nasal organs, and most pleasing to the eye! The town is built on the opposite right bank of the river, which is crossed by a quaint wooden deodar bridge, a curiosity in itself, and a specimen of the numerous bridges spanning the river on its course to the various villages and townlets on its banks. We saw for the first time the quaint basket-covered terracotta bowls for hot charcoal, which Kashmiris carry about, and hold in their hands, or else place under their seats to keep themselves warm. They are most artistic in form, and could be utilized for flowers, as well as for charcoal.

Then there were little bazaar-stalls filled with embroidered saddle cloths for sale. Quite poor ordinary looking people ride by on shaggy ill-kept ponies, with quite lovely embroidered saddle cloths on them, a maze of black, and white on a scarlet

ground. This reveals great artistic skill and appreciation of colour and beauty among the common people, for these saddle cloths must be worked by the poor and be quite inexpensive to be in such universal use. One might travel many a mile in the United Kingdom before coming across *any* specimen of lovely needlework in common use among the people. The Sussex smock is the only article of skillful needlework that occurs to me, but that is without colour. Russian peasants, Italian, Swiss, and Roumanian peasants work their holiday clothes with bright colours and artistic designs, but the love of colour is surely conspicuous by its absence in our British Isles?

The balcony rooms to the houses in the streets of Baramulla are very fascinating, they jut out so far, and in almost every window we saw handsome women looking out, with a white cloth folded flat on the head with an end hanging down, like the Italian peasants, and with enormous round silver rings in the ears. The hair of the little girls is plaited in numerous very long plaits, continued with black wool when the hair ceases, and confined near the knees, looking something between a veil and a net. Both back and front views are most becoming, and so utterly unlike any thing we had seen before. The little girls nearly always wear little round red or green caps. We passed crowds of grain and timber boats, moored by the side of the river just above our own house-boat. On the boats men, women and children are born, live, and die, just as one reads of the boat life of many of the Chinese on their huge rivers. We noticed in the boats a little clay erection for a fireplace. The women were pounding rice in enormous wooden rice pounders, two women at a time each with a very long pole. They give a funny little jump just as the pole is descending into the pounder. Little girls were learning to do the same task with little poles of their own, evidently looking upon it as quite a good game. The paddles with which the boats in Kashmir are propelled have heart-shaped blades at the end, both men and women sit at the prow of the boats and paddle vigorously. The little boys in the big boats have miniature paddles, and ply them gravely, in closest imitation of their seniors. We even saw a mite of two, perched aloft on a plank, wielding a stick twice as long as herself, sitting in a

place we should have been frightened to leave a child of five in. It made one tremble to see infants toddling alone along planks over the water; they must be born with a special instinct of balance. The thermometer the first night on the river registered 66, which was a very pleasant change from our recent experience of 106° in the train! It was necessary to rest a day in Barramulla, as the ekkas with our luggage had not arrived, and when they came we found our boxes had been well soaked by rain, so it was necessary to unpack and dry everything that had become damp. We soon made the little drawing-room look pretty with books, sketches, bowls of roses, and jars of white and mauve irises. It was most cosy in the evenings, when we were all tired with strolling and sketching, the boat tied up under some big overhanging tree, the boatmen and servants away, and only the lapping of the water against the side of the boat to listen to, as one settled down to the enjoyment of an interesting book.

Many visitors to Kashmir drive the 34 miles from Barramulla to Srinagar, and so miss the most enjoyable river voyage. It is even a pity to hurry over the river voyage, but better to stay a few days about the Weelar Lake, and Manisbal Lake, and at the villages of Sopor, and Shadipur en route. The scenery at all these places is indescribably beautiful, and will occupy an artist, even amateur artists for weeks, and supply a photographer with innumerable subjects for his camera. On the 17th of May, we left Barramulla before seven o'clock in the morning, gliding imperceptibly away without a sound, the coolies and boatmen walking on the bank of the river, towing the boats by long ropes. It was quite a novel way of starting on a journey! the sensation was almost uncanny, the movement so gentle and imperceptible that it was only rendered believable by the change of view that continuously un-rolled itself before us, as we sat at the windows and looked out. Such views too! the horizon encircled with lofty snow clad peaks rising from ranges of blue and mauve mountains; the plains around to the foot of the mountains were fields of emerald rice, and blazing red poppies, and glowing yellow mustard. The banks were shaded here and there with giant Chenar trees. These trees are like huge plane trees, and have leaves like horse chestnut trees, with 3 little balls

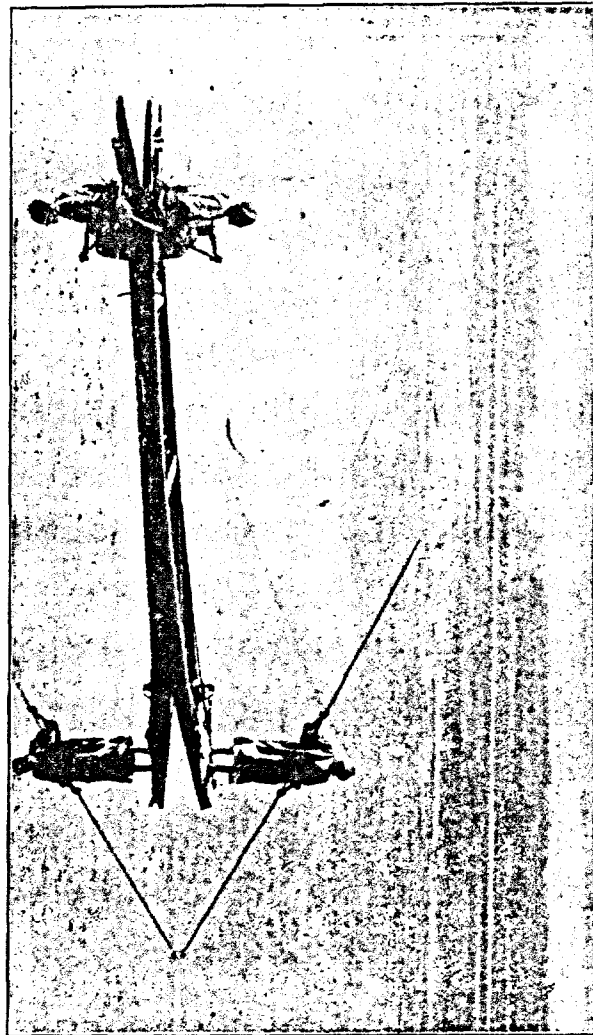
of hairy inedible fruit by the leaves. They grow to an immense height and girth. They were originally introduced from Persia by Akbar the Great, who took Kashmir in 1588, and the trees were planted under his orders. In 1838 the average girth of these trees in the Nasim Bagh on the Dal Lake was 13 feet, but several by the water's edge were 22 feet in circumference. A Chenar will grow from seed, but will not thrive unless it be transplanted. Several have been introduced into Ootacamund, but they are still very young and small. The giants we saw in Kashmir were all 320 years old. The Moguls always planted them in groups of four, for the north, east, south, and west aspects, so that the trees could afford shelter throughout the day; one tree we measured, 5 feet from the base, was 27 feet round! Birds abound in Kashmir and we watched golden orioles, green parrots, hooded hoopoes, and minas fly about, while larks soared aloft pouring out a riot of song. Later on in the hills we constantly heard the cuckoo, and doves. We passed on the river two up-storied huge stationary house-boats called "Montreal" and "Calgary," and learned that the State is employing Canadian workmen and engineers, under the great engineer, of Mysore fame, Major de Lotbiniere (himself a Canadian now in the English Royal Engineers) to carry out his scheme for widening and deepening the Jhelum as it leaves the valley, in order to prevent the floods which devastate, and have devastated, Srinagar from time to time, as the waters cannot escape quickly enough through the narrow gorge, by which the Jhelum leaves the valley.

An old Kashmiri engineer, 1000 years ago, realized that this was the cause of the floods, and set about the task in a very simple but, alas! ineffectual manner! He threw money into the gorge! forthwith the people rushed into the gully, hoisted away rocks, and roots, and worked like Trojans to recover the money, while the old engineer looked on and smiled, seeing his plans carried out by the eager crowd; the river was deepened, the waters escaped, and for many years Srinagar was saved from overwhelming floods. The scheme is now being carried out with great electric machines and cranes, which can lift 30,000 lbs. weight at a time. The valley of Kashmir is shaped something like a saucer, with the land rising up just where the Jhelum escapes through the gorge at Barra-



A BIT ON THE ROAD TO GULMARG, KASHMIR.

SPEARING FISH ON THE DIAL, KASHMIR



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mulla so that the waters heap up at the exit, and flow back over the valley. To obviate this, several miles of the river bed have had to be cut down and deepened, and, I believe, some 2 miles of this stupendous work has been through rock and boulders. The engineer has had to create first the electric power, and then, to build all his plant and machinery for the work. This has naturally occupied several years, and cost a very large sum of money. Many people grumble and criticize and think it has cost the State *too* much money. Fortunately for Kashmir its Ruler is not so short-sighted, and looks a-head, and realizes the ultimate inestimable boon to his country. When the deepening and cutting work is over, the waters will escape freely, and the Wular Lake will be so lowered, as to expose 1,000,000 acres of land for cultivation! This will bring in a considerable revenue to the State, and in addition save the country from future ruinous floods. To prevent any excessive drainage of the Valley, earthen "barrages" will be constructed to hold up the water in ordinary years, but in times of excessive rainfall these will be swept away, and the superfluous water escape through the widened gorge and river bed. I believe the cutting portion of this splendid work has been completed this Christmas. It is to be hoped that there will be interesting accounts of the past and present progress of the work in the newspapers.

The first village we "tied up" at for the night was Sopor; it is an 8 hours' journey from Baramulla and built on either side of the river, and consists of 1,500 houses. There is a substantial bridge across the river. The town is called Sopor after the old Engineer of 1000 years ago. It is celebrated for its mahseer fishing, and is also the starting place for expeditions to the beautiful Lolet Valley. From Sopor we crossed over next morning the Wular Lake. It is a dangerous Lake to cross in stormy weather, and nothing will induce the boatmen to attempt the passage, if there is any sign of unsettled weather. They are perfectly right, for the house boats are very unseaworthy vessels, and easily fill with water and sink. The waters of the Lake are speedily lashed with waves by gusts of wind from the surrounding mountains, so that it is essential to secure fine weather before crossing the Lake. It was a lovely morning when we set out. We all went up on to the roof of the boat, up a

ladder,—and sat on the "deck" in our easy chairs. The surrounding snow-clad mountains were all reflected in the Lake, with piles of numerous white clouds above, all burnished with gold and crimson and with long pools of pale green sky between. We saw it first in the early morning all dream-like and misty, as if cut out of opals, and with fields of white irises in the foreground, a truly Bridal picture. We voyaged all day and "tied up" that evening at Sambal, where there is a row of magnificent Chenar trees. We had been advised to remain here for a day to make a side expedition to visit the lovely "Manisbal Lake." This could only be done in the Shikara. We started early on the morning of the 13th May, taking a box of provisions for lunch and tea, and our rugs, cushions, books, and sketching materials, prepared for a long day's outing, from 7-30 a.m. to 7-30 p.m. We had to sit very still in the little boat, for the weight of ten people sank it too near the water's edge for pleasure. The Lake water was as clear as crystal, and full of water-plants, a perfect maze of green growths of strange devices, like a fairy forest. We paddled through fields of lotuses; when they are in bloom, they say the sight is wonderful. We rowed across the Lake to the furthest side, where huge Chenar trees on green grass terraces grow under the shadow of snow peaks, and a glacier. Here we found some tents pitched, but did not come across the occupants. The boatmen took us to visit a limestone cave, which wandered a fair distance under the hillside; we walked round one side of the Lake, passing the most fascinating views, until we reached the high ground of what looks like the ruins of a fort: but are said to be the remains of Jehangir's and Nurmahal's pleasure gardens. The ground here is now all laid out in plots of village cultivation, of rape and barley, interspersed with irises, poppies and roses.

An old patriarch of a man approached us with a bowl of walnuts, and a few roses, as an offering, and sat quietly down, while one of our party made a picture of him. We spent the day under the trees in this garden, sketching and reading, while the Butler prepared an excellent lunch and afternoon tea for us, boiling the kettle, and heating different dishes. We watched a Kashmir fisherman standing up in a boat, and spearing fish. The 20th May, the day of public

mourning for King Edward VII, we spent on the river, being towed along, only the gentlest rippling against the boat giving any indication that we were moving at all. We read aloud on the voyage the sadly interesting account of the proclamation of King George V, and Queen Alexandra's pathetic letter to the nations, as well as the accounts of the King's proclamation in Madras, Simla, Ootacamund and many other places, throughout India; so, though unable to attend any public function, we were present in spirit with the great mass of mourners throughout the Empire. It was specially noticeable that every official throughout Kashmir, even in remote up-country villages, wore mourning for King Edward, Emperor of India,—every village postman even had on a black band round his arm, and all the village school masters too.

When the boatmen have to leave the tow path, and take to *poling* the boat, then the noise and jerking movement is very unpleasant. They prance up and down the little footboard that runs round the boat, shouting all sorts of rhythmic utterances, that sound like "Om a dawn! Son o' Mars" and so on. In my next paper I will tell you about Srinagar.

An Ideal of Life.



LIFE is like unto a journey: whence we come and whither we go are lost in the unseen and the unknown. Yet two distinct landmarks are well discernible—the cradle and the grave. Several paths lie between for the cradled one to choose. How it should choose it, what at any rate should settle its choice, is at present our main consideration.

It is difficult but desirable that we should rest our thoughts a while upon what lines our walk of life shall be. The difficulties are manifold: the purposes of life are metaphysical; the conditions of living are varied; the adaptations of nature

are infinite. These with several others constrain us to leave the concrete realms for the abstract ones, and the limitations of abstract expression are in direct ratio to the infinity of abstract thought. It is hard to know the best, many thousand times harder to portray it. Our attempt is no less.

The task we are at is desirable nevertheless, essential, and in many respects absolutely indispensable. The primary fact of a man's life, I mean that which counts in the courts of the Almighty, is how he leads it. Money, might, and the rest are but accidents and in the economy of life serve to keep its freshness. The rich man lives no less trying years than the poor one. If widespread realms would wade the former through slaughter, has not the poor one his peasant temptations as well,—corn or cattle to steal? But circumstances granted, what shall frame his manner in this life is a common factor to the peasant and prince alike, and is vital too. It is hence desirable we should early settle our life guidance.

No man is without an ideal. Else he misses consistency in his thoughts, words and deeds. It is the ideal, that clothes itself in circumstances which vary the colour and fashion, but never change the characteristic face and expression. It is no uncommon phrase, nay indeed one of daily saying, exclaiming at any curious personal fact, "It is like him." A little analytical contemplation of the incidents of a man's life betrays a well marked similarity, not in vesture, but in the individual. No man is, even he that changeth with every hour of the clock like the fickle weather, but has a characteristic way of looking at things, understanding them, and utilising them: in a word, directing his life.

But with most men, that is unconscious but none the less influential for that fact. Few glance retrospectively on life: fewer still discern a constant influence through the varying stages of life. A man's biography, methinks, is kaleidoscopic. Numerous but never the same visions are presented us, but they know that know it well how they are permutations of the same few things. But the influence is sometimes conscious. Through the long drawn years of human history, we hear recorded voices proclaim us their life missions. Abram was the friend of God on high; the royal bard lived saying 'A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou shalt not despise;' Job and Isaiah spoke God's mes-

sages unto a degenerate race; John came to prepare the way for one greater than himself and He came to call the sinners to repentance. So it is not only in the history of the least of all lands, but in every other. India had of old its Buddha and Chaitanya: proud names for an Indian. These later years have witnessed the life and work of Ranade and Keshav Chander Sen. Their ideals we have from their own utterances. Not of the great alone can we notice this consciousness of life principles, but of poor ordinary mortals too that tread no uncommon path. They call them mottoes, word them perhaps in French, Latin or Sanscrit, write them on the frontispieces of books, print them bold on their walls, or surround their shield or seal with them. I assert not that mottoes thus professed are sincere. In the greater half of instances, I know they are not; but mere tactful contrivances to keep honour beyond suspicion. Yet is it not justifiable that I should conclude from such a demonstration the recognition of a pervading principle through life? Conscious or unconscious, one detects in every incident, in the manner as well as in the matter, a tincture of the individual, a stamp of personality.

It is axiomatic, never presumptuous I feel, that man ever does his best. No one goes wrong wilfully and voluntarily. Ignorance, I believe, is the root, the tap root of all evil. "A bad conscience?" one is tempted much to interrogate. Which is but one of a multitude of complex considerations, that determine one's course in a life not very clear to view. It should be understood however that the responsibility of the ill-deed is yet man's. For a want of waiting faith and a certain reluctance to choose the difficult path explain the fall of every man. Man is frail because he is selfish: strong, stronger than the very elements, were he only believing.

Yet the perjurer, the thief, the murderer, the fornicator, whosoever he be that does wrong, believes he is on the best track, because it is the easiest possible. By belief, I mean, not the half hearted, elastic, intellectual subscription, but the sincere conviction of the practical man, his firm unshakeable faith. How this should influence human career passes saying, nay comprehending. Time, chance, place, all yield and bend to belief: whatsoever surrounds him influencing him with however might, man does his best. The poor stricken homeless wanderer, hunger-

pressed, believes life to be more than his honour, turns a thief and finds himself sooner or later in the clutch of a never failing nemesis. The principal of a firm, who, through a well contrived manipulation of accounts kept the credulous public in confidence, finds when his dissimulation can no longer avail, the endurance of justice better than death. But some there be who prefer lowliness to the pomp of life and live far from the madding crowd in virtue and in Christian purity.

This is the essence of all human acts. Each man does his best. Whether his best is the best or not, is quite another consideration but ours in great measure is that. What is the best? Veritably a stupendous problem, yet I hope in some way and to some extent, to indicate it, not arrive at it, for years shall come and go in never-ending succession and accumulate material for other generations to judge better with. Better men even now may know better. But God fulfils himself in many ways, and mine though it be imperfect may be one I trust.

In a beautiful little book entitled "Culture and Religion" which interested me many years ago but is not now near me, Principal Shairp, the scholarly biographer of Burns, has devoted some pages to the consideration of ideals. They are worth careful perusal. A man's ideal is his best: what he wishes above all to be and lives his life for. What to the pedestrian up a hill, the top is, that to man is his ideal: his great aim, the one complete occupation of his mind. It is his standard of judgment, his guide, his inspiration and his incentive. Through the thick and thin of life, ideals stand as beacon posts to direct and determine.

A clear conceived ideal is much profitable. For one reason a constant scrutiny of our life is established; for a second, a comparison of self with a better necessitates a desire if not a resolution towards something higher and nobler. And for another, not the last, continuous concourse with the ideal induces an unalterable similarity of spirit.

The influence of ideals is akin to the influence of friends. "Tell me your friends and I shall tell you what you are," says an old, oft quoted Spanish proverb. With as much truth, much the same can be said of ideals, for they are characteristic of individual spirit and temper. The great hero of French Revolution, conquering without defeat vast European Realms declared, 'nothing is im-

possible.' But the meek lame English Admiral, died uttering 'England expects every man to do his duty.' How these utterances are characteristic of the men, their life histories make evident. With every individual some utterance of the nature of an ideal is realised in his life.

Different persons have different ideals. Each one has his own life purpose. Wealth, with all that is coincident with it, is with many an anxiety. Fame, we are told, is the last infirmity of noble minds. According to personal taste, examples to emulate are chosen from historical or quasi-historical record. Personages perhaps stand the need. "Who is your hero?" is an oft asked inquiry of a boy; but have not maturer years as well their own heroes, less romantic mayhap, not so full either of the flowery fancy of early childish years but yet as real, as complete and as well worth contemplation. To the materially minded, the millionaire may strike as the standard; to the intellectually bent, a Newton or a Spencer may furnish material for constant concourse; to the religiously inclined, the great prophets of yore may shine as stars to guide through the dreadful darkness of the world.

But more often some among our own contemporaries claim a kindredness of spirit with us. In that most impressionable period of life, youth, when we are on the eve of entrance into great responsibilities, but have not yet learnt to think but hope, certain names often strike our ears that claim of us admiration. A scholar perhaps with giant intellect, who, hearing his country call, leaves the path of official recognition and reward and treads henceforth many a weary toilworn year for his wronged fellowman—he may catch your fancy. Or an apostle might, who, in spite of honours and distinctions that poured thick on him, had thought it best to labour for love amidst the needy and the homeless. Or perhaps an eminent scientist, a master of arts of an Indian University, with honorary degrees conferred from Europe and America for achievements that have secured him the admiration of the thinking world. Or a lecturer from a remote land, the scholar-representative of a great university speaking to you in words, that have power, of his sublime soul experiences. Any one of these may live before us inspiring and instructing us in an ignorant world.

Ideas sometimes are ideals: events as well,

though not very often. Their realisation is under such circumstances the man's end. To speak brief, Death realises them. The great pioneers of the world are instances. They lived every minute working for a particular performance. Insuring it, they left the world. This marvellous fact strikes one very powerfully on perusal of great biographies. There if anywhere, most assuredly I detect the Divine hand. But they are prophets, else heroes of one sort or another, demanding exclusive attention. Our theme has little with the extraordinary, or the supernatural. I speak of the common herd—alas, too common one. But God's great gifts are among them and for them.

The effects of the ideal are as working as wonderful.—Consciously or unconsciously, it is a constant influence. The ideal, let us suppose, is before the man; henceforth, not a second is lived but towards it. Even at cost of life, its consummation is sought. No wonder then that all his life is saturated with the ideal: the most potent power over human life, the most to be taken care of for that reason. Of boyish days, stories still survive of men that have left their foot-prints on the sands of time, how they have early set before them their ideal. The great mechanic Stevenson showed even as a boy symptoms of engine-making. Raleigh, the Elizabethan explorer betrayed, when small, much interest in the narration of travels. Others come to our minds as we seek for them. The child Christ, 9 years old, was about His father's business. How these ideals, early conceived, have shaped careers in life, lies indelibly written in the pages of History.

But each day has its own ideal it can be said with great truth. Each minute has its I fear. The child has its doll to get, the boy his book to own, the youth his bride to claim, and the man his honours to win. But through all these smaller ones runs a greater which is our present scrutiny. He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much, says the New Testament. Minutes make the hours; the hours, the days, the years and the centuries. But are they not all as truly in the one fast sweep of time towards eternity: time that never began and never shall end?

To conclude on the best, it is needful to know something of life itself—one feels little hesitation in accepting that—Utopianism and Quixotism can only in that way be

kept from. Without a correct conception of our mysterious existence (if that were possible) no good ideal can be had nor good life led. If that is not possible this is never impossible: to be on the right lines, though not on the actual ones of correct conception.

The first great thing to realise is that life is real. Realising that, we realise most that we should. Life is too precious to trifle with: too great an opportunity to miss any of it. I am a believer in the continuity of soul existence. Death is but a birth into a higher life. Keeping this in mind, it is not wise to waste in irresponsible levity our present time. Many philosophers, Oriental and Occidental, have spoken of life. Our fathers, the early pride of India, committed one sore mistake in their philosophies: others too but none so fatal. They despised the grim undeniable certainty of consciousness and soared unto airy realms that were of the unfettered mind. Distress and disappointment are no doubt easier to bear with the philosophy that theorises life as a dream phenomenon. The conception of existence as a seeming affords much relief from responsibility and license from virtue. It is the refuge methinks of the suffering, who in spite of much clever meditation miss the consolations of religion: and escape from the seeming inconsistencies and inconveniences that an attempt to know the Unknown often lands us in. But not this crabbed brain can comprehend the sanctities of the Unknown. Another side of man's being, not the brain one he leaves behind, can grasp the Hand that leads into light. Spencers but mystify the problem; Huxleys but despair in the darkness. Yet we meet in our own life some who have knowledge of the Eternal and the Infinite. To a venerable mother of many children, unlearned save with in the dear walls of her home and of that book which is the best, ignorant too, being far from it, of the noise of contending schools, I know God has spoken much and incessantly. Intellect, one doubts, is little; faith is so much more. But all is stubborn fact. Sincere agnosticism is never on earth, save in the asylums of the insane. Logically much can be proved and unproved. Reason starts on facts and must end too on facts. All have a conserved existence; soul law, order and design are impossible.

Not a less significant fact, to note and be assured of is the purposefulness of what has

often been emblamed as a stage play. Law, order and design which I spoke of a moment ago, postulate an intelligent purpose. A divine event, far off, I know, in the dim distance of futurity is still traceable. Something is done, some results achieved and we live, not in vain. Tears, trials and temptations leave us not as they found us. The soul grows, enriching its experiences and accomplishing God's purposes. In man's permanent being are wrought changes never negligible in the economy of eternal life. It is common enough to consider life a mere child play. I am familiar with its conception as a sport of the Almighty. Could earth with its obstacles and anguishes, a thousand times more than the brief hours of pleasure, be but a sport to the Almighty? I believe in a more serious God. Even children learn to be ashamed of sport. Love of purposeless pleasure cannot be in the living God—I detect selfishness in it. Man too gains much of living. How he does so we shall presently consider.

Our years here educate us. Many lessons are learnt. Individuals, I grant, have individual careers. From babyhood to boyhood, boyhood to manhood and manhood again to the second childhood, different experiences in the ups and downs of an uneven existence teach most effectively the soul. Many great lessons are taught us. Particular needs no doubt claim particular attention. The great physicist, mathematician and philosopher, whose insight into the mechanism of the universe still astonishes us, some time near his death regretted that he but gathered too few pebbles of an unnumbered heap: it sounds tragic in his mouth. The valorous warrior living his last years at St. Helena, after so much acquired, accomplished and endured, exclaimed "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and I have founded empires but have lost them; a greater empire still lives." Needed he not, the proud imperious ambitious soul, that supreme lesson to know? I doubt if otherwise he could have learnt it than in the way he did?

The greatest of all lessons learnt here is unselfishness. The subordination of self-interest to the interests of others is the supreme virtue. But such virtue is the gift of patient years. The Son of Man had his forty days in the wilderness. Each I assert has his own period: manfully let each face it and triumph over temptation. Each again has his cross to bear and Calvary to pass: patiently let him

live it. Only remember unselfishness is the most undeniable virtue of life.

No thought of self should sully consideration in the choice of your ideal. If pleasure or treasure be the wish of your life, your ideal is grossly selfish and is not worth noble manhood. I ask you not to despise them. Seek not them: if they find you, accept them meekly as never. One fact here is worthy of reminding. Wealth and luxury are never heralds of peace. Selfishness has no contentment. Power and fame are but the idle game of the hour. They too are no possessors of a divine peace. Peace springs of One Fount and of one only. I will not name it. Measure the success of your life, not by the pence in your chest or the hours of rich revelry but by kindly offices of humble manhood. The tears of those who having paid do still feel indebted are the best monument of a typical life. The one luxury that lasts is the luxury of doing good.

Some crave for power. Its imperishable form is personality: others dwindle or decay as circumstances alter but this one rooted in the immutable proves all the change of time. I repeat nothing great is but in the man. Tithes and titles pass: the way you live your life is eternal.

The ideal I hold is the child. Three qualities in a child render it emblematic of perfect life: its innocence, its faith and its love. Many more one would enumerate but I have named the chiefest. The child is an emblem of purity. I know not aught on earth purer than the babe. The ample rolls of historic record furnish me nothing nobler than the infant. Its innocence is heavenly. What vile thoughts can any time find lodge in a little one? It knows no shame nor any guilt. Its faith is wonderful. It dreads not but smiles ever. Frown if you will, it laughs. Like the lamp 'it licks the hand just raised to shed its blood.' Its love is perfect. I know not which is more: the love of the mother for the babe or the babe for the mother. I have again and again watched many a tender majestic Madonna with eyes not seldom tear bedimmed—ever thought better of the little clinging one on the proud rounded arms,—I cannot tell why? 'Suffer them to come to me; of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,' said Jesus the Christ of Nazareth.

MANA MOHANA RANI.

Srimate G. Parucutty Amma, B.A.



S RIMATE G. Parucutty Amma, B.A., whose portrait appears as a frontispiece, is the first and only Nair lady graduate. She belongs to a wealthy and respectable family in Trivandram—one of her uncles now being a District and Sessions Judge in Travancore.

Born in April 1888, she is now nearly 23 years old. She received her early English education in the Trivandram Girls' College, from which she passed her Lower Secondary, Matriculation and F. A. Examinations in 1901, 1904 and 1907 respectively.

In 1905 she passed the Theory of Music Elementary of the London College of Music and a few months later she achieved success in the Junior Pass of the same institution.

After passing the First-in-Arts Examination, she joined the Maharajah's College for Boys', Trivandram, taking Chemistry as her optional branch.

She appeared for the B. A. Degree Examination of the Madras University last year in all the three subjects, English, Vernacular and Chemistry, and passed in all, securing the Grigg Gold Medal for proficiency in English, and took her Degree of B. A. at the Convocation held in March last.

Her success was the occasion for general rejoicing in the Nair community throughout the West Coast. Meetings were held in various parts to congratulate her on her achievement and express satisfaction with the progress of female education in the Nair community as illustrated by her success. His Highness the Maharajah of Travancore, in recognition of her being the first Nair lady to take the B. A. Degree, presented her with a gold bangle. The other members of the Travancore Royal Family, following the example of His Highness, bestowed on her signal marks of their appreciation. The Ladies' Association, Trivandram, the National Club of the same place, the Keraleeya Nair Samajam presided over by the Hon'ble Mr. Justice

Sankaran Nair and the Travancore Nair Union, Madras, presented her with gold medals.

She was married in May last to Mr. P. N. Raman Pillai, the Editor of the *Madras Standard*.

An Indian Lady

(An Appreciation)



IT is not often one is struck with the purity of an Indian home, and when it strikes one it is not possible to refrain from giving vent to one's feelings.

A home is what the woman makes it. Her influence over the household is immense. Her opportunities for directing her talents for the common weal of the household are wider than those that present themselves to man. Indeed if the woman wills it, she can rule the house, can even hold sway over a greater number of people than immediately constitute the 'household.'

Among those who strive to be useful to a wider range of people and keep intact the happy traditions of a Hindu home, there is no more prominent Malayalee lady than Srimathi Parucutty Amma, the accomplished wife of that well-known publicist and journalist, Dewan Bahadur C. Karunakara Menon of Madras.

Living as she does in the metropolis of the Southern Presidency she is never lost to the charms of Occidental fashion. On the other hand her direct contact with Western influences have all the more convinced her that the 'Hindu' home in point of purity stands second to none in the whole world—only few care to keep it as it was in days gone by.

Herself a very remarkable type of 'housewife', she supervises the culinary section with a skill and good humour surpassing that of any of her sisters. She has made a study of domestic economy and when she brings

into actual display her acquired knowledge she displays it to a greater advantage. It should not be supposed she is calculative. Not in the least. She wants to make the home happy and is of opinion that by sound discretion in utilizing money one can maintain peace and preserve happiness in the home.

In this connexion the writer wishes to make a few observations. Now-a-days it has become the fashion with some ladies to 'burn the candle at both ends.' This has been more so in Travancore and the West Coast. From a careful enquiry one can find that one or two ladies' associations existing in these parts—certainly I do not allude to the Ladies' Association at Calicut or any other body that is doing good work in its own way—are responsible for a good deal of undesirable habits and customs, that have been acquired by our ladies. There is a constant clamour for change of costume on the part of ladies. Indeed, those who can afford, let them by all means have new costumes; but it devolves on the well-to-do persons to show the example of 'thrift.' Unless they convince their less-favoured sisters of the folly of revelling in luxury, there can be no hope for the thousand and one men on the lower rungs of the ladder. It is only natural they should be led away by the words of their partners in life.

Srimathi Parucutty Amma is among those few who have set their face against 'aping' and the practice of luxury. She works hard and at leisure moments gives solid moral instruction to her children. She reads every day the Ramayana and Bhagavatha to her children, a practice quite unheard of in our homes. She advocates moral education for children long before they are ripe for the school course and believes in its effect. There is a loud cry raised that the religious side of education ought not to be neglected. And Mysore, for instance, has provided for religious education being introduced into schools. None can say a word against the opinion that religious education ought not to be entirely ignored. But an impression is gaining ground that the periods set apart for the attainment of culture ought not to be taken away, even partly, by a series of lectures on religion. Youths enter into public schools not so much for assimilating spiritual doctrines as for imbibing culture and the little instructions for

making the child's heart pure and perfect ought to be given at home during the most impressionable period of their years. These cannot be imparted in a year or two, but only by slow degrees, and the endeavours to make the tender heart feel the power of Providence ought to rest with the mother. For who else can have the opportunities to whisper into the ears of the child those little stories from the epics, so full of morals and such spontaneous outbursts of love as the mother.

Yet another question so often mentioned in connection with the rearing up of children deserves special mention. Mothers often neglect their children in the hurry to keep pace with modern life and the complaint is heard from all corners of the world. If the writer remembers correctly, it was the *Melbourne Spectator* that took up the question in right earnest and pleaded the cause of children four years ago. Women in these times look more to their own comforts and convenience than to their own babies. They engage ayahs and babies are placed under their care. By close contact with the ayah, the child is made to assimilate all her evil tendencies. Not only the child is brought up in superstition, but is prevented though unconsciously from enjoying the tender care and solicitude of its mother. The child thus grows up to a creature knowing nothing of the warm impulses of its mother's heart, and remains all through devoid of love. So neglected parents cannot expect anything in after-life, except perhaps in return the neglect they deserve so well.

If the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* can expect anything more than another from a perusal of this article it is an appreciation of this attention, this solicitude shown to her children by a lady in high life, and the writer is quite sure that she has few equals who can claim a place beside her as a model mother.

In this utilitarian age, it is those who put in practice what they have learnt from books and silently yet steadily work up to their ideal, and not those who live in abstract theory, preaching and writing everything under the sky, that find real happiness.

As one privileged to know Mrs. Karunakara Menon, the writer had opportunities to learn a few lessons from her life. The Dewan Bahadur is admittedly the leading journalist of our time in the Southern Presidency and

it ought to be gratifying to the advocates of true culture in the zenana that his worthy partner in life is no less active than he, perhaps in a different sphere, in the service of mankind.

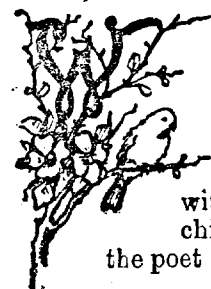
In public life she might not have figured so prominently. The secretaryship or presidency of a ladies' gathering has no attraction for her. But apart from being the all-in-all of her household, she is actively engaged in furthering the interests of her sisters. Many an otherwise wrecked life has been restored by her steady interference. Her charity, among her other qualities of head and heart, has won for her the prayers of many a despondent heart.

The writer has one object in writing this appreciation of a life that is being so nobly lived and it can be easily explained.

If by this appreciation he convinces others that children ought to be trained in discipline and thought from the lap of the mother; if he brings home to the thinking minds that there are lessons in love which can be pictured to a child only by its mother, and most of all if he impresses the womankind in general of the dignity of plain living and high-thinking, he is more than rewarded.

R. C. S. Pillay.

The Supreme Aristocracy



HAT then is this supreme aristocracy? Is it the aristocracy of birth? of rank? of caste? No! Is it then the aristocracy of wealth and power, with its Carnegies and Rothschilds? Certainly not. As the poet wisely observes.

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,—
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
But an honest man is the noblest work of God."

What then is the supreme aristocracy? "It is the aristocracy of character and personality. It is the aristocracy of intellect which is ruled by character."

The idea is not altogether novel and I cannot claim any originality for it. It is in fact as old as Plato himself. It is in his *Republic*, a book written with terrible earnestness, that Plato makes this startling

demand, viz., that mankind cannot reach perfection until kings are philosophers and philosophers kings. Here we must be careful not to mistake Plato's thought. For, as of the XX century, philosophy always means a set of phrases. We too often associate it with books and systems, with technicalities and metaphysical jargon. For Plato philosophy was not mere speculation. It was something more. It was poetry; it was religion. Philosophy for him embraced not only the speculation of the thinker, but also the love of the poet and the devotion of the saint. The philosopher-king was a man of moral excellence. He was a man with an intellect which is ruled by character.

Nor is Plato alone in holding such a view. Nay, the vision of the grand old pagan philosopher is after all the heartfelt prayer of the Christian Church. In that prayer divinely taught to man occurs this petition—Thy Kingdom come. What is this Kingdom but the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Heaven? What is the Kingship referred to here? Is it the Kingship of power, of worldly pomp and military glory? Assuredly not. It is the Kingship of righteousness and love. It is the supreme aristocracy, the aristocracy of character and intellect which is dominated by character. So then the 'Thy Kingdom come' of the Christian Church and the dictum of the pagan philosopher are fundamentally one and the same.

When we turn to the history of the world, we find that it furnishes a ample testimony to the supremacy of this aristocracy. Carlyle has defined universal history to be at bottom the history of its great men, the men of commanding intellect and character. If so, then I may say that universal history is but a record of the gradual ascendancy into power and influence of this supreme aristocracy. What is the history of Greece for example,—the history of Athens, mother of arts and eloquence? what figures in that history invite our reverent admiration? It is not Demosthenes so much. Not Alcibiades, nor Pericles. It is Plato; it is Socrates,—men who believed in the supremacy of the moral sentiment, men with an Olympian personality coming once more to mediæval Europe. Who engages our attention so much as Dante? Now, what is it that sheds a halo of glory and romance over the name of Dante? It is once more a lofty moral enthusiasm, an intellect which was deeply imbued with character.

Come, again once more to Puritan England. Who is he that stands there like a pillar of fire in the wilderness? Is it not John Milton? Milton, blind, old and lonely,—Milton fallen on evil days and evil tongues. What is it that makes him such a venerable figure to us? Is it not because he battled for the true, the just? Is it not because he stood up like a brave soldier for the supremacy of conscience? It is not only the saints of history who impress on us the supremacy of this aristocracy. May even the brilliant failures of history sound to us a solemn note of warning.

Take Napoleon for example—the man at whose frown thrones shook and kingdoms trembled! What was he? Intellect *minus* character. What was his 'credo'? It was poor and despicable enough! The great Napoleon seems to have said to himself 'I believe in gunpowder and protoplasm!' What was the upshot of his whole life? The blare of bugles, the blaze of bonfires, a few victories, a mighty conflagration, the thunders of Waterloo, the sad bitter exile at St. Helena! He was a monstrous incarnation of brute-force and he imagined that an empire could be founded on brute-force. But no man can violate the ten commandments with impunity, any more than he could violate the law of gravitation; and empire and emperor all vanished like the smoke of his artillery, faded all like the baseless fabric of a vision! Byron again, was another brilliant failure. In some respects he was far superior to Napoleon. For he had an intellect as well as a heart. But here too the emphasis was laid in the wrong place. Here was a man endowed with the highest gifts, the vision and the faculty divine! His soul was ablaze with Promethean fire, his eyes were filled with the vision of Parnassus and he had an imagination as wonderful as Aladdin's wonderful lamp. But all these were of no avail. The springs of character were poisoned. 'The native hue of resolution was sicklied over with the pale cast of thought'—I do not know if Byron had written any great tragedy. But it was his singular destiny to act one. His whole life was a sublime tragedy. To quote Matthew Arnold again,—

"The pilgrim of Eternity bore,
With lofty scorn that mocked the smart,
Thro' Europe to the Ætolian shore,
The patient of his bleeding heart."

Ah? the tragedy ended at last.

And a cloud of anguish and gloom, darkened all the visionary brows of Europe.

So then, history knows but one supreme aristocracy, the aristocracy of character and intellect which is ruled by character. The great personalities of the world have their value for us, just because they belong to this supreme aristocracy. The brilliant failures of history failed just because they ignored the claims of this supreme aristocracy.

So then the legitimate ambition of every young man and young woman ought to be this, viz., to be a member of this supreme aristocracy. Believe me you cannot have a loftier ambition. A rightly fashioned and a strong and noble character are in my view of more value than all the wealth of the Indies.

What then are you expected to do as members of this aristocracy? This above all. Believe in God. Ever since the day that Moses met God in the burning bush till now no great deed was done, no noble thought uttered, which was not inspired by this belief. In the second place believe in yourselves. It is a sad sign of these days that we have lost all belief in manhood. We believe in books, in institutions, but we do not believe in men. We live upon hearsays and traditions. As Emerson has said, Trust thyself, every heart vibrates to that iron string. In the next place learn to live the strong and strenuous life. Learn to scorn delights and live laborious days.

Do not imagine for a moment that I am describing to you an impossible ideal, a floating but shadowy vision of glory.

No! the ideal is there because we must realise it: The ideal is there because we can realise it.

As Emerson has beautifully put it,

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust
So near is God to man
When duty whispers, 'lo thou must'
The youth replies 'I can'"

Put yourselves in vital touch with the great personalities of the world, with the men who are the pith and marrow of history. Acquaint yourselves with the best that has been thought and said in this world. Surround yourself with whatever that is lovely, with whatever that is beautiful, with everything that makes for character. For, as President King said the other day, the great secret of all living is the persistent staying in the presence of the best—the great facts, the great truths, the great personalities, the one great person Christ.

I don't wish to tire you. I must conclude. The night is beautiful. The pale moon is shedding her silver glory over the din and the dust of this city. The gentle night-wind is breathing its soft murmurs. As we look up, we see the starry heavens, that vision of the city of God and while we see, we feel ourselves winged with meditation and prayer: the noisy world and all its frivolous madness sinks far far away into the distance and we feel with a truer, richer and deeper significance, as we have never felt before, the sublime truth of those lives, that

'It is only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

The Afflicted One

(A short story)



THE Mowlavi Sahib of the village S. was a bigoted Muhammadan. It was an invariable and every day's duty for him to be engaged in prayer and devotion ten times in a day. He took much care to observe every external ritual belonging to the Muhammadan religion and he preached to his Muhammadan neighbours to be bigoted and strict in observing all external rituals. The Muhammadan neighbours talked of him highly in public for the austere manner in which he led his religious life. But in private they took him to task for taking so much superfluous interest in the practice of his religion. They also often remarked that the heart of their Mowlavi Sahib was hardened against all tender feelings. But they had not any reason for this because it was a rare thing for him to show affection or coldness to anybody. So why his Muhammadan neighbours regarded him as a cold-hearted man it is difficult to understand.

He had been living in the village only for two or three years. When he came to the village, the old musjid had been reduced almost to a ruined condition, because it had not been repaired for a very long time.

One night the astonished villagers saw that the prayer hall of the ruined musjid, where darkness had reigned for years, was lighted by the light of a bright lamp. They thought that it was the feast of the spirit of some dead Mowlavi. But the next day, when

the morning dawned, they were surprised to see the old musjid of the village occupied by a tall and gentle looking young Fakir. The Muhammadan villagers were highly delighted at this event because just at that time they felt very keenly the want of a Mowlavi for their village musjid. Hence they went to him in a party to request him to be their Mowlavi at once. The Fakir agreed to their proposal, without the least hesitation.

Since then, the silent musjid, in the morning, in the noonday and in the evening resounded with the prayer hymn of the Koran, and the reign of darkness in the prayer hall during the night was gone. The grave, handsome and gentle appearance of the Fakir filled the hearts of his Muhammadan neighbours with a deep reverence. But his attachment to a retired life, his bigotry and his marked cold mien towards mankind in general also displeased them. Therefore in private they mocked him without sparing.

Society generally produces some men who naturally get a kind of cold disposition towards their fellowmen. But if we try to find out the source of such characteristics, in many cases it is seen that most of them are subjected to this kind of feeling by having been deceived and extremely oppressed by society. Byron, the great English poet, belonged to the class of this stamp of people. But what were the main causes of his hatred for mankind? the harsh conduct of his hard-hearted mother in his childhood, the loveless and cold behaviour of his wife, which almost broke his heart in his youth, and as an addition to these, the oppression of the English Society also worked to sow the seeds of grudge against fellowmen in his heart.

The past history of the strange Mowlavi was quite unknown to the inhabitants of the village S. and they never were eager to know it. The Mowlavi also did not allude to anything of his past history to anyone of them. None could make out after seeing him that any soft feeling ever reigned in his heart. A sad and pensive expression always was noticed on his handsome and grave face. But as the waters of a still pond are stirred now and then by a passing wind, and after the stirring for a few moments (as the wind passes away) they become as still as before, so now and then a joyfulness came to enligh-

ten his grave face for a moment. But it seemed as if he himself did not understand the cause of the momentary cheerfulness.

He often read the poems of Firdousi, the great Persian poet of yore, and when he was deeply engrossed in the study of these, his eyes used to remain attracted to those lines for a long time, where any overflowing emotional idea of the dead poet was expressed.

Perhaps then he shed some tears in spite of himself as the lines stirred his heart passionately. But in the next moment, as if being startled at his foolishness he wiped away his tears with a little anger with himself, and then was engrossed again in the reading. On many nights when the moon arose and when the small musjid yard was reflected as a dreamy and dimly lighted theatre stage, then the shadow of the young Fakir (engrossed deeply in the reading of the poems of Firdousi) was seen to remain there in an unmoved position for a long time. Who can say that at that time his soul did not soar in many shadowing lands of imagination?

Thus three years passed away. But on a night, when, as a silent golden stream, the moonlight as usual was flowing far and near, it seemed as a wave of beauty coming from the far off moon sphere spread a sheet of light on the sleeping world. The Mowlavi was going to enter his room, after finishing his evening prayer, when his eyes were suddenly cast on nature enchanted by self-beauty. He was sharply pained at his heart when his eyes were cast on that self-fascinated external world. When our life is quite bereft of happiness and peace and becomes as a burden, then we generally feel hurt at the indifference and unsympathetic attitude of nature towards all human sufferings. The Fakir looked on the earth for a long time, and after that he muttered some words with an inaudible voice. Those lowly spoken mutterings resounded in the silent musjid yard as a sorrowful tale of the past earthly life of a spirit. After that as if being impelled by some magical charm he suddenly shot out of the musjid like a self-forgotten man.

Oh, how aware was he of happiness and how spring after springs of beauty were flowing all around him; and how a stream of sweetness was also pouring out on the

field and on the waters of the river! Oh! great God, why did thou not create mankind as a part of this divine beauty, happiness and sweetness? Why didst thou create him as a free and a separate individual and set a bar between the communion of this golden beauty and him? It is described in the Christian scripture that God first created mankind as a being, beautiful, guileless, pure and as an ideal of happiness. But in some evil hour, being deceived by the guile of the serpent, man ate the fruit of the tree of knowledge and from thence he has been subjected to death and has been also deprived of all the blessings which were ordained to the human kind for enjoyment. Ah! what an evil hour it was? Will the curtain of the scene of the tragical drama which has been acting from that evil hour ever go down?

The Fakir paced a long time in the moonlighted field. In front of him sweetly the river was singing a ringing song; the murmur resounded to the Fakir as a call of some long-gone happy time, and its gentle and sweet voice distilled a balmy peacefulness in his burning heart for a time. By and by his memory began to run back to the past. Oh! the present, the heart does not pine for you! you must pass away and your future, you must exit too. Oh! the ever desired past! Lo! how the ever desired past is followed by shadows after shadows, lights after lights! and who are those actors? who make themselves visible through the shadows and lights? Oh! yon a river is flowing! But what song is sounding through its wave after wave? Now lo! a darkness is thickening in the far horizon, and the river has disappeared now! Oh! in what darkened kingdom of night have you hidden? Are you living yet, Jehane?

But suddenly the thread of the reverie of the Fakir was broken by the sound of some one's step. He looked up and saw that the silent field was suddenly alive as by some magical charm. For a few paces away a man and a woman were walking. They were speaking with low voices. Those two creatures reflected in that moonlighted field as an appearance of a happy dream in a sleeping world. The Fakir with a sigh looked at them. Perhaps Adam and Eve, the first human couple, strolled thus on their first nuptial night, and perhaps the

trees all around them sung thus a celebration hymn of their union, and the river at their feet flowed thus as a stream of happiness, and the moonlight played thus too on the far horizon and on the waters of the river as a bright merriment. By and by the man and woman came nearer to the Fakir. As they came nearer, the Fakir suddenly stood still, placing his hands on his heart. Oh! what was it? was any false drama being acted? Or is it a true event? Oh! Jehane, Jehane, from what dark kingdom of night have you arisen? Oh! why has the noble spirit chosen to come in this hateful world to be embodied in human form again? But you too! who are you by her side? Oh! God! are you the same individual? The body of the Fakir began to shake with a deep emotion and his glance followed the man and woman like the wild stare of a madman, and 'Jehane,' sounded in his choked throat repeatedly with a hushed voice.

The next day when the golden morn began to shine brightly the Fakir returned back with a slow pace to the masjid. A dreary expression was couched in his grave eyes, and he looked quite changed. It seemed as if he was a creature belonging to some darkened kingdom of night, and the light, colour and joyfulness which were flowing all around him was quite strange to him. When the Fakir returned back to the masjid, the morning light was spreading brightly in the masjid yard as usual. He once turned back to look on the far off field silently, and then entered the masjid, and was engaged, as was his usual rule, in his religious work. Then the time passed away as peacefully as before. But the morn seemed deprived of its blessed light. The silent masjid remained closed the whole day long, as with an overcast sad air. At last when the day was just going to depart and the last rays of it were prepared to bid farewell to the earth, then several Muhammadan villagers of the village S. begun to recite the funeral prayer hymn of the Koran, after finishing the burial ceremony of the Fakir. By and by when the evening grew dark and the last ray of the day had vanished, then it was as if the grieved spirit of the Fakir, leaving the earth behind him, had departed to some ever lighted sphere as a fellow companion of the vanishing last ray. So the afflicted one got rest at last.

I heard this story sitting beside the grave of the dead Fakir and the man, who related it to me was an old inhabitant of the village 'S.' When he concluded his tale, some tears fell from my eyes on the tomb of the grieved lover. Seeing me shed tears thus there, the man as if pleased said that, though in time to come many may lay garlands on the grave, tears alone were the suitable gift to his friend. I read the following words on the grave written in the Persian language—"Oh! friend, please give a drop of tears to the grieved one."

LAIJABATI BORE.

Practical Applications of Kindness to Animals

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
Hath made and loveth all."

Coleridge.



THE existence of the lower animal is full of helpless suffering and the conditions of modern life are seemingly against any change for the better. The humanistic movement appears at present to be more fruitful than ever and yet man is not in the humour for sympathizing with the dumb creatures that work for him. He underrates the part they play in the economy of nature and is wholly absorbed in the progress of political movements. He is again confronted with the problem of feeding a growing population in cold countries, where animal food is a sanitary necessity.

There are, however, certain forces that partly neutralise this evil. The output of vegetable products is vastly increased, and their price at the same time lowered to bring them within the easy reach of the greater and poorer part of humanity. Improved taste also leads the owner of livestock to care more for his animals that he may so satisfy his customers and derive better profits

from his trade. Thus if the pressing needs of the day are directly responsible for the destruction of enormous numbers of sheep and cattle they also at the same time ensure better treatment for them, even if it be only for a brief period of their existence.

A finer instance of an evil principle unconsciously giving rise to generous action, is difficult to find. Nothing but selfishness can account for the comparatively kind treatment of horses and cattle in agricultural districts. This is more evident in the case of countries where want of capital and scientific education forbids the introduction of steam-driven machinery to replace other forms of tillage.

Again, economic morality, which was once enforced on the western nations by the guilds of a past age, still prevails in many parts of the country in the inherited traditions of centuries. We are naturally a humane people and the surroundings amidst which we are brought up make us still more so. Yet cases of extreme cruelty do occur among us and are likely to be more frequent in future.

Thus the problem that lies before the advocate of humane education is peculiarly complex in its nature. The forces opposing any improvement made in the condition of the lower animal are many and powerful. Two of them may be given as examples—an increased demand for animal food and the luxurious tastes of the age. The former defeats all attempts made to maintain a well-stocked animal life, and the latter if they be not discouraged will lead to the wanton destruction of beautiful creatures.

It cannot, however, be said that these destructive agencies alone are at work at present. In the increasing use of automobiles are germs which in the near future may create some diversion in the favour of the suffering animal. And the Honorary Secretary to the Madras S. P. C. A. in his Annual Report for the year 1907, referred to the phenomenon as a hopeful sign.

Our domestic animals supply us with food and clothing, are themselves our means of conveyance and help us in our work in the field. We are thus indebted to them for our material comforts and this alone ought to render us kind and grateful to them.

Some suggestions about the practical applications of this kindness may now be given. To do so, however, is no easy task, since it

involves questions of legislation and morality and gives rise to exaggerated notions of right and wrong.

Kind words and deeds are successful when force often fails, and the results, too, obtained by the one are less secure than those produced by the other. This is true not only of human beings, but of the lower animals. A cow or a horse is more effectively managed by soft words and caresses than by the use of the lash. Again, our violence as in the case of human beings only tends to degrade the victims. What was gentle by nature, before, now becomes cross-tempered and vicious. The cow, which used to lick our hands out of affection and come to us to be scratched, now looks at us with lowered head and blazing eyes. Our once favourite dog shows his teeth and moves away at our approach in return for the whipping we gave him. The horse, too, that we ride on or is harnessed to our dog-cart will attempt, we may be certain, to kick at us when he can. We ourselves lose our temper and treat them most unmercifully. And little by little, this evil practice reacts upon our own nature. We grow sulky and savage and try to vent our spleen upon our friends, our parents, our brothers, and sisters. We bring discord and misery into our own homes as well as into those of others. The picture is dismal enough, but is none the less true to reality.

Another way of showing kindness to animals is to provide them with the necessities of life. The poor creatures cannot appeal to us in words, yet how many of us are touched by the lean and hungry looks of those that suffer from starvation! This may naturally lead us to infer, and in this instance with perfect justification, the existence of closefistedness in the feeding of cows. A careful observer will always be struck with the appearance of our cattle. To a foreigner they look no bigger than cats and so lean withal that one may tell their ribs with one's fingers. This reminds us of Dicken's story of the experimental philosopher, who "had a great theory of a horse being able to live without eating, and who demonstrated it so well, that he got his own horse to a strand a day, and would most unquestionably have rendered him a very spirited and rapacious animal on nothing at all, if he had not died just four and twenty hours before he was to have had his first comfortable bait of air." Under these cir-

cumstances, no one will doubt the incalculable amount of benefit that would arise from providing them with sufficient food in the form of fresh oilcake and clean hay, pure water and green grass. The quality of the milk produced would considerably improve and the animals themselves would gain in size and strength.

Along with supplying them with food, we have also to make arrangements for their stalling. At present, this aspect of the question seems to be completely overlooked and the results are disastrous. Even the most elementary principles of sanitation are set at defiance in our cattle-houses. They are miserable structures, as full of holes as a calendar, and have their floors sunk into the ground; the roofs are indifferently thatched, and what is worse, some have no roofs at all. Walls are almost unheard of and where they do exist, they are damp and do more harm than good. There are no arrangements made for drainage and the floor even in summer looks like a stinking puddle. The dung is allowed to sop and decompose where it is dropped and as this takes place in the shed itself, the consequences may well be imagined. The atmosphere in and around is foul and full of mosquitoes and the unfortunate animals are denied even the blessing of pure air.

The first step towards removing these evils would be the acquisition of some knowledge of the laws of sanitation, which would enable the owners of the cattle to stall his animals comfortably. A neat building, with a raised and somewhat sloping floor, well-thatched, and securely walled in, with regular means of lighting and ventilation, would confer great happiness upon them.

There is yet a third kind of evil to be guarded against, namely, the prevalence of certain forms of cattle disease. Our agricultural statistics are eloquent enough in speaking of the enormous loss of animal life that occurs every year through rinder-pest. The ravages of this plague would be fearful enough in any case, but our peasants unfortunately add to its horrors by their total ignorance of the science of cattle tending, instead of destroying the infected animals and preventing the rest from coming into too close a contact with one another. They follow some traditional methods which they think would effect a cure, but which only add to the virulence of the disease. These

shortcomings can only be met by scientific education. And here, for the first time, appears the need for the co-operation of the Government. The appointment of veterinary surgeons in towns and villages and the establishment of well-stocked stores from which the public might draw supplies of medicine, cannot be brought about through private munificence alone, but require a good deal of assistance from the Government. Attempts should also be made to give the poor ryots some idea of cattle-rearing by circulating among them pamphlets written for the purpose in the local vernacular. Thus the lives of numbers of otherwise doomed cattle might be saved at the risk of very little expense and personal inconvenience.

Private munificence may also be shown in a nobler manner, namely, in founding some sort of infirmary, as it were, for old and broken down cattle. Such an institution exists at present at Cochin. It owes its origin to the generosity of a number of Jain merchants who have been living in the place for a long time. A large amount of money has been spent by the society, in raising buildings and laying out pasture grounds for the use of the animals. Those who find it inconvenient to provide for the maintenance of old cows because they are not likely to repay their cost of feeding, have only to hand them over to the society which is ever ready to look after them.

Occasional cattle-shows, too, might be held to encourage the rearing of finer breeds of cattle and considering the success obtained in England by such artificial means, we may yet hope to improve the state of things in our country.

I shall now speak of the necessity for legislation on the subject. There are certain desirable works which society ever keeps in view but which cannot be secured solely by individual exertions. Collective opinion supported by law is indispensable in such cases. Our personal experience tells us that private morality is almost always indifferent to the sufferings of animals, and that in some cases it even encourages deliberate cruelty to them. It is here that the Government should step in. Governments are partly conservative in temper and do not like to meddle too much with their subjects. Thus it is unlikely that the miser who starves his cow or the jutka-man who whips his horse is

punished for his cruelty, but when the starving animal breaks into a neighbour's orchard or when the jutka horse drops down bleeding in the middle of a crowded road the affair assumes a more serious character. The Government now legislates for the impounding of straying cattle and for the kind treatment of carriage horses. In this way a good deal of legislation has arisen, and more will in future.

The greater part of the sufferings of animals is at present connected with their work of conveyance. They are overloaded to such an extent that each has to do the work which would ordinarily take two or three of them to perform. This sort of overworking leads to premature break-down, but even in this condition they are not left undisturbed. So to add to their misery, they are also continually beaten. This punishment has been known to have reached such a height of barbarity as to lead to immediate death. I have seen in some of our towns horses and bullocks literally covered with raw and ugly wounds inflicted by the lash of the driver. And it turned my stomach to see how they still worked on, now and again, bending their heads to lick their smarting wounds, but soon forced to hold on by the application of the whip. I have also witnessed the agony of bullocks, when holes were being bored through noses to admit the passage of strings, which in some places are used for reins, and it was a sight that none would wish to see again. Such instances are not rare in our country and it is the prayer of every lover of humanity to see them at an end as soon as possible.

Some of these evils might be removed without the Government's help at all. In the case of bullocks, iron bits and muzzles might safely be used to replace the existing form of reins, and there would be no more need for boring holes through their noses. And magisterial powers might be delegated to such bodies as the S. P. C. A., which in our metropolis does a vast amount of useful work in lessening the misery of animals. Police arrangements, too, might be made to ensure kind treatment for horses and bullocks at the hands of their owners, and steps taken to prevent the employment of none but strong and healthy beasts for the work of conveyance. In Calcutta, for instance, horses harnessed to carriages are regularly inspected by men specially ap-

pointed for the purpose, and the animals have to satisfy certain conditions of health and vigour before they are allowed to work for the day. These stray instances may be copied with great advantage by every one of our towns.

There is still another aspect of the problem awaiting serious consideration, viz., the cruelty and bloodshed existing in our shambles. Increased attention is being paid them by the Municipal Corporation of Madras and questions of their location and the quality of the meat sent out therefrom are being discussed very earnestly. It would be a sure step towards better things if the barbarous practice of mutilation prevailing in some slaughter-houses be peremptorily stopped. A distinction should always be maintained between taking the lives of animals and mutilating their bodies. As has been already pointed out, animal life has to be sacrificed in providing a growing population in cold climates with food and clothing; but this is dictated by sheer necessity and must be considered different in nature from mutilation.

The last point that we have to deal with is the evil influence of the luxurious tastes of the age upon the happiness of animals. There seems to be no limit set to the extravagances of modern fashionable life. Even Macaulay's description of an epicure as "living upon nothing but delicacies, the brains of singing birds, the roe of mullets" would appear too coarse by the side of the modern tables. Its ideal would outrival the monstrous dream of Sir Mammon. Its love of finery is even more marked. Furs and feathers are dropped in the whirl of fashion and the brilliant world is again on the look-out for rarer things to dress itself in. Its growing love of ornament thus supplies an incentive for torturing and mutilating the bodies of immense numbers of noble creatures perfect in their own way and beautifying what would otherwise be a very prosaic world.

This wanton destruction of animal life will assume alarming proportions unless steps be taken to arrest its further progress. Complete success in our endeavours may be impossible to attain, but we may surely lessen the intensity of the suffering that exists at present. The initiative must come from the people themselves. All efforts of the Government to restore a natural condi-

tion of life will prove futile, so long as they act in opposition to the sentiments of the world. Nevertheless, legislation of a tentative nature may be attempted; sumptuary laws have in the past achieved their ends, but it is more than doubtful whether they would succeed in this era of *laissez faire* and intellectual liberalism. Sumptuary laws may also be directed against cruel pastimes like bull-fighting and cock-fighting.

These are some of the ways in which we may practise kindness to the animals that live with us in this world. The co-operation of the Government may be of some assistance to us in our more responsible undertakings, but it will not go far. Much has to be done by the individual himself. We need not take the Arab's treatment of his horse for our ideal in our relations to the lower animals, for what in this case follows from the stress of peculiar circumstances may appear Quixotic or Utopian to the world in general. All that we have to do is to respect the susceptibilities of our dumb servants and to remember that they too are endowed with senses and feelings like us. They too feel pain when they are wounded and fear death when they are threatened with it. And they too love their young and sympathise with those that suffer. We should look upon them as beings worthy of existence and as capable of enjoying life and its joys as the best of us. Then shall we learn that kindness shown them is not lost or vainly thrown away, but helps to create a stronger bond of kinship among God's creatures living side by side.

T. S. RENGANATHAM,
Ernakulam.



Vikram—The Pindari

CHAPTER I



IT was an evening in June 1817 when with great *erlat* was marching slowly in the historic village of Shonitapur the marriage procession of an orthodox Brahmin party. The resplendent sun of the Indian summer was almost sinking into the horizon and the golden mantle which he flung around was giving way to the cool and refreshing light emanating from the crescent moon. The stars were appearing and they

twinkled like a new born baby opening its eyes.

A tall and well built man of six and forty with a visage as rough as it was fierce was wending his way to join the procession. He had an aquiline nose and a forehead full of wrinkles. His locks of jet black fearfully shaded his temples and his iron constitution seemed to be the result of active and well measured physical labour. A Moslem shoe, a simple dhoti for underwear, a jacket of pure white linen and a turban of the same colour tied in the true Punjabee fashion—these formed his dress. A stout and short stick which he held in his hand added to the grim horror of his appearance. His sudden presence in the procession interrupted to some extent the peace of mind of a few in the group.

"See that man with a savage cast of countenance, my Amrita" whispered the fair Kamalabasini. Amrita Kumari Debi, though a woman in the vigour of her age, and one who has hardly known more than thirty winters, was easily frightened like many of her sex. The moment her eye rested on the terrible fiend now in the procession, a thrill of fear passed through her body. "Sister," returned Amrita, "this is a veritable plunderer who has come to have a scent of the condition of this village."

"Is he one of the horde called the Pindaris about whose work of havoc and depredation my mama is telling me stories every evening?" asked Kamala.

"I fear so; what a merciless butcher he looks! Oh! I have come with a lot of jewels to the marriage of my brother Hari Ram. Most of these have been borrowed for me by my mother-in-law. May Bhagban help me," ejaculated Amrita.

Scarcely had she spoken these words when the procession reached the house of Nandgopal the father-in-law of Hari Ram. It was 10 o'clock in the night and every one in the house was retiring to rest after a sumptuous supper.

Hari was just then coming out of a room with a mat and a pillow for sleeping on the pial of his father-in-law's house, as is the wont with many in India during the hot summer days.

"A word, brother, stop, a word" said Amrita.

"I feel tired having fasted the major portion of this day of my wedding and so I want to sleep, please therefore don't disturb me with your conversation, sister," returned Hari Ram.

"Listen, good brother Hari, only one word and I shall have done," said Amrita.

"Tell me soon, be brief, come along, sister Amrita," said Hari.

"Dear Hari, here are my jewels and those of our Kamalabasini, please hand them over to your good father-in-law for safe custody. A member of the robber class is loitering about the village and he was even found seated on the pial of our opposite house when we went out an hour ago to wash our hands after meals," whispered Amrita.

Hari received the jewels and handed them over to his father-in-law who deposited them in the chest where all articles of value are secured.

Having done this, Hari came out to the front yard of the house to lay himself down to sleep on the mat which he had left spread a few minutes ago.

He sat upon the mat on the pial and was about to lie down, when he perceived with some perturbation of feeling a strange figure light a cheroot on the pial of the opposite house which was vacant. In those troubled times when might was right, when the coun-

try was in a state of chaos, when the fiery Marathas were competing with the rapacious Moghul desperadoes for power, when no organised system of police corresponding to the present day police corps existed, when the place of the modern disciplined soldier fighting for his king and country was taken up by hordes, wandering banditti who attached themselves to the standard of him who paid them liberally, at such a time when every innocent and thrifty villager was as much the victim of the marauders as the most profligate and opulent Zamindar, it is no wonder that simple country folk trembled with fear whenever they came across one who was identified to belong to the plundering class.

Hari a lad of sixteen was alarmed, as this man answered to the description given by his sister. He paused and gazed for a while on the stern faced stranger who was now pacing up and down the front of the opposite house enjoying the cool moonlight, as he was smoking his much prized cheroot. The more Hari stared at the man, the greater was the fear he entertained. In a low voice he woke up Tulsi Doss, his new brother-in-law, who was sleeping by his side. "Well, why do you wake me up, Hari," said Tulsi rubbing his eyes.

Hari pointed out the stranger to Tulsi who, though known to be a man of some courage among his relations, stood amazed on looking at the new figure in the night.

Up rose Hari and Tulsi with their mats and pillows in their hand and entering inside the house they bolted the front door.

In a verandah adjoining the room where the valuables were deposited for safety was lying Nandgopal fast asleep on a cot formed of a simple framework of wood interwoven with coarse tape. The news at the dead of night of an unfamiliar person loitering about the house in the street was conveyed to him by the two young men. Nandgopal who was the headman of the village and a part of whose duty consisted also in looking after the security of the person and property of those in the village, came out to the street and shouted for the watchmen.

On the verandah of a small tiled building known as the *Chavadi*, at a few yards' distance from Nandgopal's house, were sleeping the two watchmen. As the sound of their master's voice reached their ears the two

watchmen rose from their bed of straw and ere a minute had passed stood at the entrance where Nandgopal was standing. The good old headman ordered them to go round the village patrolling. Making noise by striking their stick on the ground they went from house to house calling the name of the chief of every household to rise from sleep and see if everything was in order. As the two were thus progressing in their patrol march they found at the turning of a street a robust man in the Punjabee attire smoking a heavy cigar. This was the same man that was standing an hour ago before Nandgopal's house. The dogs were barking at the sight of him until the watchmen dispersed them by the threat of their voices. "Who are you, sir, that is standing here at this time of night?" interrogated the senior watchman.

"I am a pilgrim who has come down to these parts to worship Lord Bubaneswar. I am on my way to the shrine and since the sun set as I came unto this village I have halted here for the night," replied the stranger.

"Well, don't prowl about the village, but find accommodation on some pial," said the younger watchman.

"*Eh Banchoth*, mind your business," replied the stranger.

Enraged at this affront, the younger watchman prancing from where he stood like a wild beast gripped the stranger by both his hands. But alas! in the confidence of his youthful strength and of the support of his companion he rushed to battle with a demon who was more than a match for two like him. Extricating himself from the grasp of the watchman the stranger began to belabour his assailant and after inflicting some injury on his forehead by his *lathi* he decamped from the scene with the speed of a whirlwind. The older watchman who was under the influence of toddy stood mute all the while.

CHAPTER II

THE GANG

The stranger we have referred to was no other than Vikram Singh, one of the trusted lieutenants of that notorious Pindari leader, Amir Khan. Before a village or town was attacked it was the wont with these predatory

CHAPTER II

THE ATTACK

chieftains to despatch one of their gang to the scene of their future enterprise for information as to its resources. Vikram was a spy of this type. Hurrying from the village he was flying at a rapid pace until he reached the river. This place was a mile off from the village. Here on the fine sand-bed by the side of the running streamlet whose crystal waters were sparkling in the moon were seated three men smoking their pipes. The night was chill, everything in nature wore the mask of silence except the occasional hooting of the ill-omened owl. As Vikram came nearer the trio, he was hailed with friendly greetings by them.

"Pucca Village! Singh?" enquired the eager Ghulam.

"Yes, it is full of wealth and women," returned Vikram.

"Women, bonny good ones?" asked Hossein. As this question was put to him Vikram recalled to his mind the two fair figures he saw in the procession. Amrita's beaming forehead encased in the framework of glossy hair—this image dawned on his mind as he saw the shining full moon encircled by clouds in the vaulted canopy of heaven.

The slender figure of Kāmalabasini in her laced Benares sarée, bedecked with pearls of spotless white and ornaments of glittering gold inlaid with precious stones of various colours, also arose before his mind's eye.

The times were quite different from what they are now. The Pindaries carried with them fire and sword wherever they went. As an eminent historian has observed: "As opposed to the Marathas who were at least a Hindu nationality bound by traditions of confederate government, the Pindaris were merely plundering bands, corresponding to the free companies of medieval Europe. Of no common race and without any common religion, they welcomed to their ranks the outlaws and broken tribes of all India,—Afghans, Marathas or Jats. They represented the debris of the Moghul empire, which had not been incorporated either by the local Muhammadan or Hindu powers which sprang out of its ruins. For a time indeed, it seemed as if the inheritance of the Moghul might pass to these armies of banditti." Pillage and outrage were mostly the work of these roaming robber class wherever they went.

The trusted underlings of Amir-Khan received in the meantime the sanction of their chief for setting out against the village of Shonitapur. Nearly 120 of the Pindari freelances, with several slingers, expert bowmen and horsemen among them, embarked on their marauding expedition. They reached the village at 10 o'clock in the night. The functions of the second day of the marriage of Nandgopal's daughter were just concluded and the inmates of the house had hardly laid themselves down to sleep when a volley of stones came and poured like rain on all sides of the village. The small open space in the centre of Nandgopal's house was the receptacle of an unusually large number of stones, since the slingers with some partiality turned all their attention that side.

The village consisted of a little more than 300 simple folk all engaged in the peaceful pursuits of husbandry. They were over-awed by this handful of banditti. No soul stirred out of his house, every one bolted the door secure and sought refuge in the castle of his hut.

The gang divided itself into batches of 10 or 12 to enter on their work of devastation. One of such gangs stood at the door of Nandgopal's house. The door was knocked and knocked, but it would not open. It was made of a huge teak plank several inches thick and even the axe used by the marauders took more than half an hour to rend it in twain. As the strokes of the axe were heard, every inmate of the house trembled with fear. Ere the door was burst open Nandgopal awoke all his people and with them glided unseen through the back-yard, not heeding even thorns pier on his way. He walked a pretty good distance that night until he found accommodation for himself and his people in a fisherman's hut in the centre of a straggling village close by. All the valuables including cash and jewels were put into a small net-woven bag, which was concealed in a rubbish mound in the back-yard.

The house of Vaman Sastri a neighbour of Nandgopal was broken into by the robbers. The valuables were looted, as also all the annual store of grain.

The residence of Shir Narain a wealthy member of the Sudra class was also raided. He had a large number of servants

to look after his cattle and fields. Some three of these at least used to have their bedding in their master's house during nights as watchmen. Shir Narain's house on account of its new construction and solid stone masonry was almost like a small fortress. This too was forced open by the fell hatchet and axe of the marauders. A huge mastiff that was lying in the verandah with the pertinacity characteristic of the canine breed tried to assail the banditti. A heavy blow with an iron rod in the hand of one of the freebooters smashed its head, and it lay low on the floor like Beth Geleert bathed in a pool of blood. The servants were cudgelled and the bold master of the house was coerced to hand over all his property. His child, four years old, was held over a heap of lighted straw and the robbers threatened to bake it alive until every precious commodity was put into their hands. Unable to bear the agony, Shir Narain pointed out with his quivering hand to a spot in the wall in the front room of his house. A gentle hit with the crowbar opened out a niche revealing a vast amount of treasure that would satisfy the greed of the most avaricious freebooter.

The cock crew as the lingering hours of the night were retreating fast before the dawn. The morning sun rose in the horizon to shed forth all his light on a village forlorn and devastated.

CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSION

"From out the sunset poured an alien race who fitted stone to stone again, and Truth, Peace, Love, and Justice came and dwelt therein."

The history of India for several centuries has been a chapter of foreign incursions and internal misgovernment. From out of the North-west of the Himalayas successive hordes of foreign invaders poured into the country in quest of pelf and power like swarms of locusts. At the time of the Pindari incursions the country was worse than ever. The Maratha potentates were engaged in a prolonged strife with the successors of Clive and Warren Hastings, while the effeminate Moghul was leading a miserable existence in the decrepitude of his power.

The British power was represented by the Marquis of Hastings, who was at that time

at the helm of affairs in India. An able administrator, a brilliant statesman and a masterful organiser, he came to complete the work of consolidation and conquest so well begun by the illustrious Marquis of Wellesley. The Pindaries were amongst the many who felt the firm grip of the Marquis's iron hand. A very large army was collected and several regiments of well-disciplined troops were despatched on all sides to aid him against the Pindaris. Colonel Steele was the head of one of such regiments. He was seen accidentally one mid-day to come to the village where Nandgopal had found an asylum. Like a knight of Arthur the valiant Colonel was hunting out these robber clans wherever they were met with. With his soldiers he bivouacked in the open meadow adjoining the hamlet. In his evening stroll he happened to visit the street where Nandgopal was lodged. The whole village stirred out as one man to catch a glimpse of the great Sahib in his shining military costume.

The people entertained the Englishmen with great hospitality. Milk, eggs and fodder for cattle were all supplied in profusion, while the entire body was regaled with the drink of tender cocoanut water, an extremely palatable potion in this tropical country.

Nandgopal as an owner of extensive landed property had a rich harvest in all good years. Several bullock carts used to carry his grain to the nearest town market for sale. There he had ample opportunities of knowing the strength, vigour and solidarity of the English people. He knew like many a man of his day of the victories of the English over the Marathas and the Moghuls. When he understood that the Colonel and his regiment were one of detached wings in pursuit of the robber clans, he told the Colonel of the recent raid into his village and of his escape from there. As a guide he accompanied the Colonel to his devastated hamlet followed by a regiment of sturdy Britishers.

Vaman Sastri and Shiv Narain recounted all the horrid experiences they underwent. The direction in which the marauders departed was shown by them. Nandgopal with some of his villagers led the troops through parts untrodden by Englishmen before. On the slope of a small hillock during their march they discovered smoke and fire. Thither they repaired. The freebooters were there captured and their leaders

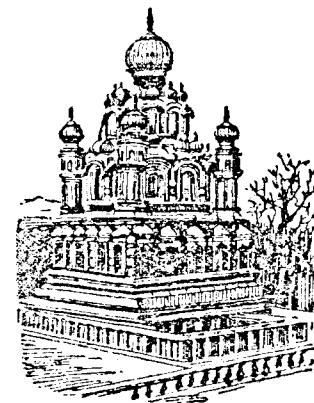
enchained. All the pillaged treasure was seized and returned in due course to the owners.

Nandgopal came back a triumphant man to his village to live again in peace under the strong banner of English rule. The walls of his house resounded once more to the sweet music of Amrita and Kamalabasini.

The name of Col. Steele who came as a great deliverer was on every one's lips, and though roughly a century has passed away the memory of this English soldier is kept alive in the tales which the villagers indulge in even to-day.

P. C. PARTHASARATHI.

The Nagore, the Bahayya and Matbar Sha Dargas



NAGORE, four miles from and within the municipal limits of, Negapatam in the district of Tanjore, is a less important port town and is open only to the coasting trade. Gypsum of poor quality is said to be found near Nagore. Trade in

wax painting, pearls from the Gulf of Mannar, rubies from Burma and scents locally made are carried on in Nagore to a large extent. Wax-painting designs are drawn by hand in wax with a sort of pen provided with a ball of aloe or other fibre to act as a reservoir for the wax. Pens of several different thicknesses are used for the various parts of the pattern. The Marakkayars of Nagore cause the pearls and rubies to be cut and polished by workmen and do a large trade with India and the Straits Settlements. The scents made by Nagore Mussalmans are very popular and are exported to the Straits Settlements. The areca nut trade is in the hands of native firms at Nagore.

Nagore has a history of its own. For the first time in 1758, when Lally landed at

Karaikkal on his expedition to Tanjore, he plundered it on the way. In 1773, the Dutch obtained it; along with a large strip of territory, in consideration of the money they had advanced to the Rajah of Tanjore in that year. Shortly afterwards Tanjore fell into the hands of the Nawab, and he at once induced the English to take possession of the place, which was done without firing a shot. An attempt was made by the Nawab to retain possession of Nagore without compensating the Dutch; but the obvious injustice of such a proceeding was apparent, and it was arranged that, while handing over the jewels, and lands pledged to them by the late Rajah, the Dutch should be repaid the money they had lent him. In 1776 the Rajah was reinstated under the orders of the court of directors, who disapproved of the transaction. This territory was retained by the ruling power of Tanjore till 1778, when the English were prevailed upon by the restored Rajah to accept it, with certain modifications in its boundaries, as a mark of his gratitude for his restoration. The "Nagore Settlement," as it was called, contained 277 villages. This settlement, as well as perhaps the Rajah's gratitude for his restoration, prevented the recurrence of any of those quarrels between the feudatory and the sovereign power which had been so frequent in the past. In 1781, the district was occupied by Hyder Ali, and the Dutch entered into an alliance with him against the English and obtained from him the cession of the Nagore settlement, which had already been assigned to the British. The result of this was Sir Hector Munro's expedition against the Dutch at the end of the year, which resulted in the fall of Negapatam.

Nagore is chiefly famous, and indeed is known throughout and beyond the Presidency, for the *darga* (tomb) of the Muhammadan Saint, Khadar Aulia Miran Sahib, more popularly known as "Nagore Andavar." His name was Shah-ul-Hami Wali Andavar of Nagore. Muhammadan mosques are found almost in every part of the Southern districts but, with the exception of the mosque at Nagore, none are of any note. As observed by Mr. Hemingway "its reputation has indeed spread beyond the boundaries of this Presidency." The Saint is believed to be the last and the twentieth descendant of the Prophet. The annual

Khadari festival, in commemoration of the Saint's death, (interment) usually occurs in June or July. It is stated that the Saint did not meet death, but interred himself alive. The characteristic breathless activity, bustle and sensation on Nagore and the over crowding of railway carriages and railway stations and platforms in the South Indian Railway line, not to speak of the foot and cart traffic during the ten days of this festival, and the religious enthusiasm by all communities,—non-Moslems in particular—need to be seen to be believed, than imagined by a description. On the last day of the festival, the flag is lowered. The Muhammadan Saint is said to have lived and died at Nagore, on the site of the present *darga* about 400 years ago. The *darga* is regarded with great reverence, not only by the Moslems, but also by the Hindus, Brahmins included. Throughout the year, chiefly during the Khadari festival, pilgrims throng to perform their vows. Popular faith is very great in the efficacy of the vows made at the tomb; and prayers for every blessing on earth are said to be heard and granted. This Saint is further said to possess the miraculous power of turning by touch, a pool of salt water into sweet water. Parents, desirous of offspring, take a vow that if an infant be granted them they will perform the ceremony of the first shaving of its head in the *darga*. Similarly when a child is ill, a vow is made that, if it recovers, its jewels will be presented. Litigants take each a different form of vow. It is difficult and wearisome to give an exhaustive list; but the most common of the objects for which vows are taken is to obtain offspring and relief from disease.

The legend is that this Saint was wandering from place to place, until finally he came to Tanjore, when he restored a Rajah of Tanjore to the use of his limbs, which he had lost by witchcraft practised on him by an enemy of his. The Rajah patronized his tomb after his death, he having refused rewards offered him during his life, and built the present mosque around it, which was subsequently embellished with towers and minarets built by his successors. It is an impressive white building of brick and plaster and possesses five tall minarets, the largest 90 feet high, serving as a land mark to seamen. The interior of the building consists of two irregular cloistered courts and of the central tomb standing under a

dome, which is approached through seven doors plated with silver. The *darga* possesses an endowment of 400 acres of land, the annual income from which is estimated at Rs. 10,000, given by the Rajah of Tanjore aforesaid. Besides, there are bazaars and other buildings belonging to the *darga*, and the offerings by the pilgrims are estimated at above Rs. 10,000 a year. The priests known as *sahibmars* in the *darga* are Mussalmans, and Brahmins downwards receive from their hands coconuts, etc., offered to Miran Sahib Andavar by the pilgrims, and eat them unhesitatingly. The flowers spread over the tomb are given to worshippers as *prasadam*s, which are received and when eaten taste sweet like sugar candy. We can daily see Brahmins and other caste women lying in the *darga* in expectation of dreams in fulfilment or otherwise of their prayers.

Before concluding, I shall let Mr. Hemingway speak of what he considers of this sacred tomb. "The Saint is reputed to have lived 400 years ago, and his tomb is said to have been patronized by the Tanjore Rajahs, by whom some of its minarets are believed to have been built. A number of tales are told about his wonderful acts. The annual festival, which takes place in the autumn, attracts a large concourse of pilgrims and persons who have vows to pay from every part of the Presidency and even from beyond it. Hindus (even Brahmins) make vows to the tomb. The festival generally lasts twelve days and most of the ceremonies take place at night. On the ninth evening a fakir is made to sit motionless (at specified intervals he throws limes among the crowd, and these are eagerly scrambled for) in the *darga* and to remain so for 36 hours. The Tanjore Mussalmans have the right of choosing this fakir. He is richly rewarded for his performance. The *darga*, like other important institutions of the kind in the South of India, is visited during the festival by the delegates from the Babayya *darga* at Penukonda in the Anantapur District, who are honorably received. The ceremony of the motionless fakir appears to have been borrowed from the festival at Penukonda."

It will not be without interest if a reference is made in this letter to the

BABAYYA DARGA AT PENUKONDA

the most sacred place in the Ceded Districts for Mussalmans. The history of this

darga is succinctly and clearly narrated by Mr. Francis in his *Gazetteer* of the Anantapur District, which I quote:

"To the east of the fort is Babayya's *darga* or tomb, which is in some ways the most remarkable institution in Penukonda. It is a plain building surmounted by a Saracenic screen and is said to have been constructed by Tippu. Both Tippu and his father Haider granted endowments to the tomb, and its jagirdar (as he is called) still holds their and other sanads. The *darga* stands to one side of a large porch and in the middle of an extensive court, both of which are clearly Hindu in architecture, and are surrounded by other remains of Hindu shrines and by scattered mantapams which are now used by the Mussalmans, but are apparently constructed out of materials taken from Hindu temples. It is indeed admitted that the building was originally a Hindu place of worship. The legend regarding it (which as usual, has many variants) is as follows: Babayya was of royal blood, but turned fakir. He went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and, on his father's advice, resolved that he would adopt as his spiritual guide the man who should hail him by his own, his father's and his country's name. At Mecca one Nathar Aulia, a Saint of Trichinopoly, greeted him in the required manner and was accepted by him as his guide. This Saint gave him a small twig and told him to plant it wherever he halted and to take up his abode at that place in which it budded. At last Babayya's wanderings brought him to Penukonda and there the twig budded. He had by this time collected around him a band of several hundred fakirs, and with this following he established himself in the favourite Hindu temple of the king of the place, Harihara of Vijayanagar, and refused to quit. Instead of appealing to force, the king applied several tests of holiness to see whether the Muhammadan stranger or his own priest was the better qualified by sanctity to possess the temple. As a final test, he had them both tied up in sacks filled with lime and thrown into the tanks which are now called after them, the Babayya and the Jangam tanks. The Hindu priest never re-appeared, but Babayya was shortly afterwards found calmly seated in the Mantapam, which now bears his name on the rocky Iranakonda south of the town. His superior prowess being thus established, he

was permitted to remain in the temple, and he converted it into a Masjid. A tree is still shown near by it, which is supposed to have grown from the twig he planted and it is said to have formerly given a crop of sugar every morning. When he died, the *darga* was created and it has since become a great place of pilgrimage to Mussalmans. A younger brother of Babayya's came to reside in Penukonda and his descendants have always looked after the tomb. "Every September a festival is held at the *darga* to which fakirs resort from great distances. A curious practice is connected with this. On the first day of it the hereditary jagirdar of the tomb, and its endowments nominates certain deputies who travel for the next two years through this Presidency and Mysore, collecting contributions for the *darga* and exercising an indefinite kind of control over other Mussalman endowments. They are accompanied by numerous fakirs who subsist on their bounty and the charity of the public. The most important of all the religious centres visited by this curious guild of fakirs is Trichinopoly, where is the tomb of Nathar Aulia, the religious guide of Babayya. This place is visited at the end of both the first and second year of deputation. At the end of the first year the deputies meet their fakirs, who were appointed in the year before they were themselves nominated and at the end of the second year those who were sent out the year after they themselves started."

THE NATHAR AULIA MOSQUE

Known as Nathar Shah Mosque at Trichinopoly, is known throughout the Presidency and has an interesting legend of its own. I take from Mr. Hemingway's *Gazetteer* of Trichinopoly District.

"In the Nathar Shah Mosque west of the town lie buried the Nawab Muhammad Ali and the headless corpse of his rival Chanda Sahib. This Mosque is an important Mussalman place of pilgrimage, for it contains the tomb of the famous Saint Sultan Saiyad Babayya Nathar Shah. Tradition says that he wandered hither as a fakir, and that in deference to his holiness, this building, then a Hindu temple, was surrendered to him by its priest. The popular story says that when he was discussing the site for his future abode with the priest, the latter suggested that he (the saint) should throw a great ring (valayam) into the air and settle where it

dropped. It fell on the lingam of the priest's own temple, and the latter at once gave up that building for the Saint's accommodation. There is no doubt that the mosque was once a temple. A lingam still stands in it, being now used, as a lamp post, and the entrance porch is an undoubted Mantapam. The Saint lived a life of great holiness in this place and ultimately died and was buried there. His tomb is surrounded by railings of pierced metal-work of curious design. The other tomb in the shrine is that of his disciple, who is said to have been the daughter of a Chola king, to whom the Saint promised offspring on condition that the first born should be given him as his disciple. Her name was Mama Jigna. The Saint is generally supposed by the Mussalmans of this place and of Penukonda to have been the instructor of the great Saint Babayya of the latter town. The fakirs of several orders periodically appointed by the manager of the Penukonda Mosque to supervise the mosques of Southern India always meet their successors and hand over charge at the Nathar Shah Mosque in Trichinopoly. The building is said to have been endowed by Queen Minakshi (1731-36) and by Muhammad Ali. A great festival takes place there in the month of Ramzan, the ceremonies at which are very similar to those at the big Muhammadan festival at Nagore. It lasts for sixteen days and is very largely attended by the Mussalmans and even the Hindus of neighbouring districts. A fakir is required to sit fasting and motionless from the ninth to the sixteenth day. On the fourteenth night sandal is placed on the Saint's tomb. The building itself is not impressive. The dome over it is attributed to Chanda Sahib."

On the west side of the rock in Trichinopoly are two foot marks and the figure of a fish. The Mussalmans say they were made by their Saint Nathar Shah, while the Hindus ascribe them to the Vibhishana, brother of Ravana. Mr. Hemingway considers "the figure of the fish may be of Pandya origin, for a fish was the emblem of that dynasty."

P. R. VENKATESALU NAIDU.



Indian Christian Children



SOME time ago, I felt much impressed by a remark that I had heard an eloquent speaker had made, to the effect that the reformation of India rests, to a great degree on the Indian Christians, who form as it were the link between the old civilization and the new liberalism which is filtering through into our ancient land. This remark seems to me both a commendation and a warning; for, if we consider a moment, we are bound to admit that few of us Indian Christians, realise this great responsibility, and what seems to me of greater moment, there are not many of us who realise that this responsibility is bound to descend to a greater or less degree on our children and children's children. We are apt to forget that "the child is the father of the man." And, as a result, our children grow up beside us more or less ill-fitted for the strenuous life they may have to lead in the world.

I suppose the hearts of mothers, as a general rule, are the same all the old world over. In every mother's heart, however uneducated she may be, there shines the Divine spark; and every mother, in however unconscious a way, prepares herself for the advent of her little one. And where there is education and a wider light to brighten the little spark, what sweet thoughts does not the woman think?

"What manner of child shall this be?"

And "would I might give thee back, my little one, But half the good that I have got from thee."

This expectation is complicated everywhere by different considerations, above all in India, by the fact that a boy is more valued than a girl. This consideration naturally obtains less among the Indian Christians, because there is the necessity wanting among them that the boy should observe the important ceremonies attendant on his father's death and thus gain peace for his soul. But a boy is desired more, all the world over, because he can work for his parents when they grow old; while a girl means a good deal of expense and trouble, chief of them being her marriage expenses and the importance of getting a good husband for her. But the eldest girl is, in many cases, con-

sidered the *Mahalakshmi* (Goddess of Fortune) of the house; and there are many mothers who want daughters to grow up beside them, who can help them in their domestic work and whom they can dress prettily and teach all their own little accomplishments to. Be this as it may, a girl infant has a better chance of being welcomed into an Indian Christian than into a Hindu home. Moreover, in a Hindu house, the advent of the baby is not much materially prepared for; no little clothes are made ready, such as every European mother's heart delights over, because, forsooth, it is bad luck to thus anticipate happiness. But I am glad to say that our Indian Christians, and even many Hindus, are freeing themselves from such and other shackles; and in many households things are carried on with as much regard for convenience and sanitary comfort as among Europeans.

And so the child is born. The mother dresses him in pretty clothes, often in brilliant hues, which are too bright for the little one's colour, and in silks and laces which seem incongruous when compared with the means of the parents. But these are little things; and there is no accounting for tastes. (I must, however, as a parenthesis, make one exception—a more or less personal one. I wish those hideous wool-caps which some Indian Christians, especially the poorer ones, put on their children, could be altogether abolished!). To proceed—There are many Indians, of course, who feed their infants according to English methods; but there are again many, among Indian Christians, who follow the reprehensible custom of giving a taste of everything they eat to the little one, even from its infancy. As a result, the child acquires an unnatural taste for delicacies and pungent condiments. But the Indian mother, unlike many an English mother, does not leave her child to the tender mercies of the *Ayah*. She looks after it personally, giving up most of her time to the consideration of its comforts and pleasures. This is, of course, a great advantage; but it is also attended with one or two disadvantages. For instance, the little one is allowed to mix too much in the company of its elders and listen to their old talk. As a result, it grows too quickly for its age, and its little head is filled with all sorts of grown-up ideas. Witness the idea of marriage, which

so many Indian children grow up with, as it were. From earliest childhood, their husbands or wives are chosen for them, and they are constantly twitted with marriage talk and learn to grow shy and hang their heads when their future consorts are mentioned. Moreover, Indian children get too much praise. Every little good point in them is praised up to the skies, so that the child grows up proud of itself; and many bad points are excused, on the plea of childishness, and because such things are apt to seem so sweet in children. In a word, I am afraid that Indian children are spoiled by too much fondling and indulgence. On the other hand, while there is too much indulgence on the one side, there is too much repression on the other. It is a common sight to see Indian children sitting stiffly in their elders' company, shy and so little inclined to mischief, that they seem unnatural children. But in these "advancing" days, the Indian mother, and especially the Indian Christian mother, has a better chance of bringing up her children in the ways of truth and honesty. Moreover, she can read and write a little; and hence the first A. B. C's. of the children and their first little attempts at counting can be impressed on their minds by the tender ways of motherhood.

But the children are growing up and make too much noise in the house; besides, the mother cannot spare time to look after their increasing lessons; so the little ones are sent to school, where according to their temperament, they spend more or less a happy time in games and kindergarten exercises. And little friendships and here—on pain of being found fault with—I must say one thing. Too much stress is laid on the English language. Too little attention is paid to the vernaculars. In fact, I have known grown-up Indian Christian girls, who are unable to read and write well their own language; and who—strange to say—take pride in such inability. Certainly, a knowledge of English is necessary; but why such contempt of the dear mother tongue? But to proceed,—the children learn many good things in the schools. They acquire courage and grit and perseverance, they learn to look after themselves, perhaps much better than their own parents know about it. They also learn many good habits; they acquire English and

learn how to behave in society. Also no doubt, they learn other good qualities, and many of them grow up to be good men and women.

But progress is not always made in a good direction. There are also undesirable things which growing children learn. For instance, they get too fond of English customs and manners and try to ape Europeans in many ways, unnecessary for Indians. Moreover they become too self-confident and critical of others. I think there are three kinds of Indian boys and girls. There is the too shy and reserved girl, who has not at all advanced, at least outwardly, who bangs her head and scarcely opens her mouth when visitors go to her house; who, if she is asked to sing or play or show off any little accomplishment she has, as girls are often asked to do, trembles and is altogether unable to do anything. I am not saying this latter is not a good thing. Indeed, it is good not to be anxious to show off oneself. And I am not saying that such a shy and backward girl may not be a sterling girl at heart. Far from it; I am only describing society ways. Then there is the sweet, modest, unassuming girl, often quiet, sometimes overflowing with happy spirits, but more often with an engaging shyness and reserve which seem natural and proper to Indian girls;—ever ready to make peace, to put her friends at ease, to help others, full of tact and kindness, an ideal girl. Such a girl may not have much dash and verve, but to me she is the ideal girl. Then there is the advanced society-girl—I am glad there are not many such—who has even learnt to flirt, who is ever thinking of her dress, who talks of sweethearts and young men, who is snobbish and looks down on people in a lower position than herself, who is jealous and critical of others. Here again, these bad traits may only be surface traits, and the girl may have a heart of gold. If so, it has to be freed from its trammels.

Indian Christian girls have certainly a better chance of happiness than Hindu girls. They are much better educated; they have that free communion with men, and that freer intercourse with outside society which is so necessary for the enlargement of the mind. They have a better chance of happy marriages; for, in some cases they are allowed to choose their husbands. And here, may I say a word about the choice of husbands

for Indian girls? Fathers and mothers all the world over wish their sons and daughters to make marriages of position, money and education. The personal liking is not often looked to. This is a fault everywhere, but chiefly is it a fault in Hindu and even in Indian Christian society. Why do not Indian Christians allow their children, where possible, to choose their own help-meets? Why look always for dowries and position? A restrictive right must, I suppose, be exercised. But, as I said before, the position is certainly better in Indian Christian than in Hindu society; and moreover there are not here the evils of infant marriage and the prohibition of widow-marriage. And, above all, Indian Christians have the great morality of the Christian religion behind them. What better influence can they have on outside society?

If we attend an Indian Christian Church, we shall see that Indian Christian society is made up of all classes of people, of rich and poor, of educated and ignorant, of high-caste and low-caste. When we talk of Indian Christian society, we are apt to disregard the lower or Pariah class. Indian Christians themselves are very proud, if they get high-caste converts. And yet the greater part of Indian Christians are made up from the Panchama caste. It is obvious therefore that, if Indian Christian society is to be advanced, the low-castes also must be raised by education. But here an objection is often raised that education unfits the lower classes for their legitimate work. This again is true; but I think intelligence and worth must also be weighed in the balance. It is however, difficult to differentiate. Parental love has also to be taken into account. Which father will allow that his child is stupid and cannot benefit much by education? So, we have to depend a great deal on chance and "the survival of the fittest" Hence we get a mixed society—worthy people in their proper positions, unworthy people in positions too high for them, who are imbued with false pride and false dignity. Such people are naturally called upstarts; but one must be careful to apply the term. When low-caste people raise themselves by the worth of their character and by good education to a good position, one must respect them. When fortune raises unworthy people to a position for which indeed they are unfitted, then indeed are they upstarts. But,

what about the worthy people who are in an unworthy position? Some of our Indian Christian young men go to England, some are men of influence and position, but what about the educated youth, who has to earn perhaps a low clerk's salary of Rs. 15. In this case, new lines must be struck out. Why look always for Government work? Why not turn your hands to mechanical work and to trade? Where is the loss of dignity here?

And so what our society needs is a strong feeling of union and tolerance for the unfortunate, of self-denial and humility, of self-respect but not false dignity, of courage and perseverance. We have need to keep a high ideal constantly before us and to try to work up to it. For is not our position a responsible one, and are not many critical eyes looking on us and examining us.

AN INDIAN CHRISTIAN LADY.

News and Notes

RANEE OF VIZIANAGRAM'S VIEW.—In her presidential speech delivered at the seventh session at the Bharat Mahila Preshad at Allahabad on the 28th December the Ranee of Vizianagram alluded to the pleasure it gave her to meet her Indian sisters assembled in conference to discuss common aims and objects, and proceeded:—

As I think of the needs of the women of India at the present moment, it gives me not a little pain that education has made such small progress among them, especially among Hindus and Muhamadans who form the larger portion of the population of the country. How can the country advance when so many of her daughters are steeped in ignorance? Is it not the duty of every Indian woman to take her proper place among her sisters of other lands, to rise above custom and convention so as to bear her share in the progress of the nation? The country has great need of the culture of her women. Politically under the care of a most enlightened Government, she is making wonderful strides in the march of progress. Half a century of English education is slowly fitting her sons for higher and higher planes of life. Ought alone her daughters to look on with folded hands, mute and inglorious, and where possible clog the wheel and drag it backwards?

It is said that the condition of the women of a country is a test of its civilisation. In some countries of the world woman occupies the position of a drudge, in others she is treated as a mere toy, in others still she is at best a mere ornament, while in the most highly advanced ones she is a true, faithful and devoted helpmate to man. India, which presents all types of civilisation, presents all these varying conditions of womanhood, but never is a higher ideal of wifely qualities presented than in the famous Sanskrit verse which describes a wife as "a statesman in counsel, a servant in works, a mother in solicitude and a Venus in love." Yet this is by no means an imaginary picture. The function of woman is not merely of an ornamental nature. She has to shed light and sunshine on the life of man by her good breeding and sweet temper, fit the coming generation for its part in life by example and precept and sweeten and beautify the home by the patience with which she works and the skill with which she manages its affairs. Nay, her duties pass beyond the home and extend far into the world beside. In the present condition of the country she is in a position to influence many activities of the life of the nation. Her help is indispensable in all matters where reform should proceed from within. Many questions of our social reform are at present hung up till the women of the country become enlightened enough to solve them. True in some respects we act as the ballast to hold the conditions of national life in position, but in many we are a heavy drag impeding all movements. This, of course, is due to a lack of insight into the meaning of our institutions, of the way in which other countries have progressed, a lack of general culture, of courage and a desire for progress. These can alone be attained, I need not repeat, by a liberal education and by a more active part in public affairs. Another direction in which there is great need of our services is the religious and moral institution of our children with a view to bring them up in a spirit of reverence for the past, a love for the country and a respect for authority.

Yet another service, to mention only one, which we can render is towards the improvement of the relations between the rulers and the ruled in our own sphere and the establishment of a better understanding between the two races. This we can do by forming a

large circle of friendship with our English sisters and by mixing freely with them in social intercourse. We should walk abreast of the times. We must shake off ignorance and rise above all forces that tend to keep us down. On us lies the duty of rearing a race of young men fully qualified to hold their own in the battle of life. Let the example of our own women of the past—let alone that of the women of other countries—teach us how woman can make the history of her country.

I have only to warn you against the danger of our losing our fine national virtues in our search after modern ideals. We have no reason to be ashamed of our present moral equipment; as a class we are gentle and modest, willing and loyal in our submission to the will of man, hospitable, charitable and pious. I am proud of this fact, and should consider anything a calamity which would shift such an ideal from the vision of the coming generation of young women. A perfect system of education for them would be what, besides training the intellect, would make them faithful wives, enlightened mothers, loyal subjects and devoted creatures of God.

In winding up the proceedings the Ranee of Vizianagaram said in the course of a short speech:—

I have only one word to add. It is our bounden duty ever to try that our children may grow thoroughly loyal to the British Raj under which we all are prospering. I do not mean to say that the Indians are disloyal. What I mean to say is that we should not only remain loyal, but also that where our influence can reach disloyalty should not be permitted. Let the motto of every Indian woman therefore be "Loyalty to the British Raj."

HINDU WIDOW'S HOME ASSOCIATION, POONA.—Mrs. Athavale's work at Secunderabad and Hyderabad, Deccan, met with an unprecedented success. In all Rs. 2,800 were collected. The following contributions deserve special mention. R. B. Seth Ram Gobal, Rs. 1,000; Mr. D. Krishnaiya and Mr. C. Vasudeva Rao, Rs. 200 each; Seth Sadasukh Jankidas, Rs. 151; Seths Hira-chand Punamchand and Sagarmal Girdhari-lal Rs. 101 each; and Seths Shivraj U. Chandrayya, R. Kondayya, C. Virannah, Mrs. Krishnabai Adhikari, and Messrs. Krishnoji

Gopalrao, Venkatarao Antu, and V. R. Naik, Rs. 100 each. These two places have placed the Home under a deep debt of gratitude.

Three girls were sent up for the Vernacular final examination and all of them passed. One stood 10th, another 18th and the third 44th among 150 successful male candidates. These were the only girls that appeared at the examination.

Eight girls were sent up for the First Grade Art Drawing Examination, conducted by the Bombay School of Art and these also passed.

There were 49 visitors during the month, 3 being ladies, 33 gentlemen, and 13 advanced students. Of these 22 came from Poona; 9 from Gujrat; 7 from Bombay; 2 each from S. M. Country and the Punjab; and one each from the Carnatic, Madras Presidency, Mysore State, Nizam's Dominions and Bengal.

The number of contributors during the month was 129 and the total of contributions amounted to Rs. 3,086.

EGYPTIAN PRINCESS AND ENGLISH OFFICER.—A correspondent writes:—An Egyptian Princess, named Shweikar, daughter of the late Prince Ibrahim, has recently married an English Officer, who is an A. D. C. to Major General Sir John Maxwell. Only a short time ago, the marriage of the Princess Saliha, the young widow of Prince Muhammed Bey Ibrahim, with a Russian Count was announced, and it seems that others are following suit. The Nationalist newspaper, "Mist-el Fatal" condemns such marriages in strong terms, and there is a forcible appeal to the Khedive, imploring His Highness to give orders "that all the Princesses of the Khedival family should be brought up in accordance with the precepts of genuine religious education, which is based on Islamic faith, and to prevent the Princesses from spending their holidays abroad, except in Oriental countries, such as Constantinople or Syria or other Oriental cities, where the population is Muslim."—*The Observer*, Lahore.

MULTAN GIRLS' SCHOOL.—The annual distribution of prizes to the girls of the M. B. Nagri School, Multan, was held on the 20th instant in the spacious compound of the school building, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Mrs. Anderson presided

over the meeting. The report read out by the Head Mistress of the School showed a remarkable progress made by the School in the year under report. It showed that there were six branch schools under the institution and that there were 534 girls studying in it. A new room costing about Rs. 500 was erected this year. Lady Dane who visited the School this year was highly pleased with the recitations of the girls, and in her memory Mrs. Hari Chand gave a silver medal for the best pass in the Middle School Examination, Dewan Bahadur Narendra Nath M. A., Deputy Commissioner, gave Rs. 25 for sweetmeats on his last visit. The exhibition of needle-work and clay modelling was much appreciated. The remarks of the Inspectress of Schools, the Punjab, that the School was the best one of those existing in the province are creditable to it.—*Tribune*, Lahore.

THE GOVERNMENT GIRLS' SCHOOL, WALLAJAPET.—A correspondent writes—The distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Government Girls' School, Wallajapet, took place on the 5th instant in the hall of the School, which was tastefully decorated. Mrs. Stodart, wife of Mr. J. C. Stodart, the Acting Collector and District Magistrate of North Arcot, presided. Among those present were the local Tahsildar, the Sub-Magistrate, the Municipal Chairman and other officials and non-official *elite* of the town. An attractive programme of songs, recitations, *Kolattam* and *Kummi* was gone through by the girls, one of whom read an interesting essay on "Female Education." The Report of the School was read by Mrs. Pakkiammal, the Head Mistress, and showed that the School continued to improve in strength and efficiency during the past year. After giving away the prizes, Mrs. Stodart made a short speech, expressing her great pleasure in presiding at the function and her appreciation of all that she had seen that evening, and exhorted the parents of the girls to continue to send their girls to school until they finished their education in the highest class, without withdrawing them in the middle of their course, as many Hindu parents do. Mrs. Stodart and those present were then garlanded and presented with flowers, etc. Mr. Vijiaraghava Moodelliar, the Municipal Chairman, thanked Mr. Stodart, on behalf of the Head Mistress, in a short speech, and, at the request of Mrs.

Stodart, explained to those present the purport, in Tamil, of her speech. With the singing of the National Anthem, and three cheers for Their Majesties the King and Queen and for Mr. Mrs. and Miss Stodart, the proceedings were brought to a close.

A BRAHMIN WIDOW REMARRIAGE.—A Brahmin widow remarriage was celebrated in this town on the night of the 2nd instant between Mr. Namuduri Vyaghreshwararao, some time Assistant Sanskrit Pandit, Kallikota College, Berhampore, aged 27 years, and Srimati Kameswaramma aged 16 years. The bride who belongs to a respectable Niyogi family of Narsapur in the Kistna District lost her first husband when she was a girl of ten. The marriage was attended by several teachers of the College, clerks of the Collector's office, members of the local Brahmo Samaj, students of the College and other gentry numbering about 300. The Rajah of Ramachendrapur, Messrs. R. Venkataratnam Naidu, M. A., Nalam Ramalingiah, V. Ramakrishnarao, B.A., L.T., and the members of the Young Men's Prayer Union, gave money presents to the happy couple.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—The higher education of women is referred to at some length in the annual report of the Director of Public Instruction in the Bombay Presidency, who incorporates the portion relating to the question from the report of the Principal of Elphinstone College. It appears that there are at present 30 women students in Elphinstone College, 30 in the Wilson College, and others in St. Xavier's College. This number, and the knowledge that the figures for girl undergraduates are rising, makes the Principal consider the time to be ripe for the creation in Bombay of a women's college managed by a staff of Oxford or Cambridge women graduates. If, he says, the conditions of University education for women were in accord with Oriental ideas the number of students would go up by leaps and bounds. This statement shows the extraordinary change that has taken place in Oriental ideas in the last century, for it was in 1825 that the first girls' schools were opened by Protestant missionaries in Bombay, and as late as 1899 only thirty-eight women were returned as having passed

the B. A. examination in all the Universities of India.

GOVERNMENT GIRLS' SCHOOL, MADURA.—As announced, the distribution of prizes to the pupils of this Institution came on the 24th instant under the presidency of Mrs. Foulkes. Punctual to the time, the President accompanied by Mrs. Banner and Mr. Foulkes arrived and all the items in the programme were gone through with great éclat. The attendance was large and representative of both sexes. The Head Mistress and her assistants are to be congratulated for the excellent arrangement of that evening. Following the prize distribution, Mrs. Foulkes spoke about the successful performance of all the items in the programme and held the audience spell bound by her sweet and advisory speech, thanked the Head Mistress for the honor she had done her and also thanked the visitors who graced the occasion by their presence.—“Visitor.”

GOVERNMENT GIRLS' SCHOOL, ANANTAPUR.—H. E. Lady Lawley, who was received by Mrs. S. Sundram Iyer and Mrs. P. Adimurti Rao, at the GOVERNMENT GIRLS' SCHOOL, ANANTAPUR, wrote the following remarks in the visitors' book:—

I visited the school on the 11th November, and was much pleased with the nice manners of the children and with their neat and cheerful appearance. I heard them sing and go through the *kolattam*, but was sorry that the time at my disposal was so short that I was unable to see more of their work. I was particularly interested to find that one of the pupils is a widow studying to become a teacher—it is much to be regretted that her good example is not more and more universally followed. If the parents of widows and the widows themselves only realised what a life of usefulness lies before them, if they take up this work, I feel certain that many would come forward to be trained and thus add to their own happiness, as well as to that of others.

A DISTINGUISHED LADY SCHOLAR.—Mrs. Arthur Strong, a former student, as Eugenie Sellers, at Girton College, now Assistant Director of the British School at Rome, has been elected the first holder of a Fellowship, of the value of £300 per annum for

life, founded at Girton for “the woman of University training, but not necessarily a student of Girton, who shall have distinguished herself in some branch of intellectual work.”

MISS B. A. ENGINEER.—Miss B. A. Engineer has just taken her LL.B. degree of the Bombay University. She is the first lady who has taken a law degree on this side of India. She is an M.A., and also a distinguished esperantist. She is the Second Parsee lady who intends to follow the legal profession, the first being Miss Cornelia Sorabji, who was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple and is now resident in Calcutta.

LADY HARDINGE.—Lady Hardinge has assumed the Presidentship of the Countess of Dufferin Fund.

JANE ADDAMS.—Jane Addams is out with a new book, “Twenty Years at Hull House.”

MISS ETHEL STILLMAN.—Miss Ethel Stillman of Chicago has been elected President of the under-graduate council, the chief student-governing body of the University of Chicago. She is the first girl ever chosen for the office.

MRS. ANNA CADOGAN ETZ.—Mrs. Anna Cadogan Etz of Cornell, N. Y., has got out a new suffrage leaflet entitled “For Men Only.” It is forcibly written, and deals with the connection between the ballot and the cost of living. It does not give the price of the leaflet, as every suffrage document ought to do.

ARYA GIRLS' SCHOOL.—Lady Dane's words of encouragement to the Arya Samaj at the prize-giving ceremony of the Arya Girls' School last week at Lahore for their splendid work of educating Indian women will be echoed by all who wish to promote the progress of their country. There is nothing that acts so much as a drag on the advancement of a people as illiteracy and ignorance of its women. They are the mothers of the race, and it is at their knees that the growing generation learn their first lessons; it is a mother's influence that is the most impressionable and moulds the character of the youth, and ultimately makes or mars the man. If our womanhood are allowed to

remain in ignorance, how can we ever hope to be a nation. Both the Government and the educated classes have come to recognise that female education is one of our greatest needs and we see a movement throughout the country towards this end. This has had the sanction of the Vedas and Lady Dane's words in this connection is worth repeating. “It is also a cause of great satisfaction to learn” she said “that the Vedas inculcate the necessity for educating the women of the country and that such education should not be divorced from religious instruction. A girls' school cannot succeed unless the girls are properly instructed in the tenets of religion. All the world over women work largely by affection and intuitive perception, and unless these are based on religion and morality, which unconsciously mould and support the fabric of human action, women cannot well keep a true level and exercise their all-important influence on their husbands and children. Modesty is woman's chief glory and her religion should be modest, reserved, full of charity, striving only to promote the good that is in others, and soothing rough places. Such, I trust, will ever be the faith taught in this school, which, I am sure, will be of the greatest benefit to girls of your creed.” We wish every success to the Arya Samaj in their noble work of uplifting the womanhood of the Punjab; their example should be more widely followed throughout India.”

MRS. MARY CARROLL.—Mrs. Mary Carroll has been appointed sanitary officer in St. Louis. She works under the direction of the city's recreation department, and visits

rest rooms and other public-comfort stations to see that all sanitary precautions are taken and that the places are kept perfectly clean.

SUFFRAGE CLUB.—The College Equal Suffrage Club of Cincinnati listened to an address by Mrs. May Wright Sewall at its opening meeting for the season. Mrs. Sewall said that her “recipe for the success of women suffrage clubs was to organize local clubs, “nondenominational,” bringing together women who are different.”

MISS JESSIE NICHOLSON.—Miss Jessie Nicholson inherited a farm of 225 acres in New Jersey which her father had farmed in the old way. When she took it she realized that the new way to do things is to specialize, so she began to do this on the farm. She raises Canada field peas, her own hay, and makes a silo, sells chickens and milk, and that is all. There are 100 cows, and she puts away \$3,000 each year.

MME. JUDITH GAUTIER.—Mme. Judith Gautier has been elected as the first woman member of the Academic Goncourt. The nine members who met in Paris to fill the chair left vacant by the death of the author, Jules Renard, unanimously chose her to succeed him. Mme. Gautier, well known for her original and charming stories, notably her Japanese sketches and her humorous plays, is one of the three daughters of Theophile Gautier. She married the late M. Catulle Mendes the distinguished poet and critic. Mme. Gautier has been writing for 30 years.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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VEGETABLE MARKET IN BOATS, KASHMIR

18 APR 1911
MADRAS



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. X]

FEBRUARY, 1911

[No. 8

SONNET—A DREAM

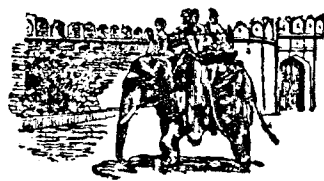
THE farmers told me, 'Give us no command;
To make thy bread thine own fields cultivate;
Weavers cried out, 'Thy own cloth fabricate;
And builders, 'Take this trowel in thine hand;
And lone, abandoned by the human band,
Bearing about me their relentless hate,
I prayed to Heaven their wrath to mitigate;
But it sent lions on my path to stand.
Here broke my dream. Another day had birth.
Humméd looms afar, fields sown appeared in ken,
And masons, mounting ladders, sang in mirth;
I knew my happiness, and first felt then
None may dispense with others' help on earth,
And from that time I learned to love all men.

—Toru Dutt.

Glimpses of a Tour in Kashmir

BY LADY BENSON

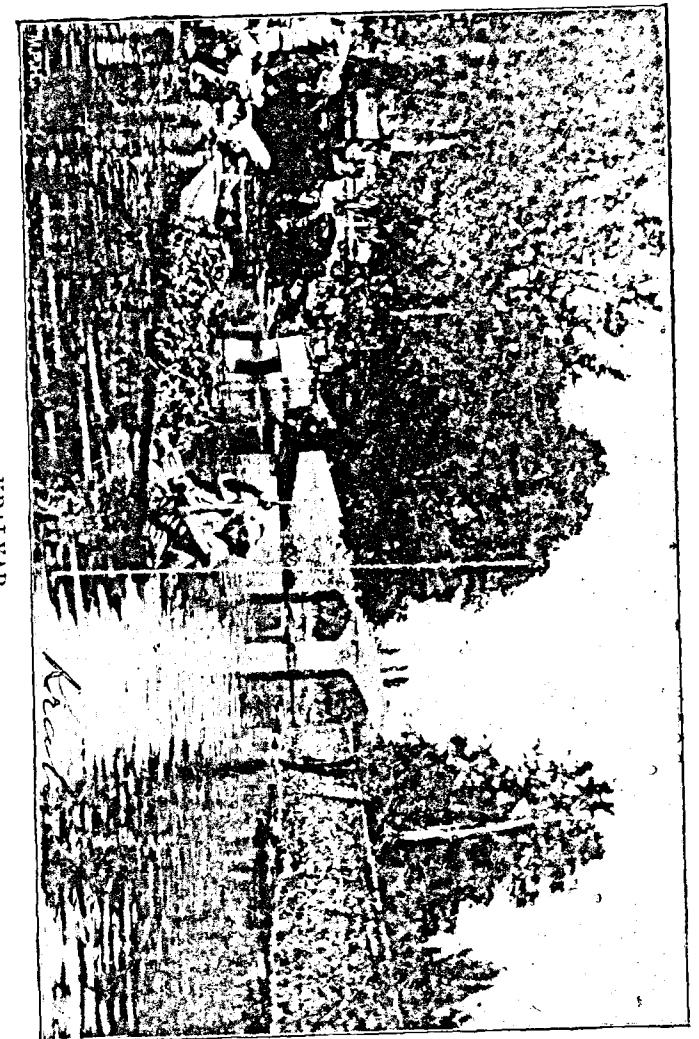
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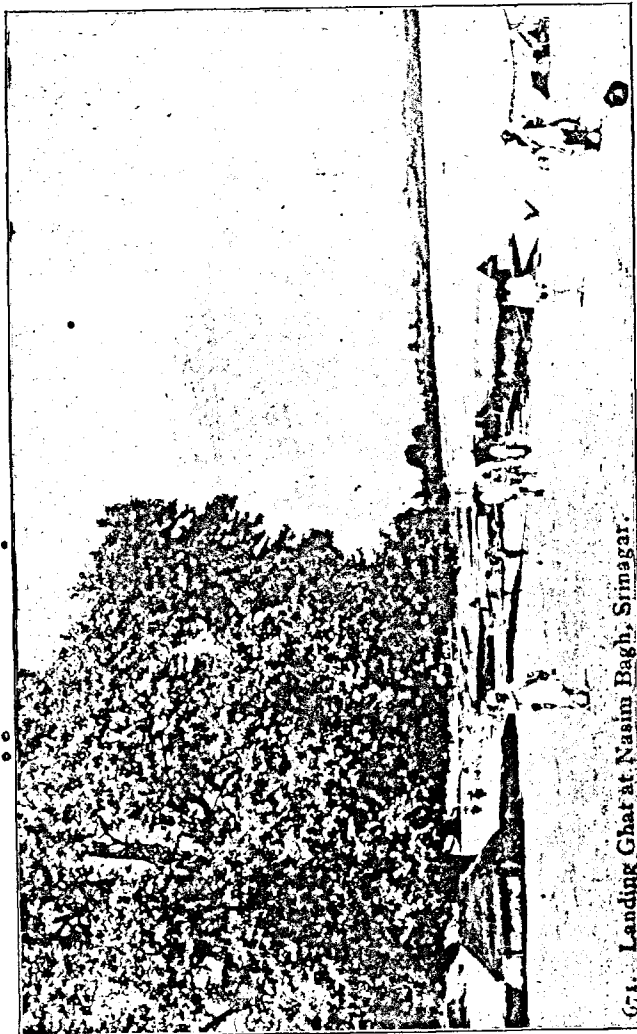
THE approach to Srinagar, the "Venice of Asia by river, and through tortuous canals, passing under bridge after bridge, is fascinating. The gabled houses, and flights of stone steps to the water's edge, the jutting-out balconies, the beautiful carving and pierced tracery-work of the window screens, makes an *ensemble* of picturesqueness which it must be hard to beat. Emerging from the canals on to the broad rushing Jhelum river, caused our boatmen to work very hard in order to keep the houseboat straight and steady. We soon passed out of the river through a lock into another canal, the Apple canal, leading to the Chenar Bagh, a very favourite spot, where visitors "tie up" their boats. We were greatly disappointed to find every available spot, under the spreading trees, occupied, and were in despair of being able to find a resting place for our much loved little "ark." However, eventually we were very lucky in securing a place next to our friends and relatives, Colonel and Mrs F. They owned a charming houseboat, and as they had been in Kashmir for many seasons, they were able to help us in very many ways. Nearly all through our remaining stay in Kashmir we carried out many of our expeditions together. It was Sunday evening when we arrived in Srinagar, and we sat on the roof of our boat, watching boat-load after boat-load of people dressed in their Sunday-best (all black and white for the King) rowing, or rather being rowed to church, for evening service. Residents in Kashmir dress their boatmen in uniform, and very smart the different crews looked in the gay little boats, some in red and green, others in blue and white, or in green and white. As these colours were all reflected in the water as they rowed past, the bright effect was doubly pleasing.

The first expedition we undertook in Srinagar was to ascend the Takht-i-Suleiman, a climb of a thousand feet. The sight from the summit, 6,263 feet above the sea, reveals a clear view of the city and its suburbs, and of the glorious mountain ranges which surround it on all sides. The temple on the top is

said to have been built in B. C. 220, by a son of the great Asoka. The temple is small, and has walls eight feet in thickness. It is raised on an octagonal base of solid masonry, and approached by very slippery stone steps. On a really clear morning or evening, when the snow lies deep on the mountains, this view is probably one of the finest in the world. We paused many times during our ascent to admire the views above, below, and around us; the snowy ranges, and verdant stretches of cultivated fields, the silvery winding river and canals, and the Dal Lake below covered with lotus plants, and the lower hill of Hari Parbat on the further side, crowned by Akbar's Fort. The Takht is the great landmark in the Valley of Kashmir, and comes into numbers of pictures and photographs. In the evening we boated on the Dal Lake, and rowed as far as the beautiful *Nasim Bagh*, or garden of delicious breezes. For miles the Lake is divided up into clear canals, the weeds being raked together on either side among reeds and willows, to form clear water ways. *Floating gardens* are made by dividing the roots of aquatic plants, growing in shallow places, about two feet under the water. They are cut into long beds, about two yards wide. The heads of reeds, and sedges, and other plants are cut and laid upon its surface, and covered with a thin coating of mud. The bed floats, but is kept in its place by means of a long stake of willow, driven through it at each end, which admits of its rising or falling with the rise or fall of the water. Melons, cucumbers, and tomatoes are grown on these floating gardens, planted in earth, surrounded by firm whisps of straw, so that they look as if they were growing in good-sized *nests*. After a storm the gardens not infrequently drag away from their stakes, and sail off down the lake. It is no uncommon sight then to see the market gardeners giving chase in their boats to their flighty gardens, and towing them back into position again! The water of the lake is as clear as crystal, and one can see the world of water-plants below just as in the Manisbal Lake. After rowing through miles of these clear water canals, and past dozens of floating gardens, we passed under a beautiful three spanned hog-backed bridge, which had been built, centuries ago, by the Persians. Here is the village of Kralia with a Muhammadan mosque and Hindu temple on either side, with stone steps and platform



KRALIAH



671. Landing Ghat at Nasim Bagh, Srinagar.

LANDING GHAT AT NASIM BAGH, SRINAGAR

coming down to the water's edge. On these were groups of people dressed in orange, green, blue and red garments, with many of them terra cotta, brass or copper chatties in their hands, or on their heads, while many children in a state of nature, swam about, kicking, and splashing in the water. The whole scene offered endless subjects for sketches. After the canals, we emerged on to the open lake. It is far too large to be explored in one day. There are several famous gardens on its shores, built by the old Moghul Emperors, besides bays and inlets in various directions, all with special features of beauty. Our first visit was to *Nasim Bagh*. We found a number of houseboats tethered there, and camps of tents, occupied by European visitors, pitched on the green sward under the gigantic Chenar trees. The F's had brought out tea, which we soon had spread out on the grass "under a spreading chenar tree." When the kettle was boiled, we enjoyed the delicious tea served in dainty China cups, with cream and sandwiches, cakes, and a basket of luscious cherries. I think we had even a better time than the people of the days of Jehangir and Shah Jehan! In their days the trees must have been mere babes (they had only been planted by Akbar), while we, 300 years later on, were rejoicing in the shade and beauty of them as huge old giants. We wandered about after tea looking down vista after vista of ancient avenues. As chenar trees grow old, the trunks get great hollows in them. I walked into one with my umbrella up, and found myself in quite a large-sized room, inside the trunk! The row back to our houseboat in the late twilight was most enjoyable.

It is impossible not to grow enthusiastic over the beauties of the Dal Lake. For artists, fishermen and photographers, it has never ending attractions. Sunrise and sunset, with their varying effects of light, colour, shadow and reflections, over mountains and water, are enough to inspire admiration and ecstasy in every breast. Even only hearing of the sunsets inspired our Irish poet Moore to write:

Oh! to see it at sunset when warm o'er the lake
Its splendour at parting a summer' eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half-shown,

And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own,
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the magician his urn full of perfume is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing,
Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines

The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks, where the young people meet,

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks."

The glory has indeed departed from the "Isles of Chenars" or the Rupa Tanka or Silver Island." The twin islet to it, the Sona Tank, or Golden Island, is in another part of the lake. As recently as 1835 Vigne, a French traveller, described the Isle of Chenars, as containing a small square temple with marble pillars and roof (once covered with silver), together with a garden filled with roses, stocks and vines. He wrote "It would be an excellent place for the bust of Tom Moore, which I prophesy will sooner or later be placed there"—a prophecy still unfulfilled. In the same year Vigne, Baron Hugel and Dr. Henderson met in Srinagar, and with the consent of Ranjit Singh, placed a marble slab in the Isle of Chenars, with the following inscription:—

Three travellers.
Baron Carl von Hugel, from Jamu
John Henderson, from Ladak
Godfrey Thomas Vigne, from Iskardo

who met in Srinagar in 1835 (Nov. 18th) have caused the names of those European travellers, who had previously visited the Vale of Kashmir to be hereunder engraved:—

Bernier 1663
Forster 1786?

Moorcroft, Trebeck, and Guthrie 1823
Wolff 1832

Of these, three only lived to return to their native country.

Now the pavilion is gone; a mass of masonry in ruins fills the centre of the island. Three chenars still grow in the three corners; the garden is a wilderness, and the island is in a very dirty insanitary state.

It seems a thousand pities that the Kashmir durbar should not undertake to restore to its former beauty this world-famed beauty spot in Kashmir. Even the marble slab with the above engraving has disappeared! Opposite the *Nasim Bagh* is the *Shalimar* or Royal Garden. We had the usual delicious row, or rather paddle across the lake, (for the boatmen use heart shaped paddles, not oars). We passed again through the translucent canals, bordered with reeds, bulrushes, silver willows; poplars, and float-

ing islands, past tumble-down picturesque villages, under the Persian bridge, out into the open Lake with its lotus leaves and floating sprays of singara water-nuts. These latter are supported underneath with little fairy air-bladders, the daintiest arrangement possible! The reflections of the mountains and snows in the lake as well as the lights and shadows on the mountains themselves made a most perfect picture whereon to gaze all the time. These beauties are by no means lost on the Kashmiris themselves, for on their carpets, their embroidered table-cloths and curtains, and on their carved tables and screens they constantly reproduce the "Dal Lake pattern, the lotus leaves, the Singara water nuts, and the leaves and berries of the Chenars." The approach to the Shalimar Gardens is down a broad, stone walled-in canal, upwards of a mile long, with stately Chenar trees on either side. It is such a stately, dignified, noble approach, one almost felt as if one were being ushered into the presence of Royalty and a Court! The Shalimar is a walled garden, 600 yards long, and is arranged in four terraces of equal size. The three lower have pavilions built over them, through the centre of each the stream runs which supplies the fountains. In its centre is the pavilion which still contains six black marble polished pillars, and stands in the centre of a square reservoir which contains 144 fountains. The Shalimar is a favourite place for picnics, and at night when the fountains are playing, and the pavilions and grounds illuminated with coloured lamps, the effect is very beautiful. The fountains play every Sunday afternoon. We saw the gardeners in the Shalimar picking trays full of rose-petals for the Maharajah's "poojah" next day.

Not far from the Shalimar is the *Nishat Bagh*, which is quite the queen of the old Moghul gardens. It means the "Garden of gladness" and it certainly fulfilled its description for us. We shall always look back on the 1st of June, the day we spent there, as a red letter day.

Yet though it is not far from the Shalimar, we rowed quite a new way to it. The Dal Lake is almost divided into two by a long causeway fringed with willows, six miles in length, and frequently broken by hog-backed bridges, very steep and pointed in shape, to allow house-boats to pass under them. The *Nishat Bagh* extends for nearly

600 yards, it runs up the lower slope of a mountain and is arranged in 7 terraces, with waterfalls over zigzagged stones (to produce a rippling effect) falling from terrace to terrace. The whole is enclosed by high walls with lofty octagonal watch towers at the corners. In the front as you enter is a two storied pavilion, which stands on a stone terrace, surrounded by fountains and water shoots. The pavilion has an open square of water and fountains in its centre, round which the rooms are built. Every room and the verandah is constructed with Moorish arches and lotus-corniced pillars, and all the window-spaces filled in with delicate fret-work in geometrical patterns (as in Egypt). The views from these arched recesses are most beautiful. Looking up the hill, there rose six terraces with stately avenues of enormous Chenars, waterfalls, fountains, and broad green turf lawns. These lawns are beautifully kept, and mown with mowing machines. As to the roses they defy description, creeping in festoons over apple and quince trees, pear and peach trees. The pavilion itself was so smothered with roses and honeysuckle that you could have smelt the perfume almost half a mile away! There were broad beds of pansies, and belts and belts of irises, and orange tiger lilies on either side of the fountains. We walked up terrace after terrace to the top of the garden, where we found a park-like expanse of green turf under enormous Chenar trees. Here we spent the day, having breakfast and afternoon tea, wandering about, looking at the views and simply wearing out all the adjectives in the dictionary expressive of beauty and satisfaction. Outside the garden, the mountains (deep purple-blue in colour) rose very precipitously, 4,000 feet above, as if gathering in to protect and shut in this choice spot. With great reluctance we wended our way home in the evening, as a storm was gathering, black and blue all over the mountains. It is dangerous to be overtaken by a storm on the open lake, in a shikara. The water soon gets lashed into waves, which wash into the boats, and swamp them in a few minutes. Fortunately the storm kept to the mountain tops, and did not extend to the lake, so we were able to linger in the boats on our way home, and not return until 7-30, quite satisfied with our 12 hours' outing. We spent King George's birthday, the 3rd of June, on an expedition, with the F's., in our shikara to see the *Mar Canal*, and to walk up the

hill-fort of *Hari Parbat*. Fortunately it was a cloudy morning, and the water in the river was high (it had risen 2 feet from the melting of the snows during the few days we had been in Srinagar). When the water in the river is low, we were warned that the odours in the *Mar Canal* would be unbearable. Once through the Dal Lake Gate we branched off down a limpid canal, bordered entirely with silvery green willows, on and on through water fairy-land till we reached the opening of the great city canal, marked by high irregular houses, where the shawl merchants live. The canal is said to have been excavated by the Emperor Zain-ul-Abudin in the early part of the fifteenth century. Now it is the most tumble-down, picturesque place imaginable. Earthquakes have tilted the lofty houses at many different angles, accentuated by the jutting verandahs, and standing-out balconies; while irregular flights of stone steps and narrow valleys lead to the water's edge. The canal is crowded with deep barge-like boats, laden with every sort of cargo, from piled-up green vegetation, to yellow food grains, and terra-cotta pots. Men are seen washing the newly embroidered white felt carpets; (for which Kashmir is famous,) while little copper-coloured boys swim about the canal, and little girls dressed in flame-coloured garments, with green caps on, peep shyly out of dark brown recesses, and flash across from hiding place to hiding place, their brightness reflected in the water below. All these sights were crowded into view, as our boatmen paddled down the murky green-covered flood. Old fashioned masonry bridges, two of them with shops, built on either side the canal cross here and there. It would take many films, and many days devoted to sketching to do justice to this most picturesque place. After a time we landed, and threaded our way through indescribably filthy lanes and alleys, to the entrance of the hill enclosure, on the top of which is built the fort erected by the Emperor Akbar. It is 250 feet above the lake, and can be seen for 20 miles from the west side of the valley. It was built to command and over-awe the city, but is now of course useless (unless mounted with modern guns) and in a state of decay and inefficiency. Still it is most picturesque and gives from the top grand views of the city, the Dal Lake, the circle of snow peaks, and the winding river. A pass is necessary to enable one to enter the citadel.

A few Kashmiri soldiers, commanded by an officer, are in charge of the fortress. We watched with our field glasses streams of people below all wending their way to the mosque, for it was a Friday, the Muhammadan Sunday. The crowd was all composed of men, of course. A similar crowd in England would have been mainly composed of women. The men also visited, as well as the mosque, the iris-planted graves of their cemeteries.

In the afternoon a kind friend called for us in his beautiful Landseer motor, and drove us 11 miles along the shores of the Dal Lake to visit the trout hatcheries.

Mahseer are caught in the Jhelum, and snow trout in the hill streams. English trout have been introduced into Kashmir, and successfully hatched by Mr. F. Mitchell. In 1899, when Sir A. Talbot was Resident, a few enterprising English gentlemen formed themselves into an association, called the "Kashmir Fishing Club," for the purpose of introducing salmon and trout into Kashmir and they advanced the money for the purpose. His Highness the Maharajah kindly allowed pipes, carrying the town water to belaid at state expense, to the verandah of Mr. F. Mitchell's house where a miniature hatchery was laid out. After several experiments, resulting with varied successes and disappointments, the results now achieved are magnificent. Trout have been distributed all over Kashmir, even as far as Gilgit. We drove to the present site of the hatcheries, beyond the *Nishat* and *Shalimar Baghs*, through a continuous avenue of poplar trees, planted two feet apart, their stems looking like silver pillars. En route we passed a number of pretty English looking houses, built in Queen Ann style, with balconies and verandahs. These are built, and owned by Kashmiris, and rented to English residents and officials. The hatcheries are at the foot of steep snow-crowned mountains, and the fish are in natural streamlets, meandering through a grassy meadow the banks have been built in with stone slabs, and divided at intervals with iron gratings to prevent the fish swimming away into the lake.

An attendant came with us carrying a huge chatty full of sprats. These he threw by handfuls into the stream, when up jumped great porpoise-like trout! They were 2½ feet (30 inches) long, and so fat they looked like nothing less than porpoises! It was

Princess, intending to divert the talk from her own marriage.

"Her father will soon decide that, and I have even heard that her marriage is to come off soon after yours," replied Nilavathi.

"Let my parents then decide my marriage. What have I to do therein? Everything will take place according to fate, which must be as old as my birth" observed the King's daughter.

"Don't you like the man" enquired the aged maid-servant.

Guna Bhushani would have spoken out of the abundance of her heart if she had returned the emphatic answer "No," but such a plain speaking on so delicate a subject would be far from being common and she had therefore recourse to a roundabout way of saying what she meant. After a short silence, during which she was able to free herself from natural shyness, she said:

"It is true, Nilavathi, that my father's kinsman was brought down here in chains and thrown into prison".

"You did see him that day, Madam, when he was marched to the gaol by the side of our palace" replied Nilavathi.

"Yes, yes, Is he the man? His young age and beautiful shape have been shamed by his misdeed. Is it so? Nilavathi?" asked the Princess.

"Just so, Madam, he has inherited his father's malice and he is now punished for it" said Nilavathi.

"My father is really blind to what appears just and proper. How do you think, Nilavathi, that he deserves such a treatment from my father? Who else is there except him to rule the people after my father?" said Guna Bhushani.

"To rule your heart too, I see", hinted Saraswathi who readily perceived the bent of her royal mate's inclination.

"If that were possible" hinted Guna Bhushani.

"What is there that you willed that has been denied to you, Guna" queried Saraswathi.

"I get everything that I will, but everything I get is not what I will," replied Guna Bhushani.

The maid-servant was perfectly satisfied that her King's daughter was far from liking the Chola Prince. It was abundantly clear that the Princess's inclination was towards Vikrama whose "young age and beautiful shape" would seem to have captivated her yearning heart. Nilavathi lost no time in acquainting her royal masters with what had transpired between her and the royal princess. But what would be the effect of such a representation when the minds of the King and the Queen were poisoned more than ever, against Vikrama, whose innocence

had yet to gain its ascendancy over unmitigated perfidy? We shall not, however, attempt an answer, but will ask the reader to await the development of events which eventually helped our bashful maiden in securing the object of her love.

CHAPTER VIII

It needs no imagination of the reader to conceive that ever since the banishment of Prince Vikrama from his kingdom, King Rajendra, had been overtaken by serious misgivings as to the probable political consequences that might flow from the unascertained movements of the Pandyan prince. Could he win the lost favor of his kinsman, the Pandyan ruler and after marrying his daughter, Guna Bhushani, strengthen his claims for the Pandyan throne? Could it be his desire to forestall the doom of the Chola House by loosening, as far as possible, the tie of friendship that now subsisted between the two Houses and by preventing any possible future alliance?

Could it ever arise that Prince Veerasana in the intensity of his desire to throw into the shade the popular claims of Prince Adhondai to the throne, would enter into willing alliance with prince Vikrama and thus pave the way for future disturbances? Such was the line of thought that, for a time paralyzed the mental equilibrium of the great Chola King. Every effort to ascertain the whereabouts of the banished prince failed him and with each failure the possibilities of the future became more and more darkened in his view. Wild rumours were often times translated into real truths, and actions having undesirable effects were precipitated on the strength of such rumours. It was not till the news of the incarceration of Prince Vikrama reached his ears, that the King was able to resume his normal condition of thought only to surcharge it with the burden of his original desire to secure the friendship of his Pandyan rival by marrying his son to Guna Bhushani.

"Now is the time", he said to himself, "now or never could I hope to effect my purpose. Prince Vikrama is doomed for ever. The loss of his liberty is a distinct gain to me. I will lose no time in fitting up an envoy to the Pandyan ruler for the purpose of negotiating the marriage." So saying he hurriedly called his minister to his side and acquainted him with the object of his being sent for. The minister knew what the King was about and he could not dare to dissuade him from his set purpose. He had no other alternative than to set out for the Pandyan city, accompanied by the usual paraphernalia, of a Royal Mission. The Pandyan King could have least expected such an immediate return of friendship on the part of his unwelcome neighbour, but the rules of diplomacy

impossible. Internally during this period of warfare there had been progress both in civilization and religion, and we hear of 2,000 monks from a monastery in North Wales taking part in a battle. The patron saint of Wales, Saint David, lived at this period, and I have seen the well where tradition says he was baptized and the site of the very humble dwelling where his mother Nona lived.

Under the Norman Conquest, Wales fared badly. The barons, to whom William allotted land in the West, were lords in their own territory and with motives of aggrandisement made constant attacks on their less civilized neighbours. Though the Welsh princes had been regarded by the English kings as vassals, the greater number of the people maintained their independence amongst the mountains. The Welsh advanced and plundered the English lands, and the English retaliated and slaughtered the Welsh whenever they could get up to them. Naturally the Welsh took the part of any enemy of the English Kings. They openly supported Simon de Montfort in his rebellion against Henry III and had at that time a noted prince, Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, and there are many legends of his prowess and bravery. He was killed in battle against Edward I, and it was during this campaign that Edward II, the King's second son, was born at Carnarvon (1284) and soon afterwards on the death of his elder brother became heir to the throne. The tactful monarch, recognizing that a sentimental tie is not to be despised in dealing with rebellious subjects, called together the Welsh chieftains at Carnarvon Castle. He then brought forward this baby prince and placing him in the arms of a veteran warrior said "Behold your prince!"—and ever since then the elder son of the King of England has held, as chief amongst his various titles, that of "Prince of Wales."

The Welsh were very gratified at this act of courtesy and appreciation, and from this time onwards were most tractable to deal with, and submitted more graciously to the suitable laws enacted for them.

Later on, in the reign of Henry IV, we find them again in rebellion under the leaderships of Owen Glendower, who was endowed by popular fable with magic qualities. On one occasion he is said to have introduced spiked irons into the King's bed by black arts! He was for a long time successful in

his revolt and established himself in strongholds in the mountains.

With the accession of Henry VII we find the introduction of Welsh blood into the Royal Family of England. Henry VII was the son of Margaret, great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt, and of Edmund Tudor, whose father, Owen Tudor, bears patronymics of unmistakable Celtic origin!

But I have not written this to show that our interest in Wales is entirely in its past history, but rather to make it quite clear that, though so integral a part of the British Isles, it has, from historic facts as well as tradition, characteristics and life of its own.

The most salient proof of this is its language, which is almost as different from English as an oriental tongue, and to many Anglo-Saxons more unpronounceable. The number of Welsh people, who speak only Welsh, are now comparatively few and this has given rise to the idea, widely prevalent, that the mother tongue of Wales is dying out. Account is not taken of the large number of bilingual Welsh people, those who speak Welsh and English equally fluently. As well say that Hindustani is dying out amongst educated Indians, simply because they now all learn English from their earliest years and speak it so well!

The Welsh language will never die out, so long as it is the language of religion. The Welsh are religious as a nation and the beauty of some of their hymns and the poetry of their Bible will almost render their tongue immortal. I have heard that the Welsh rendering of some passages of the Old Testament comes nearer in sublimity and grandeur to the original Hebrew than that of any other language. Their hymnology, both from the literary and musical point of view is of a very high order. As a nation they are musical and every little village has its choral society and they soar to heights of Handel and Mendelssohn! They especially excel in part singing, and often, borne on the breeze from some little country churchyard may be heard the most beautiful harmonies from the score or so of mourners gathered round the grave of some loved one.

The institution of the "Eisteddfodan"—competitive meetings—helps in a great way to foster musical, literary and artistic talent. Towns and even quite small villages have local Eisteddfods in which farm hands and country yokels vie with one another in

songs and recitations and even essays. The National Eisteddfod, held only once a year, offers valuable prizes for every kind of literary and artistic effort. Large choirs compete for money prizes and, for what is far more esteemed, the gold baton of the year. There are competitions in harp-playing, singing, piano solos, duets, etc., and there are not a few of our public singers who have made their debut at this interesting meeting. I have myself been present at one of these Eisteddfods, when 7,000 people were present, and their feelings were so worked upon by one of their noblest and most inspiring orators that the whole assembly rose to their feet as one man and burst into song! One beautiful melody after another, all sung in perfect harmony, tenors, baritones, altos, as if in a trained choir.

The vitality of Welsh music is attributable to the encouragement afforded by these meetings. During a long historical period, the Eisteddfod has proved a source of peaceful and innocent recreation. "It is a most remarkable feature," said Bishop Thirlwall, "in the history of any people, and such as could be said of none other than the Welsh, that they have centred their national recreation in literature and musical competition."

These Welsh Festivals are of no recent institution. They have been held for centuries. As early as the 12th century there were contests between the bards or poets. Giraldus Cambrensis, born in 1145, gave the following account of the Welsh—"By the sweetness of their musical instruments, they soothed and delighted the ear, and they do not sing in unison like the inhabitants of other countries but in different parts." In this materialistic age, we feel that anything which fosters the purest emotions inspired by good music is indeed to be encouraged!

But the Welsh are not absorbed in the pursuit of the "beaux arts" to the neglect of more practical issues, and their system of education is admirable and comprehensive. By their own special education act they have, as well as the primary or board schools, a net-work of secondary or intermediate schools, which in their turn lead on to colleges of the Welsh University. These schools are all rate-aided, and enable a poor boy, through the help of scholarships, to acquire a magnificent education at a minimum cost of money, though not of application and endeavour. The present Chancellor

of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, is a very stirring example of the heights to which a poor and intelligent Welsh boy can soar! Until quite recently the peasant women had a national costume which rendered a country fair most picturesque, but this alas! has given way to a distinctly less becoming modern English attire. For years an admirable flannel has been produced in the cottages by hand looms and this particular branch of weaving has of late been encouraged and fostered by the Welsh Industries Association, who now have an Annual Exhibition in London. Welsh mutton is considered without a rival by the most exigent gourmet, so one may say that the little mountain sheep is of the greatest value to its owner both inside and out!

In conclusion, knowing well my countrymen are not devoid of faults, I would draw attention to their good qualities, which, though rather antithetic to the English ideal, are still not to be despised! They consist of generosity, a quickly aroused enthusiasm, a very vivid sympathy and a high and vital religious sense.

"Adieu, thou dear Wales of the forest and fountain,
The fate that divides us I deeply deplore;
Thy vales, fertile fields, and the wild heathy mountains,

Alas! I may dwell, 'mid their beauties no more!
In thee, I first felt the purest emotion,
And fondest affection, tho' rent is the chain;
And Oh! I have loved thee with deeper devotion,
Than e'er I can feel in this wide world again!
Oh, dear are thy glens and thy wild waters flowing,

Rapid and sparkling among the green trees,
And dear are thy hills in the summer sun glowing,
But dearer than all is thy health-giving breeze!
But dearer than all is thy health-giving breeze!
Altho' now afar from the land of the wildwood,
I hope that my life star will see where it rose;
And in the sweet scenes of my earliest childhood,
Beneath thy green turf I may calmly repose."

* Translation of "In ach i ti Gymrn"

(Adieu to dear Cambria!)

By Miss M. S. Lawrence,
Gwenllian Dorothy Thomas.



Equipping the Child for Life



THE educational system inaugurated and administered by the Englishman in India has proved woefully inadequate and fearfully futile. On the one hand, it has failed to reach the masses and invest them with the capability of reading and writing, solving simple arithmetical problems and acquainting them with the rudiments of history and geography; on the other hand, it has done practically nothing to prepare those who have come under its influence for their respective stations in life. Either the boy has been educated for petty clerkship, or for the legal, medical and allied professions. So far as education of the hand is concerned, nothing worth mentioning has been accomplished. The village school has not initiated the agriculturist into the mysteries of modern agricultural machinery or taught him scientific agronomy; nor has it injected into the vein of the farmer the whim which will bring about his modernization. The school system has exerted no more beneficent influence upon the artisan than it has on the tiller of the soil. He has not been taught the superiority and use of modern tools and methods. Broadly speaking, the educational system of India has not given any fresh impetus to either farmer or the mechanic.

The educational policy pursued in other parts of the world is altogether different from the one in vogue in Hindustan. In Europe and America, the educator aims, not to glut the clerical and learned professions but to prepare the child for life in business or home. More emphasis constantly is being laid upon the fact that such knowledge should be imparted to the boy or girl as will enable it to make a "decent" living. The tendency of modern-day education is to make it a vital thing—not a mere surface-gloss which is to be put on the scholars. As monetary motives mainly influence the Western peoples, and as they are competing with one another in industrial realms, the Occidental nations are making it their business to produce skilled workmen and competent business-men. These motives have combined to actuate them to start institutions where boys and girls can be equipped for taking up the realities of life.

Every leading city in the United States boasts of one or more manual training schools maintained at public expense. In many of the larger metropolises of America, manufacturers and associations of business men conduct technical institutions for the benefit of their employees. These schools are run on semi-philanthropic, semi-selfish lines. In addition to the institutions mentioned, a number of trade schools are conducted on a purely commercial basis. In the prominent cities of America especially this is the case. Institutes which make it a special business of teaching office work, such as stenography, typewriting, book-keeping, record keeping, time keeping, salesmanship, commercial law, selling, buying, mortgaging and all operations connected with the sale of movable and immovable property, are as plentiful as mushrooms in the industrial and commercial centres of the United States. Colleges for barbers, milliners, dressmakers, tailors, etc., are also numerous. The correspondence schools which are scattered throughout the country also make a speciality of teaching trades and business courses. Of all these, however, the manual and domestic training schools maintained by the public are most worthy of the study of all patriotic people of India, who are on the lookout for ideas that will improve the defective policy and inadequate machinery of Indian education.

The original purpose of these schools is to put wits in the fingers as well as in the heads of the pupils. They are a conspicuous example of the practical value of combined academic and manual training, and thus broadcasting into society men and women who are not only cultured and well-informed along general lines, but possess the basic knowledge of a trade which can be speedily converted into money. With this end in view, the boys are taught joinery, wood-turning, pattern-making, moulding and sheet iron work, and given forging and machine shop practice; and girls are initiated into the mysteries of sewing, housekeeping, domestic science and millinery. They also are given comprehensive courses in free-hand and mechanical drawing. Instruction in stenography and typewriting is given both to boys and girls desirous of mastering these branches.

At a public institution of this kind visited by the writer, it was learned that the boys were instructed in joinery and carpentry during the first year. There were four

joiner shops in the school, each equipped with thirty benches (for a class of thirty boys) band saw, turning lathe, grind stone, teacher's bench, black-boards, a special tool-room, half-a-dozen hand basins and one hundred and seventy-five students' lockers to be used for storing the pupils' clothes while they were working in the school shops. At one end of each room was an amphitheatrical arrangement of students' chairs for instruction. It was noticed that in these shops the boys were first given a series of small joinery exercises and then allowed to work out their own designs in the construction of the object of their choice. The student was allowed absolute freedom, both in designing and carrying out his original ideas.

The course offered three lessons a week, each lasting an hour and a half. The tools used belonged to the school and the room in which they were stored, adjoining the shop, was presided over by the students in turn, thus affording them the opportunity of learning how to act as storekeepers. Not far from the joinery shops was the mill room for preparing stock, containing a sweep-stakes planer, a jog saw, circular saw and a knife-grinder for planer knives, each run by an electric motor.

During the second year of their school life the boys in this institution work in the pattern-making and sheet metal shops. In the pattern-making shops there were thirty double benches, one side of each containing four drawers and a quick-action vice; the other side four drawers mounted by a Reed manual training lathe, each lathe driven by a Cushman motor-countershaft. At the time of the writer's visit an advanced student was making a pattern for the cylinder of a gasoline motor. The sheet metal shop was also completely equipped for tinsmithing, repousse work and venetian iron. In both the shops the work turned out by students was on exhibition and courted the admiration of all who saw it.

Contiguous to the sheet metal shop was the printing room and bindery, both fully equipped with the latest machinery. These trades were taught in the night school and enjoyed a large patronage.

During their third year, the boys study blacksmithing. The smithy was a big shop fitted with sixteen forges of the most modern type; thirty-two anvils, with electric power, blower and exhaust, and a full line of drills, vices and small tools. To the writer this

was probably the most interesting shop, as it contained specimens of the work done by the students, showing the originality of the boy blacksmiths.

The fourth year the boy is promoted to the machine shop and there taught to make almost anything except a railway engine. The equipment of this shop consisted of twenty-four engine lathes, 12-inch swing; two of 14-inch swing; and one of 16-inch swing; four speed lathes, 9-inch swing; one verticle drill, 18-inch swing; one of 22-inch swing; two sensitive drills, 13-inch swings; two grindstones, 48-inches in diameter and 5-inch face; one water emery grinder; chapter 14 inches; one power hack saw; one Universal miller; one plane miller; one gas forge; one Universal grinder, 8 inches by 18 inches; one planer, 5 feet by 24 inches; one twist drill grinder; one bench lathe; one Arbor press; a tool room and a large variety of tools.

The institution was co-educational—that is to say, boys and girls were taught in the same school. The girls' department offered a charming contrast to the boys' division. Elementary sewing comes first in the girls' course. After the woman-to-be has mastered the rudiments of sewing, she is instructed in making plain garments, special care being taken that each pupil draughts her own patterns. The school provides threads, needles and sewing machines, the girl supplying her own materials and being allowed to possess the finished garment she makes. Four rooms are devoted to teaching plain sewing to the girls in the first year, and the equipment in these rooms as elsewhere was of the most up-to-date type and lavishly provided.

In the second year the girls are taught to make shirt waists, shop aprons and the caps and sleeves required for wearing while cooking. The third year is devoted to designing and trimming hats. The fourth year is given to learning how to make dresses. All the rooms where sewing in one form or another is taught were provided with the most modern models of sewing machines and were sumptuously furnished. Dress-making, it was observed, was not a mere theoretical thing, beautiful but unfit for daily use. It was intensely practical. The girl was taught such arts as tucking, gathering, hemstitching, buttonholing and embroidering by machine. Some of the machines were run by electric power at a very high rate of speed.

Simultaneously with the courses in sewing, the girl is slowly advanced in the cooking classes. She is not only taught how to make tasty and appetizing dishes, but is instructed in the properties of the ingredients employed in preparing her concoctions so that, from the health-view point, they will be wholesome. The students are taught cooking in modern kitchens. The girls worked at white-tiled tables provided with a porcelain-lined sink furnished with hot and cold running water. Every table had a drawer for the small cooking utensils and a cupboard below with a rolling slat shutter for the larger utensils.

There was also a small removable gas stove for each girl and a locker at the side of the room near the general sink. One of the kitchens was furnished with two eight-hole hotel gas ranges and another had a large coal range, thus the pupils were taught how to manage cooking over fires supplied by different sorts of fuel. In the pantry adjoining the kitchen were tile-lined refrigerators filled with supplies provided by the school for cooking purposes. One side of this pantry was lined with cupboards reaching the ceiling, whose shelves were filled with jams, jellies and pickles of all kinds, all prepared by the students.

The writer was entertained at a meal prepared by girls in the small dining room adjoining the kitchen and can testify to the savoury character of the dishes and the graceful manner in which they were served.

Along with the courses in cooking and sewing the girls are taught the details of housework. The teacher carefully instructs them in sweeping and cleaning carpets, mopping and scrubbing wooden floors and dusting furniture. They are taught to polish the cutlery used in the dining room and are instructed in the care of china and glassware. They learn how to clean door knobs, brass plates and faucets. In this department they are also shown how to make beds. They are taught how to launder clothes, with and without improved laundry machinery. They also are given lessons in etiquette and are told by their teachers to be as good-looking as nature will permit, and to be always agreeable and entertaining.

The whole institution, from one end to the other, from top to bottom, was full of engrossing interest. The boy and girl students did not seem to be bored by technicalities. Their manner suggested enjoyment of their work and interest in what they were

doing. They were working with both their hands and brains. There was not the least sign of mere mechanical labour, but an atmosphere of idealized industry pervaded everything.

In another institution visited by the writer it was learned that the girls were fond of commercial courses. Their glad faces bespoke intense interest in mastering shorthand, typewriting and official routine. It was observed that the students were taught to use the typewriter by the "touch" system, that is to say, without looking at the key board. The girls were also initiated into the mysteries of setting type by machinery and by hand, given instruction in book binding and prepared for library work. Commercial arithmetic was taught and special attention was paid to making them good spellers. They were encouraged to use good penmanship and trained in commercial law, civics, book keeping, making bills and keeping records. At this school the girl was taught to express her thoughts intelligently and forcefully, both by pen and word of mouth, in private as well as in public.

The most impressive feature of this school consisted in the fact that it had "student government." The teacher was not a despot, ruling with an iron rod. The girls and boys arranged the daily programmes for recitations and exercises. On the occasion of the writer's visit to this institution, a young girl was presiding at the opening exercises. She very gracefully introduced him to the audience and requested him to talk to the assembly regarding the boys and girls in similar institutions (?) in India. In this school the senior students attend the teachers' meetings and discuss with their preceptors matters pertaining to school management, becoming responsible for many things affecting the younger girls and boys, such as their personal appearance, boisterous manners, etc.

In all the manual training schools and in all the branches of work that are taught, practical utility is the keynote of instruction. The institutions are not meant to disseminate dead facts or teach dead languages, but only to educate for efficiency. The basic conception of these schools is to teach art with a view to trade possibilities. The schools concentrate their forces upon teaching those parts of the work which the pupils will have to engage in upon taking a position out in the world of trade or business. Advanced work, which demands a mature judgment and the

experience of years rather than skill, is omitted, leaving it to be learned later at the actual trade.

SAINT NIHALSINGH.

The Lotus Lake

CHAPTER I

THE GAME OF PEBBLES

THE village A—is situated on a rugged piece of land with rock here, a smiling field of corn there, a few habitations between, a dark grove of trees at a distance, and ponds of water all around. The narrow path leading from the trunk road to the village, strewn rather profusely with large bold pebbles, would make any newcomer fancy that the people, who managed to make a dwelling on a ground of the character of the village A—must surely have made very little progress in the march of the world's advancing civilisation. The irony of fate speaks otherwise. The man of the fertile plains has very often proved inferior before the man from quarters that neither produce ample food to live on, nor make their habitation easy by an agreeable climate. The village A—has cause to be proud of having given birth to an extraordinary set of men. Among her children are brilliant university graduates, lawyers, magistrates, judges, doctors, engineers, and others of invariably very respectable professions.

The rude-looking village has its own places of attraction. The most interesting of them is the Lotus Lake. This is two miles away from the homes in the village. All the year through, there is an excellent supply of water in it. Morning and evening, the dames of the village go to the lake to fill their large vessels made of clean shining metal, with the water seeming to possess the angelic element, being in contact with the rich flowers and leaves of the lotus, sporting in the lake under the clear tropic sun.

The bank of the lake, lined all round by a row of shady trees, has a peculiar fascination for the little girls of A. These accompany their elders to the lake, and as prudence forbids them to play in the water, they sit in the shelter on the bank and amuse themselves with some game. Usually they pursue one with no other requisites

than pieces of stone. Pebbles are abundant and they pick up seven smooth little ones and practise most skilful feats of tossing them up, in astonishingly rapid succession and catching them all safely again. All the while they sing a song which agrees in sense closely with every step in the game.

One evening in May, under one of those trees sat four girls deeply absorbed in their game of pebbles. It was little Padmasini's turn. Her tiny soft palms were handling the globes, while her eyes spoke a sweet innocence. She loved the game for its own sake and played with grace and dexterity. Simple Padma often overlooked some minute particular in the technique of the game,—certainly not calculated to add to the interest of the game, and her keen-sighted companions would immediately cry out the loss of the game for her.

"Stop, the last pebble shook," ordered Janaki.

With a slight expression of regret Padmasini quickly gave up the pebbles.

Not far from the group of active little girls, were seen two boys walking arm in arm towards them. Chandrasekhar was fair in complexion, his countenance was strikingly bright, his black eyes were beautifully large, he was tall, and his manners were warm and easy. His friend was equally tall, but was darker in complexion and his big mouth and deep eyes were far from prepossessing.

"Srinivas, let us approach these angels here," proposed Chandrasekhar.

"Angels! How could those silly girls excite your interest?"

"No, no, they are sweet little ones; let us go and see what they are doing."

They reached the party just when Padma put down the pebbles.

"I have scored seven marks, while Padma has only four," said Janaki proudly. Chandra cast a pitiful look at the silent Padmasini.

"You seem to make much of this. I am sure I can beat you all at this simple game," ventured Chandra.

"Here, sir, let us have the privilege of admiring your powers," Janaki handed over the pebbles to Chandra.

With great caution he got right through the first two steps, but in the third Chandra failed and he confessed his inability to proceed any further. Though it may not seem so much, the game of pebbles is an art which the girls master after constant practice. At hapless Chandrasekhar, they had a merry peal

of laughter. So much the senior to them in years, he could not perform what the younger ones did so easily. Chandra was the butt of all ridicule. Janaki was waxing in speeches, and Padma had her share of exultation. Chandra gave a secret sigh that even Padma should treat him so lightly.

The boys went away and the girls resumed their play.

"Which of the girls do you like best?" asked Chandra.

"Janaki is very clever; she has my vote."

"She is really clever but she talks too much. To me Padmasini is charming."

"The pity is that we very often differ in our views..... Strange things *charm* you!" said Srinivas.

As may be guessed already, Chandrasekhar and Srinivas, both studying at college in the metropolis were come to their native village for the summer vacation. Padmasini was also on one of her occasional visits to the village home.

CHAPTER II

SOCIAL PROBLEMS

On the nineteenth day in June 19—, a traveller could be seen standing at the hackney carriage stand near the railway station of Krishnapuram. He could be heard vigorously bargaining with the obstinate bandywalla before him.

Gangadhar Sastri was the traveller—not perhaps a traveller, for seldom could he afford to travel. He was an old man of fifty, who had been serving the Government as a clerk for the last thirty years. Having had only the advantage of a primary education in English, by thirty years of honest, industrious, and faultless work he had secured the monthly salary of forty-five rupees, or three pounds sterling in English money. Gangadhar was the father of many children, nay, he was a grandfather, for his children had already children of their own.

The old man had just got down from the train with his wife and two of his children, returning after a pilgrimage to the shrine of Rameshwar. If he had come by himself, our Sastri would have had little to do with a hackney carriage, for he would straightaway have walked the distance to his house. But now that he had his wife and children with him, besides a clumsy mass of luggage which had been necessarily taken for the pilgrimage, a bandy was indispensable. But the

driver demanded the exorbitant fare of eight annas to go but two miles, for which the rules prescribed only three annas. As for the rules prescribing only three annas, it did not very much matter. It is characteristic of the Oriental to be bargaining. His mind has not that moral discipline which the sons of the West can generally boast of. The bandywalla always maintained that there was a more pressing demand for his services than the passenger thought, and the latter would in turn try to convince him that he must needs accept the reasonable fare which he offered. It was pretty certain that passengers did not dislike these uncertain transactions with the drivers of hackney carriages, for, there were often times when these drove for rates less than those prescribed by the rules.

To return to Gangadhar Sastri, Mr. Ramchandra, the Deputy Collector, was on the spot.

"Hallo, Sastri, are you returning from Rameshwar?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Have you had a pleasant trip?"

"Yes, Sir, by your favour."

"Are your wife and children doing well?"

"Yes, Sir, by the grace of Bagvan."

Mr. Ramchandra next learnt of the difficulty with the bandywalla.

"You rascal, will you take this gentleman home now? Sastri, pay him the prescribed rate."

The mandate was from the Deputy Magistrate and the driver obeyed. The Sastri was relieved of his distress.

Mr. Ramchandra was the uncle of Chandrasekhar. His daughter Rukmini was to be married to-morrow. He had come to the railway station to-day to receive some of his distinguished guests for the marriage. Chandrasekhar had also arrived to-day.

The next day the marriage was celebrated with great pomp. The ceremonies, that continued for four more days, were all elaborately performed. Rich dinners were provided and clothes and money were given away in presents. The priests received an ample share of them. The bridegroom was the recipient of costly gifts in the shape of jewels, clothes, and other things.

The marriage in the house of uncle Ramchandra was over; it had meant a tremendous drain on his finances. Chandrasekhar had a warm invitation to prolong his stay at Krishnapuram and as all places in the plains

are equally bad in the summer months, Chandra stayed on with his uncle. His days at Krishnapuram were not eventful, but an insignificant incident occurred which deserves to be recorded for a significant train of thought, which it produced in the mind of young Chandrasekhar.

One day, Mr. Ramachandra happened to attend a ceremony at a relative's in the town and Chandra accompanied him. The ceremony was *Seemantham*. Before the birth of the first child, every husband and wife has to go through a three days' ceremony of holy rites. Dinners and presents are of course provided. These religious obligations, so many in number, are useful, according to some, as exercising a healthy discipline over one's life; but their necessity has yet to be studied and understood.

After the day's ceremonies were over all the men sat down to dinner, Chandra among them. That day he did not possess a good appetite, but the variety of preparations on his leaf tempted him to a fair quantity. When the last dishes were being served, Chandra's eyes were drawn to a number of girls that made their entrance through the lines of the gentlemen at dinner. Chandra could recognise Padmasini at the head of the party and it was interesting for Chandra to see that girl lead her little army in quite a defiant military fashion. Padma cast a curious look at Chandra, but could not talk to him through lack of familiarity.

Chandra was more than interested in looking at Padma. He was struck with her figure and yet it was not beautiful in all the graces which the word "beautiful" might suggest. But Padmasini's eyes possessed a real charm. What was to prove to be more important, Chandra admired Padma whole-heartedly. Chandra mechanically finished his dinner, and while attending to the daily items of business, was deeply absorbed in thought for the rest of the day.

Thoughts of marriage rushed into his mind. Padma's father and Chandra's mother were cousin brother and sister, through their common maternal grandfather. Padmasini's father, Mr. Parthasarathi, was a *vakil* and a prosperous man in his profession. It had been pronounced more than once in the match-making talks in Chandra's home, (people in this country are fond of match-making) that Padmasini was the most desirable bride in the community for Chandrasekhar. Chandra's father was an educated man, and as

such was not likely to marry his son at the early age of seventeen; Padmasini was only twelve. But, "hanging and wiving goes by destiny." Firmly believing that the event of a marriage would not disturb him in the near future, Chandra yet felt disposed to consider what the event would mean. The marriage of his cousin Rukmini was fresh in his memory. He had noticed how badly the bride and bridegroom were treated by all the relatives that were assembled for the celebration. Rukmani and her husband were like two dolls, prettily dressed, that had no voice for themselves, but were to go through a numberless series of proceedings at the dictates of others. Chandra would never submit himself to such an autocracy, however beneficent, as the control exercised over the couple implied.

The next matter was the presents that a bridegroom received. They were jewels, vessels and clothes. Jewels and vessels did not interest Chandrasekhar. As for the clothes, only the old-fashioned and gaudy ones were considered auspicious, and they were received only to be put by. People in this country are slow to use anything like sense in the choice of their gifts.

There were again the occasional visits which a son-in-law paid to the house of his parents-in-law. Chandra had often been amused in watching the zealous solicitation with which mothers-in-law attended to the comforts of their sons-in-law.

None of those aspects, however, engaged the thoughts of Chandra so much as the girl herself, that he would wed. The idea of contracting an alliance with a girl—say Padmasini—was to him pleasing. Chandrasekhar had himself a younger sister as old as Padmasini, whom he loved dearly. He loved to teach her and the little girl repaid him by little acts of kindness. Padmasini would be such another sister, and dearer for being married to him.

CHAPTER III

THE COURTING OF PADMA

It was the Michaelmas vacation for Chandrasekhar. Mr. Ramchandra was by accident the first relative that invited him for a stay at Krishnapuram. Chandra accepted it. Mr. Ramchandra had now removed to a spacious bungalow in a very picturesque part of the country, at a distance of four miles from the town. Chandra

was quietly enjoying this residence after the hard-worked time in the metropolis. He took long walks in the mornings and evenings and was interesting himself in the country and the people of the neighbourhood. In the hot hours of the day he stole to the coolest parts of the garden round the house, with entertaining books in hand. He would sometimes sit in the women's parlour to listen to the talks of the old grandma, would draw out of her all the queer tales that she could relate, and he would amusingly reason with her when she broke into vehement speeches condemning the ways of modern times.

About a week after his coming to Krishnapuram, a tennis tournament was announced to take place in the town. Chandrasekhar would attend it. He dressed himself smartly and biked away towards Krishnapuram. Chandra loved tennis and hoped to greatly enjoy the tournament to-day.

No man can be certain of the fulfilment of the meanest of his hopes. While Chandra was riding through a crowded street, a bull got frightened, broke loose from his driver and galloped at a terrible pace along the thoroughfare. The bull rushed at the cyclist—it violently brushed past him, and succeeded in throwing him down. Chandra's forehead received rather a stunning blow, but luckily the ground was too soft to occasion bleeding. Yet it was severe. Chandra's left thumb fared far worse. It had been awkwardly crushed somewhere in the parts of the cycle and there was a cut from which blood poured a little freely. Whether the accident was really serious or not, Chandra gave up the tennis tournament. Some kind passer-by provided him with a rag to be tied round the bleeding thumb. But Chandra needed better treatment. Mr. Parthasarathi, the lawyer, lived very near. Being related—though distantly—and of the same native village, Chandra could claim every kindness at his home. He forthwith went there. The lawyer had not returned from court, nor his clerks. His wife was out to pay a visit to a neighbour. The cook had also gone out to fetch water from the river. There were but Padmasini and a maid servant at home. With the noise of Chandra's boots, Padma came forward to see who it was.

"Hallo! Padmasini."

The redness on his forehead and the rough

bandage on his thumb at once struck the attention of Padma.

"Why, what is the matter?"

When it is a matter of necessity or business even Indian girls are forward in their manners.

"I came to attend a tennis tournament, but have had a nasty fall instead."

"Ah! rest on that sofa; I'll bring you something to apply to the wound."

Padma had in her hand a piece of silk into which she was working flowers with colored thread. She gently tied it round Chandra's temples and went in to bring other necessities.

The thumb had almost stopped bleeding. Padma carefully cleaned it and covered it with an ointment mixed with coconut oil of immense healing power.

For all this kind service, rendered with an amount of spontaneous affection, Chandrasekhar felt the want of a vernacular expression to return thanks to Padma. Indians are in a period of transition. The oriental pomposness has almost disappeared and the little conventions which the Western prides in have not as yet come to be employed. Old men still courtesy to each other in benignly exaggerated terms. When an old person wishes to thank a young one, he speaks blessings; when a young person wishes to thank an old one, he exhibits silent humility; and when a young person has to thank another young one, he or she dispenses with it altogether. What is there in thanking after all? Sebastian's regret seems to convey a great deal of truth.

My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks. Too oft good terms
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.

Chandrasekhar contented himself with such remarks as "It is lucky that I came to you," and "you are very clever at your work."

Before long the elder members of the house returned and Chandra was engaged in conversation with Mr. Parthasarathi, the father of Padmasini.

Chandra's thoughts recurred to Padma. He longed to make himself useful to her in some way or other and he awaited an opportunity for it. The English tutor of Padma had come to the house and she was proceeding with her lessons. Chandra could see that she was fairly proficient in the language and could read and understand ordinary simple

English. Chandra approached her to watch her studies more closely. The book in her hand was a reader for the upper forms. Being an English publication, the selections were all English, in the society, manners and interests treated about. Padma was not evidently charmed with her book. She read it more as a duty than as a pleasure.

"I will get you some of our magazines. I am sure you will like them," volunteered Chandra.

"What do they contain? Is it about our own country?"

"Yes, they are all about ourselves and our own matters. There is one specially for our ladies and it often contains stories, illustrative of our society."

"Have you got them here?"

"Yes, my uncle gets them. I'll bring you some to-morrow."

The next day Chandra brought her some magazines and Padmasini was naturally delighted to read them. There was another unexpected present from Chandra which she received with scarcely less warm feelings. It was a leafy packet of roses. Indian women wear flowers in their hair. The flower of the season was now *samanti*. Neither the fragrant *malli* (jasmine) nor the rose was now to be had. The *samanti*, which is of two species, the white and the yellow, has a rich appearance, but not a sweet smell. The previous evening Padma had expressed her contempt for it on that account and Chandra had caught her words. Mr. Ramchandra, by special efforts, grew roses in his garden and Chandra brought a good quantity of roses from them.

For the next few days that Chandra stayed with Mr. Ramchandra, he did not fail to visit Padmasini daily. They were pleased with each other's company. Chandra was musical and in this the two found another source of common enjoyment. Michaelmas was over and Chandra returned to the metropolis.

CHAPTER IV

THE UNION OF PALMS

We now quickly pass to the summer of the next year. Chandrasekhar had not gone to Krishnapuram since last Michaelmas. Other places engaged his last vacation for Christmas, nor did he now propose to go there. Soon after his college was closed, he went to his father's place. He was a touring official

with Varadarajpet for his headquarters. An unexpected event awaited Chandra at Varadarajpet. He was to be married, or rather betrothed, in a week! He received the news with humiliation, for others had presumed to take the initiative in a matter which solely concerned him. But the bride chosen was Padmasini and he loved her already too much to oppose the wishes of his parents to marry him to her. It was a matter for wonder that Chandra's father, a man of culture, cared to celebrate so soon the marriage of his young son. The fact was that Mr. Parthasarathi had persuaded him to. The father of a daughter has an innate feeling of a burden, and he is impatient to wash his hands of her by giving her away in marriage.

The net result was that Chandra was to be married, and that unexpectedly at an early date. Chandra's mother talked to him freely upon the subject of his marriage. If he did not like the idea of being married so soon or to the particular girl he was invited to express his dissenting word and it would be carried into effect. As already mentioned in an earlier chapter, Chandrasekhar's feelings were otherwise. He kept his silence significantly in the talks with his mother. He prepared himself for the event. He was also conscious of the fact that the event would not seriously matter to him in the near future.

Marriages are celebrated in the home of the bride. Chandra was to be married at Krishnapuram. He went there with others in his house a few days before the date fixed for the celebration of the wedding. Those few days at Krishnapuram went hard with poor Chandrasekhar. He missed his unreserved Padmasini of last Michaelmas. Whenever he met her she turned away in embarrassment.

On Sunday night he went to bed but could not sleep. To-morrow was to be the day to seal his companionship to another for life. It was past midnight and Chandra was yet thinking. He reviewed his past life and pictured his future. He remembered the day when he first came to admire Padmasini on the bank of the Lotus Lake in his native village. The memory of last Michaelmas was fresh in his mind and he fondly fancied that the happy few days which he spent, paying daily visits to Padmasini, satisfied his youthful cravings for courting before marriage. He next thought of the life he

would lead as a man, with Padmasini, his dear queen.

The clock struck two and three; Chandra would have to get up early at five, to go through the elaborate ceremonials of marriage. The crow had already foreseen the dawn and sent forth harsh notes in the still atmosphere. Old men, bowed down by age, had got up from their scanty sleep to chant devotional hymns. Many a farmer had started towards the corn fields that he might water them in the cool hours of the morning. By a miraculous effort Chandra was actually in slumber when it was past four. But it did not last long. His brain was too active to rest and the sound of the pipers that had come to welcome the auspicious day, turned him into a dream.

Chandra found himself in a wood with sweetness and fragrance everywhere. He caught in his arms a bewitching angel with pretty wings, that sang melodiously to his listening ear.

"A light broke in upon his brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard."

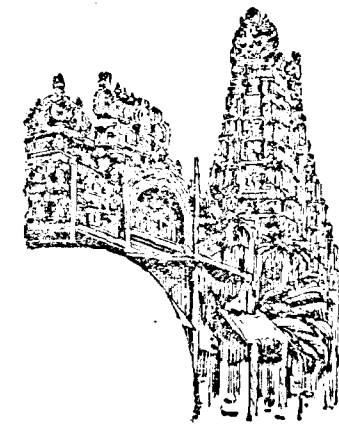
Chandra called the angel his Padma and was lost in rapture over his happiness. He was about to imprint a warm kiss on the rosy cheek of the angel when he awoke,—and the whole scene vanished. The shrill music of the pipers sounded rudely in his ears and he was reminded of his earthly Padma, a shy girl that occasioned pain to him by her modest reservedness.

We shall rest content with the news that Chandra and Padma were happily wedded.

The reader may here feel curious to know what happened to Chandra's friend Srinivas—whether he married the Janaki of his choice on the bank of the Lotus Lake. Janaki's father was not rich. The father of Srinivas wanted a girl that would bring his son wealth. His father carried on negotiations with the parents of more than four girls in the community with no effect. None of them promised a satisfactory dowry. Just at this time, the father of Janaki made a gigantic effort and by the sale of some of his lands and through the charity of some of his rich relatives, he raised a large sum to bait the avaricious father of Srinivas. The marriage was celebrated between Srinivas and Janaki and we shall say that it was happy; at best the parties concerned thought so, especially at the time.

Two Ancient Forts in North Travancore

RELICS OF THE OLDEST EUROPEAN BUILDINGS IN INDIA.



ONE of the many advantages that have resulted from the vigorous administration of the much-maligned but illustrious Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, is the impetus given to antiquarian researches in

India, with a view to throw some light on the incomplete history of the land. As a consequence of the praiseworthy policy of imitation of British Indian administrative measures pursued by the Government of H. H. the Maharaja of Travancore, steps were taken by the penultimate Dewan, Mr. V. P. Madhava Rao, C.I.E., to preserve some of the old monuments found in this ancient and historic State. The land of Parasurama, which has been stigmatised as not possessing any ancient history worth the name, has its annals engraved on mountain caves and temple walls, forts and fortresses, chapels and churches, mosques and temples. Throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom of Kerala, there are several spots of antiquarian interest and epigraphic importance, which would yield up their historic treasure only to those who laboriously work for it. Besides the few places that have already been marked out for preservation, such as the site of Sri Sankaracharya's residence in Kalady, the Dutch General O'Lanoy's tomb in the Udayagiri Fort and certain other relics, there are in North Travancore, remnants of the by-gone greatness and glory of the earliest European settlers in India. They are the two old magnificent Portuguese forts at Pallipattinam and Cranganore, now known as Pallippuramkotta and Kottamukukotta respectively.

On the strip of land extending north from British Cochin stands the old Pallippuramkotta, within a few hundred yards of the

Pallipport Roman Catholic Church. It is a hexagonal Portuguese castle showing the remains of three storeys in height. Each side of the fort is 32 feet long and 34 feet high, and the walls are 6 feet thick. The masonry work is composed almost entirely of blocks of laterite set in *chunam* and the walls are thickly plastered with mortar. A splendid archway of finely dressed granite introduces us into the interior, in the middle of which is a solid piece of masonry work touching the wall near the inner end of the entrance. To the west of this, there is a well whose depth from the top to the bottom is about 16 feet. There is at present a two-foot depth of water in the well, which being long neglected is no more fit for the use of man. From the north of the well a flight of steps leads to a platform raised to about five feet from the ground level. Underneath the platform there is a cellar, probably used for storing ammunition and accoutrements. The cellar is about 4 feet high and 7 feet square. The passage to this cellar opens out to the north of the flight of steps. On each side of the first there are three embrasures, one for each storey. There are in all eighteen embrasures and the fort could have mounted guns commanding all quarters round it. No trace of wood-work remains anywhere in the fort. The fort has braved storm and tempest during generations of fleeting men and has withstood the blasts of years, though the wear and tear of centuries are visible everywhere in it. There is nothing very remarkable about its architecture. Every inch of ground and every stone in the fort, if it only possessed the power of speech, would have told a tale of thrilling interest. What a terrible tale of woe and suffering could its grey walls, riddled with shot and shell, tell! There stands the cellar which had been crowded with engines of destruction known to ancient European warfare and in which were huddled together perhaps men, women and children, when the garrison was away in the field. The site rouses a melancholy feeling in us and puts us in mind of Wordsworth's lines:

"Men are we, and must grieve, when even the shade
Of that which once was great, is passed away."

According to the Portuguese historian, Gaspar Correa, this castle was built in 1507 A. D. to command the entrance to the backwater from the north and was garrisoned by

twenty men. Mr. A. Galletti, of the Indian Civil Service, who made an extensive tour some time ago in the Travancore and Cochin back waters and examined a few relics of Portuguese civilization with the discriminating eye of the trained epigraphist, is of opinion that this fort is probably the most ancient European building in India.

The fort at Cranganore (Kodungalloor) called Kottapurram or Kottamukku is in the north-west corner of Travancore at a distance of a mile from Tiruvanjikkulam in Native Cochin. The town of Cranganore (now an obscure hamlet twenty miles to the north of the town of Cochin) was once famous in the commercial history of Malabar. In early days it was the flourishing seaport called by ancient geographers Mouziri. It was equally famous in the church history of Malabar. In A. D. 52, St. Thomas the Apostle is said to have landed at Cranganore. In A. D. 345, a colony of 400 Christians, with several priests, deacons and a bishop arrived at Cranganore from Baghdad, Ninive and Jerusalem. A seminary was established about A. D. 1545. Since then there have been two churches, one of St. Thomas and the other of St. James. The place is even now held sacred by the Hindus, as containing a well-known shrine dedicated to goddess Bhagavati, at which large numbers of Hindu pilgrims congregate once a year.

In 1503 Vasco da Gama built a fort there and it was from this fort that the Portuguese sent forth their conquering army all over Malabar. In 1663 the fort passed to the Dutch from whom the Maharaja of Travancore purchased it in 1789. It was before Cranganore that Tippu appeared in 1790, his army being commanded by Lally. The garrison at Cranganore was defended by the Maharaja's troops under Captain Flory, who, however, had to abandon the fort, resistance being useless. The fortifications were soon ordered to be demolished. But Providence worked against Tippu who had to retreat, his army having suffered a great deal for want of proper shelter from the unusual severity of the monsoon which had set in.

Now there is nothing to be seen at the spot on which the fort stood except its ruins. Though the ramparts and the gates now present a scene of desolation and are nothing but a shapeless mass of *debris*, one could conjecture what a splendid and impregnable stronghold it was in the days of its glory.

The fort was in good condition when it was sold by the Dutch to Travancore. The masonry work is composed of laterite, but the walls have now collapsed owing to erosions and the constant removal of stones from the walls by the people in the neighbourhood. Near the dilapidated gate-way at the south-east corner of the fort, are to be seen the ruins of a cellar five feet cube with an arched gate. This cellar is supposed to have been a powder magazine. The fort is in ruins, though it is not crumbled to dust.

At the instance of Mr. A. Galletti, I.C.S., and on the motion of the British Resident, the Government of H. H. the Maharaja of Travancore have recently ordered the preservation of the site and ruins of these ancient forts as interesting monuments of the short-lived power and prowess of the Portuguese, whose spirit of enterprise first brought them to India from their distant home. This action of the Darbar has earned for them the unstinted admiration of genuine gratefulness of the proud descendants of these early European settlers occupying the West Coast.

T. R. PILLAI.

The Bhagavad Gita



THE subject of my paper is one of the Hindu scriptures, called the Bhagavad Gita, which being translated is "the Lord's Song." The Hindu religion possesses several

separate scriptures all of which are looked upon as being inspired. The Bhagavad Gita is not perhaps as well-known as are some of the other Hindu scriptures, such for example as the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Vedanta; but it is well worth studying, because it sets forth in a form easy to be understood the chief doctrines of the

Hindu religion. It might be said to correspond therefore with some of Christ's discourses, as recorded in the New Testament, e. g. the Sermon on the Mount. Mrs. Annie Besant, who has given us a beautiful translation of it from the original Sanskrit, says of it "Among the forceless teachings that may be found in the great Mahabharata Hindu poems, there is none so rare and precious as this: 'The Lord's Song.' Since it fell from the Divine lips of the Blessed Lord and stilled the surging motions of His disciple and friend, how many troubled hearts has it quieted and strengthened, how many weary souls has it led to His feet."

And Schlegel the German Historian pays this tribute to the author:—

"Reverence for teachers is by the Brahmins inculcated as one of the highest duties of religion. Then thee first, holiest seer, prophet of the Divine, whatever may have been thy name amongst men, centre of this poem, whose mind with passionless delight is carried to every height eternal and divine; thee ever first I hail, and thy memory I ever adore."

I am sorry to say that the time at my disposal obliges me to give you only a summary of the book. It is alas a very poor and inadequate one, but I am illustrating it as often as I can by passages from the book itself, and in the beauty of the words of the poem. I hope that you will be able to forget my imperfections. My summary is only a *description* of the religious teaching of the book. I do not make any comment on its truth.

Before however considering the subject matter of the book, there are a few points as to its date, form, setting and narrator, which must be mentioned. *Firstly* as regards its date, this is not known for certain. Some authorities say it cannot have been written before the 3rd century A. D., while others affirm with equal conviction that it cannot have been written later than the 3rd century B. C. We have thus a difference of 600 years between the two views.

Secondly as regards its form and setting; it has been handed down to us in the form of a poem written in Sanskrit, and divided into 18 books or chapters, and is included in the great epic poem of ancient India—the Mahabharata. This is a collection of stories in verse relating to a great civil war, which converted one of the kingdoms of ancient

India, the kingdom of the people called the Bharatas. A parallel to this war may be found in English history in the Wars of the Roses.

The opposing parties were certain princes descended from a common ancestor, Kuru, who had been king of the Bhárátas. At his death the sons of his two sons fought for the throne; one set called themselves the Kuravas, the others who were the rightful heirs, called themselves the Pándavas. For a time the Kuravas triumphed, and the Pandavas were sent into exile for a certain number of years and the Kuravas reigned over and oppressed the people. At the expiration of that time, the Pandavas returned to claim the throne, but the Kuravas refused to give it up, war was again declared, and the two armies were drawn up face to face on the great plain, for the final struggle. It is at this point of the Mahabharata, that the Bhagavad Gita occurs. The commander-in-chief of the Pandavas, by name Orjun, on the eve of the commencement of hostilities, drives between the two armies in order to have a full view of them. He is accompanied by his charioteer a no less being than the Lord Krishna himself, who had disguised himself thus in order to aid the side that was in the right. Probably there has already recurred to your minds, a similar incident in Old Testament History, namely that of the Lord's appearance to Moses, at the time when the children of Israel were being oppressed by the Egyptians.

The conversation that takes place between Him and his disciple, as they drive between the opposite forces, is called the Bhagavad Gita, or song of the Supreme Lord.

As regards the narrator of the poem very little is known. He is said to have been one Vyasa, who overheard the conversation and was inspired to write it down. To him also is ascribed the authorship of the whole of the Mahabharata.

Having mentioned these preliminaries, we are now free to deal with this conversation, which forms the subject matter of the work. It is started by Orjun, who, as he surveys the army of the enemy, recognizes among its numbers many friends and relations. The thought of killing them, overwhelms him with sorrow, and he exclaims that he cannot slay those to whom he owes love and duty; he cannot thus set at naught the ties of kindred; if he does, no good will come of it, and rather than do it he will himself be

slain. Thus speaking he throws down his bow and arrow and refuses to fight. I will give you part of his speech, which is that of a true patriot.

Orjun says:—"I foresee no good from slaying my kinsmen in the fight.

I desire not victory O Lord nor dominion nor delights; of what avail can dominion be to us or delights or even life—

When they for whose sake we desire dominion, wealth and pleasures, are here arrayed in battle, giving up their lives and wealth.

Tutors, uncles, sons, grandsons, fathers-in-law, brothers-in-law, friends.

Then I do not rush to kill, Oh mighty Lord, though I should otherwise be myself slain; even for the sake of dominion over the three worlds (the three worlds are Heaven, Earth and Hell),—how much less then for dominion over the earth.

If we slay these our enemies what joy can be ours? Sin will cleave to us if we slay even these wicked ones.

It is not meet then for us to slay them; for how can we prosper if we slay our men. It were better for me if these my enemies with arms in hand should slay me unresisting and unarmed."

Yet Orjun recognizes at the same time that it is his duty to fight, in order that he may destroy those who were oppressing the land, and deliver his countrymen from the cruel bondage under which they were held, and restore order and peace. He is consequently torn in two, and cannot tell which is the right course. He therefore appeals to His divine confessor for guidance, in these words,

"I am confused in mind as regards my duty and I pray Thee to tell me which is the right course. Declare this then to me O Lord, for I am Thy disciple. Teach me now, as I prostrate myself before Thee."

Here ends the first chapter of the book. Then the Lord, tenderly smiling on his disciple, graciously accedes to his request, and the remaining 17 chapters contain His answer. I have not unfortunately time to go through each chapter, so that you might see how the disciple was gradually led step by step, from one truth to another, until he was able to say at the end,—

"My trouble is destroyed. By Thy favour, O holy one, I have gained the knowledge of the truth. I am now firm, my doubt has gone and I will act according to Thy word."

All that I can do is to mention to you the mighty truths that the Lord revealed and you will remember that these are the doctrines of the Hindu religion of to-day. Of these truths I will take first, that which is first in importance, namely, the *revelation* of the existence of one Supreme Being. This indeed may be said to be the main theme of the poem. He is eternal, infinite, the source and maintainer of all things, in whom all things live and return and have their being. He is variously described as the King of Kings, Lord of Lords and even the Supreme Spirit, the Almighty Ruler, the Unborn, Uncreated—the Holy of Holies, the Law-giver, the Doer, the Lord of Peace. All souls are a part of His spiritual nature, individuated indeed by their connection with bodily forms, but have issued from Him; they return to the Lord to be absorbed into His Infinite being. He is the object and cause of every religion and all true worship belongs to Him alone. For He says,—

"Even those who worship idols worship ME." That is to say, wherever the gods of a people are worshipped by them with true reverence and honest zeal, it is adoration offered to the one only God, though it is ignorantly offered. It is interesting to note here in this connection that a similar idea occurs in the prophet Malachi Chapter i, 14, where Jehovah is represented as saying, "For I am a great King, and my name is feared among the heathen." Malachi then accepts the worship, though heathen offer it to their gods, as a tribute to Jehovah himself. I will now read to you some of the Lord Krishna's own words illustrating this.

"I am the source of all the universe."

Again—

"There is nothing whatever that is superior to me, there is nothing whatever moving or fixed that can exist without me. I am the beginning and the middle and the end of all things.

I am the Indestructible and Supreme One.

I am unborn. My nature is eternal. I am Lord of all creatures, uncreate, unchanging, the All Sustainer,

The disciple is now able to say.

Thou art the Supreme Lord, the only place of refuge
The Eternal Creator, the Divine, the Unborn, the only
God

Thou alone knowest Thyself by Thyself, O best
of beings
Creator of all things Lord of all, the God of Gods,
Ruler of the Universe.

Again.—

Who can but help adore thee, soul supreme,
Oh infinite Lord of gods! the world's abode.
Thou undivided art, and life in forms,
And formless life thou art, o'er all supreme.
Thou art the First of gods, the ancient Sire,
The treasure house supreme of all the worlds.
From thee all has sprung, O boundless form,
Ruler art thou of ocean air and fire.
Also the nether worlds do own Thy sway,
All hail to thee, a thousand times all hail.

Again.—

And yet again all hail to thee.
All hail on every side, O mighty All,
The infinite in power of boundless force.
The all thou dost embrace, then thou art All.
None is thine equal. Who in all the worlds,
Surpasses thee, O, thou of boundless power—?

THE LORD FURTHERMORE REVEALS TO HIS DISCIPLE

TRUTH CONCERNING THE NATURE OF THE SOUL

It is immortal, it never began to be, it can never die at the death of the body which is only the soul's fleshly covering, it goes to inherit other bodies, until such time has arrived when it has worked out its own salvation, and is free from sin. It then attains its final goal, taking union with the Supreme Lord, from whom it sprung. This consummation is called Nirvana.

Let me now give you a few lines on the immortality of the soul. The Lord says:

Never the Spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to
be Never
Never was time it was not. End and Beginning
are dreams,
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth
the spirit for ever,
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the
house of it seems.
Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained
Immortal, indestructible shall such,
Say, I have killed a man or caused to kill?
Nay but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And taking new ones sayeth,
These will I wear to-day.—
So putteth off the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

Again it is written—

"The embodied soul in the body of every one is indestructible; it is undying, all pervading, constant, immovable, eternal." As regards final destiny, the Lord says—

"The worshipper who strives with energy; who is purified from sin and perfected by many births, goes at length in the highest way."

Again—

"At the end of many births the true man comes to me."

Again—

"He who knows me in truth, as Lord of beings, as Lord of gods and Lord of sacrifice, enters after quitting the body into my being. Of this there is no doubt."

Again—

He attains to peace,
Who, like the ocean day by day receiving
Floods from all lands, but which never overflows
His boundary line, not leaping and not leaving,
Fed by the rivers but unswelled by those.
So is the perfect One to his soul's ocean
Though the world of sense may pour streams of witchery,
Yet they leave him as they found him, without conviction,
Taking their tribute but remaining free.
Yea whose shaking off the yoke of flesh,
Lives Lord, not servant of his limbs, set free
From pride, from passions, from the sin of self,
Cometh at last to Me.

"This is the divine state of origin. He who has obtained it is troubled no more. He who retains it till the hour of his death attains Nirvana, i.e., absorption into my Being."

You will remember that a similar destiny for the soul that is purged from sin is to be found in the Phædo of Plato. May I just quote you a passage from it, so that you can see how close the parallel is?

"If the soul takes its departure in a state of purity, not carrying with it any clinging impurities of the body; gathering itself into itself, and making this separation from the body its aim and study . . . well then, so prepared, the soul departs to that invisible region, which is of its own nature, the region of the Divine, the Immortal and the Wise."

To attain to this highest of all destinies is to be the aim and object then of each soul, while here on earth. And what, asks the disciple, is the worshipper to do, in order that he may so attain.

The Lord's answer is a revelation of the 3rd plain truth found in this poem—and is this, that by doing the work that is given one to do in a spirit of devotion, one attains to the Supreme Being.

But it is much better expressed in his own words. "Apply thyself to the work that is allotted for thee to do with heart and mind fixed on me—the man who so applies himself attains to the Supreme."

The same truth is expressed in the old Latin axiom: "By praying and working we reach the stars."

The Master explains very fully to the disciple what is meant by work done in a spirit of devotion. It signifies that each one's work must be performed fully and faithfully unto the Lord, without passion, without any regard to attendant circumstances, and especially without any hope of reward. If these conditions are fulfilled, the soul is still an exile at the end of this life and has to be bound to the prison of the body in a new birth. You will remember that a parallel to this doctrine of working without any hope of reward is to be found in the teaching of the Oriental school, who affirmed that the incentives to a godly life should not be the hope of heaven, but the pure love of God.

The whole matter is thus summed up very beautifully by Mrs. Besant. "The aim then the disciple has to set before him is this. In the midst of turmoil, he must rest in the Lord of Peace, discharging every duty to the fullest, not because he seeks the result of his actions, but because it is his duty to perform them. His heart is an altar, love to his Lord the flame burning upon it; all his acts, physical and mental, are sacrifices offered on the altar; and once offered he has with them no further concern. They ascend to the Most High, and charged by the fire, they retain no binding force on the soul."

May I now quote you some passages illustrating the 3rd truth.

"Do thy works, steadfast in devotion and with no care for the result—be still the same in success and failure.

For the wise, devout in mind and with no anxiety for the consequence of their actions, are freed from the bondage of birth and go to the abodes where disease is not.

He who works, yet has given up all care for the results by fulfilling all works in Me, is not defiled by sin like a lotus leaf in water—This leaf is uninjured by a long immersion in water, so that he who works regardless of the results is not stained by them."

Again—

"The devout man when he has renounced all regard for the results of his deeds, obtains eternal peace. But the undevout, who acts by the impulse of desire, is bound. He who does a work that ought to be done without concerning himself in any way with the results, he is a true worshipper."

Again—

"He is a true man, who renouncing all concern in the fruit of his actions does his work contented with whatever he may receive,

unaffected by pleasure or pain, free from envy, the same in good and evil fortune, he, though he works, is not bound.

The man who is true to his own work, whatever it may be, attains to perfection.

In going however, by his loyalty to his work, to the Lord who is the source of all things that exist and by whom this whole universe was spread out, a man obtains perfection.

He who does the work imposed upon him by the Lord, incurs no sin.

Daily, whatever thou doest, whatever thou eatest, whatever thou offerest in sacrifice or givest to others, whatever austerity thou practisest, do it as an offering to Me. Then thou shalt be free from the bonds of works; and, united to me by devotion and renunciation of worldly goods, thou, when freed from the body, shalt come to Me."

Work thus done unto the Lord, brings about union even in this life, with the Supreme Being. Then the disciple asks how such union can become permanent, for the heart of man is so unstable, that even though he may desire above all things to so work and pray that he becomes one with the Divine Spirit, yet his lower self may prove too strong for him. I will read you what he says about the heart: "For the heart is fickle, O Holy one! it is turbulent, strong and obstinate. Its restraint seems to me as difficult as the wind. And the Union which Thou hast declared to be obtained by devotion in work, oh righteous Lord, I see not a stable foundation for it, owing to the unsteadfastness of the heart." The Lord in his answer reveals a 4th great truth, namely, that it is by conquering one's lower self that this union can become an assured condition. This conquering of one's lower nature, entails the subduing of the appetites, the mastering of the passions, the renunciation of desires, the withdrawal of the mind from sensual things and the setting of it on things which are spiritual. All this can only be done by the help of the Lord Himself.

"The disciple is taught", says Mrs. Besant, "that the spiritual man need not be a recluse, that union with the Divine Life may be achieved and maintained in the midst of worldly affairs and that the obstacles to that union be not outside us but within us; This indeed is the central lesson of the Bhagavad Gita."

And the soul who strives after the union with the Divine Life must not be content

with removing all lusts, must follow after purity of heart, truth, steadfastness of devotion, alms-giving, knowledge, study of the scriptures, peace, goodwill, compassion for all, gentleness, patience, endurance, courage, uprightness.

Orjun's doubts and difficulties are now completely dispelled. He was a warrior. The Lord had appointed him to be saviour of his people, he must therefore fight, and he could do so without sin provided that he had no personal interest in the event. With his mind fixed on the Lord, he was to fight without passion or desire, without anger or hatred; his action then would forge old bonds for the soul and when the life was over he would return to the Supreme Being.

Now may I read you some passages illustrating that conquering of one's self is the condition of union with the Divine Being. He says—

"Union with the Divine Being cannot be obtained by the man who is not self-controlled, but he who is master of himself may obtain it if he strive thereat.

Doubtless the heart is fickle and hard to restrain, but it is restrained by practice, by indifference to worldly gain, and by steadfast faith which I impart."

Again—

"They who serve the Imperishable, Unseen, Unmanifested one, the all-pervading and incomprehensible, who dwelleth on high, The immutable and eternal, they who subdue all the senses, are equal minded to all around, and rejoice in the good of all; they attain to age."

Again—

"When the worshipper is indifferent to every object of desire; as a lamp sheltered from the wind does not flicker,

When he knows the boundless joy which is beyond the senses, which only the spirit apprehends and fixed therein never wavers,

When, having obtained it, he thinks that no other acquisition is superior to this, when abiding therein he is not moved, even by a heavy affliction,—then let him know that this severance from all contact with earthly things is called Union with the Divine. In order to attain to this, the worshipper must set about producing a determined repression of the mind.

Renouncing absolutely all desires produced by projects of ambition or even restraining the whole group of the senses in every part, Then step by step gaining repose by the

mind being firmly restrained, kept within itself and wherever it, wavering and unsteady, wanders away, then so often let him subdue it and bring it back to the control of the soul.

Than supreme happiness comes to such a worshipper whose mind is then at rest, in whom passion is tranquilised, for he becomes one with the Divine Nature and is free from sin.

He who thus sees Me everywhere, and every thing in Me, him I forsake not.

And to these constantly devout who worship with the service of love, I give that mental devotion by which they come to Me." Finally.

To Me come those,—

From passions and from lusts who keep away,
And Me the Highest worshipping alway.
Another sun gleams there another moon,
Another light—not dusk nor dawn nor seen.
Which they who once behold return no more,
They have attained My real life's highest boon.

These then are the main truths set forth in the Lord's song. I recapitulate them here in case my account has not been quite clear.

1. The existence of one Supreme Lord, Eternal, Infinite, the Source, Maintainer of all things.

2. The immortality of the soul, its departure after this life into other bodies until it shall have worked out its salvation, and attained its final destiny, namely, union with the Supreme Lord.

3. The soul works out its salvation by performing its allotted duty, and discharging its obligations in a spirit of love to its Lord.

4. In order that the soul may so work and serve, the lower self must be conquered by the help of the Blessed Lord.

As I said before, these are the fundamental truths of *Hinduism*, or as it is sometimes called *Brahmanism*, of to-day—the religion in India which has more followers than any other, its adherents numbering about 73 per cent. of the entire population. For, though *Hinduism* recognizes many gods, yet these are in theory, merely attributes of the one Supreme Being, which are personified, so as to meet the needs of those worshippers who, having not yet attained to a purely spiritual adoration, which can only be arrived at by a severe moral and intellectual discipline, desire some material object of worship. To satisfy the needs of such, are idols made, and prayers and sacrifices are offered to

them, but it is clearly laid down that they who worship these, worship in truth the one Supreme Lord though ignorantly. Again the performance of sacrifice, which forms an essential part of Hindu religious observances embodies the 3rd main truth of the Lord's song. For example the 5 daily sacrifices which are enjoined on the orthodox Hindu, viz:—

- (1) The daily reading of the Scriptures.
- (2) The daily offering of oblations to the gods.
- (3) The daily offering of cakes and water in memory of deceased relatives.
- (4) The daily giving of food to animals.
- (5) The daily entertaining of any strangers who may appeal for hospitality, and the monthly ancestral sacrifices, and the feasts of love and charity at which food and other charitable gifts are bestowed in memory of the departed—all these enable the soul to work out its salvation. Regarding the desirability of sacrifice, "This world is not for him who offers no sacrifice how then the other?"

I am the Lord of all sacrifices.

When, any one offers to me in devotion a leaf, a flower, fruit or water, I accept the offering—whatever therefore thou offerest in sacrifice do it as an offering to Me, then when freed from the body thou shalt come to Me.

Sacrifices are ordained by Me of old.

Wherefore My name is always uttered when the acts of sacrifice, alms and penance begin, that are so ordained.

And my presence is realized by those who, completing acts of sacrifice, penance, and alms, without regard to gain, desire final deliverance."

When the great revival in Hindu religion took place 70 years ago, which resulted in the formation of the *Brahmo Somaj*—a form of worship which did away with all idolatry, rituals and ceremonials, the truths revealed in the *Bhagavad Gita* remained as the fundamental doctrines. For the creed of the *Brahmos* is briefly as follows:—

1. The belief in the existence of one Supreme God. Who alone is to be worshipped.
2. The belief that love towards Him and the performance of the works which He loves, constitute His worship.
3. The belief in the immortality and progressive state of the soul.
4. The belief that pilgrimages, penances,

rites and ceremonies are of no avail, and that holiness can only be obtained by conquering the lower self and following after righteousness, love, wisdom.

And they sum up the foregoing in these words.

govern and regulate your feelings, discharge "your duties to God and to man, and you will gain everlasting blessedness; humble your heart, cultivate devotional feelings, and you will see him who is unseen."

Before I close, I think I ought to say that some of the highest authorities on the Lord's song maintain that the narrator of it must have been acquainted with the doctrines of the Christian faith, and that the teaching of the poem is in fact borrowed from the Christian religion. These would place the date at which it was written in the 3rd century A. D. In this century the Christian communities in India were numerous, and seem to have borne as large a proportion to the whole of the population as they do at the present day.

In one of the last books of the *Mahabharata*, the XIIth, there does occur a distinct reference to Christian doctrines and usages, but the *Bhagavad Gita* however occurs quite early in the epic, before the VIth book.

I will read the reference to you if you will allow me, because it is quoted as evidence by those who support the theory that the teaching of the *Bhavad Gita* is borrowed from the Christian sacred books.

Three pilgrims visited Europe, and they narrate that in the course of their travels they beheld men with their palms ever joined in supplication, praying to the Supreme Being with their faces turned to the East, the prayer which is so offered being called the mental prayer. They heard a loud sound, of those who were offering an oblation to the god, but they did not see him. They only heard the words, which were as follows: "Thou art victorious Oh mighty Lord, Hail to thee Creator of the universe, Hail to thee thou first born of the supreme Lord". Such, they say, was the sound heard by them, accompanied by teaching. In the meantime a pure wind laden with perfumes, brought healing and calm.

This description probably refers to a Christian service—burnt of incense, and the celebration of the Eucharist being clearly indicated, I must now read to you some of the passages from that poem itself which are brought forward as the main evidence in

favour of this theory. They are said to agree in expression and meaning with passages from the New Testament which I will quote along with them.

Firstly. We have passages treating of the nature of the Lord.

In the *Bhagavad Gita*. In the New Testament.

I am the way, sup- I am the way, the
porter, Lord, witness, truth, and the life.
refuge, abode, friend.

I am the beginning I am Alpha and
and the middle and Omega, the begin-
the end of existant ning and the end-
things. ing.

Know that He which Who spreadeth out
spread out the All the leaves like a
can never perish. curtain, etc.

Secondly, passages treating of the forgiveness of sins.

In the B.G. In the N.T.
I will deliver thee Son, be of good cheer,
from all sin, do not thy sins be forgiven
grieve. thee.

Thirdly, passages describing the intimate relation that exists between the Father and disciple.

In the B.G. In the N.T.
They who worship me I in them and Thou
with true devotion in me, that they
are in me and I in may be made per-
them. fect in one.
I never depart from He dwelleth in Me
the true worshipper; and I in him.
he never departs
from me, &c.

Fourthly, passages showing that in the knowledge of the Lord is salvation.

In the B.G. In the N.T.
He, who knows Me— This is life eternal,
the mighty Lord of that they might
the world, he among know Thee the
mortals is undeluded, only true God, and
he is delivered from Jesus Christ whom
all sins. Thou hast sent.
Be assured that he He that believeth
who worships me in me shall never
perishes not. perish but shall
have eternal life.

Finally passages treating of the manner in which that work should be performed.

In the B.G. In the N.T.
What sacrifice, alms- Whatsoever is not of
giving or austerity faith is sin.
is done without
faith, is evil.

Whatever thou doest, Whether therefore ye
 whatever thou eat, eat, or drink, or
 est, whatever thou whatever ye do, do
 offerest in sacrifice all to the glory of
 or givest to others, God.
 do it as an offering to Me.

Such then is the evidence. But similar coincidence of thought and expression are to be found in the sacred writings of other religions and in other religious books. Before however the questions can be finally settled, the date must be known at which the poem was written down. Until then the matter must be left as it stands. Fortunately it is of no importance, as the ethical value of the teaching of the book is the same, whatever may be its source. For as Mrs. Besant says:—

"The teaching given on the ancient battlefield gives guidance in all later days, and trains the aspiring soul in treading the steep and thorny path that leads to Peace. To all such souls in East and West come these Divine lessons, for the Path is one, though it has many names, and all souls seek the same goal, though they may not realise their unity."

M. BLAIR.

His Honour Sir Louis Dane's Visit to Sikh Kanya Maha Vidyalaya, Ferozepur



It would be advisable to give a brief account of this institution of the Sikhs before the details of His Honour the Lt. Governor's visit are given.

This girl school was started by Bhai Takhat Singh and his much lamented

wife, Bibi Harnam Kan, in 1893. Originally its scheme of studies consisted only of Punjabi and Hindi religious books. The school on account of the devotion of its founder made progress by strides and bounds and was soon a private central girl school of the town of Ferozepur, for the public began to have much confidence in the work of this noble couple. Its fame attracted the attention of the Muffusils, so much that many parents expressed a desire

to send their young daughters to attend this school and at last they pressed Bhai Takhat Singh so much that he considered it necessary to open a boarding house attached to it. When Sir Charles Revas, ex-L.-G. of the Punjab, seeing the backward condition of the Sikhs concerning education, moved their leader to hold that memorable Durbar of the Sikh nation in the Khalsa College to collect funds for that institution, Bhai Takhat Singh advertised the opening of the boarding house for girls at Ferozepur.

It was in April 1894 that the boarding house was started with 3 girls. The public began to patronize the institution so much that there were 25 boarder girls in the boarding house next year, when H. H. Sir Hira Singh, the Venerable Maharaja of Nabha, visited the institution on his way back from Amritsar, where he had gone to join the Durbar held at the Khalsa College to welcome our beloved Emperor His Most Gracious Majesty George V., then Prince of Wales.

The kind Maharaja, who takes a deep interest in matters educational, was so much pleased with the management and progress of the school and the boarding house, that he gave it a monthly grant of Rs. 200 and honoured Bhai Takhat Singh and Bibi Harnam Kan with princely Khilats. This proved a great impetus to the progress of the institution.

Up to now the boarding house consisted of rented premises in the city. But the number of boarder girls soon swelled to over a hundred and the accommodation began to prove insufficient, so the management had to make arrangements on an extensive plan. A piece of land was bought for Rs. 6,200 outside the city wall but adjoining it, and long rows of barracks were built to serve as a temporary boarding house. Meanwhile the erection of the permanent main building was started. About one-eighth of the main building has already been built.

H. H. Hon. Tika Sahib Nabha, who on account of his practically taking a keen interest in the social and educational advancement of the Sikh nation is rightly termed one of the popular leaders of the Sikhs, visited this institution with the Maharani Sahiba in April 1909. He donated an annual Rs. 500 besides the cost of the creation of a large hall in the building and a well attached to it, from the Rani Sahiba.

Sardar Bahadur Misal Dar Partap Singh

President of the Council of Administration of the Faridkot State also visited the institution before the Tika Sahib and kindly sanctioned a monthly grant of Rs. 100.

English was introduced in the scheme in 1903, but it was only optional at that time. In 1907 a total change was made in the scheme of studies when English was rendered compulsory, and Arithmetic, General Knowledge, Practical Physiology, needle work, etc., were regularly started.

At present the number of boarding girls is 230, who hail from every district of the Punjab and many other places in India. The school muster is 285. The school is up to the middle standard till to-day, but the management intends to raise it up to the Entrance standard this year.

Besides this, the management carries on the popularising of female education through many preachers who tour in the provinces throughout India for this purpose.

Not only this, the institute also publishes a monthly journal in Punjabi named the *Punjabi Bhain*, which reaches about 3,000 homes every month and thus supports the cause of female education and social improvements of the country. Its contents wholly concern the fair sex. This journal is very interesting and advocates the standard aims of ideal woman life from an able pen and is thus very popular among the public.

The monthly expenses of the Institution in all its lines of work are about Rs. 2,500 at the average, which with the exception of three monthly grants from the Nabha and Faridkot States solely depend upon casual public charity. Thus it will be seen that this 'Unique institution is the only one of its kind in the whole of the province, as His Honour Sir Louis Dane rightly remarked in his speech at the time of his recent visit.

His Honour Sir Louis William Dane, K.C. I.E., C.S.I., I.C.S., and Lady Dane with their two daughters paid a kind visit to this institution on the 18th January 1911 and spent more than one hour in seeing it. His Honour and party were kindly pleased with whatever they saw. Lady Dane caressed many young girls and had a pleasant talk with the female members of the staff.

After the party had gone round the premises and seen the lodging place and kitchen etc., they listened to the music of the students and were much pleased with it. Then a girl of the third Middle Class read

and presented the following address to Lady Dane.

ADDRESS

To

HER MOST GRACIOUS LADYSHIP
 LADY DANE

May it please your Ladyship,—

"We the girl students of Sikh Kanya Maha Vidyalaya, Ferozepore City, hail this occasion of your Ladyship's and His Honour Sir Louis William Dane, K. C. I. E., C. S. I., I. C. S., our kind Lieutenant-Governor's first visit to this educational institution of the Sikhs, which we are proud to say is the only one of its kind in this Province; and beg to tender our hearty welcome to your Ladyship as well as His Honour Sir Louis Dane.

We fancy it is needless to say that we are the young daughters of a nation, every member of which believes it is his or her bounden duty to uphold the dignity and honour of the Union Jack, which is truly an emblem of peace and justice, and if need be to sacrifice his or her very life for it.

Whenever we see the Sara Garhi Memorial here, a thrill of joy and gratitude passes through our young hearts, for its very sight brings to our memory the heroic deeds of the loyal Sikh soldiers who bravely, and cheerfully laid down their dear lives to serve the British Government, who in return had such like memorials built in many places to pass their heroic names to eternity. This leads us to think that perhaps the God Almighty has cast the lot of the Sikh nation together with that of the English. Lord Dufferin was quite right when he remarked in his Lahore speech: "The interest of these two nations are quite identical."

We hope your Ladyship is quite familiar with the old condition of Indian women, who only a decade or two ago were perhaps little better than slaves. We know it was the British Government that practically took lead in the emancipation of slaves of the world, and the advent of the British *Raj* in India has meant practically the identical thing for the Indian women.

The principles of Sikh religion totally hate the custom of *Sati*, female infanticide and selling daughters. When we see that these bad customs are punishable by the British law, we thank Heaven for the goodness He has done us by thus practically preaching the sacred doctrines of our Gurus through our kind rulers.

We are glad to express that the attitude of the Officers Commanding various Sikh regiments is very favourable to Sikhism and most of them are very strict upon their men for the actual performance of their religious rites.

The blessings of the British *Raj* in India are quite innumerable. Perhaps the first and foremost of them all is the inculcation of western education to the general masses irrespective of any distinction of caste and creed or sex. It is this very thing that has bestowed upon us the honor of presenting this respectful address to your Ladyship to-day. But we cannot help bringing to your kind notice that we, the school going generation of the Punjab women, are working under a great disadvantage, which keeps us from keeping abreast with our sisters of the other provinces of India. It is quite natural that children can learn most through their mother tongue and this is more applicable to the education of girls of India; for the girls on account of the *parda* system and many other social customs, have to pass most of their time with their mothers and are thus quite unable to pick up the words of any foreign language. So our training must necessarily be done through our mother tongue—Punjabi. Hence the people who advocate the cause of Hindi or Urdu, at least in this province, are practically and perhaps unconsciously antagonistic to female education of this province. But the daughters of to-day are the mothers of to-morrow, hence female education is the foundation stone of male education. Thus it is evident that it is only through Punjabi that the education of masses of this province can be rendered easiest and most advantageous.

We know your Ladyship takes a keen interest in the social advancement of this province, for your Ladyship was the soul and life of the first All India Lady Conference held at Lahore last year. The God Almighty has placed your Ladyship and Sir Louis Dane in a position to practically remove all the obstacles in the way of the improvement of the general status of masses.

We earnestly hope that these humble representations will meet with your Ladyship's kind and favourable consideration.

We beg to assure your Ladyship and Sir Louis Dane that we esteem it a great honour to always cherish the memory of your kind visit to this institution.

We beg to submit that this being the first

opportunity of our ever presenting an address to high personages like your Ladyship and Sir Louis Dane, we might have unconsciously committed some breaches of English etiquette, which we humbly pray your kind Ladyship to graciously forgive.

We pray for your Ladyship's as well as His Honour Sir Louis Dane's long life and prosperity."

Lady Dane gave a short and befitting reply to the address, "I am much pleased indeed at your talk in English, and I heartily thank you for the address you have given me to-day. I wish this institution every success."

After this Sir Louis addressed the girls in fluent Punjabi thus:—"I thank you all on my, as well as Lady Dane's behalf, for the welcome you have accorded us. I am much pleased to see so many girls in this school and more so on account of their being Sikh girls. Female education is much necessary, for boys learn only for employment, but girls must know almost every thing about domestic economy and household affairs, and that they cannot do without good knowledge. You have complained of obstacles in the way of Punjabi—your mother tongue. Surely girls must be taught in their mother tongue. You are quite right there. But I am already in favour of Punjabi in this province, especially in Sikh schools, and Lady Dane takes a deep interest in female education. But if there be anybody antagonistic to the progress of Punjabi, I say let me know of him, I will see to it. I thank you again for the address."

Then the party saw needle work and embroidery and admired it very much. After this the party graced the Durbar held in the compound of the institution, where His Honour was presented with an address from the Sikh public of the district to which His Honour replied.

ABSTRACT

Subadar Major Hira Singh and other gentlemen present, I heartily thank you for the enthusiastic welcome that you have accorded to Lady Dane and myself. . . I have seen the Saragarhi Memorial here to-day, which as I understand from the address presented to Lady Dane by the girls of this school, was built by the Government in memory of twenty-one loyal Sikh soldiers many of whom, I am glad to say, belong to this district. The Government recognises the loyalty of the Sikhs and you are rightly proud of it.

Lord Hardinge has in his letter to me told me of the interest he feels in his heart for this district, particularly where his grandfather Lord Hardinge fought in 1845 at Mudki and Ferozeshahar, which places I have visited this morning. And in his first tour of Viceroyalty he intends to visit the scenes where his grandfather and the brave Sikhs fought and fought so nobly and fairly too. Your ancestors then fought against our ancestors, and I am glad to find now that you their descendants are so loyal as to be always willing to stand shoulder to shoulder with us and to fight along with us against our common enemy.

The Sikhs have always cared for the well being of their women, and this institution is a very good example of it. I am very glad to find that you all did not wait until there was a magnificent building to carry on the task of education, but have begun straight away at this noble task. Education does not depend upon palatial buildings and handsome appliances, though I hope you will be able to have these also.

I had heard much already about this institution and for a long time I had been intending to come and see it. And one of the chief reasons for my coming to Ferozepur this time was to see this institution and Lady Dane and I have had great pleasure in seeing the progress the school has made. I am highly pleased at the splendid building you have built. This school is the largest and the only one of its kind in the whole of my province. This great school (Sikh) Kanya Maha Vidyalā is the best example of self-help. I am glad that people have come forward and helped it so generously. I am glad to find that my very particular friend the Maharaja of Nabha (cheers) takes so great an interest in this institution and I am glad to inform you that His Highness is now recovering from the illness he has been lately suffering from and is once more able of being an adviser to the British Government, and a benefactor to the Sikhs in general, and to this institution in particular. Let us all pray to the Almighty to spare him for the good of us all for many a year to come. I do not think there is anything more in your address to reply to, except to thank you again on behalf of Lady Dane and myself. Lady Dane takes a deep interest in the welfare of the Indian women and I am glad to say with good result (Cheers).

Before his departure His Honour went through the class rooms of the schools, where the girls greeted him with heartfelt 'fatehs.' His Honour said "the building is very substantial indeed and will make a very nice boarding house, for which it is intended."

Then the party departed.

News and Notes

THE SEVENTH INDIAN LADIES' CONFERENCE.—The following is the full text of the Presidential Address delivered by the Rani of Vizianagram at the Seventh Indian Ladies' Conference (Bharat Mahila Parishad), held on the 23rd December in the Vizianagram Hall, Muir Central College, Allahabad:—

Sister Delegates and Ladies,—Let me offer you my most sincere thanks for the honour you have done me in asking me to preside on this occasion. It is indeed a great pleasure to me to meet my Indian sisters assembled in Conference to discuss common aims and objects.

As I think of the needs of the women of India at the present moment it gives me not a little pain that education has made such a small progress among them, especially among Hindus and Muhammadans who form the larger portion of the population of the country. How can the country advance when so many of her daughters are steeped in ignorance? Is it not the duty of every Indian woman to take her proper place among her sisters of other lands, to rise above custom and convention so as to bear her share in the progress of the nation? The country has great need of the culture of her women. Politically under the care of a most enlightened Government, she is making wonderful strides in the march of progress. Half a century of English education is slowly fitting her sons for higher and higher planes of life. Ought alone her daughters to look on with folded hands, mute and inglorious, and where possible clog the wheel and drag it backwards.

Ladies, it is said that the condition of the women of a country is a test of its civilization. In some countries of the world, woman occupies the position of a drudge, in others she is treated as a mere toy, in others still, she is at best a mere ornament, while in the most highly advanced ones she is a true, faithful and devout helpmate to man. India which presents all types of civilization presents all these varying conditions of womanhood, but never is a higher ideal of wifely qualities presented than in the famous Sanskrit verse 'a statesman in counsel, a servant in works, a mother in solicitude and Venus in love.' Yet this is by no means an imaginary

picture. It was fully realized in the lives of Sita and Droupadi, Damyanti and Chandra-mati, and is certainly not difficult to attain in the future. The function of woman is not merely of an ornamental nature. She has to shed light and sunshine on the life of man by her good breeding and sweet temper, fit the coming generation for its part in life by example and precept, and sweeten and beautify the home by the patience with which she works and the skill with which she manages its affairs. Nay, her duties pass beyond the home and extend far into the world beside. In the present condition of the country, she is in a position to influence many activities of the life of the nation. Her help is indispensable in all matters where reform should proceed from within.

Ladies, you know that many questions of our social reform are at present hung up till the women of the country become enlightened enough to solve them. True, in some respects, we act as the ballast to hold the conditions of national life in position but in many we are a heavy drag impeding all movement. This of course is due to a lack of insight into the meaning of our institutions, of the way in which other countries have progressed, a lack of general culture, of courage, and a desire for progress. These can alone be attained, I need not repeat, by a liberal education and by a more active part in public affairs.

Another direction in which there is great need of our services is the religious and moral institution of our children, with a view to bring them up in a spirit of reverence for the past, a love for the country, and a respect for authority. We alone, as centres of domestic influence can do in this respect all that school education has failed in doing. We alone can teach our sons the religion of their country and set an example in noble life for them to follow.

Yet another service, to mention only one, which we can render is towards the improvement of the relations between the rulers and the ruled in our own sphere and the establishment of a better understanding between the two races. This we can do by forming a large circle of friendship with our English sisters and by mixing freely with them in social intercourse.

Now, ladies, I have placed before you a few of our duties to the home and the country, and we should deem ourselves to have lived to some purpose if we endeavoured to discharge them. We should walk abreast of the times, we must shake off ignorance and rise above all forces that tend to keep us down. On us lies the duty of rearing a race of young men fully qualified to hold their own in the battle of life. Let the example of our own women of the past—let alone that of the women of other countries—teach us how woman can make the history of her country.

I have only to warn you against the danger of our losing our fine national virtues in our search after modern ideals. We have no reason to be ashamed of our present moral equipment—as a class we are gentle and modest, willing and loyal in our submission to the will of man, hospitable, charitable and pious. I am proud of this fact, and should consider any thing a calamity which would shift such an ideal from the vision of the coming generation of young women. A perfect system of education for them would be what, besides training the intellect, would make them faithful wives, enlightened mothers, loyal subjects, and devoted creatures of God.—

The following resolutions were then passed in Hindi.

1. 'That in the opinion of this Conference the best way of the advancement of the country is female education, and the Conference request all Indians to make arrangements for spreading female education.'

2. 'That in the opinion of this Conference it is not enough to teach the girls reading and writing. They ought to be taught how to manage the household, how to attend a sick person, sewing, &c.'

3. 'That in the opinion of this Conference child marriage is the root of all evils. It is the duty of the well-wishers of the country to remove this evil.'

4. 'That this Conference is of opinion that it is absolutely necessary to lessen the rigour of the *parda*.'

5. That this Conference thinks that the children should not be made to wear ornaments.

6. 'That the condition of Hindu widows is pitiable, and in order to save them from many troubles it is necessary to open Widows' Homes where they can be educated.'—*The Leader*.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN CANADA.—The Government maintains three elementary schools for girls, two for Indians and one for the Musalmans. They are well attended by the girls of all castes. Advantage is taken of the scholarships instituted by the State for the education of widows and for widows are now studying in one of the girls' schools drawing scholarships of Rs. 11, 12, and 13 per mensem. The scholarships are not attracting large numbers, as they should on account of the agreement demanded from the scholarship holders to serve for three years in a Government school after their course of study is completed. If that obstacle be removed or suitably modified, several intelligent young widows, in poor circumstances, will gladly avail themselves of the generous patronage of the Government.

There is a separate association for ladies in this town called the "Vidyarthini Samaj" with 35 members on its rolls. They regularly meet

on every Friday afternoon, read books on religious, social and literary subjects and come prepared with papers written by them on subjects interesting and useful to their sex. Some of the members of the Samaj are well known contributors to the journals of the Telugu country. Two of its members have the benefit of a training in the Poona Hindu Widows' Home and their experience of that institution is of great help to the society. Srimathi P. L. Narasamamba, editor of the *Savitri*, a local monthly for ladies, and B. Shamma presided at the lady conferences held at Guntur in June and October 1910, and their presidential addresses were favourably noticed by the press and the public.

Three of the members of the Samaj who appeared for the competitive examination held under the auspices of the *Stri Vidyabhivardhani Samaj* of Narsapur in the Kistna District, came out successful. The first of them was awarded a gold medal and the other two valuable sets of books of the Vignana Chandrika Mandli Series. The cause of female education advancement has sustained a great loss owing to the sudden death at Rajahmundry of Srimati K. Rajyalakshamma Gar, the worthy partner in life of Rao Bahadur K. Veerasalingam Pantulu Gar, the veteran Reformer of Southern India. The Samaj feeling the want of a separate habitation and a library of its own, has appealed to the Rajah of Pithapur for help on the auspicious occasion of the birth of a son and heir to him. The Samaj hopes that its requests will not be left unheeded. Some of the Professors of the local College have undertaken to deliver lectures to them in Telugu on scientific subjects and a beginning has been made this year. The lectures are being attended by a good number of ladies and Mr. Malladi Subbarow, a Japan returned young man has been taking much interest in the matter.

LADIES' CONFERENCES.—Mrs. Swann has uttered the following words: 'I honor the Hindu ladies for their great love of home and for their wise appreciation of the dignity, nay, holiness of service for those they love in that 'home.' But do not let your interests and sympathies begin and end there. Widen them out, try to take larger views of life. Cultivate your minds so that you may become real 'helpmeets' to your husbands, wise and sympathetic companions to your sons and daughters.'

There is no doubt that our Hindu Ladies have got many facilities for meeting each other and discussing on various topics. But the deplorable feature is that much of their time is spent in vain talk. What is expected of them is that the old and experienced of our Indian daughters organise associations and try to exchange their thoughts at least once in a month

upon topics of universal importance, such as nursing, development of intellectual and moral faculties, and promoting sympathy. If a move in the above direction is once made, it will go a great way in shaping the character of our sons who are completely influenced by their home circle. Once Lord Tennyson paid the following compliment to his lady 'The day she married me, the peace of God entered into my Home.' Such must be the individual characteristics of ladies who are to be members or associations. Then at no distant date, we can see the marvellous work turned out by such associations.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN TINNEVELLY.—The first annual distribution of prizes to the pupils of Thayammai Ammal Penkalvi Sala, Tinnevely, was celebrated with great eclat on the 27th Dec. 1910 in the school premises. Dr. C. B. Rama Row, B.A., M.D., presided and the parents of the school children and a large number of educated gentlemen were present on the occasion. It is gratifying to observe that a large number of Hindu ladies were also present to whom a special portion of the premises had been set apart. The proceedings commenced with the singing of sacred hymns. Three of the senior girls sang some welcome songs. The annual report was then read by the secretary. Two of the senior girls had then a dialogue on female education, which was very interesting and very much appreciated. This was followed by the playing of string 'kolattam' by some of the senior girls. They then played kummi, singing some theistic songs which inculcated the principles of Brahmoism. The prizes were then distributed by the chairman. This was followed by a short speech on female education by Vidyanda Paramahansa, who had been here for the Brahma Samaj anniversary. The president then made a few remarks appreciating the good work done in this institution on behalf of female education, and promised as a token of his interest in female education to give some prizes for the pupils of this institution next year. The proceedings closed with the singing of mangalam. This institution was founded on the 2nd of May 1909 by Mr. P. M. Kailasam Pillay, B. A., who is the president of the Tinnevely Brahma Samaj and was for many years the municipal chairman of this place, in memory of his deceased wife Thayammai Ammal. A special building for the school with a good compound worth about Rs. 2,000, *nanjai* lands worth about Rs. 5,000, and Rs. 2,000 in cash have been endowed for this institution. Besides this, *nanjai* lands worth about Rs. 3,000 have been endowed for celebrating the anniversary days of the deceased Thayammai Ammal by feeding and clothing the poor. The institution with the properties

endowed for the same and also the properties endowed for celebrating the anniversary days have been placed in the hands of a committee consisting of fourteen gentlemen. This School is located in the midst of the habitations of high caste Hindus in this town and has a promising future. The School was opened with 56 girls and at the end of the year there were 108 girls. The Sub-Assistant Inspector of Schools who inspected the institution in January last made a very favourable report about the working of the institution and recommended to the committee the opening of the 5th standard, which has accordingly been done. May God bless this institution.

B. A. SANKARANARAYANAN,
Secy. Brahmo Samaj.

LADIES' CONFERENCE.—The All-India Ladies' Conference under the auspices of the All-India Women's Association took place at the Vizianagaram Hall, Allahabad, on the 7th instant. Her Highness the Begum Sahiba of Jangira was elected president. The originator of the scheme is Mrs. L. Sarola Devi Choudhri, the Honorary Secretary. There were many distinguished visitors from various parts of India. It is a noteworthy point that there were many Muhammadan ladies. Mrs. Choudhri outlined the programme and explained the aims and objects.

The establishment of a home education mission for Indian women. The creation of a vernacular literature suitable for Indian women was urged as necessary, while the practical needs of poor women could, it was suggested, be met by opening of depôts for the sale of work at different centres. Medical aid for women was also a part of the programme and the speaker said that to carry out so ambitious a programme it was necessary to utilise the numerous local societies of women and focus their efforts, the Bharat Street Mahamandal was to form a centre for women thinkers and women workers of every race, creed, class and party in India, to associate themselves together for the progress of humanity.

The Begum of Jangira, the president, in her Address pointed out that many rivulets must combine to form a mighty river of work and progress. She considered that the chances of success would be immensely increased if they could enlist the sympathies of the Queen Empress. In the matter of women's education the Begum Sahiba considered that the German system was specially constructed with a view to women's needs and women's aims, and should be adapted as far as possible to Indian conditions. In the production of art work, every endeavour should be put forth to revive the beautiful old patterns and old methods

which had won such warm praise from art lovers all over the world.

Reports of different women's societies, Hindu, Mahomedan and Anglo-Indian, were then read. A number of Resolutions embodying the principles urged in the speeches of the President and Secretary were adopted, among the speakers being the Rani Sahiba of Vijianagram, Miss Susie Sorabji, Miss Atiya Fyze, Miss Maganbai, Mrs. Jyoti Sarup, Miss N. Bose, Mrs. P. Banerji, Mrs. Samullah Beg, Mrs. L. Bannerji, Miss P. Ghose, Mrs. Nilkanth, Mrs. Brijlal Nehru and the Begum of Bhopal who was loudly cheered.

THE NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.—Yesterday, H. E. Lady Lawley visited the pupils of the National Indian Association at Sylvan Lodge, Luz Church Road, Madras where the pupils were assembled for tuition. Lady Lawley was received at the porch by Mrs. Gordon, the Superintendent of the Home Education classes, and by Miss Ida Gunthur, B.A., L.T., the Headmistress of the Mylapore Classes. Her Excellency was presented with a bouquet of roses by Miss K. Subba Lukshmi, the daughter of the Hon'ble Mr. V. Krishnasawmy Iyer, on alighting from her motor car, and was garlanded by Mrs. Srinivasa Iyengar, daughter of the late Sir V. Bhashyam Iyengar. Lady Lawley walked through the classes, shaking hands with every pupil and showing the keenest interest in their work. She examined the exercises of the pupils and was very pleased with what she saw. She remarked that the pupils were very much improved in English, for they answered her questions with ease. She attributed this to their assembling for tuition where they had many more opportunities for their improvement. Her Excellency left after spending a pleasant half hour among the pupils, who were very much gratified by her kindness.

Miss I. Gunthur is entitled to great credit for the excellence of the institution. She has taken great interest in the work of educating Indian ladies, which she has made a labour of love. If similar institutions are started in other parts of Madras by Indian gentry there is a hopeful future for female education in the Presidency.—*By an Indian Lady.*

A SUCCESSFUL MAHOMEDAN LADY STUDENT.—A few facts respecting the young Mahomedan lady who received a gold medal at the prize-giving which took place at the Anjuman Islam Hall, on 2nd instant, and at which their Excellencies the Governor and Lady Clarke presided may be given. Kamroonissa Ali, the young lady in question, is the adopted daughter of one of our most respected citizens, Mr. Amirudin Tyabji, sole surviving brother of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Budroodun Tayabji, of the High

Court, Bombay. These gentlemen with another brother, Mr. Cumroodin, were among the first founders of the Anjuman Islam School, and earnest promoters of educating Mahomedans. Kamroonissa passed the Matriculation examination with honours last November, coming out first in the whole list of Mahomedan candidates, and first of all the girl-candidates in the Presidency. On account of her success she was awarded two valuable prizes, viz., the "Chatfield Prize" and the "Peerbhoy Scholarship." As a further mark of approval, she received last Thursday Haji Sulaiman Shah Mahomed's gold medal, awarded to successful Matriculation candidates through the Anjuman Islam School. Owing to *purdha* customs the young student was not allowed to receive her medal publicly, but it was handed by H. E. Lady Clarke to the Principal of the Girgaum Girls' High School, where Kamroonissa has received her education from the beginning. This school is under the superintendence of the Z. B. and M. Mission. After the prize-giving, Her Excellency kindly went up into the ladies' gallery and decorated the fortunate winner of the medal, congratulating her on her success. Kamroonissa Bibi is now entered as a student at the Wilson College.

Lady Aviator.—Mlle Mary'ngt, a French Lady aviator, has won her pilot's certificate by a fine flight lasting 53 minutes.

Lady Architect.—Mlle Genevieve Travat, a French lady, has been classed first in architecture with two men out of 23 candidates.

H. F. LADY HARDINGE HAS OFFERED A Silver Cup for the best dog in the Calcutta Dog Show, which will be held on the 3rd and 4th February. Sir Edward Baker is giving a Cup for the best imported dog.

AMATEUR BILL-STICKERS: Twenty-five members of the Women's Political Union of New York turned out with paste-pots and brushes and put up 500 purple, green and white posters announcing Miss Sylvia Pankhurst's lecture on Jan. 6. Society women and college women were conspicuous. The novelty of this method of procedure led the New York papers to give column-long accounts of it, adorned with pictures of the amateur bill-posters, and proved to be a splendid advertisement of the meeting.

CONCERNING WOMEN.—Beatrice Forbes-Robertson is the niece of Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson, not his daughter, as was erroneously stated in "The Woman's Journal."

Miss Jessie V. Berry, just out of Stanford University, was appointed City Chemist of Oakland, Cal., four years ago. She still holds her position, and Dr. Pauline Nusbaumer has been made City Bacteriologist.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay will impersonate Florence Nightingale in the series of tableaux about to be given by the Equal Franchise Society in New York, to raise money for the suffrage cause. The series of tableaux is being gotten up with great artistic skill, and bids fair to be one of the most beautiful and magnificent entertainments ever given in behalf of equal rights for women.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw, in a private letter enclosing the one from Elizabeth Freeman, whom Miss Shaw describes as "a splendid working suffragist," adds: "You may be quite sure that what she says is true, and I really feel that, following the report of the death of Mrs. Pankhurst's sister, we should do everything we possibly can to arouse the public to antagonism against the English Government and its brutality in regard to these women. It is enough to make one's blood boil."

Miss Mary E. Lent, superintendent of the Visiting Nurse Association of Baltimore, fought a long and hard campaign to establish tuberculosis nursing and prove its value to the city, so that the Board of Health might take it over. It was a heart-breaking struggle at first, but she persevered till there was not a street or alley to which the campaign was unknown. The Health Board has now taken over the work, and has more than doubled the nurses' salaries. Miss Ellen La Motte is nurse-in-chief of the tuberculosis division. She had worked in the women's campaign for five years.



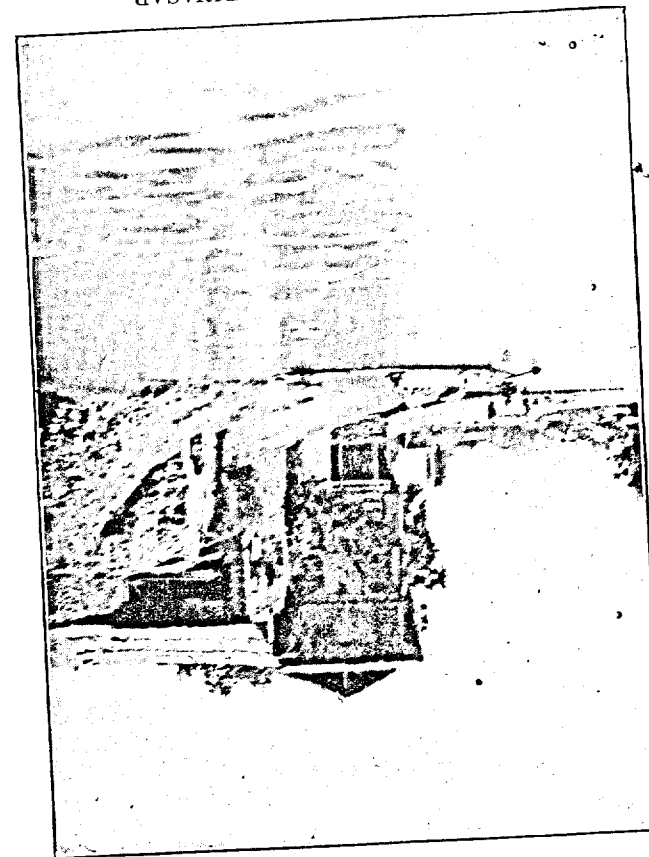
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Acknowledgments for January, 1911

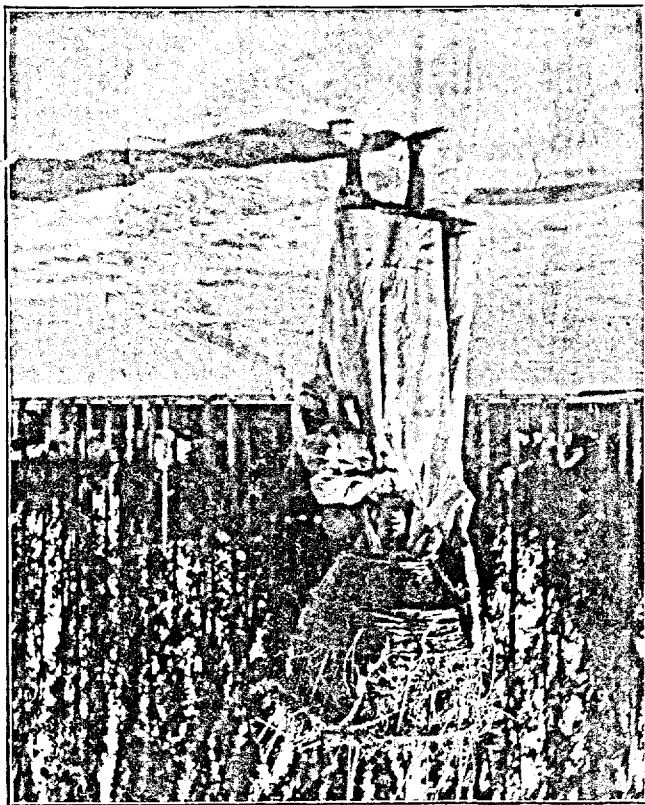
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Miss Kumidini Doss, Calcutta ..	.. 4 0	20. Hony. Secy. Union Club, Madura ..	.. 4 0
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Miss A. E. Lawson, Cawnpore ..	.. 4 0	27. Mrs. Subrahmaniam, Madras ..	.. 4 0
M. V. Meenakshisundaram, Coimbatore ..	.. 4 0	28. Miss A. Pichamuthu, Madura ..	.. 4 0
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Mrs. K. Mathan, Bangalore ..	.. 4 0	30. C. V. Ramanadha Sastri Esq., Madras ..	.. 4 0
A. Meenakshisundaram, Udumalpet ..	.. 4 0	31. Secy. J.N. Pedit Institute, Bombay ..	.. 4 0
C. D. Nayagam, Kulasekarapatam ..	.. 4 0	32. Lady Hammick, Madras ..	.. 4 0



A CANAL CORNER IN SRINAGAR



A KASHMIRI COOLY WOMAN



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. X]

MARCH, 1911

[No. 9

Sonnet—Obedience

*In thy strong teeth bite hard thy bit of steel,
Curve on thy chest thy nostrils belching fire,
Hold in thy strength, and check thy generous ire,
War-horse, impatient in thy battle-zeal.
'Mid the fierce onset where the standards reel,
And bright swords flash, and cannons thunder dire,
Fain wouldst thou fly, and there with joy expire,
Proud in thy blood thy loyalty to seal.
But where's the signal? Wait. Thy foam devour,
Smoother thy mane, and dull thine eyes' red flush,
With pricked-up ears attent until the hour,
True to thy rider's will. So when it rings,
That glorious hour, thou shalt have leave to rush
Through space entire, not on thy feet, but wings.*

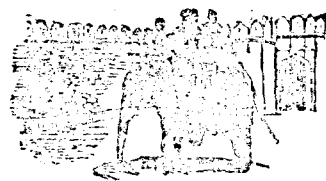
—Torq Dutt

2494

Glimpses of Kashmir

IV

(By Lady Benson)



HERE are a great variety of interests to occupy one's time in Srinagar; for, in addition to expeditions on the river, canals, and Dal

Lake, there are the shops to explore, the largest silk factory in the world to be seen, and a model hospital to be visited. The shops alone cannot be exhausted in a week. The people of Kashmir are most skilful and artistic in their arts and industries. They excel as carpet weavers, embroiderers, and carvers. In the latter industry they work chiefly in walnut and poplar wood. Their designs are beautiful, copied from the beauties of nature around them. They utilize for models the chenar tree leaves and berries, the singara water nut and lotuses, and many other graceful water plants. These designs are worked out in patterns for their carpets, as well as for embroidered table cloths, bedspreads, and curtains, and very beautifully they are adapted to each and all. Similar designs appear in the carved furniture, tables, chairs, lampstands, bookshelves, and photo frames. The merchants are very proud of the many orders they have received from distinguished visitors to Kashmir, and show photographs of the articles they have supplied, accompanied with letters of praise and appreciation from the said visitors. Much of one's time is taken up with examining these records. The workers richly deserve the encomiums they receive. Their needlecraft is most delicate, and artistic in colouring, and the carving deeply and sharply cut, as well as being artistic in design. As carpenters, they fail in accurate joinery work. In that respect they cannot compare for a moment with the Japanese, whose work is the perfection of accuracy and fit. A visit to Mahomed Jan's shop on the river, by the third bridge, is like stepping into a bit of the "Arabian Nights." The picturesque house, with its balconies overhanging the river, has been beautifully illustrated in that mine of lovely pictures, Molyneux and Younghusband's "Kashmir," a book well worth possessing. In that picture the water of the river looks peaceful and gentle, whereas, when we visited the shop, it was racing like a mill-stream, and our boatmen had to fight like mad to paddle up against it. It made landing quite an exciting experience. Still more out of the course of ordinary shopping was the approach and entrance to this store-house of world-famous Persian and Kashmir carpets, shawls and

embroideries. Up the dark flights of river stairs, into the spacious Moorish-arched upper room, piled with fabrics of marvellous skill and colour, and presided over by Mahomed Jan and his satellites, who might all have sat as models for Abraham, was truly like emerging into the life of the "Arabian Nights." Although there were on view many specimens of exquisite and very expensive work, such as a shawl for Rs. 1,000, and a carpet for Rs. 1,500, still there were innumerable articles of beauty, most moderately priced, making one marvel that such beautiful work could be so inexpensively produced and disposed of. The explanation must be that the price of food is cheap in Kashmir, and the wants of the people are few and simple. Moreover they are a very industrious people, working late into the long winter nights, and taking very little sleep. We looked forward to many visits to these most interesting shops later on in our tour, but alas! before September came round, cholera had made such ravages, and gained such a foothold in the city, we dared not risk any visits to the narrow dirty alleys, and insanitary surroundings of this most picturesque and fascinating neighbourhood.

The merchants do not rest contented with the visits of tourists to their shops, but sally out in boats of their own, manned with their myrmidons, and laden with choice specimens of their handicraft. These hawkers are most persistent in their efforts to show off and dispose of their wares. At first their little impromptu exhibitions, under the shady chenar trees, are most interesting and entertaining, but soon the novelty palls, and purses empty, and then the reiterated demands of endless hawkers to "look only, never mind buy anything" become a nuisance. It is impossible to get a quiet moment for reading or writing, the hawker is still in the land, and never silent. I am afraid they hear much unparliamentary language, but they will not listen to denials, and have earned for themselves an unenviable reputation as plagues of the first description.

A visit to the Srinagar Silk Factory is most interesting and instructive. We were fortunate in having been given an introduction to the head of the silk factory by a friend in Madras. Consequently Mr. D. very kindly called for us in his motor, and drove us several miles out of Srinagar to the factory. The drive was through the poplar avenues, and fascinating bazaars till we reached the inevitable tall chimneys and rectangular buildings inseparable from a factory. "I hope you do not mind smells" said our friend, "for you will get a good dose of them here"—and he was as good as his word! Hitherto we had never associated silk with smells! The cocoons have to be treated

with hot air to kill the insect inside, or else they would eat their way out and become moths. We went into one out of the nine very long wooden sheds in which hundreds of little boys in long lines were at work by little wheels and spinning arrangements. By each boy was a little tank of boiling water and a little tank of cold water. In each tank of boiling water four cocoons were bobbing about, and from each cocoon a gossamer thread was passed on to a whizzing reel. Four of these gossamer threads make one very fine silk thread, which is passed from that tiny whizzing aluminium reel on to another row of spinning wheels, where it is wound on to a big wheel to form a skein. In order to secure the first thread from the cocoons, they are plunged into boiling water and a bristly brush is passed over them, and this catches the little loose end of silk. The little boys help themselves to four cocoons apiece, and put them into their own little tanks of boiling water. The small cold water tank is for them to dip their little fingers into while manipulating the four cocoons. There are nine very large sheds in which these processes are carried on. In seven of them the water is heated by firewood, and in two by electricity, which is brought all the way from Rampur (50 miles); in these two sheds the spindles are also revolved by electricity, instead of by the energy of a horde of little boys.

We passed from shed to shed seeing the silk wound from the skeins on to reels, and from the reels on to paper cones for the loom shuttles.

Glass or aluminium rollers have to be used for all these windings, as those gossamer delicate silk threads actually cut through steel rollers! We saw for ourselves how the steel rollers had been scored by the silk threads. There were rooms full of hand-loom weavers, making self-coloured silk. There are no dyeing processes in the Srinagar Silk Factory, only golden self-coloured silk is exported. We saw bales of golden coloured silk skeins being packed in white wax cloth and then in gunny bags for export, each bag worth £100!

We were then shown specimens of silk-worms, eggs, silk worms, chrysalises, cocoons, and moths, in fact the whole life history of the insect. The Kashmir State imports 1,700 lbs weight of eggs yearly from Italy and France, and distributes these eggs free to the peasants. The villagers hatch out the eggs, feed the silk worms on mulberry leaves, and bring the cocoons for sale to the factory. The period of hatching to the completed cocoon only covers six weeks, the process costs the villagers nothing, while they receive in payment for the cocoons over four lakhs of rupees among 17,433 rearers. Sericulture has been practised for many centuries in Kashmir, but it has only re-

cently been placed on a really business-like footing. The reason for the importation of silk worms' eggs from Italy and France is that the worms there are treated scientifically; all diseased worms are destroyed, eggs are examined under a microscope, and any showing signs of disease are rejected. The efforts of former rulers in Kashmir to make a financial success of silk manufacture failed because of the increase of disease among the silk worms, and their ignorance as to its cause and treatment. No one knew anything about the scientific work of Pasteur, or of the present methods of prevention of disease, which he alone first formulated. In Bengal in 1886 there was a mortality of 60 per cent of the silk worms there through quite preventable disease. In Kashmir the late Maharajah Ranbir Singh, who was an enthusiast in new industries, revived the silk production on a large scale. The cost of buildings and plant was enormous, but the rearing houses being scattered in all parts of the valley could not be properly supervised. There was no one possessing any technical knowledge to supervise, and though great improvements were made in reeling there was no one in Kashmir who could avert the calamity which befell the industry in 1878, when nearly the whole of the silk worms were carried off by disease. The industry lingered on till 1882, and from that time till 1890 the quantity of seed rapidly diminished and sericulture was virtually at an end. In 1890 Sir Thomas Wardle, a silk specialist, who was first led into research connected with the industrial development of India by his efforts to utilize the wild tussore silk of that country, wrote: "I think it would be of great importance to have some examination made as to the silk producing capabilities of Kashmir, and to establish there such a sericultural institute as that at Padua and Montpellier (in France), both Government institutes which are doing immense good to sericulture in Italy and France. It always seems to me a great pity that Europe, and especially England, does not get more silk from our dependencies. We have to go to China and Japan for the bulk of what is needed."

Indian ladies will be much interested in hearing that an exhibition of silk grown and made in England was held in 1890 at the house of Lady Egerton of Tatton, and opened by the Duchess of Teck, the mother of Queen Mary. A national silk association of ladies was then formed and it was arranged to have a large exhibition at the Imperial Institute in 1892, in which India was to be fully represented. In 1894 some raw silk was sent from Kashmir and manufactured into brocade by Messrs. Warner and Sons of Spitalfields. It was shown to Queen

Victoria and to the Prince and Princess of Wales who evinced much interest in it. It seems that Kashmir is the only country where the uni-voltine silk worm—the *Bomby x Mori*, which is the worm from which is chiefly obtained the silk of commerce, is indigenous. It is from the uni-voltine worm that the silk used in Europe, China and Japan is obtained. The silk of Bengal is the product of two or more species of multi-voltine silk worms. The reason why the uni-voltine worm produces better silk for reeling is because its cocoon is larger and less covered with gum than the multi-voltine worm. The silk worm by moving its head from one side to the other deposits its double thread in loops. When carelessly reeled the threads get into a tangle, (called "bouchons") in the raw silk. In the Bengal cocoon this defect is much aggravated from two causes:—*First* by the greater amount of gum which the worm exudes to cover its silken thread than in those of the Italian, French, Chinese and Japanese worms, and *secondly* because the Bengal cocoon, being smaller than those of the cocoons just mentioned, the difficulty of reeling is greater. Therefore great importance is attached to the rearing of the same silk worms that supplies the silk for European and Chinese and Japanese manufactures i.e., the uni-voltine silk worm—the *Bomby x Mori*. Another cause for the decrease in the rearing of silk worms in Bengal is because of the excessively high rents Zemindars put upon the mulberry lands in years of prosperity in the silk trade, and which they maintained when the value of silk in the world fell down from 20 to 50 per cent. The failure of the cocoon crop was principally due to the bad seed selected by the native breeders. The benefit would be great if Government would come to the rescue and rear cocoons for seed purposes only (or else purchase seed from Europe). In the hot months silk worms died from the very hot winds, the rattled walls used in native villages affording insufficient protection. Cocoons seldom fail in villages that have mud walled huts. The wearing down of any artistic industry is a national loss which requires national aid and encouragement. Even in England the silk industry has received no real encouragement from her Governments. In India we have a great silk growing country; and in England silk centres for the weaving and manufacture of silks, such as Spitalfields, Coventry, Macclesfield, etc. There is an immensely important future for silk in India, not only for the ordinary silk of commerce but also for the newer industry of Tussur silk. The name Tussur is probably derived from the Sanskrit *tasara* a shuttle, to which the cocoon has a resemblance.

Sir Thomas Wardle was the first to succeed in dyeing this silk properly. The results of his efforts were exhibited in the Paris Exhibition 1878. The President of the Exhibition said that owing to the improvements made in bleaching and dyeing Tussur silk it was destined to have a gradual and important development in Lyons. In time a large demand arose, which the natives of India were too apathetic to supply. It is very unfortunate that India should have allowed China to have taken the lead, and chiefly to furnish the main export supply of Tussur silk, considering that in only one week in 1903, 142 bales of Tussur silk were in Lyons alone. It is now probably too late for India to attempt to monopolize this market, but she should take up the subject in earnest, and endeavour to supply a part, if not the whole of this expanding trade.

It was undoubtedly Sir George Birdwood who was the first to call attention to this silk, which he at that early date thought might be fitted for more refined manufacturing treatment than it had received in India or elsewhere. Previously to 1873 no Tussur silk was successfully used in Europe. In 1885 Sir Thomas Wardle was sent to India by the Government of India to report on sericulture in Bengal, and to collect typical silks from various parts of India for exhibition at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in 1886. He visited the silk producing districts of Surdah and Berhampur, and spent a week among the Santals and Khols, and visited Patna, Futwa, and Gya and saw the natives reeling Tussur cocoons. The rough and ready native reeled silk cannot compete in Europe with the machine reeled silk of other countries. Sir Thomas Wardle was most anxious to see established an "Imperial Government Silk Institution" with branches, such as those that have been in operation for a long time in France and Italy, where every department of scientific sericulture is conducted and taught by highly qualified technical savants, resulting in annually improved breeds and races of silk worms, improvements in the cultivation of the mulberry, in the study of the origin and prevention of the diseases peculiar to silk worms, as well as to all matters pertaining to scientific and commercial sericulture. If his suggestion had been acted upon not only would sericulture have been vastly improved, but it would by this time have become an important industry in other parts of India, such as Hyderabad, Mysore, etc., where the mulberry can be cultivated, and where there has always been some silk production and silk weaving. It will be interesting to learn what is being done now in Mysore with the castor oil plant-eating silk worm, and whether it is going to provide a thriving industry for the people of that

country. After microscopical and other examination the Indian silk fibre is shown to be nearly the same as that produced in European countries. India only wants the application of progressive observation, and the immediate adoption of the scientific and mechanical methods of Europe. That there is ample room for the employment of Indian silk may be inferred from the fact that for the 10 years ending 1883 England purchased silks from Europe to the amount of eleven million pounds a year. Europe consumed nearly 6 million pounds grown in Italy; 1½ million pounds grown in France; 7 millions grown in China; 3 millions from Japan; while India only exported one million pounds and in 1885 the export had sunk to 458,000 pounds. This does not include that grown for native consumption.

In Kashmir the State attempts to keep up the supply and growth of mulberry trees by distributing yearly to the villagers 30,000 to 40,000 young mulberry trees; but owing to the lack of proper supervision, this liberal supply looks better on paper than it is in reality. The trees are not properly watered, or protected from goats, so the vast majority of them die. The full grown mulberry trees are subjected to very rough treatment (in spite of laws and regulations to the contrary) the villagers break off whole branches, and strip the trees most mercilessly of their leaves, consequently they look gnarled, twisted, and tortured. It looks as if nothing short of European supervision would give the mulberry trees of Kashmir a chance of survival. The chenar trees throughout the valley and State are the monopoly and property of the Maharajah, and no one attempts to cut a branch or even twig of these splendid trees, consequently they are to be seen in the perfection of growth and beauty.

Portia

(BY M. F. GILBERT COOPER)



THE character of Portia at first sight seems complex, but on closer examination it becomes simple r

and is decidedly womanly.

She is full of apparent contradictions; as the

French say: "Souvent femme varie" not that she varies exactly—she is in reality usually consistent throughout—but her moods appear to change and to present strong contrasts.

We first hear of her through her lover Bassanio as a lady rich and fair and virtuous, with sunny hair and eyes, which she evidently understands how to use. He says: "Sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair speechless messages."

To understand her, one must realise her circumstances and environment. A rich heiress, evidently an only child, "a lady richly left," we hear no mention of her mother. Her father had educated her well. We may fancy he was proud of her intelligence and recognised traits of himself in her caustic wit.

He was, we hear, "very virtuous" and he must have been a man of a whimsical turn of mind to have conceived such an extraordinary means of disposing of his daughter in marriage. A strong touch of cynicism and eccentricity in the man, surely.

We are first introduced to Portia in her own house of Belmont, talking over the affairs of the casket with Nerissa. Throughout this conversation we notice Portia's tendency to reflect and moralise, the fun of youth and cleverness, and through it all a certain wistfulness.

She is young and alone and, moreover, in love—a love which cannot be confessed as yet, if ever.

Her first words give us, as Shakespeare always does, the key to the situation.

"By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world." Again, "Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?"

Then follows the list of her suitors and her opinion of each, which are neither more nor less than the opinions of a sharp clever girl.

These suitors refused to be put to the test of the casket, to Portia's great relief: "I pray God grant them a fair departure."

But she will be true to her father. She will only "be obtained by the manner of my father's will"

And then Nerissa, who knows well which way the land lies, so to speak, asks her: "Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier?"

Here we may remark that Bassanio is spoken of as a scholar; he was therefore, probably, more worthy in intellect of Portia than he has generally been given the credit.

Portia's answers are quiet and maidenly. "Yes, yes, it was Bassanio. As I think, so was he called." "I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise."

Then, when a servant announces the speedy arrival of the Prince of Morocco, her impatience at the casket-choice returns; when, however, she has to receive that Prince, she behaves as a courteous lady in spite of her dislike.

"But, if my Father had not scanted me, And wedg'd me by his will, to yield myself His wife who wins me by that means I told you, Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair As any comer I have lock'd on yet For my affection."

It was not necessary for her to inform him that she had disliked them all.

The Prince fails and departs. Then the natural girl speaks:

"A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go— Let all of his complexion choose me so."

Very different is her behaviour when Bassanio comes to choose.

She is in love, in suspense as to his choice, and would fain put off the trial: "I pray you tarry." But she keeps true to her father's will.

"I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be."

At last the curtain is withdrawn which conceals the caskets. She sends him to his fate

"Away then! I am lock'd in one of them: If you do love me, you will find me out."

This choice is most momentous; it is to be made with some circumstance.

"Let music sound while he doth make his choice; Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end."

But Portia, we are sure, was not musical nor emotional. She has a very alert active brain and strong imagination, what is called the "historical sense," so she orders music from a sense of the fitness of things, of the thrilling importance of the occasion. A musical person would have listened and waited in tense silence, she recalls her classic lore—"young Alcides," the Dardanian wives."

She sees when he has chosen rightly, and then she is as always just herself, delighted, quite naturally, in love as any true woman, but moralising even then somewhat:

"How all the other passions fleet to air," And urging herself to control and moderation: "O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy! In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!"

In her famous speech; "You see me, Lord Bassanio as I am," etc., we see the girl Portia in girlish shyness before her lover, the woman Portia revealed, strip of her learning, her caustic wit, her moralising reflexions. She is just a true simple woman, giving herself in womanly humility to the man she loves.

Surely nowhere has Shakespeare shewn a truer knowledge of womankind than here in Portia, the most intellectual of all his female characters, but a very woman withal, and a perfect lady in her simple dignity.

Shortly after, when Bassanio is reading the letter which tells him of Antonio's distress, she asks to read it with perfect womanly tact:

"With leave Bassanio: I am half yourself. And I must have the half of anything That this same paper brings you."

With impetuosity she urges him to take the money three times paid: then;

"First go with me to church and call me wife. And then away to Venice to your friend." "O love, dispatch all business and be gone."

Bassanio hastens to his friend. Apparently Portia, his new-made wife, has nothing to do but to await his return with what patience and resignation she may. Certain it is that the majority of women would have done what Portia said she was about to do, i.e., retire to a monastery and "live in prayer and contemplation until my Lord return." Only, had she done so, she would not have been Portia, with her prompt far-seeing brain, fixing, with the rapid intuition of a woman, on the one saving point of an apparently hopeless case and with her heart filled with love and pity.

Not for her to rest and wait and pray—she must be up and act. As Wordsworth says of his "goodly vessel," "She will brook no delay, where she comes, the winds must stir." So with Portia, no delay! "Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand."

Then her fun and keen observant wit come to the fore. She will disguise herself as a man and

"I'll hold thee any wager When we are both accounted like young men. I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two, And wear my dagger with a braver grace: I've within my mind A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks. Which I will practise."

The last scene of "The Merchant of Venice" to the exit of the grand tragic figure of Shylock (a culminating type of Semitic vengeance) is well-known to all; to many indeed who have not read any other part of the play, as it is so often acted separately. A full conception of Portia's character cannot be attained by seeing her alone "as the youthful doctor." Here she is, though still true to herself, acting a part. She has not the musical temperament, but she has the dramatic instinct in her very strongly, inherited doubtless from her father.

She judges her suitor's characters dramatically, she arranges the casket-scene dramatically with soft music, and now, in this supreme crisis

when Antonio's life, and with it Bassanio's happiness, is at stake, she attacks "This present question in the court" dramatically.

(Music, painting, drama, is each an art, but the temperament belonging to each of these arts is essentially different).

Therefore, we must remember throughout this scene that Portia though in deadly earnest is acting, and like every real actor her acting is so real that it not only seems but does for the time become part of her own personality. So real and forceful is this acting that no one for a moment suspects that she is not in very truth a youthful doctor-of-law.

Here, in passing, it may be remarked that many would have disguised themselves as aged, so as to have inspired more respect, and to have better concealed their identity. Not so Portia, or rather Shakespeare, who always, even in disguise, makes youth keep youth.

The two points which Portia will urge are: first Mercy, second Justice. The Jew may shew mercy; failing that, he shall have justice, in full measure, truly to the last jot, which last item she keeps up her sleeve, (if one may so express it) with a half malicious irony.

The very acme this of subtle if somewhat merciless acting.

Portia's appeal for mercy to the Jew in her famous speech "The Quality of Mercy," seems at first sight unnatural as pronounced by a young girl, one, too, who has on a former occasion confessed herself to be:

"An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised."

The question arises, was she true to herself when she said this; did she not know full well that she was by no means "unlesson'd and unschool'd," tho' perhaps "unpractis'd?"

Portia, being Portia, the dramatic, the loving hearted, both speeches were equally true, and natural at the time. Under the first strong influence of love, she felt herself a girl, all too truly unworthy of such a man (as she conceived Bassanio to be) for her husband. The highest intellects are often the first to abase themselves when love first touches the heart.

Now, in this court, she is undergoing a great and novel experience. She has undertaken to bring a great "question" to a successful issue.

We have seen her brain was alert, and rapier-like in its swift decisions, but she was also thoughtful and reflective (perhaps more reflective than thoughtful) and doubtless during her rapid journey she had thought out "her plans of campaign" and had composed her speech on mercy, worthy alike of her intellect and heart.

That appeal failing, she gives herself with keenness, and some humour to bringing about the successful issue of her plan.

The whole scene is as dramatic as even she

could have desired. The tragedy of it she neither saw nor understood.

It was neither the age nor the time for it. Shakespeare, as the seer, was in advance of his age, and alone could make us feel, through the centuries, the great lone heart throbs of Shylock the Jew. They were not for Portia or her contemporaries. Shylock was alone.—

With the exit of the Jew the tension of the play ends.

The characters have only to explain and to return in joy to Belmont. Side-lights are thrown on Portia's character. As she and Nerissa are approaching the house she moralises in her usual reflective way:

"How far that little candle throws his beams; So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

One also realises again that she is not musical, for, instead of listening to the music, by which her return is welcomed, she passes reflexions on it.

Her last line is uttered in her own characteristic manner.

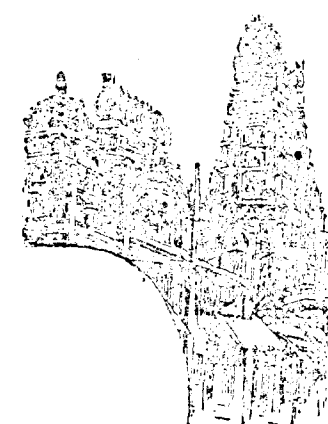
"We will answer all things faithfully."

The foundation of Portia's character was truth and fidelity. Her intellect was strong; her brain alert and active; she had wit (more wit than humour) and a loving heart.

Given these qualities, this environment, these circumstances, and Shakespeare evolves a—

PORTIA.

The Grand Teppam (Floating) Festival in Madura.



ONCE a year on the Thai Pusam day is held the grand Teppam (floating) festival, otherwise known as Periya (big) Teppa (floating) kulam (tank) festival at Madura, and on this day the long trunk road to Rameswaram is alive with lumbering country carts, and jingling jatkas loaded with devout worshippers who have come for miles from the outlying and surrounding villages to do puja at the great temple dedicated to "Meenakshi" the "fish-eyed" (according to English writer "Golden") Goddess and her

consort the SUNDARA ISWARA, "the beautiful" god, and join in the Teppakulam festival which occurs in the month of January or February, having been founded by the great Naidu ruler, Tirumalai, after he had built the beautiful Teppakulam at an enormous cost and fixed the festival in commemoration of his birthday (*Thai Pusam*). The trains too are busy bringing carriage loads of passengers who, tightly packed into the narrow compartments, with their mysterious bulging bundles and long mat rolls and burnished brass waterpots and a sprinkling of European ladies and gentlemen also from places nearer, all are hurrying in the same direction.

For a week before the festival is to come off, there will be a busy scene on the steps of the great tank, a number of ingenious workmen with split bamboos, matting, and bright bits of coloured paper and tinsel constructing an enormous "raft" for the god and goddess. A new raft has to be made every year and it is most marvellous to see how with such simple materials what an artistic and substantial looking edifice is erected. Day by day it grows and the day before the feast the finishing touches are put to it and it is proudly towed down into the tank with long thick ropes, floating lightly on the big empty casks that supported them. It is stated with some truth that the raft in the days of Naidu Rulers was double the present size.

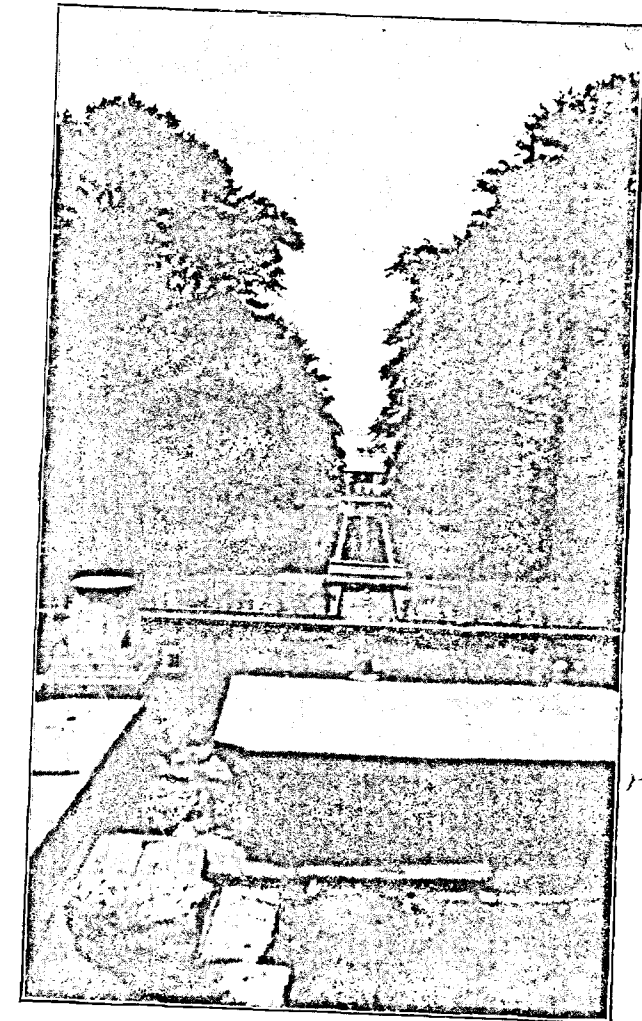
The next day, i. e., on *Thai Pusam* day—the day of festival, early in the morning all the town is agog, and faintly at first in the still warm air is heard from the great temple the throb of the tom-toms, growing gradually louder and louder, telling all the world that the great day had come, and the procession of the deities through the town is beginning. Starting from the temple, it slowly winds its way through the streets of the crowded bazaars—a bright moving mass of kaleidoscope colours—and in and out through twisting roads, past the houses where the Europeans reside, on and on through the long roads and along the pathway lined by shady avenues to its destination at the steps of the Teppakulam, a distance of about a mile and a half from the temple.

The procession is headed by five temple elephants and by those lent by other temples during the festive occasions gaily caparisoned with a red and gold saddle cloth, richly embroidered, their trunks and foreheads painted in a quaint device of white and red, rattling the long heavy chains in their trunks, and clashing and jingling the brass bells on their saddle cloth as they cleared the road for those behind. Curious bamboo and matting figures come next, boys who are inside the figures carrying them

careened along in a wild frenzy, keeping time to the tom-toms and pipes to the great amusement and delight of the crowd—then gaudy banners carried by a motley crew, followed by some of the smaller gods (Ganesh and Subramaniya) in bright decorated *chaprams*—more banners come, and then with a renewed throbbing of the tom-toms, shriller and shriller grow the pipes and nearer and nearer comes the gorgeous gold and silver plated and painted *chaprams* of the god and the goddess carried in procession as stated above by a crowd of eager willing hands staggering under their weight and the ponderous truncheons of the big bamboos till the steps of the great tank are reached. After some ceremonies, the deities are carried on board the "raft" and towed in state all round the tank by the devout crowd. The raft is then made fast to the mantapam in the centre of the tank, known as *Mayya* (centre or middle) Mandapam to where the deities are removed and kept for the rest of the day, till the night falls in, when the great tank is illuminated as with the touch of a fairy's wand, as one by one the tiny oil butties that covered the Mantapam, and which were seen in every niche of the surrounding wall are lighted up; they outline the scene like so many gems and real fireflies glowing in the darkness and flickering in the warm bright air. The tom-toms get louder and flutes get shriller as the night wears on and the fireworks begin to go off with a dull boom as the rockets shoot up, sending a bright shower of golden stars into the gleaming waters of the tank, and the raft is again for the last time towed round and brought to the steps of the Teppakulam for the god and goddess to resume the procession back to the temple in the early hours of the morning. By this time the lights go out, the murmur of hundreds of voices sink to rest, and when the cold grey light of dawning creeps across the sky the great Teppakulam festival is once more over and becomes a thing of the past and the night drifts away into the past to join the nights that were.

To form an idea of the oriental architectural beauty of the Teppakulam and the grandeur of the festival, it may be well to quote Mr. J. H. Nelson, the eminent Madras civilian and the author of the *Madura Country Manual*, as I cannot express as succinctly and clearly as he;—

"The public works which principally engaged Tirumala's attention, and which have made his name famous, were huge solidly constructed works of a highly ornamental character, such as could not have been built by any other than a despot possessed of boundless wealth. It would be out of place in a work like this to give an elaborate description of these splendid monuments of antiquity, especially as they have



NISHAT BAGH

The view from the Moorish Pavilion looking up the garden, but it gives no idea of the height and beauty of the view.

been already photographed and fully described by others."

After describing the great Palace, *Swaraja Vilasam*, *Vasantham* or *Puthu Mantapam*, the accomplished author in compiling the Manual in 1868 says:—

"A work of equal solidity and perhaps even greater beauty is the *teppa-Kulam*, or large stone tank built at a distance of about a mile and a half east of the town of Madura, round which the European residents so often take an evening airing. The tank is a perfect square, measuring it is said exactly twelve hundred yards. The sides are faced with cut granite, and surmounted by a parapet also of cut granite, which is pierced by flights of steps at suitable intervals, and adorned here and there in the Hindu style with figures of gods, and horses, peacocks and other animals. Inside the parapet a paved gallery runs round the whole and affords a cool and pleasant walking place. In the centre is the square island, also faced with granite, which forms the basement of a lofty dome-roofed temple several stories high but of moderate size. At the four corners of the island are tiny ornamental temples rising from the angles of the stone-work, and the space between these and the main temple is filled in with ever-green trees. The whole effect is exceedingly tasteful; particularly as the tank always contains water. Once a year the sides and temples are illuminated with a hundred thousand lamps at sunset; and the idols from the great Pagoda are brought to the tank, and put on board a raft gaudily decorated and lighted up with blue and red fires; and slowly drawn round and round the island for some hours. If the night is fine and dark, the spectacle afforded is magnificent and many thousands of people come together to enjoy it. A raft of this kind is called a *teppam*; and a stone tank built for the purpose of a *teppam* being drawn round it is called, a *teppakulam*."

Colonel Fullerton writes in 1785—"When the Gentoo Rajah Tirumalai Naique reigned there in the last century, his territories extended over many parts of the Southern countries. His treasures were great, and he has left monuments of magnificence hardly surpassed in any age or country. These proud buildings still remain, a melancholy contrast with present poverty and depopulation."

According to a recent English writer who chose to be anonymous and whose impressions of the festivals I have mostly adopted in the above description as they have been correctly formed, "It was good that I was fortunate enough to have had an outer glimpse of the great Teppakulam festival that I had heard of before so often, and that will ever remain in my

memory as a bright living picture with all the colour and joyousness of the past not easily to be forgotten."

A reception is held that night to all the English ladies and gentlemen in the station and to those invited from outside on the flat roof of the bungalow known as Teppakulam House, late of Mr. Fischer and now of the Rajah of Ramnad, from which point of vantage, in the words of a recent English writer "a splendid view of the illuminations and fireworks is obtained, also of the seething mass of humanity below, while the hum as of a hive of bees let loose never ceased."

This year the festival came off on the 12th of February, 1911.

P. R. Venkatesalu Naidu.

The Two Friends

CHAPTER I

He underneath the beachen shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.

Dryden.



HAT is it you utter, thou son of a beggar?" asked Ganga.

"Nothing, madam, nothing," answered

poor Ganesh in bitter tones.

"Nothing!! Thou darrest to utter black lies before me. Ay, truly I merit this. Is it for this that I reared you up like my own son?"—while the boy was muttering to himself, "Yes, everybody in this village knows how true your words are—you have treated me like your own son. Eh! God's will be done," and with a sigh the youth repressed his rising feelings.

She continued in the same strain as before, unheeding the boy's comments. "Good God! what evil hast thou brought upon my house. Alas! How thoroughly has corruption overcome this world! Good requited by evil. What is it to me if this youth here prospers in life or ruins himself. Surely I have no concern in it whatever; cursed be my mother that has brought me this devil of an imp in place of my lost precious darling. Now boy, wilt thou tell me or not what it was that thou hummed to thyself? I tell thee, boy, that I will not scruple to send thee out of my house, and that without a penny in thy pockets."

"Madam, I entreat your mercy to take pity upon my feelings and leave me to myself for three hours more, and then, Madam, I promise to answer all your questions."



A TOWER OF THE CORK BOAT

"Dost thou add 'Promise' to thy words, liar? O cruel perversion of 'Promise.' I will not give or—" Here she was interrupted by a venerable old gentleman entering the room. She rose from the position she had occupied like a wolf at bay and greeted the welcome guest.

"Good morning to you, Thattha, you see how I am troubled with my family affairs. Most of my troubles are due to this devil here. I am determined to oust the fiend in him. I will be coming by and by, boy," so saying she turned and left the room. Thattha also followed her out of the room. The boy was now left alone to his thoughts. He felt gratefully towards the gentleman who so opportunely had relieved him of his impending troubles. He sat disconsolate and motionless for a long while and then burst out in ejaculations. But let us respect his feelings. Two hours later he was found reading from Tennyson the following lines:—

'Thro' slander, meanest spawn of Hell—
And women's slander is the worst,

'Thro' you, my life will be accurst,
your sex is known

I never will be twice deceived,
Henceforth I trust too man alone,
The woman cannot be believed.

He closed the book and cried out, "How truly have the words come to pass. Thou incomparable poet! Heaven! I implore you once more to preserve me from evil."

CHAPTER II.

I steer against their motions, nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky—

Addison.

It was evening; the clock had struck five. All the colleges in the vicinity of the village of C— had already closed. At the moment we are speaking of 'two of far nobler shape,' but unfortunately, both belonging to the weaker sex, were holding converse in their well furnished house in the village of C—. One of them was a little advanced in age, who had perhaps braved some fifty or sixty winters, which was plainly visible in the furrows of her cheeks. Her frame was somewhat masculine with a broad chest and square shoulders. Her tone had not completely lost its feminine character. In a word she was not ugly.

The other was certainly more comely to look at, being several years her junior, perhaps a score. In her youth she was the loveliest of her sex, with her rosy cheeks and blue eyes. She was

then known as the light of the village, so profound was the respect paid to her beauty. But later 'sickness and sorrow' as her mother expressed it, (sorrow for the early death of her husband who was earlier forgotten) had combined to waste her beauty. So faded the splendour of her countenance in less time than it took to bloom.

"Kamala, what is the time now?"

"Just struck five, mother."

"Five! then how is it that the lad has not yet made his appearance? Is it because he has not had a flogging this month? Does he not know that he should be here in time? What business has he to be so late? Nothing surely, when you have not 'deputed' him to go anywhere on our errands. He shall feel my wrath when he comes back."

"Where can he have gone, my dear?"

"I am really at a loss to know whither he has gone, but I might with confidence say that he has stayed with some one of his innumerable friends in one of his indolent moods, for I know full well he is a lazy loon."

"On the sanctity of my namesake, I swear that he shall feel for this what you call his indolence. What bravado is this that makes an imp of seventeen disobey a lady of thrice his age, a lady before whom his parents themselves tremble like an aspen leaf, or like the criminal before his awful judge? Ma does he dare to slight!" At this moment Kamala left the room. But the matron proceeded in her soliloquy, not in the least disturbed. "But his friends say that he is kind and gentle, but of course those people are partial and so what care I for him or his friends? But even my own friends say that he is good. They speak false, because they are afraid of his gentle and meek silence. His very goodness frightens them. What, am I myself saying that he is good? It is indeed wonderful. No, no, he is an embodiment of all that is evil, destitute of virtue and mother of vice. None that I know of in this world are good, except it be my own precious daughter. We are the only good people that this village of C— has ever seen. My daughter is just the reverse of this head-strong youth. She is the abode of virtue and all that is good. Here comes the boy himself." As she said this, the boy entered. It is unnecessary to inform my intelligent readers that the matron was no other than our acquaintance Ganga herself.

This unfortunate youth was the son of Ganga's niece. His parents were absolutely penniless, and so they had left their infant son at Ganga's at the suggestion of the mother of our acquaintance Ganga. Both Ganga and her daughter were widows and in want of proper control. Their moral status had slowly begun to

decay. Their religion was that which best suited their circumstances, though they were outwardly devout Hindus of the first class. In truth they belonged to neither of the established religions of the world. Such was their religious status.

On the other hand the boy's parents were thoroughly orthodox Brahmans. Govind, the father of our hero, was the head of one of the leading sects of Brahmans and Ganesh had imbibed with his mother's milk her zeal in God. Govind could not help the circumstances under which his own blood had been placed. It is true he felt the ill-treatment his son received at the hands of Ganga keenly, but pecuniary circumstances compelled him to submit to every kind of disgrace heaped upon him through his son. They would find fault in each and every action of Ganesh. However meritorious it might be, it never received its deserts. But virtue never goes unrewarded and it proved so later in the case of Ganesh. The youth felt in his bitterest moments that the best expedient to escape all his misery would be to flee the house and accordingly he would make plans and after the completion of plan making, he had not the courage to put them into execution, though naturally he was a brave youth. Now as soon as he entered the house, he was saved from suspense by Ganga's roaring out "Where hast thou been all this while? Give me no evasive answers, or I will knock thy lying teeth out. Tell me truly if you did not go with Krishnan as far as M— & Co. and then retrace your steps to this place."

"Madam, I had a practical class this evening," answered the youth, "and my experiments were not over before it struck five and so I could not come here before six. I beg you, Madam, to excuse me for this delay. I hoped to come and light the rooms before it was dark and though there is still some scattered light I find they are already lit up. I will presently go and beg my aunt's pardon for this my unthought of neglect of duty. I am sure she will pardon me, for there is no creature on earth more gentle than she." Saying thus he was about to leave the room when he was literally surrounded by a multitude of abuses and rebukes. His calmness was a little discomposed. But his usual serenity and calmness soon returning, he prayed to God in half audible tones to free him from the clutches of "This abusive tyrant." As he said this he heard somebody in the street say, "Wherefore dost thou doubt? You will indeed be soon relieved." He heard this and took it for a direct answer from heaven. His face shone with a new brightness and he took all the rebuke calmly in the belief that he would soon

be rid of his troubles. Many a time had his prayers been likewise answered and accordingly granted. He now looked to happiness and delight. The woman was not to be shaken off with the reply he had given. He had given her another hold upon him when he called her an "abusive tyrant" during his prayers to Heaven. She asked him, "What is it you uttered, thou son of a beggar?"

The result of this conference we know already. We shall find out the truth of the boy's statement in a succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER III.

The greatest blessing is a pleasant friend.

The greatest blessing is a pleasant friend. Ganesh was a student of physical science and worked in the laboratory of M— College. Manickam was another youth of the same age, but he worked in another laboratory. The two lads were friends from their very infancy. They lived in the same village, began their studies the same year at the same school, pursued their studies together, took their degrees the same year from the same college. They took to the same branch of science for their B.A. course, but here they separated and joined different laboratories. But it would be a mistake to suppose that they had broken their bond of friendship. On the other hand the strength of their union grew stronger as they parted, just as the union between two electrified bodies is powerful, the more they are apart from each other.

On the day of our tale Manickam had finished his work in the laboratory a little earlier than usual. He thought he could meet Ganesh at the laboratory of M— College, before he locked up his drawers for the next day. With this thought foremost, he started for the college of M— at a brisk walk and was just in time to meet Ganesh as he left his college premises. They greeted each other warmly. Manickam then told his friend that he had to go to Band Co. which was a few miles outside their right route to their houses, and Ganesh to oblige his friend consented to go with him, though afraid of the consequences. He thought he could go home before it was a quarter past five and find out some excuse to escape censure. But unfortunately it had struck six when he reached home. Naturally Ganesh was a truthful boy. The way in which he was treated by his mistress and grandmother was too much for him. He would ever let himself suffer in the rack rather than subject himself to her resentment. But he had not in his heart to say 'nay' to his friend's request and for once he

consciously threw himself into her faugs. We know already his excuse and the success it met with.

That night Ganesh had a severe headache and begged of his aunt (for so he called Kamala) to let him sleep undisturbed till "morrow's dawn." She gave him her assent; soon he was asleep and in fairy land.

The next morning the sun rose calmly, bringing new events. There was once more a visitor—a female visitor with her only son of ten years. This woman, a near relative of Ganga, was so very poor that she had to earn her livelihood by becoming a master of the culinary art in a certain respectable house in the city of Madras. To add to her misery she was a widow. This woman, like many a one of her trade, was much ill-treated and now came here to complain of her misery to Ganga.

This woman it appeared had borrowed of her mistress a sum of about rupees hundred. She could not leave the house without paying back the money due. Her savings did not amount to more than a fifth of what was owing.

Ganga therefore advised her "the best way is to flee the house." Our hero who was near took the hint which had suggested itself to him, many a time before, but now given by such a grave authority as Ganga herself, since it was strikingly coincident with his own miserable fortunes. For he was likewise maltreated; also it was not possible for him to leave the house with their consent, as it would only subject him to more maltreatment than ever. He therefore determined to leave the house at all hazards. Accordingly he wrote a letter to his much valued friend Manickam stating his purpose. He was immediately answered. The letter of reply contained a hundred rupee bank note together with a scrap of paper, whereon was written the following:—

C — — —

4th February, 1881.

Dear Ganesh—

I am sorry I have caused all this trouble. Accept the accompanying scrap as a token of my friendship and oblige me. Will you mind coming here before you start elsewhere? You might stay with me if you choose, and everything that is mine shall be at your command. You know I am independent and rich enough to afford to pay all your expenses. You will I hope be kind enough not to refuse this my request.

Sincerely I am ever yours,

P. M.

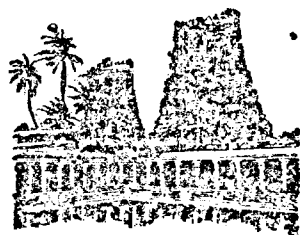
On perusing it, our hero burst into a flood of tears at the unexpected proof of his friend's

sincere attachment to him. Our hero himself was generous to the extreme and grateful to an extraordinary degree. He eagerly embraced the opportunity and on the night of the same day he left the house he so much abhorred unperceived. The meeting between the friends was truly touching. It was as if they had not seen each other for years.

Henceforward our hero was a guest forever at his friend's house. He now felt the distinction between home and house. The two friends rose together, ate together and slept together. Neither did anything without consulting the other. There was no secret kept between them. Eleven months came and went. Their examination began and ended. Both got through the examination very creditably and were at once given high posts in the Government. Now Ganesh with a truly noble and grateful heart did not touch a single penny of his earnings without the other's consent. He placed them all at his true friend and benefactor's feet and took only as much as could keep him from want. The remaining portion he could not be induced to take. But his true friend secretly sent it to Ganesh's parents, who were suffering from want and hunger. The two gradually rose in the estimation of the public until they became two of the most eminent men of their day. Their name was then the symbol of all that was honest and virtuous.

It only remains to say what became of Ganga and her family after Ganesh's desertion. When Ganesh was there, they were in awe of him, though they did not fear him. After his escape, they were like steeds let loose. They degenerated into every sort of crime and vice until at last their once renowned family name has come to mean everything that is dishonourable and villainous.

The Temple of Trippavalloor



THE temple of Trippavalloor, stands at the right side of the road which leads from the village of Perumkolam (in South Malabar) to the main public road which leads from Alatur to Palghat. The distance between this temple and the village of Perumkolam is, as the crow flies, nearly four furlongs.

The temple owes its importance to the Oolsavam, an annual festival celebrated in the Malayalee month of Thulam, which corresponds to October.

By the side of this temple glides a deep-banked river, bearing the name of the Trippavalloor River. Surrounding this temple exist many habitations which are owned chiefly by men of the Nayar community. Contiguous to this temple are the two villages, Perumkolam and Parakkulam. The site of the temple, enclosed by a beautiful brick wall and erected upon three edifices with three cupolas or domes, is indeed very striking and picturesque. The temple has been decorated within by painters and sculptors. The floor within is paved throughout with stones. The premises of the temple are daily purified and rendered holy. I have already said that there are three different edifices devoted to different gods. The main building is dedicated to the image of Siva, the destroyer, and the other two to Sreekrishna and Narasimhamoorthi.

Tradition says that the first mentioned god was set up by Khara, the famous Asura, who, having helped Surpanakha, the sister of the far-famed Ravana, had to suffer death at the hands of Sree Rama. The other two images are said to be set up not long ago by human hands. Anyhow, the temple with its images excites solemn reflections upon the minds of the votaries.

A congregation of worshippers used to attend the temple every morning. Early morning the worshippers plunge themselves into the holy river, and with ashes on their forehead and some parts of their body enter the temple to offer prayers to the gods. As soon as they enter the holy temple, a solemn stillness prevails over them. They join their hands in prayer, ring the bell that is hung over the roof of the temple, and fall prostrate before the different gods in the most solemn manner possible. Lastly, they return home with prasadoms obtained from the temple priests.

The pujas are performed by these priests, known by the name of the Embrans, a kind of Malayalee Brahmins, resembling the Namboodiris in appearance, though not wholly in manners and customs. After the solemn performance of the puja, the Embran takes out the image of Siva in procession round the precincts of the temple with drums beating and pipes blowing. The occasional

blowing of the conch awakens awe, veneration and lofty feelings into the minds of the worshippers. The procession is led along within the precincts of the temple, thrice a day—morning, noon and evening.

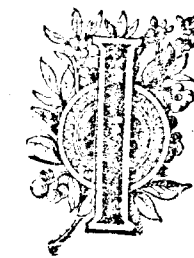
Attached to this temple stands a choultry, where a number of Brahmins are fed both morning and evening. The temple is absolutely owned by the Rajas of Palghat. The affairs of the temple are managed by the agents to the Raja and the agents are largely responsible for the safe conduct of its affairs.

P. R. ANANTANARAYANA IYER.

Gunabushani—An Indian Romance

(By V. VENKATACHARI)

CHAPTER I



IT is now a matter of history that the line of Pandyan Kings who held sway over a great and important portion of South India had established an undying fame for piety, devotion to people and untiring patronage of learning. The most remarkable feature of their civic administration

was the wide latitude provided for by them for the education of women within the doors of their zanana on lines best calculated to make them suitable wives and mothers. The royal impetus imparted in this direction was so great and effective that there was not a single nobleman in the kingdom who missed the golden opportunities to make his home-life worth living.

Veera Pandyan, the last but one of the old line of Pandyan Kings, was, perhaps, by far the perfect embodiment of royal virtues, which, under every militant circumstance, showed an inimitable constancy and fervid attachment to the noble soul that bore them. He lived a good number of happy years, with the good wishes of the people always reciprocating his well-meant and deep-seated actions. Of one thing he was bereft while he wore his mortal frame. He had no male issue to perpetuate his name and the noble ancestry to which he belonged. He had only one daughter by his loving and devoted wife, to whom he was attached by the fondest of ties. Vaniteswari knew that the absence of a lineal descendent greatly distracted the mind of her consort, but she

so incessantly and cleverly soothed his feelings that in course of time the joint happiness of the loving couple came to be centred upon their only daughter, to whom they intended to transmit everything the royal household could command by way of making her happy and virtuous.

"If the science of Astrology could be believed in," said the King one day to his wife, "I must die a sonless man. My vast kingdom should at no distant date become the prey for vicious seekers after gain."

"If the same science could be relied upon, my Lord," replied the Queen with an air of perfect ease at heart, "you are destined to reach the highest goal of human happiness and to crown the evening of your life with laurels of unsurpassed encomiums from the people whom you have been called upon to rule. It is a gift of Providence to have or not to have issue, and wherein hast thou, my Lord, any the slightest excuse for such voluntary mental anxiety?"

Such were the pleasing sentiments with which Vaniteswari had always taken care to solace the laden soul of her royal consort.

Was there anything strange in this spectacle of perfect accord of sentiment between the King and the Queen, who belonged to two different dynasties which were constantly in the throes of mutual conflict and discord in their zeal to gain ascendancy over each other? Vaniteswari was the noble off-spring of the illustrious house of Chola, whose trained political creed was to maintain at any hazard the balance of power between the two rival kingdoms. To declare open warfare was a thing neither advisable nor practicable, but as each grew more and more sceptic of the unascertained resources of the other, a desire for diplomatic friendship was engendered and as a matter of fact it was this new phase of political relation between the two equally potent military powers that accounted for the inauguration of matrimonial connection between them both. Hence it was too that the most important and responsible appointment in the Pandian State, namely, that of the Commandant-General was bestowed upon a Chola Prince, Vijja Chola by name, who was the cousin to Queen Vaniteswari. Despite his alien origin, he enjoyed the boundless confidence of the old Pandyan King who had nothing but admiration of his military prowess and strength of mind. And for a time the prospect of eventually winning the hand of the daughter of his sovereign seemed to have considerably enhanced the extent of the prince's attachment to and respect for his master, who was rather rapidly declining in years. But as subsequent events showed, the Pandyan Chief, in common with the others of his like, fell a victim to the apparent political blunder of entrusting to the care of a foreigner, who was likely to

become disaffected by any the least personal wrong, the key of his own safety and that of the kingdom under his sway. Not that prince Vijja Chola was by nature a despicable person without a sense of honor and dignity, but that the unexpected temptations that grew round him completely loosened the necessary restrictions of his situation and emboldened him to commit himself to acts savouring of malignant abuse of power and trust. Gunabhusani, for that was the name of the only daughter of the Pandyan King, had rare opportunities afforded her which made her what she afterwards came to be. Born of royal parentage and being the solitary centre of affection on the part of her parents, she had nothing to complain of either by way of making herself physically graceful or mentally strong. She was endowed with natural beauty and the growth of every advancing year only tended to make her more beautiful. It was, as it were, by the ordinance of predestination that Guna Bhusani placed herself under the cautious and affectionate tutelage of her mother, who possessed the essence of all womanly virtues, which in their train conceded to her amplest scope for a course of mental training befitting her exalted position. There need be no despair then, that in the case of one placed under such happy circumstances as Gunabhusani was, anything amiss would be perpetrated in respect of her mental and moral training. On the contrary, with the growth of years she had shown an aptitude for righteous conduct and moral calibre, which in coming years had saved her from what would otherwise be perpetual grief and despair. She never stood in need of schooling, as her home training was all that could be desired. At a very early age she abjured every kind of passion for power and influence which she could always command in her royal household, but betook herself to the more serious concern of making herself fit to meet the future responsibilities in life. The austerities of Hindu social life as laid down by Shastric injunctions made such a deep impression on her mind that to her nothing seemed to approach the ordained goal of life more accurately than an implicit obedience to the behests of her parents and her would-be partner in life. She excelled the ordinary mortals in judging for herself that the fruits of one's labours in the world should fructify, if at all, towards satisfying the stern commandments of a pure and unsullied heart. The King and the Queen had every reason to be proud of such a priceless gift, which more than compensated the absence of a son to perpetuate their lineage.

"Is this life worth living, mother, when such mistresses of virtue as Sita and Damayanthi

underwent unspeakable sufferings in life?" said Guna once to her mother.

"Yes, my dear child," replied the queen, "you will see that, in the midst of mighty sufferings, they bore with unprecedented patience the yoke of life, never swerving from the path of honor and righteousness. It is this trait in them that has immortalized their names to posterity—herein lies the secret of success in life."

The rigidity of the girl's home-training left no room for doubt that a deep religious passion began to rule her mind, while she was yet free from worldly cares. But the thought that her father, the reigning sovereign, was rapidly advancing in years now and then reminded her of her own future responsibilities and tended to quicken the ends of her religious education by an ever increasing love for her father's dominion, affection for his subjects and regard for their interests. She availed herself of every opportunity, while her father was yet holding sway, to acquaint herself with the details of the administration and it was with no small pleasure that the old Pandyan King found in his daughter a happy second of his efforts to do good to the people entrusted to his care.

Great were the rejoicings at home when Guna Bhusani attained the age which meant the early consummation of her marriage. Never ere this had the King and the Queen been confronted with a more difficult and exacting question than the choice of a suitable husband for their daughter. It was a question of far-reaching consequences and the more the parents pondered over it, the more they became bewildered in mind.

"If this prince were to marry her," said the King to himself, "the hallowed name of my ancestry shall have become once for all completely obliterated, for he is a Chola by birth and he has been successfully holding the responsible post of the Commandant-General in my State, in which office he has risen to boundless power and influence. My only kinsman, disenthralled to this throne by his father's illicit complicity with the Chola King in undermining my power and dignity, has more than once asserted his claim to this throne after me. It may as well be to my own interests as to the interests of my beloved daughter, if I can persuade her—"

"Why such self-denial on your part, my Lord, in thus proving false to the dictates of your own conscience?" interrupted the queen rather rudely. "No, my dear love, wherein hast thou found reason for thus underrating the value of my own self-respect?" "Is it not, my Lord," rejoined the queen, "a violation of the strict discipline of moral injunction to reinstate on the throne one whose ancestry has proved so false to their honor as to aim

at your person and throne in abject intrigue with thine enemies?" "Exactly so, my beloved queen; but do you not see the wisdom of forgiving one who is repentant for the past misdeeds of his ancestry? Have you not heard of the wholesome adage that the rarer action is in forgiving than in vengeance?"

"But how to reconcile ourselves with the wretched position which your kinsman now holds in common with the myriads of your servants. Do you think, my Lord, that our daughter can be persuaded to accept the match you propose?"

"Could he not claim kinship to my blood, if not to my sympathies," replied the King. "If the report I have heard of him be true, he should have by this time considerably improved his position in the service of the neighbouring Chola kingdom where he is said to have fixed his domicile." "Treachery and treason could go no further," retorted the queen. "It is only a question of time when he will seek to gain his end by open warfare with you."

"We have to be prepared for the worse, Vaniteswari, although it will accord with prudence to avoid what we might," replied the King in half sure and in half faltering terms.

The conversation was suddenly brought to an end, the King and the Queen being visibly affected by the seemingly cheerless future that overhung the destiny of their dearly loved daughter.

The political horizon at that time was not without its forebodings. It was scarcely possible for the Pandyan to have thrown a veil over the antecedent black deeds of the Chola line of kings which considerably shattered the stability of the Pandyan House. Internecine wars for territorial acquisition there were many and the frequent interchange of success and defeat between the two rivals of opposite interests only tended to make both the Pandyan and Chola potentates physically defunct and morally stagnant. Under the circumstances it was not possible for Veera Pandyan to think of any other project than to cement the friendship between him and his Chola rival by a semblance of inactivity rather than by positive zeal productive of danger.

The sudden change of complexion in the faces of the King and the Queen while they were pondering over the question of Guna Bhusani's marriage only showed the gravity of the situation they were then considering, and the sudden retreat of the queen from the presence of her Lord could have no other sign than that her daughter's marriage was mixed up with grave political consequences. It would indeed be uncharitable not to credit the King and the Queen with the forethought that any defiance offered to the wishes

of Vija Chola, the Commandant-General, would result in equally dangerous political disruption.

CHAPTER II

Vikrama Pandya Chola, the sole surviving kinsman of Veera Pandyan, was a blood relation of the latter of more than three degrees. His father was a descendant of the younger branch of the family and according to the then prevailing custom, Veera Pandyan, as the survivor in the senior branch, succeeded to the throne. Vikrama's father, excluded from the regalia of the royal throne, did not fail to smell deep of the then political condition and to entrust his future destiny to the care of the reigning Chola King to whom another chance of attacking the neighbouring Pandyan kingdom occurred none too soon. The end of his life was all sorrow and grief and there was not the slightest particle of manliness left in him when in the closing years of his life he sold his royal blood for willing partizanship in petty intrigues against the Chola Chief himself.

Vikrama, the son of this ignoble wretch was born in the Chola capital and was brought up amid the contaminations of Chola influence. But he never forgot his domicile in a foreign country which always seemed to him to be as good a place for mental and military training, as it was bad for the display of such qualities.

A passion for military prowess considerably altered the aspect of his fortunes at a time when his future was quite void of any settled form of life. He was always kept under surveillance and any the slightest stir on his part provoked the keenest suspicion in the mind of the Chola Potentate, whose artful machinations failed to discount the love of the young Pandian for the kingdom of his ancestors. He was naturally bold and unlike his father he never shamed his royal blood for the sake of vicious gain and temporal power. He had stolen a march over his royal mates in every direction in which it was possible for him to attempt cultivation of his mind and body. If in after life he proved himself to be a worthy scion of the royal house to which he belonged it is certain that he should have built up his fortune by the reverse of vicious pursuits and malignant attacks upon the sacred precincts of honor and patriotism. Rajendra, the Chola Chieftain, had every reason to perceive in the Pandyan youth the germs of future greatness which, if allowed to have their natural growth, might, as he thought, militate against the possibility of a consolidated Chola Empire. There were two alternatives open to him, either to send Vikrama back to the kingdom of his ancestors where he could have little or no

nourishment for the growth of his innate potentialities, or to retain him in his own court with the prospect of a future combination against the Pandyan State. After a good deal of vacillation which betokened the gravity of the situation he was then considering, King Rajendra adhered to the latter course which appealed itself more strongly to his mind which was then firmly set on the zodiac of a world-wide power. Coming events cast their shadows before and in the resolve of the Chola chief to prepare Vikrama for a course of mental and military training may be seen mixed up the future destiny of Rajendra and of his empire.

"There's something in this youth that makes me hopeful of my future Empire," said the Chola King to his minister. "Yes, my liege, he is born for great things," replied the minister. "Don't you think, Sir," said the king, "it will be well to make him forget his ancestry and cast his lot with us?"

"That is a matter born of the innate disposition of the youth, my Lord, and he may turn either way," submitted the minister.

"Well, there is no reason to think otherwise."

"You know how his father was disposed towards his own kinsman, the present ruler of the Pandyan Kingdom, and the youth, born of the loins of such a father, could not be otherwise disposed," said the king, with his mind set upon his own way of thinking.

"But then, my Lord, did not his father eventually prove false to our own cause? Wherein lies the safety of breeding a foreign element in our own soil?" retorted the wise minister.

"No—no—It can't be—We shall so train up the boy that he may prove a true Chola under Pandyan garb. He cannot but press his claims for the Pandyan throne and, don't you see, my good minister, herein lies the key of our future hopes?" protested the king.

The minister could not see the wisdom of the step proposed, but at the same time it was hardly possible for him to convince the king to the contrary. He had therefore to assume a more marked front and bring down the king from the top of an untenable position. So, breaking the silence after a short consultation within himself, he said.

"My Lord, the present Pandyan king has no other issue than a daughter. For aught I know, it is impossible for him to ignore the claims of Vikrama for his throne and the safe course, which he must adopt, will be to marry his only daughter to Vikrama and to bestow upon him the crown which he now wears with so much disadvantage to himself."

"It's impossible, sir, impossible," interrupted the King. "But what is the disadvantage you spoke of?" anxiously enquired Rajendra.

"I have heard it said," said the minister, "that of late the Pandyan king has shewn a tendency for religious study. Perchance he may abdicate his throne soon in favour of one of his own choice and the choice cannot but fall upon Vikrama."

"Unless he is expected to forget the past and to condone the most heinous political offence of which Vikrama's father was guilty," retorted the king.

"But what of that? Treason is not inherited," submitted the minister.

It would indeed be far from truth not to credit King Rajendra with a capacity for sound judgment on grave political questions, intimately connected with his own aggrandizement; but in the present instance the question of Vikrama's future seemed to mock at his overwhelming political genius. A timorous confusion of thought clouded his otherwise resourceful mind. A passionate desire to utilize Vikrama for the fulfilment of his future plans made the king incapable of approaching the question on hand with an open mind. He suddenly broke silence and addressing the minister with a voice least compatible with the royal courage he was endowed with, said:

"Good sir, my recent defeat at the hands of the Pandyan King has completely undermined my prestige and the resources of my country. Something definite must be done or I know not how to retrieve the infamy."

"I don't think, my Lord, that there is good cause to be thus unnerved. It doesn't seem to me difficult to secure the marriage of Gunabhushani, the Pandian princess, with our prince Athondai," hinted the minister with some reservation of mind.

"Well, does it not occur to you that the loss of Gunabhushani's hand will embitter the feeling of Vikrama towards us and will result in disturbances we want to avoid," replied the king. "Yes, my liege," said the minister, "I was about to add that the contingency may be averted by marrying Vikrama to our princess." "Yes, yes; herein I see the wisdom of your proposal. Look to it, please, that you lose no time in sounding the Pandyan King. You should personally go to him and do the needful." So saying, King Rajendra retired, apparently satisfied with his minister's suggestions. It only remained for the latter to embark on a mission of his own choice not free from conflicting hopes of success and defeat.

CHAPTER III

It was hardly possible for King Rajendra to loosen the restraints imposed upon Vikrama's movements, while his proposal for close alliance

with the Pandyan House was yet far behind the stage of practical politics. Nor could he have deemed it prudent to allow Vikrama to have any knowledge of the matter till the final act was feasible. On the other hand the king's inward suspicion that the Pandyan prince might naturally aspire for the hand of Gunabhushani impelled him to adopt stringent measures calculated to keep Vikrama completely out of touch with the course of events in the kingdom of his kinsmen. It was even doubtful whether the Pandyan exile was aware of the very existence of a daughter to the aged Pandyan king. Strong in this belief, the Chola king began to so circumscribe the freedom of action on the part of Vikrama that the latter, as we shall presently see, had very little reason to cherish his stay in a foreign court, without doing violence to the feelings of honor and self-respect that differentiated him from his late father. A strong current of discontent began to run down his veins and he became naturally anxious to free himself from the bondage of a foreign domicile. A desire to go abroad seized his mind and it was providential that he found a willing seconder of his thought in Prince Surasana, the natural son of King Rajendra. For a long time the two princes lived together in terms of close friendship actuated by common feelings and a common purpose. They approached each other with no other feeling than that of blood relations and in all that they did the handsome couple showed that they had common reasons to resent the cold treatment meted out to them by King Rajendra. "We must quit the city unawares, Prince Surasana, or else there is no knowing what the consequences will be," whispered Vikrama with his eyes glancing at the corridors to see if there was anybody at bearing distance.

"Yes, yes; unawares, or elsewhere lies the chance of getting out of the precincts of the city," cried out Surasana. "What about your father's consent?" enquired Vikrama. "Oh, that is impossible. You know the disposition of my father towards me and his consent is as certain as my getting to the throne after him," replied Surasana. "Why should not you get the throne after him? It's certain, that you must get it," said Vikrama jokingly.

"You may as well hope to get your lost throne; but let me go abroad and see instances of my like," replied the Chola prince.

"Why, how now, Prince Surasana, I to get my lost throne! Where lies the chance? Your father's ill-will towards you can't prevail against the wishes of the people."

"Wishes of the people! It is the other way. Let us no more waste time by talk, lest our purpose be foiled by some unexpected accident. Make haste. Let us prepare ourselves to make

our exit from the palace at midnight possible",—hastened the Chola Prince. Vikrama was now convinced that his friend Surasana had a real mind to share with him in all the troubles and dangers of travel in unknown countries and they lost no more time in preparing themselves for their rather perilous start. Just when the youths were about to leave for their respective chambers, they were stopped by a loud voice from behind, which at such a time of confusion clouding the mind of the princes completely paralyzed their movements and darkened their perception of the real dangers awaiting them.

"Stop there, you fools", cried out indignant-ly King Rajendra who was all along overhearing the conversation between Vikrama and Surasana from one of the corridors leading to the chamber, where the princes were secretly maturing their plans.

"You court danger in lieu of peace and happiness and nothing shall be wanting on my part to bring you both to your proper senses. You, Vikrama, you are the enemy to my son and to myself. You have proved false to my kingdom which is fraught with gravest danger. Within twenty-four hours from now you should leave my city and seek shelter elsewhere", continued King Rajendra with his face expressive of the deepest indignation possible.

The princes became completely broken at the evil chance of their secret plan having fallen into the ears of the king whose very knowledge they wanted to avoid. The fate of prince Vikrama was sealed once for all and frequent were the palpitations of his heart owing to the sudden closure of an apparently prosperous career and the only question that was then engaging his disturbed mind was how best to escape the further indignation of the exasperated king. While he stood speechless brooding over his sad fate, Prince Surasana gathered strength and addressing the king said "Oh! my father, why are you so cruel to my friend Vikrama whose share in this matter is by no means more marked than mine? If you think our purpose is to offend against any rule of conduct, why, I am as much guilty as my friend. Wherein is there reason, my Lord, for such an effusion of your anger?"

"Out fool! you had better speak but little, Surasana", said the king. "You are still a child and you have readily lent your ears to the machinations of Vikrama. You have shown excessive signs of stupidity and dulness of mind in not perceiving the certain dangers of going abroad in company with one, whose only aim must always be to regain his lost position at the expense of others. Go apart and never for once hereafter dream of Vikrama's Company", thundered forth the King. It was hardly to be

expected that prince Surasana would count his own ruin by further engaging his infuriated father in conversation touching the innocence of Vikrama and he had therefore the shrewdness to withdraw from the presence of his father with his mind crossed by conflicting thoughts as to the future of his dearly loved friend who was thus left to the tender mercies of the King.

Prince Vikrama would have willingly followed the step taken by his friend of tearing himself away from the King but for the fact that the sense of innocence strong in him pressed him to utter a word by way of vindicating his character, now that he was face to face with the King.

"I beseech you, my Lord, wherein have I deserved your displeasure?" said Vikrama to the King in a half raised voice. "Reason enough that you are your father's son, enough. The sooner you depart from me, the better"—cried out the King. "I pray you, pardon me, King, if I deny the grounds of your suspicion against me," submitted Vikrama with folded hands. "No reasoning with you, sir, you have proved a thorn by the side of my son whom you wished to land in dangers by forcing on him an aimless travel through unsafe territories. Herein I see your malicious intent to land me too in unceasing troubles," exclaimed the King.

"How is it possible, sir?"—

"Possible! It was possible for your father; why not for you?" interrupted the King.

"I should have already estranged myself from you, my Lord, if I had harboured any design against you" said Vikrama.

"Now is the time for you—you have had the benefit of every kind of training at my expense, and now you must think of proving false to me"—scolded the King indignantly.

"How false, sir", enquired Vikrama who was naturally wounded by the insinuation of the King.

"How could you hereafter attempt to disguise your vicious plan to thwart my son's marriage with Gunabhushani for your own self-aggrandizement? No more talk with you—Tomorrow by this time you should have gone far outside the limits of my Kingdom." So saying the king hastened to his son, Surasana, to see that every thing was well with him.

Prince Vikrama could hardly perceive the tenor of the King's suspicion against him. The question of Guna Bhushani's marriage referred to by the King was an enigma to him, for, up to that time he was in complete ignorance of what had previously transpired between the King and his minister. But sagacious as he was, he took the hint rather seriously and did not press the matter further. He was thereafter moved by a desire to leave the Chola capital as early as possible with a view to prevent further complica-

tions and he was indeed glad that the King himself had accelerated his departure. Before following Vikrama in all his wanderings, it will be as well to acquaint the reader with the reasons of the King Rajendra in discouraging his son Surasana in his attempt to go abroad and in assuming an attitude of suspicion against Vikrama, on whom he had quite recently wished to confer a new status in the royal household. (To be continued).

Simple Facts in Astronomy *



THE earth we live on is not resting on any support but floating in space. That is the opinion of modern astronomers and also of the famous Hindu astronomer Bhaskaracharya, who lived about 800 years ago. So are the sun, the moon, the planets and the stars suspended. Space is endless. The blue sky we see is endless space and there is no substance at the end of the blue sky as it appears to us.

The earth is round, not exactly like a ball but shaped somewhat like an orange, that is, slightly flat at the two ends but otherwise round. Bhaskaracharya and other Hindu astronomers proved that the earth is in this manner round. So did the great Copernicus of Europe about 450 years ago. If we imagine a needle stuck through the orange, piercing through the flat ends, the orange can be spun round the needle like a top. The earth spins round itself in that way, though there is no axis stuck through it like the needle in an orange. Just as, to men in a moving train, the trees and other stationary objects by the side of the train seem to be moving in a direction opposite to that of the train, so the effect of the earth spinning round is to make us think that comparatively fixed celestial objects away from the earth are moving in a direction opposite to that of the earth's spinning motion. We see every day the sun, the moon and the stars rise in the east, and set in the west. As a matter of fact, the earth spins from west to east causing this appearance. Aryabhatta, another famous Hindu astronomer, who lived about 1500 years ago, knew this but the common people of his day could not understand him.

The girth of the earth is about 25,000 miles and the length of the axis through the centre is nearly 8,000 miles.

* This lecture was prepared by Mr. Ramesam Pantulu Garu and a translation of it in Tamil prepared by Mr. P. Sambandam Mudaliar was read at a large gathering of Indian ladies on Friday, 22nd April, 1910, at 5 p. m. when Lady Benson kindly presided.

If we imagine the axis round which the earth spins produced or lengthened so as to meet the blue vault of the sky, just at the place where it would appear to pierce the sky in the north, there is a star. This is known to us as Dhruva. The Hindu legend tells us that Dhruva was the son of a Rajah and when he was young, he went to the forest to perform penance and then became a firm star. This story simply means that Dhruva is fixed or motionless and that it does not rise or set, but is always in the same place. The place of Dhruva is north or utara for us. If a person finds out the position of Dhruva and stands facing that star, his front is north, his righthand points to the east, his back to the south and his left hand to the west.

The sun is newer to us than the stars which are at far greater distances from us. As there are, thus, stars even behind the sun it may be expected that we ought to see the sun against a back ground of shining stars; but, it should be known that we are not able to see them at any time of the day on account of the intense glare of the sun. But if we watch the stars just above the horizon in the east immediately before the rising of the sun and again in the west just after its setting, we can make out from the appearance of the observed groups of stars, the particular back ground of stars, against which the sun is situated on any particular day. If we watch and observe the stars in this manner day after day, we shall find that the sun is moving in relation to its back ground of stars, slowly each day, and completely goes round the circle of the starry sky in 365 days and a few hours. That is why we measure time by years and why the length of the year is 365 days. But, after all, even this is only an appearance; because it is not the sun which moves round the earth in a year but really it is the earth which moves round the sun.

Thus we have to learn that the earth turns round itself in the course of a day and also goes round the sun in the course of a year.

The sun is a very hot burning body. It is also round. Its girth is 2,700,000 miles. So you see our poor earth is a small thing by its side. Our earth is an attendant on the sun and has to go round it once in the course of a year. But the earth is not its only attendant. The sun has got several such attendants, all going round it like the earth but at different distances and in the course of different periods of time. Five of these have long been known to Hindus; other ancient nations such as Babylonians, Egyptians, Chinese and Greeks knew of them even earlier than the Hindus. They are Budha, Sukra, Angaraka, Guru or Brihaspati and Sani. They are among the Grahās of the Hindus; and many are the Hindus who believe that the fortune of a person and his career in life depend on the position

and the influence of these *Grabas* and of the sun and the moon at the time of his birth. But there are other people who do not believe in such a thing.

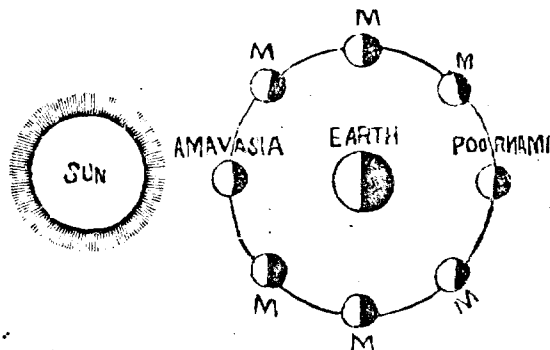
Just as these *grahas* and the earth are attendants upon the sun, so sometimes the *grahas* themselves have got their own attendants whose motion is to revolve round the *grahas*. They are called moons. Our earth has got one such moon.

The moon goes round the earth in a little over 27 days. Its distance from the earth is 240,000 miles but the distance of the earth from the sun is 93,000,000 miles. As there are no objects between us and the sun or the moon, we can get no exact idea of their distance by merely looking at them. They seem to us to be stuck up on the blue vault of the sky and to glide smoothly on it.

Sometimes the moon is exactly on the side opposite to the sun; that is, when the sun sets, the moon rises. This is what we call Purnimi or Full Moon. But the next day the moon rises later or lags behind; and thus lagging behind moves on from day to day until in about 15 days, the moon rises with the sun. This takes place on the Amavasya day. On that day we are not able to see the moon on account of its nearness to the sun and the effect of the glare of the sun. But we are sure he rises with the sun on that day, because on the day preceding he rose a little before the sun in the morning and on the day after the new moon, he is just after the sun as we may see him setting a short while after the sun in the evening. So once in every lunar month, the moon rises with the sun; then the moon rises later and later every day until the interval between them becomes one complete round of the sky by the time of the next new moon. This round of lagging behind is completed in about 29 days and a little more. This period of time is divided into thirty parts and each part is a *tithi* and we have thirty *tithis* in a lunar month. The first day after Amavasya or new moon, he separates himself from the sun by a certain distance. This measures the first *tithi*. Next day he rises still later and thus measures the second *tithi* and so on. On the fifteenth day he is just opposite to the sun. This is the Purnima or the 15th *tithi*. Then the Krishna paksham begins; and it ends with the next new moon or the 30th *tithi*.

The sun is always fiercely burning on account of its heat; but the earth has no such heat on its surface, nor the moon. They get their light and heat from the sun. The light falling on the moon from the sun is reflected from it to us and we see it as moonlight. The moon being round like the earth, one half of its face is light-

ed up by the sun. If we are on the same side of the moon as the sun we see that face. This happens on a full moon day. If we are on the opposite side of the moon, in the side opposite to that where the sun shines, we don't see the lighted portion of the moon. This happens on New Moon day. On intermediate days we see a portion of the lighted half of the moon and also a portion of the dark half of the moon. Thus we see that the waxing and waning of the moon is due to the position of the earth and the sun in relation to the moon.



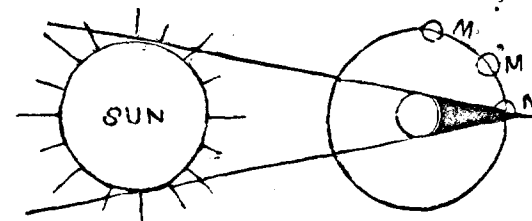
The girth of the moon is 6,800 miles. It has no air or water. If we are suddenly taken there and placed on it, we cannot manage to live. The comparatively dark spots we see on it are really hills with hollows in them. They are indeed craters of extinct volcanoes.

Now there are instruments consisting of tubes and glasses with which we may see objects at a distance as if they are brought nearer to us and enlarged. With such instruments which our ancient astronomers did not possess, these hills can be actually seen and explored. A famous European astronomer, named Galileo, who lived 300 years ago, first used such an instrument to observe the Heavens.

We all know that if a light is burning and if an opaque object is placed at some distance from the light, a shadow is thrown behind the object. The sun is such a light, always burning. The earth is such an object. So, behind the earth, on the side opposite to the sun, the earth throws a shadow. When the moon comes to that side of the earth which is opposite to that whereon the sun shines, if it be either above or below the shadow, the sunlight falls on the moon and is reflected back to us as moonlight. But if the moon gets into the shadow of the earth, then the sunlight does not fall on it and the moon becomes obscured. This is what takes place in a lunar eclipse. Thus we see that a lunar eclipse can happen only on a full moon day. We don't get an eclipse on every full moon day, because the moon is generally either

above or below the shadow and does not get into the shadow on all full moon days.

If the moon gets between us and the sun, a



part of the sun's disk becomes hidden from us just as, if you hold a ball between yourself and a friend to whom you are speaking, a part of your friend's face becomes hidden by the ball. This is a solar eclipse and happens only on a new moon day. Thus we see that the popular notion that the moon or the sun is swallowed by a serpent is only a mythical story.

Among the planets, the nearest to the sun is Budha. We don't see him often. The next place in point of nearness to the sun is Sukra or Chukka. We see him very often in the evenings or mornings as a very brilliant star. If any of you get up to-morrow morning, just before sun-rise and look towards the east, you can easily see Sukra.*

The next in order of the distance from the sun is the earth itself. The next is Angaraka—seen as a red star. We can see it during these nights somewhat towards the west.* It has got two attendants or moons, just as the earth has got one. It has air and water on it and many learned men think that men like us can very well live there and perhaps do live there.

Many of the things I have mentioned can be seen only with the aid of the instruments I referred to above; but even with such instruments we cannot see the men there, if they happen to exist.

The next planet from the sun is Guru. It is very bright and can be seen now* in the early part of the night soon after lamp-light in the east. It has got eight moons just as our earth has one; ordinary instruments, however, can reveal only four.

The next planet is Sani. It has ten moons and has rings of light round it.

These are all the planets known to the Hindus. The *Grabhas* of the Hindus include these planets, and also the sun and the moon together with Rahu and Kétu which represent the shadows of the earth and moon causing eclipses. It is not the fault of our Hindu ancestors or of

* This lecture was delivered in April 1910. The positions of the planets have changed since. Sukra is seen in the evenings towards the west. Angaraka in the mornings towards the east and Guru in the morning nearly overhead.

the sages of other ancient nations that they did not know more than five real planets; they could not know more because they did not discover the instruments which magnify distant bodies. With such instruments two more important planets have been found. All these planets, seven in number, go round the sun and get their light from the sun. The two new planets may be called Varuna and Nipatana.

The stars are all big suns; but they appear like points because they are at very great distances from us. The sun is a star. All the stars shine by their own light. Learned men are now able to find out and say of what substances the stars are made. The stars seem to us to be fixed in their positions; but they too move so slowly that we don't see any differences in their position in a life time or even in hundreds of years. It requires millions of years to make out their proper motion. The stars are sometimes grouped together in systems; that is, we see two or three stars moving together or round each other. If these stars have planets round them (as they may well have) and if these planets are inhabited (as they may well be like our earth) the men there will have not one sun but two suns or three suns as the case may be. There are millions and millions of stars—perhaps with their planets and their inhabitants.

If you look north to-day, you will see seven stars forming a group. These are called by us the *Sapta-rishis*. The sixth of these is *Vasishtha*, with a small star near called *Arundhati*. These are shown to the bridegroom and bride in a Hindu marriage. The first two of these seven are in a line with *Dhruva Nakshatra*.

Comets are light bodies (sometimes with tails) coming from a great distance; they go round the sun and recede. This year in the month of May, we shall see one.* It is known as *Halley's comet* because a great English astronomer who lived 225 years ago observed it and predicted that it would appear once in 75 or 76 years; and it has been coming to us since regularly once in 76 years. It is also found from ancient records of Europe and China that it has been regularly approaching the sun for more than 3,000 years once in 75 or 76 years.

* It has come and gone.



Class Day at the Isabella Thoburn College



AN annual custom with the College at Lal Bagh has been to have one day in the year when, by means of a specially prepared programme, the friends of the College and Normal School may get some idea of the work being done in the various departments and classes, and when the students of the graduating classes may take a somewhat formal leave of their *Alma Mater*. This occasion fell this year on the 16th of February. The day is looked forward to by the students for some time, and though its main features are repeated from year to year, there is enough variety in the items of the programme to make each year in a sense unique, while everything is done at the same time to preserve any worth-while College traditions, connected with the day.

Dr. Arthur H. Ewing of Allahabad Christian College, presiding, the programme opened at four o'clock in the afternoon in Harriet Warren Memorial Hall, which was filled to its utmost capacity with friends of the College and Normal School, and those interested. It was a great pleasure to welcome this year those who were welcomed for the first time last year,—*pardah* *rashin* friends of the city, who watched proceedings from behind the slit-screens of the Greyson Zenana Gallery. On the platform were the students in Grecian robes of white trimmed with *gota* which was also used to bind the hair.

The first item on the programme was the anthem, "Father of Mercies," sung by the students. The invocation was then made by Rev. L. A. Core, Principal of Reid Christian College. An Essay followed, entitled "Parallelism between Greek and Hindu mythology," based on the personal study of the subject by the reader, Miss Florence Clement, of the Fine Arts Department. This item represented work covered in both the English and History classes. The Physical Culture Department was represented in three drills, one free-hand, one with barbells, and one with dumb-bells to the accompaniment of the "Anvil Chorus." A Nature Study Paper, "The Partnership of Insects and Flowers," was read by Miss Elsie DeSilva, and illustrated by charts prepared by Miss Esther David, both students representatives of the Normal Department. The Latin Department rendered very effectively the Latin song sung by students of so many Western Colleges, "Gaudeamus Igitur." This was followed by the Principal's Report, which is given below:

The year 1910 has on the whole been one of progress and steady growth for the Isabella Thoburn College. The College and Normal School, including students from Kashmir, the Punjab, Rajputana, Sindh, Bombay, the Central Provinces, Bengal, the Deccan, and Malasia number 41, while the High School number 155. Unfortunately the hostel for Hindu and Mahomedan students has had to be temporarily closed for lack of patronage. Three students, however, are coming as day scholars to the Zenana School, where English, drawing and painting, sewing, and practical nursing are taught. It is hoped that more will join this department.

The examination results of 1910 were satisfactory, in spite of the unusual irregularity of the work of the year. Two out of four candidates passed the B. A. examination, six out of seven the Intermediate, and five out of six the Matriculation. The Chief Inspectress of Girls' Schools conducted the examination of the Normal School, at which four out of five candidates passed. This success under unusually unfavourable circumstances is due to Miss Hill's able administration and the splendid co-operation of the staff. Miss Hill's talent for organisation has made itself felt in every department of the institution and her absence on furlough this year will leave a gap which it will not be easy to fill.

The greatest progress during the year has, perhaps, been made in the Normal and Kindergarten departments, which had been so neglected the previous year on account of the small numbers on our staff. These departments have never been at so high a point of efficiency, and the generous help given by Government in the form of stipends, continues to attract pupils from many parts of India.

During the year we have welcomed back with unusual pleasure two members of our College staff, Miss Saraswati Singh, who has completed a four years' college course in America and Miss Elizabeth Moore, who was lent for a year to the Stanley Girls' High School, Hyderabad.

The completion of the Hazzard Memorial Building is a cause of much rejoicing. It contains a fine library, a dormitory to accommodate sixty students, a teacher's room and eleven class rooms. Only the ground floor can at present be used for the College classes, as it is necessary to house a part of our High School students in the upper storey while the new hostel is under construction; but it is a relief to have a sufficient number of class rooms, even though they are unfurnished, after the experience of the last few years of giving lectures and hearing recitations on the verandas.

One of the most important events of the year was the laying of the foundation-stone of the Lilavati Singh Memorial hostel by Mrs. McIlwain. This is being built on the site of the old hostel, and will consist of two storeys, containing seven large dormitories, a dining room, and eight teachers' rooms. The hostel will accommodate about two hundred students in addition to fifty who can be housed in one of the old buildings which will be kept intact.

It is disappointing to be able to give no news yet with regard to a Government grant for a new High School. The plans have been submitted, and the site examined by the Engineers, but some technicalities have delayed the answer from Government.

Two problems confront the College at present. One is the need of some provision for students who, after taking Science in the Intermediate classes, wish to study for the B. Sc. A plan is shortly to be submitted to the director by which it is hoped we may meet the demands of the students in the Science Department.

Another difficulty arises from the greatly increased number of applications which are coming in this year from students who have passed the High School examination. This is so much lower in standard than the Matriculation examination that it is impossible to admit

pupils to the College without two years' further study. It is most disappointing to students who come expecting to enter College to find that they must spend so much more time in preparation. It would seem better to offer a larger number of subjects for the High School Examination so as to leave not so wide a gap between that and the College.

This has been for every one an exceedingly busy year in activities outside the class room. In a community life such as is found here, there are endless opportunities to do something for others, and the many helpful bits of service which the members of our large family have rendered each other individually, as well as the socials in which they have so successfully entertained large numbers, have shown how strong among them is the instinct of social helpfulness. A new feature has been the giving of monthly College dinners, at which each class in turn acts as hostess. On these occasions songs are sung, toasts are proposed, speeches made and much good fellowship established.

Other opportunities for helpfulness have come through the College Young Women's Christian Association which has carried on its work with the customary energy, which means a real sacrifice of time and thought. Some of the members have also given help in connection with the Hindustani Young Women's Christian Association recently established in Lucknow, and others have succeeded in starting and carrying on nine Sunday Schools in different parts of the city, besides one among our servants' children.

Among other influences that have served to broaden the interest and sympathies of us all, was meeting the delegates who came to the Conference of Mahomedan workers held here a few weeks ago. It was a privilege to entertain as our guests, men and women from so many interesting fields of the world's work.

Lectures have been given on various subjects during the year. The Rev. H. Menzies gave a delightful lecture, illustrated by stereopticon views on a "Trip Through Norway." Miss Davis of our College staff gave a course on astronomy, and Miss Oldroyd a lecture on "Luther Burbank and his work in plant breeding." In the High School there has been a series of talks on the lives of famous artists, and parallel with it the study of some mission fields. The teachers in the High School in their weekly meetings have been following a course in Nature Study under Miss Oldroyd's direction.

No record of the year's work would be complete without mention of physical culture. Free hand exercises and drill with apparatus, as well as brisk outdoor games, such as basket-ball and tennis form a part of every day's programme, and are of noticeable benefit in correcting stooping positions and weak chests, and in keeping up the general health of the students.

One of the red-letter days of the year is the 20th of March, Miss Thoburn's birthday, which is the occasion of reunion of old students. All the traditions associated with its celebration are carefully observed from year to year. This year also a Memorial week was observed, following December the 14th, Miss Singh's birthday. During that week everyone connected with the College as well as all the Alumne kept each day in a special way by writing a letter or paying a visit or sending a remembrance to some friend in memory of Miss Singh. It is hoped that this will be repeated each year and so make another beautiful tradition in our College life. As Bishop McDowell so forcefully reminded us in his address at the laying of the foundation-stone of the memorial hostel: "In the early history of this College, the great thing was not the building, nor the acquiring of buildings, the great thing was personality. Whatever other personalities may hereafter achieve distinction, the names which will be inseparably associated with the College are Isabella Thoburn and Lilavati Singh." What these

great personalities meant and still mean to us, the ideals toward which they strove, and the spirit of passion and sacrifices which they planted here in the heart of India, it is the desire of everyone here to perpetuate.

After the reading of the Principal's Report, Dr. Ewing addressed the audience as follows:

Miss Robinson, Ladies of the Staff, Members of the Board of Governors, Ladies and Gentlemen: You will all agree with me that it is not possible to listen to a report of this kind without a quickening of the pulse and a stirring of the heart. We are to-day on sacred ground: sacred because of those who have wrought in the past, sacred because of those who are pouring themselves out in unselfish service in the present. This is the place where builders have dwelt and wrought, and where builders still abide and toil; not builders in brick and mortar—though building of this sort ceases not—not architects whose ideas find expression through the agency of draughtsmen's instruments, but builders of character, and disciples of ideals which find utterance in transformed lives.

Our hearts have responded to the fitting words of Bishop McDowell in which he recognises personality as the prime factor in the foundation and development of this institution. We have all united ourselves with the attitude so suitably expressed in the report of high honour and permanent remembrance of Isabella Thoburn and Lilavati Singh. There must be many here who feel that their spirit still pervades these halls and who, in hours of silence, seem able to communicate with them. To-day as well, the chief thing is personality. In the giving and receiving of personal influence lies the main function of this College. Over the gateway of this institution might well be inscribed the words: "For purposes of Personality." And herein this seat of learning clasps hand with those institutions all over the world where earnest women and earnest men count it their chief joy to see girls and boys, young women and young men stirred up to follow the quest of the best.

The report indicates that the high grade of efficiency, as measured by University successes, which has come to be almost traditional in connection with this College, has again been maintained. I beg to offer on your behalf to the Principal and staff our heartiest congratulations. Not all that has been dreamed here has yet come to pass. One gathers incidentally from the report that here, too, in many things, the vision tarrieth. Sometimes our visions are delayed in order that they may be clarified. In a great institution like this where various departments call for heavy work, unforeseen exigencies hinder anticipated advance. If, however, the plans made are wise, and we falter not in our faith, the ebb-tide passes, and the full tide flows in again. The Normal and Kindergarten Departments have had their periods of difficulty, but now the work goes on apace.

There are some who are quick to say when difficulties come: too much has been attempted plan less and you'll do more. You will not, I am sure, Miss Robinson, expect to hear this from me. For reasons which touch me very closely, I could not agree with that position. Of course, even a little is too much, if the standard aimed at is low. Many things poorly done are surely unwisely done, but in my opinion, nothing is poorly done that is wisely planned, even though for a time it should have to be carried on under great limitations. In due time, the wise plans steadfastly adhered to will create the means and the vision advanced to fulfilment. You are not here striving after many things, you are attempting great things, and the great things you have expected neither have been, nor shall be withheld. Kindergarten, High School, Normal School and College, nothing less satisfies the need of the hour. Our hope is that each department may go forward on the path to the highest and most permanent success.

Truth or Hypocrisy



ROGER and Maisie Westcott belonged to an old aristocratic family, and they were the last representatives of that name in the county of S. — They were now living in the pretty vicarage of the Church at Effingham. Their old ancestral home had long ago been sold, and all their fortune had slowly vanished away during their father's lifetime. Roger, who had been thoughtful and religious from his childhood, had become a minister, and his rare abilities and deep spirituality had made him popular in his parish. His sister Maisie, who was a year or two younger, was a bright earnest girl, who threw herself heart and soul into the numerous parochial duties of her brother.

Maisie knew that very soon a new mistress would reign at the vicarage, but she did not mind it, for she loved Doris Southcote as a sister, and regarded her as a future fellow-worker, in the service of their common Divine Master.

Lately, Maisie had been looking sad and so was also Doris, the affianced of Roger. The serene atmosphere of the vicarage, as well as of the parish, had been disturbed by what seemed to threaten to plunge Effingham into great distress. Roger Westcott had come under the influence of some men who doubted the Word of God, and had begun to preach the blasphemies of the Latitudinarians. Mothers and fathers feared for their children, especially for their sons, and they left off worshipping in the Church where their forefathers had worshipped before them. Mr. Southcote, Doris's father, too, had reluctantly ceased to attend the Church. Arguments as well as entreaties had failed to bring about a change in the opinions or the preaching of the young minister.

A month later, as Roger was sitting in his library one Saturday evening, preparing his Sunday's sermon, Maisie entered unannounced, and, seating herself by him, said, "Roger, I wish to speak to you. Can you spare me half an hour?"

"Certainly, Maisie," he said pushing his

papers aside with a sigh. "What is it that you want to say? Maisie, are you also thinking of leaving me?"

"No, Roger, no; I cannot leave you. But, Roger, I want to make a serious suggestion to you."

"And what is that, Maisie?"

"Roger, I want you to give up the ministry."

"Why, pray?" he retorted sarcastically.

"Because you are paid for preaching the Christ of the Gospels—the Christ in whom you once believed, and whom the Church, untainted by the modern modes of thought, still believes; and you have ceased to offer Him your allegiance and to proclaim His saving power and glory."

"Maisie, stop. You read this book and you will agree with me," he replied, pushing a book towards her.

"No, thank you. I value my faith and religion too much to read such trash."

"Well, Maisie, if I give up my work, what shall we eat?"

"Roger, far rather starve than eat the bread of hypocrisy and drink the water of deceit. Roger, you are doing harm to yourself by your hypocrisy. May God hear our prayers for you."

"You pray for me! Am I a heathen?"

"Yes, worse than a heathen?"

A year has passed, and it has been an eventful one for the Westcotts. Roger left the ministry after the talk with Maisie, and they lived in cheap lodgings in one of the unfashionable quarters of the city. Roger took up journalism, while Maisie gave music lessons and looked after the house-work with the help of a little girl. A new minister had been appointed to the parish of Effingham, and Maisie often went to Church to hear the clear, orthodox utterances of Claude Rutherford, who was a powerfully built, middle-aged man, with well-cut features.

Doris and Maisie often met in the Church to pray for Roger. Claude Rutherford became interested in these two ladies, and as he saw them one day leaving the Church in a very depressed state of mind he said gently, "My dear young ladies, can I be of any help to you?"

Doris fled, but Maisie told him all about it, and pleaded with him to try and save her

brother. "I feel I can trust you, and think you can do him good."

One evening Roger and Maisie were sitting in their cosy little parlour. Roger was reading a newspaper, while Maisie was looking thoughtfully out of one of the windows. The troubles and trials which Roger had endured had not sweetened his temper, and at this time he was far from amiable. Just then, the little maid suddenly announced a visitor, and handed a card to Roger. "Claude Rutherford," read Roger with a questioning glance at Maisie. Before Maisie could answer, the gentleman was ushered in.

"Roger, this is the Rev. Mr. Rutherford, who kindly promised to visit us. This is my brother Mr. Rutherford," said Maisie, with a beating heart. Roger eyed him suspiciously, while Mr. Rutherford took mental stock of the ex-minister.

At first the conversation was commonplace, but gradually the two men discoursed on more serious matters, till they reached the subject of religion. The conversation was interrupted by supper, and Claude Rutherford was urged to stay for it. After supper, the serious conversation was resumed. Maisie sat in a corner watching and listening silently. Claude sometimes referred to her, and she evinced her interest in the matter in question in an earnest manner. The discussion grew more and more animated. Scripture was frequently quoted on both sides. At last, both the speakers appeared calmed, and a smile of satisfaction lit up their faces. They rose from their seats and shook hands in silence. "Rutherford, will you pray?" said Roger. As Roger rose from his knees, he turned to his sister, and clasping her trembling form in his arms, said, "Maisie, you have been my good angel, and you have saved your brother from what would have been his complete ruin."

Thus Roger was reclaimed from scepticism through the influence of Claude Rutherford.

After some time Roger rejoined his post of duty on a New Year's day. Roger entered his old Church followed by Claude Rutherford. It was a solemn moment and the ladies, who had loved Roger and valued his ministry, leant their heads on the pews and wept tears of joy and gratitude. "Claude read the prayers, but it was Roger who

By your kindness I have inspected the Hazzard Memorial Building, the rising Lilavati Memorial Hostel, rising more swiftly perhaps by her death than by the life of Miss Singh, and have seen where the new High School is to replace the old. This has given me all the pleasure that comes to one who has acquired a love for the sound of the hammer and trowel. The good things that have been are to flower out into greater things that are to be. Not that enlargement in itself means greater efficiency. But when I see rooms for several teachers in the new Hostel, I am satisfied that you are here holding fast to the things that count most.

It is regrettable that the European High School curriculum has a course that leads nowhere. Young people without sound advisers are so likely to choose the easy courses only to repent at heavy cost when larger ambition and possibilities break upon their sight. It is hard to provide curricula which will avoid this anomaly. Even the School Leaving Certificate does not in every point escape this difficulty.

If the University is prepared to receive candidates for the B. Sc. from this College on the production of a certificate from an affiliated College to the effect that the Science course has been satisfied, we shall have advanced a step in the right direction, and will have pointed out a way whereby local colleges in all cities might co-operate in the case of special courses.

Two other points remain which deserve a reference: Social Service and Physical Culture. They may be wisely bracketed for what the one is to the body the other is to the soul. One of the difficulties of the years of training is to find facilities for the practical application of the ideals of service which are being constantly presented. The culture of the spirit requires the laboratory of practical application in order to secure the best results, and the organisation of practical activities of helpfulness, is one of the chief tasks of the leaders of College life. This has not been neglected here, and, combined with physical culture and mental training, gives good guarantee that there shall continue to go forth from this place a constant stream of

"Women, nobly planned,

To warn, to comfort and command."

The Chairman then awarded the Bilgrami prizes to Miss Salome Isur Pitt of the B. A. Department for her essay on "The use of Humour in Shakespear," and to Miss Frances Swift of the F. A. Department for her essay on "Some of Scott's Heroines."

According to a pretty Class day custom the audience adjourned after the singing of "God Save the King" to the compound for the Tree-Planting ceremony. This consists of an address to the Juniors and Freshmen given on behalf of the seniors, and responded to by one of the seniors. Miss Promilla Ghosh was this year chosen to give the address, and to present the lanterns which are handed down from one College Class to the next from year to year. The lanterns were received and the response made on behalf of the Juniors and Freshmen by Miss Esther Ahmad Shah of the Freshmen Class. The singing of the Tree Song completed the ceremony and the Class Day programme.

In the evening the members of the Board of Governors of the College were entertained at the College at the dinner by the Faculty, and later at a reception at which the members of the graduating classes were also present as guests.

preached. Before beginning his sermon, he frankly owned his aberrations, and cordially and openly thanked those who had been instrumental in bringing about a change in him. The sermon was perfectly orthodox; it was animated also by earnest feeling, which indicated how much the young minister was changed.

The following year Roger and Doris were married in their church by Claude Rutherford. Maisie wondered what she would do now. "Three is no company," she said gaily. She made many and elaborate plans about her future, but they had all to be abandoned, for Claude Rutherford wanted her to be the mistress of his own vicarage. So Maisie, the sister of a minister, became the wife of another, and she became an ideal wife. Not only did she look after her home, but she helped her husband in his parochial duties. She was equally loved in her own home and in the parish, and while her husband declared, "Her price was above rubies," she was welcomed joyously by the poor and sick among whom she moved as an angel of mercy.

Freedom for Indian Women



HERE are in this world, many good things which one man can and ought to learn from another, though he himself from whom we try to understand them may not be a perfect picture of virtue,

but, on the other hand, may be the refuge of a thousand faults. This is the case with nations also. For we know the firmness and beauty of an edifice mainly depend upon the strength and excellence of the materials with which it is erected, though they also lean on the fairness and smartness of the workmanship; and as a nation is made up of a number

of individuals, the faults and virtues of the individuals are the shortcomings and good qualities of the nation.

There are many things which the Indians should imitate from the English, although there are still more things which the latter should imitate from the former. One of these things is the "Freedom for Women" among the Englishmen.

From this let it not be understood that the Indian lady has no freedom at all—that she is a sheer slave like her sister in China. On the other hand, she enjoys freedom, but that is only to a small degree. That is not enough. Why is it that sufficient freedom is not given her? Does not she deserve it? Is she uncivilized and illiterate? Does not she know anything "but constant irksome drudgery."

Looking to the ancient history of the Indian Empire we can find that even in those ancient days "when Rome was not built" and when all other countries were enveloped in the darkness of savagery and illiteracy, India enjoyed the fruits of civilisation and the Indian lady was quite cultured and learned, and ripe enough for the gift of 'freedom.' She is now the fittest woman on the whole face of the globe to make the proper use of it. Yet she is not given so much freedom that she enjoyed even in ancient days. Whose is the fault? Decidedly of men—of our own.

Some of us think that she should not be allowed so much freedom as she deserves—that she should be deprived of the benefit of using her wit and wisdom in the uplift of the fallen Indian nation—that she should not be given equal privileges with men—and that she must not be suffered to stand on a par with them, and even the densest shade of the regeneration of the Indian nation fades away in the darkness of such an evil thought. The attempts of these men to extinguish the celestial light of an effort, by some of India's present sons who verily own the name of "Patriots," to give greater freedom to the Indian lady, is worth to be seen!

It is, however, highly regrettable that these men were not born in that part of the earth, where women rule over men. There, when women go out, they shut up their husbands, brothers and sons in a room lest they may go out and grow immoral or mischievous!

In England, the freedom that is given to ladies is very great. And when any one

speaks of England the first thing that he makes mention is of the *liberty of women* there.

Let us imitate the West in such good things. Let us try to become a worthy nation. Let us also 'do our duty' and hope that the sun of 'Regeneration' will soon pierce through the thick clouds of obstinacy and superstition and cast his golden rays upon that ancient 'Land of the Sanyasins,' extinguishing the life of the darkness of 'degeneration' and also illuminating India in the lights of glory and happiness. Let us also believe, that it is not too much to hope that a day will come when, the two rulers that ruled India in ancient days, viz., Glory and Happiness, will sit once more upon their golden throne on the beautiful Himalayas, with the banner written "Greater Freedom to Indian Women" in their hands!

P. K. M.

Correspondence

THE WOMEN'S IMPERIAL HEALTH ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

DEAR MADAM,

I enclose a paragraph in reference to the forthcoming Imperial Health Conference and Fete, which is being organised by this Association to take place in the summer; and also a marked Report stating our aims and objects for your guidance. I venture to ask your kind help in making the matter known through the valuable medium of your paper.

We are anxious to secure speakers and representatives from all the countries of the Empire, and you can well understand how very important it is to gain the co-operation of the Press.

If you will allow us, we will send from time to time up-to-date information as our arrangements develop, and dates and speakers are settled.

We are asking the patronage and interest of the various High Commissioners and other persons of influence; and already Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Sir George Houston Reid, Sir Richard Solomon and Sir Mancherjee Merwanjee Bhowmallee have given their patronage and offers of assistance; and there is every reason to believe that we shall be able to

make the Conference one of far-reaching importance.

I hope our Annual Report will be of interest to you.

I am,

Yours very truly,

R. V. GILL,

Secretary.

THE POWER OF THE KING IS IN THE HEALTH OF HIS PEOPLE.

Such is the eloquent motto of the Women's Imperial Health Association of Great Britain.

Muriel, Viscountess Helmsley, an active personal worker in its organisation, is President of this Association and amongst its members are eminent medical men and women and public workers. The Association has done excellent pioneer work in health propaganda by its Caravan Tours in the provinces and by lectures in London and the suburbs.

The Association is holding an Imperial Health Congress and Fete during the coming summer as a fitting commemoration of Queen Mary's Coronation. At this Congress health questions will be discussed by prominent hygienic authorities and colonial representatives and a special effort will be made to encourage Colonial delegates to establish branches of the Association throughout the Empire.

News and Notes

THE BOARD GIRLS' SCHOOL, SHOLAVANDAM.—After all the prize distribution of the above school came off on the 27th instant with Mr. J. R. Higgins our Sub-Collector in the chair. The proceedings of the day began at 5 P. M. with welcome songs sung by some of the young girls of the school. Then was enacted in dramatic form the familiar story of 'Half the profit.' This was followed by Kolattam and Kummil. Drill also found a place in the programme for the eve. After these the Headmaster read his report on the working of the institution. The school was opened on 10th of June 1903 by the Taluk Board, Madura, at the instance of our distinguished countryman Mr. P. Narayana Iyer of Madura whose sincere efforts in the cause of female education on religious and national lines are too well-known to be detailed here. At first there had been only 21 girls on the rolls. The number has gradually increased since then and the present strength, it is noted with gratification, has risen to 126. This increasing strength

amply testifies to the growing popularity of this useful institution, for which no small credit is due to the enthusiastic Headmaster. In the course of his report the Headmaster urged the necessity there is for one more hand in the staff, prayed for an increased scale of pay and appealed to the Taluq Board to make provisions for a separate building which is a strong desideratum as the choultry, where it is now ordered to be temporarily located, is to be utilised for its more legitimate purposes of accommodating respectable travellers and executive officials who generally camp at this important station.

Then began the distribution of prizes to all the girls. The Chairman who then rose amidst loud cheers expressed in the course of his speech that the Taluq Board cannot under the circumstances comply with the request of the Headmaster to provide school with a local habitation of its own as the Board is now quite short of funds appealed to the generously disposed public to help the Board in that direction. He however exhorted all not to be discouraged at his disappointing reply and promised to see to it two years hence if by that time the public fails to satisfy his expectations of them.

After the usual vote of thanks proposed by Mr. A. Anantha Chariar, our Sub-Registrar, who, in the midst of his peculiarly multifarious activities, has spared no pains to look to the progress of the school as well; the Chairman was garlanded and the proceedings came to a close with the singing of the National Anthem in Tamil.

LADY MINTO'S NURSING ASSOCIATION.—A Meeting of the Central Committee of Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Association was held at Government House on the 15th instant, and H. E. Lady Hardinge presided. The following members and delegates from Provincial Branches were present:—The Hon'ble Mr. J. R. Jenkins, Lieutenant-Colonel O'Kinealy (Honorary Secretary), Captain Williams (representing the Bengal Branch), the Hon'ble Mr. Gillan representing the United Provinces, the Hon'ble Mr. Morgan (representing Eastern Bengal and Assam Branch), and Mrs. E. Davies (chief Lady Superintendent).

The financial statement was considered satisfactory, and amongst the donations promised are the following:—H. H. the Maharajah of Patiala, Rs. 10,000, and the Calcutta Turf Club, Rs. 5,000.

The Report of the Association for its fourth year of working was presented and approved.

A LECTURE ON EARLY MARRIAGE.—Miss Carrie A. Tennant, an American lady of culture, visit-

ed Meerut and delivered a fine speech on the topic of child-marriage—the evil system that is daily sapping the strength of the Hindu. She is an honorary worker on behalf of the Hindu Marriage Reform League that has lately been established in Calcutta. She has studied the subject and worked for the cause for two years past in Bengal, and is now making a tour throughout the country with a view to establish branches of the League in almost all the cities of importance. The lecture commenced at 6-45 p. m. on the 9th instant before a full representative Hindu audience of about three hundred at the Sanatan Dharma Sabha Dharamsala under the presidency of the Hon. Lala Ramanuj Dayal Rai Bahadur. In her speech she highly recommended to the audience the motto, 'Love your girls as your boys, and educate them equally', which she had seen affixed at the girls' school at Lucknow; and requested those present to give it a practical shape. After explaining the principles and the objects of the League and giving a short account of the different branches she has succeeded in establishing at Allahabad, Lucknow, Benares, Agra, Aligarh, Calcutta and Delhi, she appealed to the public in general and the young generation in particular to join hands in carrying out the aims of the League in action, and save the young girls from untimely deaths. The real cause of premature child-births, and the deaths of the children in infancy is the want of vitality in our girls to nourish the infants while in the womb. So, on behalf of the finer sex of India, she appealed to the gathering not to marry the girls before the completion of 16 years. Likewise, the League preaches that the minimum age in the case of boys should not be less than 25. It was well explained that the early marriage are strong impediments against education both in the case of boys and girls. Besides the age question, the League aims at the curtailment of marriage expenses and the amount of dowries as well. A Hindi version of the lecture was given by Pandit Sita Rama to the audience. A branch of the League has also been established at Meerut with the Hon. Lala Ramanuj Dayal Rai Bahadur as its President, Choubhe Radhe Lal, the veteran lawyer, as Vice-President, Pandit Sita Rama as its Secretary and Dr. Shiva Lal Sharma as Assistant Secretary; and about 50 gentlemen got themselves enlisted as members on the spot. It is expected that the above-named office bearers will immediately set themselves to work out the principles preached by the League.

MRS. MARYBAI AND HER WORK.—Mrs. Marybai Aiman has come to Bangalore and gives a glowing account of the Christian life among

the American English people in the United States. She gives an account of the attitude of the American Christians about the new fangled "New Theology" and the "Higher Criticism." They ridiculed such stuff as the "need for a new Theology," "not a verbal inspiration" "without Christ and the Gospel in Him the moral sense would guide one into all truth," and to be "anxious to get rid of the historical in Christianity" and think that men who write the above ought honestly resign their connection with the Society that sent them. They came to preach the Gospel and instead indulge in writing such subversive matter. Mrs. Marybai has not definitely settled what she would do, yet she is endeavouring to rescue women and children and lead others to Christ.

A PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.—The annual Prize-giving exercises of the American Mission Hindu Girls' School were held in the Girls' school building; Mr. R. A. Jenkins, I. C. S. of Madanapalle, was to preside, but was prevented by urgent work. The Rajah and other members of the family were prevented from attending, owing to a special religious function in the Palace. The Rajah's Band was in attendance, and played several selections.

In the absence of Mr. Jenkins, Mr. N. Subba Rao, M. A., Headmaster of the Basava Rajah High School, occupied the Chair, and announced the programme. The girls of the school acquitted themselves with credit. All the action and other songs, the *kolattam* exercises and recitations were rendered excellently and greatly pleased the large audience.

Miss J. V. De Winkel, of the American Mission, distributed the prizes, after which the Chairman made some very interesting remarks regarding the importance of good methods in female education. After the distribution of *pan supari* and garlanding, together with votes of thanks to all who had contributed toward making the functions a success, the Rajah's Band played "God Save the King", which brought the exercises to a close.

The Report of the energetic Brahmin Head Mistress showed that the school had made good progress during the year and had increased considerably in strength. The school was inspected by Miss Prager in December, 1910, and her Report showed that the condition of the school and staff were satisfactory, and that good work had been done during the year.

THE QUEEN'S KINDLY SPIRIT.—As an illustration of the kindly nature of Queen Mary; a little boy suffering from hip disease received some toys from her Majesty while in Hospital, and

he wrote to her thanking her for the toys and at the same time adding "I do wish you could come and see all the little sick boys in the hospital." The Queen arrived at the hospital and told him she had come in answer to his letter.

THE MARYS GIFT TO THE QUEEN.—Gifts in different forms come in from the "Marys" gift to the Queen during the Coronation. Two old ladies sent two pennies through a messenger who said "They can't write, one is blind and the other cannot write at all." The members of one family all Marys sent seven stamps for "Our good Queen Mary," one of whom is a widow of a Crimean Veteran. One donor sent a trifle which she had "saved up carefully."

AN ECCENTRIC MAN'S WILL.—An eccentric Hungarian bachelor has bequeathed 40,000 to his 13 draught horses stipulating that upon the death of one of them, another aged horse should be taken in and cared for, thus maintaining the number always at twelve.

THE MARYS' GIFT TO QUEEN MARY.—All those who bear the name of Mary, May, Maria, Marian, or Marion, and Marie are to join in contributing from 1d. to £1 towards a gift to Queen Mary on Her Majesty's Coronation. The Marchioness of Bute will receive the contributions and see to the gift.

OPPOSITION TO MADAME CURIE'S ELECTION.—The suggestion that Madame Curie be elected a Member of the Academy of Sciences has caused much perturbation among the members of the French Institute, and the five Academies after a three hours' discussion have by 88 votes to 52 decided against the admission of women. This in the 20th Century and in Europe is an anomaly.

CARMEN SYLVA'S NEW BOOK.—The Queen of Roumania, better known as "Carmen Sylva," has just published a Volume called "The Royal Story Book." She has been an author since 1890, and the Queen took to writing under a pathetic circumstance. She lost her only child, a daughter, in 1874, and Her Majesty's consolation is in writing in which she excels. She is in her 68th year, and was married to the King in 1869, then Prince Charles of Roumania.

WOMEN AS POLICE.—There are many women who would make admirable police—policewomen one might call them. Rev. Anna Shaw, president of the National League of Suffragists, is presumed to be cracking one of her jokes in

saying that she has wanted to be a member of the police force all her life, and that as soon as women vote in New York she will seek an appointment. She was, however, more serious in saying that 1,000 women should be employed in that capacity in a city of New York's size. While it would be absurd to suppose that an entire police force could advantageously dispense with men, it is mere custom or superstition that makes us ordinarily take it for granted that a policewoman is a sheer impossibility. There are special kinds of work, particularly in relation to their own sex, which women guardians of the peace could do to advantage. Nor is it incredible that much of the "law and ordering" now left to men could be quite as well performed by uniformed women armed with badges investing them with the authority of the State. At least three-quarters of the fear inspired by the police among potential disturbers of the peace is due to the popular realization that the whole power of the State is behind them. Even to resist arrest is a crime. A policewoman on a street crossing could stop traffic by a wave of her baton as quickly as a policeman. In London the police force is not provided with fire-arms; it is the prestige of a body which has the king's government back of them that keeps London in security. Of course no one would send women to lug a fighting drunkard or to storm a den of desperate burglars and thugs at midnight. Men would still have their uses. But women on a police force are by no means unthinkable.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Susan Strong when her voice failed and she had to give up grand opera, established a hand laundry. She supervises all the work in it herself.

Mrs. Martha Allen of South Haven, Mich., writes: "My sister has taken The Woman's Journal ever since I can remember. We rejoice in its present size, style and increasing circulation."

Mrs. Ophelia M. Amigh is matron of the woman's industrial prison at Geneva, Ill. She believes that by surrounding the prisoners with uplifting influences the latent good in them will be awakened.

Mrs. Anne McElroy Brett of Western Texas is called "the telephone queen of the Southwest." She is president of the Southern Independent Telephone and Telegraph Company, and president and general manager of the Brett Construction Telephone and Telegraph Company. She organized these companies, which now represent more than \$500,000.

Mrs. A. J. Coneely of Jamestown and Mrs. Lillian Vavasour of Albany have been appointed telephone inspectors by the Public Service Commission at Albany, N. Y. The salary is \$1200. The duty of the inspectors will be to enter the operating rooms of all telephone companies within the jurisdiction of the commission, determine faults, offer suggestions on the ground and make a report to the commission in order that it may follow up, and, if necessary, enforce an improvement. This work is expected to bring about more uniform practice and generally improve the telephone system throughout the State. Both Mrs. Coneely and Mrs. Vavasour have served as exchange operators, and have been employed by the telephone companies as travelling chief operators.

Miss Alice Haggerty, factory inspector for Cincinnati and Hamilton County, Ohio, was recently appointed by Gov. Harmon to inspect factory conditions and to enforce the child labor law. She has been given headquarters in Cincinnati, and has already visited many factories. Her efforts are said to have improved conditions for many young working girls, who now have better pay and a working day of eight hours instead of ten and twelve. Miss Haggerty keeps in touch with all the factories in Cincinnati, and makes frequent trips throughout Hamilton County.

Miss Belle Kearney was appointed by Gov. Noel of Mississippi to represent that State at the Convention of the National Tariff Commission Association held last week in Washington, D. C. She and Mrs. Virginia del C. Johnston, chairman of the Resolutions Committee of the Woman Suffrage Association of the District of Columbia, attended the Convention and presented resolutions in favor of woman suffrage. These were referred to the Committee on Resolutions, and there buried. Mr. Johnston and Miss Kearney are seeking the passage of such resolutions by the large national bodies that meet in Washington during the winter. Miss Kearney, as the representative of Mississippi, was the only woman to have a seat at the banquet of the National Tariff Commission Association. The wives and daughters of other members looked down from the balcony.

Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, "The Mother of Clubs," celebrated the ninety-first anniversary of her birth on Jan. 12, at her home in Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Florence Howe Hall is contributing to the Minneapolis House-keeper a series of interesting articles on The Friendships of Julia Ward Howe.

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Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett and Miss Jessie Ashley visited The Woman's Journal office last week for a conference. It was a pleasure to all concerned, and is expected to bear good fruit.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw called at the office of the Woman's Journal last Tuesday on her way to Fall River, Mass., where she spoke at Holyoke, Mass., introduced by President Woolley of Mt. Holyoke College.

Miss Grace Shoe has been elected principal of the Colorado State Teachers' Association, without opposition. The meeting this year was the largest in the State's history, 2,500 being enrolled. Miss Shoe is described as brilliantly equipped and a great favorite.

Miss Helen Farnsworth Mears of Oshkosh, Wis., a favourite pupil of the late Augustus St. Gaudens, has been awarded the commission for a colossal figure to surmount the new State capital dome at Madison, Wis. The figure will be of bronze, 16 feet high, and will represent a woman in Greek draperies.

Mrs. Ethel Dotly Turner edits the English section of "Regeneration," a paper published in Spanish at 519 E. 4th Street, Los Angeles, Cal., in the interest of progress in Mexico. Mrs. Turner, in addition to stories and editorials, is giving a weekly account of the revolution now going on in Mexico. This is the only paper furnishing a comprehensive account of it in English.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S CRUISE.—Queen Alexandra will go for a prolonged cruise in the Mediterranean during the spring.

WOMEN IN RAILWAY WORK.—At the Schterooka extension Railway, Odessa, 600 women are employed as "Navvies" in the construction.

A LADY FARMER—There is a lady farmer of the name of Jessie Nicholson in New Jersey who owns 225 acres, and she raises Canada field peas, hay, sells chickens, and milk. She owns 100 cows and saves £3,000 a year.



THREE ACCOMPLISHED SISTERS

(See page 292)

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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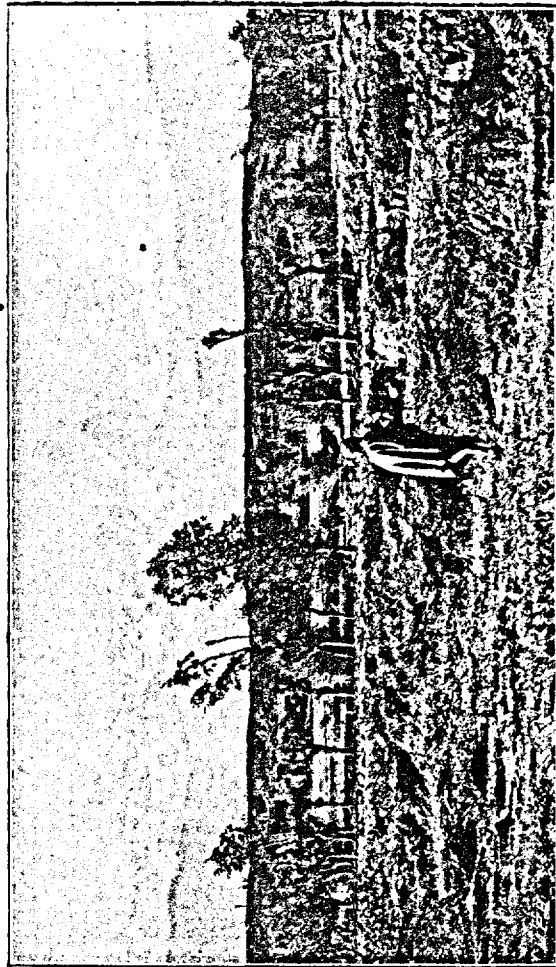
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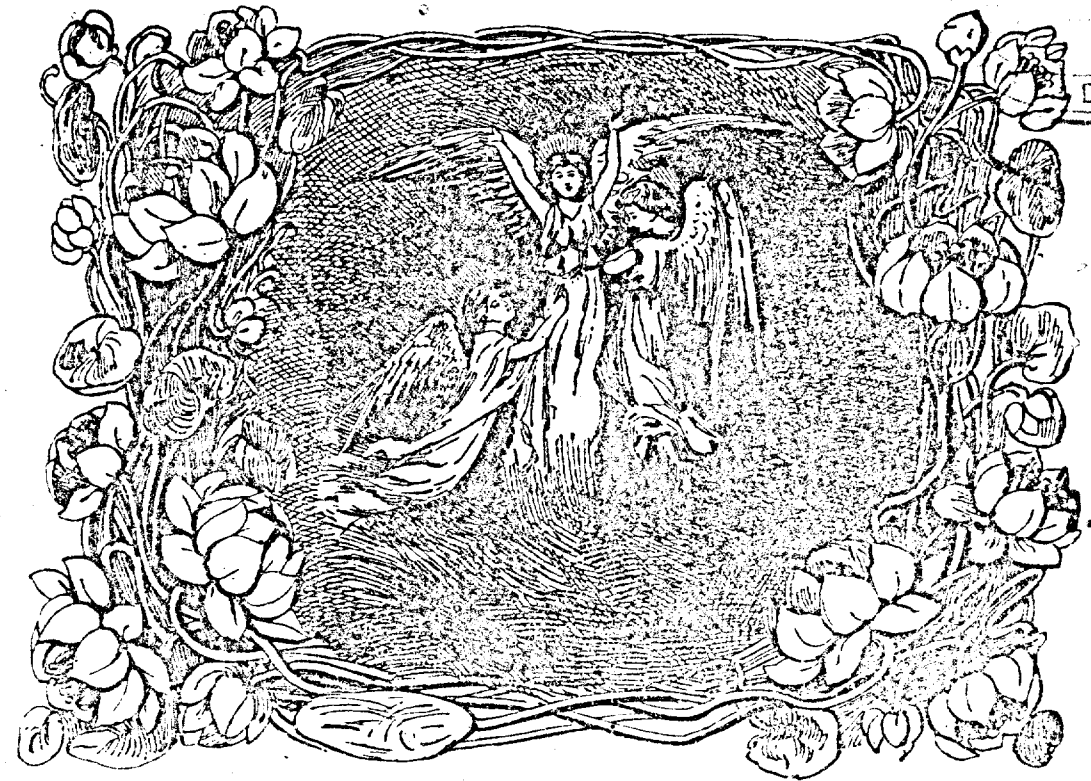
To Let



A BIT OF THE ROAD TO GULMARG, KASHMIR



NANGA PARBAT RANGE, KASHMIR



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. X]

APRIL, 1911.

No. 10.

Sonnet—Isolation

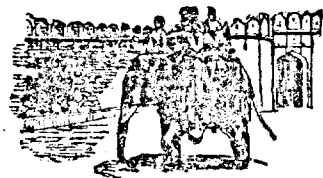
FALL, fall, O snow, from thy thick heavy cloud
 In silent showers; encumber vales, and plains,
 And heights, with thy white plumes, till nought remains,
 Nor herb, nor tree, without its silver shroud.
 Safe in that shelter from the north-winds loud,
 When Spring, returning, their rude breath restrains,
 More prompt the earth shall smile, in genial rains,
 And leaves start forth in all their splendour proud.
 Blest isolation from the world, I see
 Herein thy emblem; may thy winding-sheet
 Guard my soul likewise till its latest hour,
 That so through all its journey it may be
 Patient, until God's love with generous heat
 In heaven unfolds the blossom into flower.

—Toru Dutt

Glimpses of a Tour in Kashmir

(BY LADY BENSON)

V



NOT less interesting than a visit to the Silk Factory is a visit to the Medical Mission Hospital in Srinagar. It was started in 1865 by

Dr. Elmslie, and continued by Dr. Downes, but since 1881 has been "run" by two brothers, Dr. Arthur and Dr. Ernest Neve, and their niece Miss Neve. When first started the Maharajah of the day was averse to Missions, and thought to discourage the doctors by only granting them as a site for their Hospital, a wretched stony rocky spur of the Takt-i-Suleiman Mountain. Nothing daunted, however, the doctors set to work to cut out galletries, and level platforms, and bit by bit and year by year, wards and halls, and towers, and passages have been built, and also a beautiful little Chapel for services, so that now the Hospital is most fascinatingly picturesque, and a joy to the eye, both inside and outside. The site too has its advantages, as in time of flood, it is high up and out of danger; also earthquakes do not affect the buildings on the hill, so much as they do those on the level.

We were taken over the Hospital by Dr. Ernest Neve. All the passages and corridors leading up and down hill from one to another are paved, and roofed. The verandahs, to the wards both upstairs and downstairs, in which patients are able to lie in their beds for nine months out of the year, have exquisite views over the city, and towards the circle of snow mountains beyond. There are 150 beds in the Hospital, of which 94 are supported by people interested in the work. The Hospital has no grant from Government, or from the C. M. S., but depends entirely on voluntary subscriptions, and the fees, which are only paid by the better classes who attend. They pay fees according to their income, and have separate quarters allotted to them. All the expense of building has been, from year to year, provided from the current income, and the occasional help of a special gift, Miss Molyneux in England sent out £500. About 200 to 300 out-patients are attended to every day. These all collect in a lovely big Hall, and before being dressed are addressed! The Mission doctors then tell them about Christianity, and instruct them. Nothing is said in depreciation of their own religion, they are simply told about ours. Both Hindus and Mahomedans often say that if Christians

lived more consistent lives Christianity would make far more progress.

These good doctors do over 5,000 operations in the year, of which 1,530 are for cataracts and other eye diseases. Their medical and surgical summary for last year was:—

New out-patients	23,382
Total visits	53,515
Total In-patients	1,946
Surgical operations	5,209

The rice rations given out in the year were 31,134 lbs.!

Visitors to the Hospital must be charmed with its appearance, and arrangements. The walls are painted a pretty *Plau-de-nil* shade, with "Blundell and Spence's petrifying paint, which has a bright glaze, and washes well. All the beds have bright red blankets, and the women wear pretty white caps with red borders, and long white veils with red borders. As the majority of the patients are Mahomedans I suppose these veils are in deference to their custom of wearing veils. The headresses are most becoming. Many of the little girl patients were very pretty, quite fair, with lovely dark eyes, and such red lips, and smiling faces.

In the summer the doctor brothers tour in the villages. During a month spent in the Lolab Valley eight villages were visited, 1,800 patients seen, and 192 operations were performed. During Dr. Arthur Neve's summer tour he visited 12 villages and had 500 patients. In the autumn he paid a short visit to the Tral District, during which time 450 patients came to him. There is a State Leper Hospital, under the charge of the Doctors Neve in which 150 Lepers were admitted in 1909. His Highness the Maharajah kindly permitted a liberal grant to be made this year for the purchase of Nostrin, the new remedy for leprosy. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed for them to be able to report fully on this treatment. Of 11 patients on whom Nastin has been tried, 8 were under treatment for 4 months. They all showed distinct signs of improvement, and were quite unanimous in their testimony to the relief afforded. The Hospital is in a beautiful situation. The fruit trees with which the garden is stocked are now bearing well. The sale of fruit, grass, and grain helps the funds of the Institution. During the year 35,000 lbs. of rice were consumed by the leper patients. The Lepers owe their food, clothing, bedding, medicines and house accommodation to H. H. the Maharajah of Kashmir, who permits the whole to be paid for from Kashmir State funds.

We were very kindly invited by a hospitable lady resident to a tea-picnic on the Dal Lake to see some aquatic sports by the boys of the Rev. Mr. Tindale Biscoe's school of the C. M. S.

Mission. He has over 1,400 boys in his schools. When he first came to Kashmir not one of these boys would have thought of rowing in a boat! Surely such work was only meant for boat men! Mr. Tindale Biscoe has inspired these boys with a love of manly sport, and is striving to turn them into brave and manly men. They are now quite famous athletes and oarsmen, and have many friendly rivalries in races among themselves. Their programme for the afternoon when we saw them was, that 3 boat loads of boys were to effect a landing at Gugribal point, and the other 3 boat loads of boys were there to defend the point and to prevent the landing. It was very good fun seeing these six boat loads of copper-coloured youths dashing at each other, and trying to swamp each other's boats. The result was a great *mélee*; the boys were swimming like eels about the lake, their paddles splashing the water, and not infrequently smacking each other's heads. The paddles of each boat were painted a different colour. Before the contest was over the programme arranged that the crews who landed had to skirmish up the mountain, over a course of boulders and rocks, then to rejoin their boats and row round a course previously mapped out. As they scrambled ashore with net through and with very little clothing on, yelling and shouting with excitement, and the joy of contest, they really looked like the crews of savages, that Robinson Crusoe saw invading his island. The question of the advisability of training so many Kashmiri youths for a literary life is much discussed. Many think the time has come, when it would be right that well-to-do merchants should pay adequately for their son's education, instead of allowing them to be educated, at comparatively little cost to themselves, with mission money. Also that it might be wiser to give a considerable number of them a technical education, instead of a purely literary one. There are not enough posts in the Kashmir State to provide for an indefinite number of clerks, and officials and there is a possible danger of the schools producing a surplus of half-educated boys of the literary class, who, finding that there is no work for them to do, may develop into seditionists, as has been the case with the same surplus class in India. Unfortunately too the Mahomedans do not avail themselves of the cheap mission education, as freely as the Hindus do, so that though the State is mainly populated with Mahomedans, (for Kashmir was a Mahomedan country before the Sikhs conquered it), nearly all the Government posts will be filled by Hindus. The Mahomedans have only themselves to thank for this state of affairs. They have the same chances of a good education as the Hindus have, but they still remember that their name and fame rested

on the sword rather than with the pen—and have not yet learned to adapt themselves to present circumstances. Much the same can be said of the Mahomedans in India, but they are there beginning better to realize the fundamental importance of Education, and their leaders have made noble efforts to rouse their countrymen to the same realization.

The climate of Srinagar begins to warm up considerably in June, and we were very grateful to a kind friend who suggested that we should go up to *Gulmarg* in the mountains for a few days, and offered to lend us her "Log Cabin" during our visit. *Gulmarg* is to Srinagar what *Ootacamund* is to Madras. Fortunately for us the distances in Kashmir are not so great as in Madras. The journey involved a tonga drive of 24 miles, and a ghat ascent of 4 miles to reach the happy top at an elevation of 8,500ft. We were told we should feel the cold at *Gulmarg* very much, as not only was the elevation great but the huts were built so near the snows. We collected every rug, blanket, jacket, cloak and shawl we could lay hands on. For 24 miles we drove through on almost continuous poplar avenue, the trees planted regularly between two and three feet apart, their silvery trunks made a wall on either side, between the chinks of which we could see, streams and river, and acres of paddy fields, and innumerable flowers. At eleven o'clock we stopped our tongas, and camped out under a thick mulberry tree for breakfast. The second stage of the drive was up a continuous rise, past miles of ground shewn with water-worn rocks and boulders, and runlets of ice-water streams from the melting snows on the mountains above. It was a desolate bit of country, but the mulberry trees contrived to live in the midst of the desolation. At the foot of the mountains travellers are met by "dandies" and bearers, but we preferred to walk up the beautiful ghat path of four miles to *Gulmarg*. The woodland path through the pine forest is exquisitely beautiful. Every turn of the road reveals lovely views of the snows across intervening gorges. Before reaching the top we "out spanned" for "afternoon tea"—under some giant pines. There was no need to hurry for the twilight in these northern lands lasts till well past eight o'clock. On the way up we had picked bunches of forget-me-nots, they grow on the banks as freely as primroses and blue bells in England. We saw also all sorts of exquisite new flowers, mauve, yellow, and white, not to mention bushes of aromatic wild dog-roses. The final ascent to *Gulmarg* seemed interminable, but at last we arrived and had great fun examining and exploring the very first Log Cabin we had ever lived in. The outside was pretty with gables and

a bow window, with criss-cross panes of glass for the drawing room. The Cabin was built of untrimmed pine logs and cones, and every day we enjoyed lying out on the lawn in front of the house, on rugs, under huge pine trees, and gazing at the beautiful peeps of the snows through the branches. Gulmarg itself is just an undulating green-cup-like meadow—(its name means the meadow of roses) surrounded by pine forests and lofty snow mountains. On the undulating green is built a pretty English Church, an Hotel, a gymkhana stand, and golf links. Around the green-basin like meadow, nestled in the fringe of the pine forests, are detached Swiss chalet-like villas, built of pine wood. Ordinary visitors to Gulmarg spend their time on the golf links, and life is there spent as at the majority of hill stations in a round of games, dances, gymkhanas and occasional picnics.

Our time at Gulmarg was so short that we contented ourselves with exploring the neighbourhood as much as possible, spending whole days out with our ponies, and provender. The ascent to Pulan Merg is the first expedition to be undertaken. It is reached by a limb of a thousand feet through a continuous pine forest. At the end one emerges on to an open green meadow, of undulating ground with the snow mountains beyond. We walked up to the snow line, and enjoyed squelching our heels into the half frozen snow. The flowers on the Merg (meadow) were a never-to-be-forgotten sight! There were golden sheets of celandines, and yellow everlasting; white flowers of unknown names, fritillaries, and bushes of a pink waxy flower as sweet as jasmine. It was delightful walking over the springly turf, in the sunshine, and over the slippery pine needles in the gloom of the woods.

"Oh forest deep and fair,
Oh pine trees waving high
How sweet your cool retreat,
How full of rest."

There is really only one road (and it is a path way) which encircles Gulmarg; it is called the "Circular Road." It runs on its outer edge by the side of the mountains overlooking the pinky plains of the Vale of Kashmir, and over to the further ranges of snow mountains, including the lofty summits of Haramok and Nanga Parbat. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this woodland path, lofty pines grow above and below, mingled with beeches, birch, and other forest trees, and every turn of the path reveals a new and varied glimpse of beauty. We spent two birthdays at Gulmarg, one encamped under the shade of huge pine trees, at the turn of the circular road, overlooking the sunniest of golden green meadows with bold snow mountains behind, while we were in dense shade on a

soft carpet of pine needles and moss. A troupe of monkeys had passed us at this spot the previous day, so we called it "Monkey merg." Unfortunately they would not put in appearance again in spite of all our willing and wishing that they should do so. Even without the monkeys it was a most enjoyable day from early morning till late twilight, reading English letters (the mail arrived that morning writing replies, reading books, working and sleeping, not to mention the important events of breakfast and afternoon tea. There is nothing so enjoyable as a whole day out of doors amidst beautiful scenery and with "one's own"—a beautiful climate must also be included! The second birthday party had to be abandoned because the rain descended, and the winds blew, so we had to betake ourselves to the fireside instead, and watch the myriads of sparks fly up the chimney and wonder how it was the Log Cabin was not set on fire! The next day however broke fair and sunny so we mounted our nice sturdy ponies, and rode two miles down the ghat, on the way to Ferozepur Nullah. The ponies are such sure-footed little beasts, it is impossible to be nervous on them. There were so many fallen trees across the path, when once the ghat road was left, that we dismounted and preferred walking; one can see the flowers and ferns so much better too when walking. The descent to Ferozepur Nullah is described in the Guide Book as "descending by a precarious foot-path" a very true and accurate description! We scrambled along over rocks and boulders, and on the edge of a mountain, the ponies coming after us like cats, some of them were not led at all, but had the reins hitched over the saddle and were allowed to do as they liked. Our little fox terrier dogs "Perks" and "Scrap" were wild with delight, bounding a head of the party, and then coming back to look for us and see if we were getting round the corners all right. At one place, where a dashing torrent came tearing down the mountain side, we were all, in turn, carried over by coolies. On our return journey the stream had become so swollen by the melting of the snow during the heat of the day, that the water was too deep to allow us to be carried over, so we had to take off our shoes and stockings, and wade across from log to boulder, holding on to one of the house boat servants. The water was piercingly cold, but so refreshing to our hot, bruised, and tired feet; the plunge gave us fresh energy and spirit for the toilsome ascent. But going down was a different story. We aimed for the point where two mountain torrents join, a regular "Vale of Avoca" the "Meeting of the Waters." After many ups and downs, and severe walking, we reached a beautiful plateau, jutting out above the two foaming mountain torrents. On this

Silk and the Silkworm.

(BY LADY BENSON)



IN connection with the account given of the silk factory at Srinagar in No. IV article of the "Glimpses of a Tour in Kashmir" in the March number of the "Indian Ladies' Magazine" it will be interesting to hear what is being done in Coimbatore and Mysore to improve the cultivation of the silkworm, and the reeling of silk. The following notes on the subject have been kindly placed at my disposal by Dr. C. A. Barber, Madras Government Botanist, and his assistant.

Experiments are being made with the *Eri silk worm*, which feeds on the castor-oil plant. It is a very strong and healthy worm, and the cocoons are very easy to obtain. Apparently the whole business of looking after the *Eri* silkworm is much simpler, the worm is perfectly happy on the plains of India, and its food, the castor-oil plant, is of course universally grown. The true silk-worm is, on the other hand, more the product of a temperate climate, as are the mulberry leaves on which it feeds. To keep out the many diseases to which it is liable, much greater care is required, and though the product is more valuable the various processes are more complicated. It seems, therefore, that at any rate at first, the *Eri* silk culture is more likely to lay hold of the people. It has been reared in Coimbatore for generations. A small *Eri* house has just been built for the next brood. It is already being taken up to a small extent in S. Canara (among other places) by the "depressed classes." Arrangements are being made to buy their cocoons. Eggs have been distributed to more than 100 families in and near Mangalore and there is thus a possibility of a useful home industry being established in S. India. Later on it is intended to see what can be done to establish true silkworm culture. Preliminary to this must come the planting and growth of mulberry trees. This will necessitate visits to certain places in the 2,000 and 3,000 feet level, where mulberries can thrive.

In Mysore a silk farm was started by Messrs. Y. Tata and Sons with a view to demonstrate to the local farmers the scientific methods of Sericulture. It was hoped that this would encourage the silk industry of Mysore.

The farm was until recently managed by a Japanese silk expert, but it is now under the charge of the Salvation Army authorities. In this farm different kinds of mulberry trees are



grown, with the view of testing which varieties grow best, and on the foliage of which the worms thrive best. The Japanese, Italian and the different local varieties are grown.

The rearing appliances, though made on the model of the local ones, are all kept scrupulously clean. The worms are not kept over-crowded in the trays. The change of bed of the worms and the disposal of the litter, which are very important matters, are attended to with great care.

Nets are used always in changing of beds, and the litter is never kept near the rearing house, as is the custom locally. The worms are fed at regular intervals on well-cleaned leaves.

They are housed in well ventilated and cool rooms. These methods are up to date, and scientific, so much so, that, so far none of the diseases of silkworms have attacked the farm. The crop of cocoons obtained is also heavier, and of better quality. Unlike the local farmers, who purchase seed cocoons every time they start a fresh brood, in the farm they use their own seeds, which are very healthy.

Besides the worm is reared throughout the year in the farm. It has the necessary conditions, namely, food stuff in good condition, healthy seed, and scientific appliances, housing, etc. Thus more broods are obtained during the year than by the local farmers.

Silk reeling is carried on in the farm on a small scale.

The mulberry silk-worm reared in the different parts of Mysore is a multivoltine variety (and therefore not so good for silk reeling as the uni-voltine worm of Kashmir, China and Japan). It is probably one of the several acclimatised kinds reared in Bengal.

From five to six crops are obtained in the year. The life history of the Mysore worm, from egg to adult, lasts from a month and-a-half to two months, the period being longer in the cold weather.

The different stages, and the period of time passed in each stage is as below:—

Egg or Motta (in Kanarese) ...	10 to 12 days.
Worm or Hula „ ...	30 to 35 „
Pupa or Gudee „ ...	10 to 12 „
Moth or Chitta „ ...	1 to 2 „

The native methods of rearing, and the appliances used being very crude, the worm often becomes subject to diseases which are locally known by different names as Ginme, Kenchu, etc., the worms are kept in trays made of bamboo matting, and a number of such trays are kept in vertical rows in a bamboo rack.

These racks containing the trays of worms are kept in the ill-ventilated corners of dwelling houses. The feeding and handling of the worms are very crude, and injure the worms a good

deal. No nets are used in changing the beds for the worms, but they are removed by hand.

When about to pupate, the worms (which attain a length of about 2", and are of a pale yellowish colour) are thrown pell-mell into spinning trays. These are frames made of bamboo matting attached to two poles. On the matting is a spiral strip of bamboo matting raised 1 or 1½ inches. Sometimes there is a net work of these strips in the matting. These trays (or chendrikes as they are locally called) with the ripe worms on them are kept standing by supports, which are often smeared with gum, or ashes etc., to keep off ants.

The cocoons obtained are comparatively small in size (therefore more difficult to reel than the larger cocoon of the uni-voltine silk worm). The rearer is not always the reeler. He takes the cocoons to the market where the reelers purchase them. The reeling is done in the crude native way which is similar to the method followed in Bengal.

The food stuff—mulberry is grown on the bush system of Bengal, and is chiefly a rain fed crop in Mysore. The worms are fed with the chopped leaves from six to eight times a day. There is a daily change of bed for the worms, and the litter is commonly heaped close to the rearing room. There is no disinfection of the appliances after each brood; but the trays are now and then coated with cowdung. It will be seen from these details that there is much room for improvement in the native methods of sericulture in Mysore. It is much hoped that the more scientific methods practised in the Tata silk farm in charge of the Salvation Army will demonstrate to the silk farmer the advantages of care and cleanliness in the art of rearing silk worms and obtaining good cocoons.

A Foreign London



I WANT to tell you to-day something about a part of London that can hardly be called English any longer. On leaving Aldgate Metropolitan Station you will find yourself in a fine broad street, lined with shops dingy and gaudy, the pavements thronged with busy-crowds, and a never ceasing stream of traffic moving slowly down the centre of the road. This is the White Chapel Road, broader and more imposing looking, the inhabitants proudly tell us, than any West-end thoroughfare. A maze of small mean streets surrounds the road

on both sides,—this is the foreign quarter of London, the home of the alien Jew. They swarm here in thousands. As we pass through Houndsditch, along Petticoat Lane and up Middlesex Street, our eyes are caught by such names over the shops, as "Aaron Brothers," "Rebecca Hosea," "Slavonski and Son," "Moses Gad," etc. The advertisements too are all in Yiddish, the women are swarthy, the children dark-skinned and dark-eyed. Here and there an old man whose long white beard gives him a patriarchal appearance, lounges in a doorway watching us with critical sleepy eyes. The air is full of foreign smells and foreign sounds. We were taken first to see the Jewish "Spanish-Portuguese Synagogue," the largest in London, built in 1701. A yellow fog was brooding outside, and the numerous immense-branched candlesticks within the building were all unlighted, so there was an oppressive darkness which the faintly gleaming windows on every wall of the synagogue could hardly relieve. The Rabbis, wearing tall hats and silk scarves, sit on a raised platform in the centre, the choir at the back, and the women all sit in the gallery. The "Ark", standing in the position of our altar, contains the sacred scrolls which are read at every service; the sermon however is given in English.

An immense influx of Jews has spread over several parishes. In the district we were visiting, much is being done to raise and humanise the Jew. Libraries, dispensaries, Sunday schools are all thrown open to him. At the Sunday-schools and Bible-classes, Christian teaching is given in Yiddish. Unless specially asked for, no Jewish child is taught Christian doctrine until the age of fourteen.

Is the presence of the Jew a hindrance or an advantage, a blessing or a curse to the Christian people? The question is one upon which many wise men are disagreed. The Jew is slowly ousting our people. In one parish the native population has fallen to 2,000, while the Jewish has risen to 10,000. In another the figures have become respectively 3,000 and 11,000. The landlord obtains higher rent from the Jewish tenant, not because he pays more individually but because he herds more closely with his brother Jew. His growing ascendancy is also due to his thrift, his greater physical strength and the fact that he will work for less wages. Upon the other hand it is asserted that the Jew has a good moral influence upon the Gentile population, his greater diligence, thrift and abstemiousness acting as a spur on the native Christian, who fears that he is being left behind in the struggle for life. It has been recently pointed out by an eminent divine, that possibly this growing contact between the

Eastern and Western races may lead to the fusion, and linking up of two antagonistic and widely separated religions. So out of the seeming evil, good may come.

MAUDE C. SIDGWICK.

Child Life in Christian Homes



A FRENCHMAN has written "The little of Paradise that we still perceive on earth, is due to the presence of little children." And this, all true-hearted men and women feel. They bring sunshine and gladness with them wherever they go. They sweep the cobwebs of care and selfishness away, by their breezy joyousness, and introduce into the prosaic lives of their elders, a poetry and tenderness, which would otherwise be wanting. But after all, the Frenchman's is only a poetic image,—there were no children in Paradise and we are inclined almost to pity the full-grown,—but childless bliss, of sinless Eden, and are deeply grateful that whatever might have been the methods of replenishing the earth, bad man not fallen, the present method of sending mankind, as little children into the world, is one of unmixed blessing to the races.

There is something intensely pathetic, in the condensed Biblical story of the first motherhood and the first baby-life which this world ever saw. The scenes of Eden,—its purity, its bliss, its fall, its agony were past in point of time, but doubtless ever remorsefully present in the heart of Eve, despite the mysterious promise of a Deliverer, as she laboured beside her husband in the strange thorny world into which they had been driven. And I can imagine how, when at last, by angel hands, her little one was gently laid on the soft lamb-skin cradle prepared for it, and she gazed on this exact miniature of her lordly husband and noted its diminutive size, its helplessness,—its lack of intellect, the agonized ironical cry burst from her heart, "I have gotten a man, from the Lord! Woe is me! is this what my sin has done? Have I by my selfish folly and ambition dwarfed—and stunted the race to this?" And I can imagine how, when the ministering angel tried to soothe her anguish, by telling her,—her child should "grow in stature and in wisdom," and that by her gentle training, he might be one day like his father whom she loved, she answered only, by a look of questioning inexperience and incredulity.

But day by day as the little one nestled in her bosom, and drew his life from hers, and she gradually came to understand what the angel meant by "growing," as she noticed the expanding powers, of body, mind, and heart, the first bitter disappointment would give place to strange new hopes, and devoted love, and she would resolve that her boy should be happy, and never know one hour of sorrow, that not one desire should be ungratified, not one wish thwarted,—that he should eat, drink, and be merry to the full of his enjoyment. Poor Eve! and poor little Cain! What did she know of "growth" or "training," except that of the flowers and trees of Paradise, which was mere child's play compared to the growth and training of human minds, and immortal souls. Sad was the fruit of her ignorance to her and her child, and awful the life-long price she had to pay for her inexperience; and while from the height of our nearly six-thousand-year-old privileges, not one of us dare cast on her one pebble of reproach, we cannot deny that she stands an object lesson to the world of a fond and foolish mother in the case of Cain; while it is pleasant from the little we know of Abel and Seth to believe that the domestic misery experienced at the hands of her spoilt first-born, secured for her other children, a healthier and wiser training.—And now with the coming of these little ones, came to her, that beautiful new creation—the home—and gradually all that was sweetest and best in life gathered into that sacred spot, and Eve found there, that which so far satisfied her heart, and restored to her some measure of her lost peace and happiness. Often doubtless after this, with adoring gratitude, our first parents realized how wonderfully their God had over-ruled evil for good, in the training of these helpless little ones, given them as work and object in life, worthy of the noble natures of which they knew themselves possessed.

Thenceforth, the one great problem, to the solving of which, all the wisest and worthiest of earth have devoted themselves, has been, to find the best methods of training mankind for life here, and life beyond the grave; and it has depended on whether time or eternity were uppermost in their minds while it is only where both have been duly accounted for, that any measure of success has been achieved. Happily for us, in addition to the gathered experience of the ages which we inherit, and the memories of innumerable wise and godly parents, whose names have been handed down to us by grateful children,—There is one home, and one mother, and one Son, that towers above them all in holy beauty and instruction. True that was, the Holy child Jesus, but withal, a veritable

child, needing and receiving the tender care and training of a human mother and an earthly home, to make Him a perfect Saviour. And to this He submitted with Divine humility, so that at twelve years old it was said of Him "He went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them,"—though it involved surrendering at their desire the greatest joy, and highest ambition of His young heart. In that very surrender however He learnt the higher lesson of perfect obedience, and self-annihilation,—the needful training for Gethsemane and Calvary. As for Mary,—I do not think, that upon her was bestowed any special qualification for her honoured life-work, beyond that promised to us all, "grace for grace and blessing on the diligent cultivation of the soul in piety and meekness, issuing in a high toned spiritual life, full of beauty and simple motherliness." But even she was sometimes erring and injudicious, and if she sometimes failed, well may we weaker ones say "Who is sufficient for the training of the little ones, and the guidance of the grown? Verily we ourselves need training." In response to that heart-ory of all Christian parents, and educators of the young, comes down through the centuries from that holy home and child-life, the very sweetest of human words "suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven." Here and here alone is safely and happiness for the child, and wisdom and grace for the parent.

Innumerable are the books of human wisdom to which we might turn for light on this theme—but one Book is sufficient, and from the pen of Peter, the warm-hearted family-man among the apostles, flow words which contain as it seems to me the very kernel of all systems of training whether for old or young. We can scarcely recognize the rude fisherman of the Gospels and even of Acts, as he holds up before those, who, with him "have obtained like precious faith" the high and holy call, increasingly to become "partakers of the divine nature," and then goes on to tell how this can be attained, in the words, 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.

As Christian women, whatever be our condition, we are united in desiring the salvation, and education of the young in our homes or church or Sabbath School; and that they with us, may at last be "partakers of the Divine nature," we cannot do better than adopt as the line of training for them this concise catalogue which our reason commends as worthy of all acceptance. In this passage, Peter is of course, speaking of faith in the work of the Redeemer, as being the

foundation on which all solid Christian character must be built, but though these words were not originally written as a guide to the wise training of little children we may without violence, use them for this purpose as a golden ladder let down from heaven, for little feet as well as older ones, to climb.

The ground on which this ladder must rest is faith. We cannot take one step in life without it, faith in the stability of natural law, faith in the trustworthiness of those with whom we have to do, faith in the goodness of parents and friends; the life that is devoid of faith—if such a thing be possible—is, in the degree that it is so, devoid of peace and continually tormented by suspicion and jealousy. Well is it for them and for us, that the natures of little children are full of faith, hence their simple joyousness, and it is only the sad experience of unworthiness that can root it out. It were well therefore if this beautiful foundation of all noble and generous character were not only preserved unbroken and nurtured, but on it were early grafted the higher faith in a true, a powerful and a loving God and Saviour.

The first round of this golden ladder is "virtue,"—add "unto their faith virtue." The comprehensive old Roman idea of virtue, a fearless courage and energy of character bold for the good,—the foe of all that's base, training the little ones to see the hatefulness of moral cowardice and meanness; which principle, once fairly rooted, moulds and regulates even their outward demeanour and conduct alike in work and sport.

But not only must these noble principles be instilled, their minds must be instructed: "Add unto their virtue knowledge",—knowledge of all in heaven and in earth that will better fit them for useful and worthy lives,—and in and through all, "a practical discrimination of good and evil,—an intelligent appreciation of what is the will of God in each detail of practices". Jesus has opened a safe road back to the tree of knowledge, which is now one with the Tree of Life,—a pledge and foretaste of that Tree of Life which grows in the Paradise above. With all their courage and knowledge must be taught temperance,—or self-control, which neither allows irrational enthusiasm on the one hand, nor degenerates into cold stoicism on the other; pleasures, sports, and opinions, our young people and children must have, and the difficult duty of the parent or guardian is, to train to temperance even in these.

Then must come the hardest lesson of life to learn, for most children, aye and for grown-up people too—that of patience; "add to temperance patience,"—not only quiet waiting for good things to come, like Bunvan's two little boys.

but patient perseverance in irksome duty, and endurance of suffering and what is disagreeable in their little lives, to teach which nothing is more potent than example, with these quick-witted little observers.

Nor may we think these little ones too young for the next round of this ladder "add to their patience godliness." Up to their measure they can learn to know and love God, and very sweetly does it sometimes influence their young lives, and help even them over the rougher portions of the path their little feet must tread. It needs not to cloud their lives, or steal one ray of genuine sunshine from their hearts, or Jesus' loving lips had never said "suffer them to come to me."

Thus far up the ladder; the next step is easy, for, in a Christian home where love reigns, supreme "brotherly kindness" usually comes naturally to the little ones. But even there, this lovely grace requires training and fostering in all, though in some more than others: selfishness and pride need to be checked, and even godliness must not be allowed to become either self-glorifying or morose, but blossom into kind generous courtesy at home and abroad.

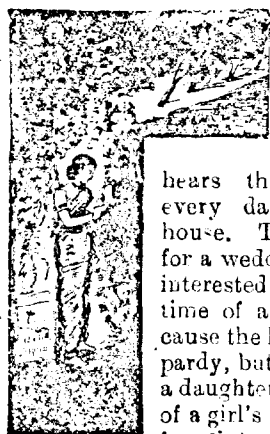
These habits formed, the heart will ere long stand on the top round of this seven-stepped ladder to perfection, even on "the greatest of all the graces"—"charity": "add to brotherly-kindness charity." The love of man as man, the world all round. That love which recognizes in their fellowmen only creatures of the same Creator as themselves, part of that world for which the Saviour died and therefore having a rightful claim to every act of kindness in their power to render—the grand material of which the best men and women, ministers and missionaries, are made.

These are the seven steps with which Peter sums up all moral, spiritual, aye and even physical discipline, and seven is the perfect number,—so there can be, but one step more; and the child or parent who by diligence has climbed thus far, has, when the glad time shall come, but to step from the top of the ladder into the heavenly home, to find in their blessed experience that they are indeed "partakers of the Divine nature."



The Brahmin Bride

(By M. SANKARASASTRY, Editor "S. I. Mail.")



In present days the worst curse that can be effectively thrown on a Brahmin is "May God send you half a dozen daughters!" One hears this astounding curse every day in the street and house. The most anxious time for a wedded couple and those interested in their welfare is the time of accouchement—not because the life of the wife is in jeopardy, but because of the fear of a daughter's advent. The news of a girl's birth converts a man's face into a veritable study of crestfallenness. A dozen sons do not turn a father so pessimistic as a single daughter does. If a Brahmin parent has some daughters "to give," you can hear his good neighbours speak of him with the utmost pity and sympathy. Bad neighbours hold him in contempt.

A female child is rarely the pet of her parents. She need not necessarily be cruelly treated, but she enjoys much less of the parental fondness and sympathy than her brother. From the earliest days she is taught to believe that her birth in the family is a curse and cause of despondency. Her spirit of equality with her little friends of her age is evaporated in no time. Such is the position of the girl.

Now the immediate cause of this unfortunate position of the young girl in the Brahmin community is the much-discussed custom of paying the bridegroom. This bad custom has gained a foothold in the community and is widening its sickening shade to an alarming extent. The amount is steadily increasing, subjecting both the rich and the poor to the same difficulty in a comparative measure. The spread of education, instead of mitigating the evil, is enlarging it. An educated bridegroom is more avaricious than his illiterate brother. The "giving away" of a girl brings the family to a financial peril. The gifts of the girl's father to the son-in-law are not esteemed a dowry. They are moreover not confined to the marriage day, but continue to be exacted for a long time during the girl's life-time, on innumerable occasions catalogued by the old women of the bridegroom's household.

The bridegroom and his folk are seldom satisfied with these gifts from his father-in-law.

The women of his house recount the inadequate supply on multitudinous occasions, in the hearing of the young wife, and make her sick of the complaints, and hence her love for both her parents and parents-in-law dwindles into nothing. In many cases the girl receives mental and physical discomforts in return for her parents' never-sufficient gifts. She begins to hate her parents and fear her husband's people, and cursing her own existence at last diffidently falls at the feet of her husband for love, sympathy and protection. The young man is in a dilemma, and tries every means to keep himself up between the pressure from home and the love for the helpless girl. In spite of his good intentions he fails to win the confidence of his wife's parents, finds himself discarded and abused by his parents, sparingly satisfies the young girl, and never satisfies himself. If he is devoid of an independent judgment and strength of will in a large measure, he is easily enslaved and misguided by the thoughtless and illiterate women of his house. In all cases the parents of the girl and the girl herself are ever at the mercy of their newly created relatives. It may now be easily conceived why the Brahmin who owns a daughter turns pessimistic to a high degree. He gives all his cakes and gets nothing but kicks in return.

The reader may have come across the petition of a Brahmin of Madras to the Director of Public Instruction. The petitioner requested the Educational Department to take some effective measures to check the married students from writing very insulting letters to their fathers-in-law. This foolish conduct of the young men is very common. The moment a man gives his daughter in marriage to a youth the latter takes the father-in-law and his people to task for "unsatisfactory" gifts and uses his literacy to abuse them.

The father of the girl has another unfortunate custom to be afraid of. That is the vow of silence that the girl observes in her new home. In some homes this custom is broken, but the majority of girls are victims to it. The mother-in-law, sister-in-law and aunts-in-law and several others of the bride should not be spoken to by her. She is to hold her tongue when any of them turns up. Of course she has not the privilege of sitting in their presence. She must stand in a dark corner and be silently witnessing the thundering and unruly voice of others. She has not the right of public speech in her domestic circle. In answering the questions put to her she must nod her head in a conventional manner. Often she is misunderstood. She cannot therefore get what she wants, though her wants are wonderfully minimised by herself even in her age of childish fancies. As for

her talk with male relations—she must be off from their sight and never speak.

But the most painful part of the Brahmin matrimonial customs appears to be the inequality of the couple in age, intelligence, and manners. It is not rarely that a young girl is married to an old man. Whatever be the age of the bridegroom the bride must be young. In a recent journey, I met an unfortunate case in the railway carriage.

Opposite to me sat a young girl stealing a glance now and then around her. She was sweet sixteen. Beside me and facing her sat a man of 55 years who was apparently her travelling guide. I took him for her father. His solicitous attentions for her comfort put me into a medley of conjectures. The question of his relation to her was flitting through my brain from father to father-in-law and uncle. At last the right knowledge entered my head through my observation of their mutual behaviour and I accepted this knowledge with reluctance—he was her husband. Now the indifference of the girl towards the dotage of the superannuated husband, the feelings of respect and contempt fighting in her face, the sighs of regret and the shadow of disgust darkening her blooming cheeks—all became intelligible, and produced a rebellious feeling in me against the stupid and tyrannical custom of marriage obtaining here.

In our big cities it is not an uncommon sight to see processions of "marriage" in which young girls are yoked to people fit to be their grandfathers. Such marriages are like funerals. The girls feel it. Their pangs are buried in their bosom and their smiles are innocent or fallacious. The man of wealth and cupidity is hard-hearted, extremely selfish. The parents of the girl are doing here worse than what their forefathers did when they threw the young ones into the swelling streams.

The fate of such a girl-wife is doubly miserable. The life and death of her husband are alike her misery. The old man fails to please her while he is alive and leaves her a young widow when he dies.

An educated friend was crying over his bachelorhood the other day. He would not marry until he was well educated and able to support a wife. By the time he had finished his education he grew up to his twenty-fifth year. He wanted to marry now, but could not relish the prospect of having a girl of eight years for his life-companion. He failed to get an older wife and hence his regret for his bachelorhood.

Marrying a girl to a young man of some equality in position, is a very costly affair. He demands a prohibitive price. The girl's

parents therefore seek the chance of a widower, or a deformed man with some means of livelihood and then the marriage is cheap and sometimes profitable to the bride's parents. One can see any number of fathers-in-law of twenty-five years with sons-in-law of fifty years. This is a curiosity.

In the case of "second-marriages," by which term is meant a marriage in which the bridegroom had one or more wives before the present one, the young wife has to play the part of an aged wife. The girl is at once transformed into a wife, mother and housewife. The old man generally owns several children by his former wife or wives and the new child-wife is to be the mother of these children. Here comes the stepmother's cruelty to the children. It is an inevitable evil under the circumstances. The children cannot love her and *vice versa*. The man wants to please the young wife in every way and gives her full freedom, and she has no experience and tact to conquer her petty prejudices.

The excuse of these old bridegrooms is very funny. If the old man has no children, he wants children and therefore marries. If he has motherless children, he wants a mother to protect them and so marries.

I have simply recorded the facts as obtained in the community and have not used any emotional trick to condemn the whole system of the Brahmin marriage. But the conclusion is irresistible that a Brahmin bride is the most pitiable creature in the world. The aim and work of social reformers is commendable. But their fault is that they are violent in their programme and have no system and organisation. The practical reformers are few and their position as victims of society scandal and ostracism has no substantial relief from the reformers. Of course it is a praiseworthy business to be martyrs of society, but man intuitively seeks peace and protection, which social reformers ought to be able to provide before leading people away from their old society. Man is essentially a social animal in spite of his strong convictions against social blunders.



Our Frontispiece

No. 1.



RADHA BAI, aged 24 years, was educated in St. Ann's High School, and Government College, Mangalore. She passed her Matriculation December 1903, and F. A., in December 1909, and was married to the Hon'ble Rao Bahadur N. Subba Rao, Chairman Mangalore Municipal Council, Vice-President Mangalore Taluk Board, and Member Madras Legislative Council. She is the first Hindu girl—the first Brahmin girl—who passed her Matriculation from the South Canara District. She delivered addresses in English in December 1908 at the Social Conference at Madras on 'The attitude of educated gentlemen towards women,' in the St. Ann's High School, Hall, Mangalore; on 'My experiences of Madras and Ooty,' and in the Brahmo Samaj Mangalore, on 'Women as co-workers with men in the cause of progress.'

No. 2.

Radha Bai, younger sister of the above, aged 20, passed the Matriculation from St. Ann's High School, Mangalore, in December 1907, and F.A. from the Government College, Mangalore, in December 1909. She studied for the B. A. in the Presidency College, Madras. She is unmarried. She delivered an address in the Presidency College before the College Union Debating Society, on 'the responsibilities of educated men,' under the presidentship of the Hon'ble Mr. Stone, Director of Public Instruction.

These are the only two Brahmin ladies who passed the F. A. Examination in 1909 in the Madras Presidency. *Vide Report on Public Instruction in the Madras Presidency.*

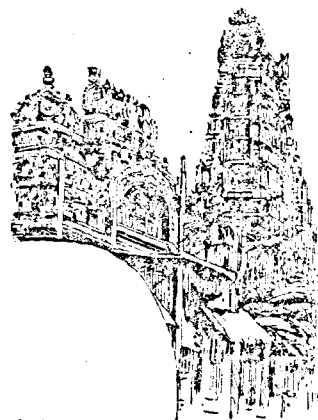
No. 3.

This is Shanta Bai, the youngest sister, aged 13. She studies in the St. Ann's High School.

These three ladies are the daughters of Mr. Kudmul Ranga Rao, Pleader, Mangalore, and Secretary of the Depressed Classes Mission, Mangalore.

The Pongal Festival

• RITES AND CEREMONIES
OBSERVED IN SOUTH MALABAR



THE Hindus are, as a matter of fact, the votaries of nature-gods such as the Sun, Indra (the god of Thunder), Agni (fire), Varuna (water). In propitiation of these gods they hold one or more festivals some days in every month. Of these, the Pongal is one of the most important. It falls on the first and second days of the Malayalee month of *Makararam*, which corresponds to the English month January.

The first day is dedicated to the worship of *Surya*, the sun. At this time of the year, the sun is said to be changing its direction from *Dakshinayana* (south) to *Uttarayana* (north). People in these parts observe this festival as one of great importance.

The priests, by means of their mantras,* invoke *Surya*, the sun to confer His blessings upon the votarists. Before invoking his aid, they break a coconut or two. Many votive offerings—Sandal paste, payasom (something like porridge, prepared by mixing jaggery or milk and sugar with boiled rice), flowers, fruits, betel leaves and nuts and many other things—are made to Him. Camphor and incense are also burnt. This particular kind of worship is performed in the houses of most of the high-caste Brahmins of Malabar.

The second day, is said to be dedicated to the popular worship of Indra, the god of Thunder. According to our legendary story, Sree Krishna is said to have worshiped *Indra*, in order that he (Indra) might discharge tremendous showers of rain that would be needed for the luxuriant growth of grass required for his cattle.

During this day the ignorant people of this part—rich and poor alike—collect all kinds of flowers, weave some garlands with fruits and coconut pieces in the middle, and tie these wreaths round the neck of their cattle, especially round the neck of the cows and calves, sheep, and buffaloes after the most solemn performance of feeding the

* Mantras = recitations of certain hymns in a sonorous voice.

cattle with a ball of boiled rice mixed with curds and other ingredients. Before the feeding of the cattle, the people, generally the females, adorn the cattle with saffrons and flowers. Then they leave their respective cattle to graze in the fields and adjoining meadows. A large number of cows and calves grazing in the fields with flowers round their necks is indeed a pleasant sight to look at.

After this part of the ceremony, the Brahmin ladies anoint their heads with oil and go to an adjoining river or tank to take their early bath. Before bathing, they make some balls with rice and place these balls of the aforesaid preparation by the side of the river or near the tank in order that the rice might be taken by the crows. After this, they take their bath, go home with great satisfaction and eat the rice preparation with the ingredients already said.

The Hindus consider this festival as one of great importance and celebrate it with great pomp and splendour.

P. R. A. IYER.

Gunabushani

(AN INDIAN ROMANCE)

CHAPTER IV

At the time we are referring to, the continent of South India was plunged into a state of utter political confusion, there being no settled government over any particular area. The Chola, Pandyan, and Kerala Chieftains were holding sway over specified portions of the south, but the form of government then obtaining savoured more of an anarchical character owing to the sudden growth to power of new dynasties and to the interminable feuds for territorial extension. Every one of the more paramount powers looked with an eye of disfavour on the gradual expansion of the other and did not fail to create circumstances that made mutual warfare inevitable. Alongside the growth of the three dynasties above referred to, a fourth power arose which shared a not unimportant portion of the south for its rule. The Pallava dynasty became a real power on the eastern coast possessed of extensive territory extending from Conjeeveram to the borders of Orissa. This power proved a source of constant danger to the Chola line of kings and at one time so great was their ascendancy that one of the Chola kings even after a decided success thought it prudent enough to appease their brave foes by a policy of intermarriage. The friendship between the Pandyan and the Chola House partook more of a milk and water policy, neither power being allowed to expand its sway

without a tangible rebuke from the other. Added to all these evils, a new dynasty, called the Chalukyan, rose to prominence in the eastern and the western Dekhans. The Chieftains of this dynasty did not wait long to avail themselves of the political condition obtaining in the south to extend their sway and it is with small wonder that we note their frequent inroads into the south. The intrepid warfare carried on by this power considerably dislocated the permanency of the Chola power for a time and it was not long afterwards that the Chola House was able to survive the frequent onslaughts directed against its territorial expansion and to make itself the paramount power in the entire domain of South India. But too many were the hard political shortcomings experienced by it before making its throne inviolable against foreign inroads. Of all the powers aforesaid, the Chola line of kings was decidedly the most ambitious and aggressive to a degree. A desire to bring the whole of South India under the fold of their sway drove them to undesirable political complications, which often tended to decentralize their military organizations and to tap the resources of the country to an appalling extent. During the reign of Rajendra Chola, the Chola kingdom extended far into the south, including Ceylon, where a Chola Viceroy was ruling. This territorial expansion, while it had tended to keep the rival powers at a respectable distance, did not fail to engender in them a feeling of combination against the common foe. Just about the time we are speaking troubles were brewing in Ceylon, where the son of the deposed native king, an exile in the forest, collected together the scattered forces of his father and after killing the Chola Viceroy proclaimed himself the king of the much coveted island. Rajendra could not have lost a moment in wresting back the island from the intruder, lest any delay or failure in this direction should provoke a belief in other powers of the waning influence of the Chola House. Rajendra was nothing if not shrewd and he was pressed to seek the friendship of the neighbouring Pandyan king who, though not as ambitious and aggressive as the Chola, was yet a power to be counted upon in the building up of the Chola Empire. Rajendra was eminently successful in acquiring the eastern Chalukyan dominions by means of intermarriages between the two dynasties. It only remained to conquer the Pandyans and the Pallavas and thus to bring the whole of South India under his sceptre. In circumstances like these, it would have been a grievous political blunder if the Chola king were to proclaim open enmity with the Pandyan ruler and hence it was that the former was intensely anxious to unite, though as a temporary measure, the two Houses

by marrying his son Athondai to the Pandyan daughter, Guna Bhushani, and his own daughter to Vikrama Pandya Chola. As stated before, Vikrama Pandya was considered to be the centre of future political activity and Rajendra strove hard to retain him in his own court and to eventually secure his support for his own ends, either by active sympathy with or by enforced inactivity towards what he might do to make his power felt throughout the Southern continent. It was this policy, if it can be so called, that induced Rajendra to make Vikrama known as "Vikrama Pandya Chola." But in the political horizon the unexpected always happens and the mighty Rajendra fell under the sickening shade of suspicion created by the blind of his own mind and allowed his original plan to rust into ruin.

Surasana was the natural and Athondai the illegitimate son of Rajendra. The latter gave early proofs of extraordinary military capacity and sustaining energy in the battle field. At a very early age he was appointed to the chief command of the troops under his father and the stamp of his mind was seen impressed on every political action initiated in the name of his father. He rose very high in the estimation of the people who began to look upon him as their future ruler. Rajendra was fondly attached to him, in whom he found a safe and trustworthy pilot to lead his kingdom well and courageously in troublous times. The height of eminence which Athondai reached in the affairs of the state naturally roused the grave suspicion of Prince Surasana who was the natural heir to the throne after Rajendra. His position in the state dwindled into obscurity and the prospect of securing the throne of his ancestors seemed to him to be a matter of remote certainty. The king knew that a current of discontent was flowing through the veins of Surasana, but he always took care to keep him in good humour. With such taxing environments the king's susceptibilities often times became quickened by any, the least offensive sign of a stir on the part of Prince Surasana, all the more so when the latter and Vikrama actively planned the deliberate act of leaving the limits of the kingdom under cover of night. A constantly thinking mind can never boast of an impartial judgment and therefore in the perfectly innocuous determination of the couple to go abroad in quest of freedom and knowledge, King Rajendra perceived an underlying plan to thwart his desired link between the Pandyan and Chola Houses by the proposed marriage, while as a matter of fact this new phase of political policy was a sealed book to the princes. He was haunted by the thought that Vikrama Pandya would, by reason of his blood affinity and nearness to the throne, secure the hand of Guna

Bhushani and eventually become the ruler of the Pandyan State; while his own natural son, Surasana, would willingly submit his princely aspirations to the loving care and undaunted support of his friend Vikrama. Such a thought was not wholly outside the pale of plausibility having regard to the then circumstances which so vitally bore upon the process of the making or the unmaking of royalties. The tenour of the conversation between Prince Vikrama and his son would seem to have greatly accentuated the birth of such a thought in the wavering mind of Rajendra. The instant separation of Vikrama from every kind of association with Surasana appealed itself strongly to the mind of the king as being the most effective remedy against future disturbances. But the progress of events showed that the remedy sought to be applied proved worse than the disease.

"Thus it is," sighed Vikrama, "that misery comes not singly, but in crowds. Where shall I go? Wherein have I displeased the King? What about Guna Bhushani's marriage? I never knew her nor have I ever heard of her! What if I should try and get her hand and thus dispel the darkness of my career. But how to induce her to accept me as her lord? Where is the knowing that my kinsman, the Pandyan King, would ever countenance such a forgotten and ill-favored match? If the Chola King succeeds in his plan, where is the hope to make my life worth living? Let me try this my last chance or else let me spare this life from the turmoils of continued misery and destitution. My stay here will cost my life and let me see the end of it after the means for its prolongation have been tried". Cut off from the inseparable association of Prince Surasana and driven to a hopeless struggle for existence, Prince Vikrama could hardly expect to make any substantial advance in his perilous march commensurate with the rapid recurring of day and night. High cliffs and deep ravines lay before him in harassing numbers. The path lay through long and thick woods which were then known as the safe haunts of rapacious wild animals, whose growing ravage only showed the besetting danger that awaited the miserable Prince. Support of arms or ammunition he had none. It had fallen to his lot to journey in the wearisome space between the two kingdoms on foot with every advancing minute portending the advent of fresh dangers. Many were the hair-breadth escapes which he had achieved in the course of a least cheerful but more and more precarious march full of certain dangers to life. Shuddering at the sight of the ravenous denizens of the woods, the helpless prince oftentimes made continued halts in places not fit for human habitation without food or suitable raiment.

Indeed one day he almost despaired of his life when a huge hungry tiger, long in anxious wait for human food, was about to make a fatal spring on him and would have made the future history of the unfortunate prince impossible, had it not been for his inimitable presence of mind which induced him to plunge into a river which he was then attempting to ford. It is unnecessary to enter into further heart-rending details of the prince's sufferings on the way but suffice it to say that the strong impulse furnished by the lingering hope of securing the hand of Guna Bhushani before it was too late served as the only available substitute for the much needed but defunct courage.

Scarcely had the prince traversed one-half of the distance when he was met by a stalwart figure of more than common height whose dignified and fearless bearing did not fail to strike Vikrama with horror and dismay. His accoutrements and armoury proclaimed his military prowess, while his sun-burnt face was expressive of a previous toilsome task which made rest inevitable. He looked kind and affable, but firm in his look and steadfast in his actions. His broad face and lofty eye-brows were best indices of his capacity for calm judgment, while his stately demeanour indicated his force of character and honesty of purpose. His every advancing step towards Vikrama struck the latter with successive notes of recurring danger. His shuddering nerves no longer kept his mind cool and made his judgment rational. He taxed himself with countless thoughts of varying nature and in the struggle that ensued lost his hold upon his wonted courage. "Who could you be, sir, that at this late hour stay here in this lonely forest fearless of surrounding dangers," shouted the warrior.

"I'm an aimless traveller, sir," murmured Vikrama, visibly affected by fear.

"Aimless traveller! Indeed you have a deeper purpose, deeper than what you pretend," retorted the stranger.

"I owe the world nothing, sir"—

"Bosh! let me know who you are, sir. Whither are you bound?" enquired the belted knight rather indignantly.

"I have no place to go to, but I should end my life here, sir," replied Vikrama.

"It can't be, sir, your face and everything with you proclaims your royal blood, and unless you are overtaken by a serious misfortune I can't understand what you are about here," said the stranger.

"True, sir, I was born of royal blood. I have seen better days, but the cruel hand of misfortune has shaped my destiny otherwise," submitted Vikrama.

The shrewd knight at once perceived that the misery of the fair youth was being accentuated by fear and without further questions betokened him to sit under the shade of a tree. The Pandyan youth, now gathering a little courage, said.

"May it please you, sir, to give me an account of yourself, before mine is told for no useful purpose"

"Come, refresh yourself a little and you shall know everything of me. If I mistake not, I see something in your face which draws you nearer to my sovereign. Am I right, sir, in my conjecture?" enquired Vikrama's friend.

"Your sovereign? Who could that possibly be, I pray," replied the Pandyan prince.

"Why, have you not heard of your kinsman, the Pandyan ruler?" hinted the officer.

The prince could not for a time decide whether he could hazard his life by disclosing his real self, as a suspicion in respect of the probable attitude of his new companion already commenced to torment him. But the extent of hospitality shown to him by the stranger dissuaded him from pursuing any but an honourable course in dealing with one in whom he found a willing saviour at a very critical moment in his life. After a short delay, which the prince was able to cover by a semblance of willing participation in the slender meal offered to him, he said, "Well, sir, you have rightly guessed my origin and I am much bounden to you in that you are so closely connected with my ancestry. Pray, lose no time in acquainting me with more details of yourself and of your errand in this uncouth forest," asked Vikrama anxiously. "I am heartily glad I have met you at so short a distance of my journey. It is the command of my sovereign that I should search for you in distant lands and take you before him," replied the envoy from the Pandyan King.

"Your mission to me! What could be its meaning and object?" exclaimed the prince.

"No matter of that; think that you are safe in my hands," replied Vikrama's saviour.

"Yes—yes—I am now safer than before, but what possible position do you worthily fill in the realm of my kinsman?" enquired the prince.

"I am, prince, the second in command in the Pandyan State, commissioned to bring you before my sovereign."

"For what purpose?" interrupted Vikrama, who now exhibited a good deal of anxiety to know the object of his being sent for.

"For no other reason than to claim his kinship with you."

"By abdicating his throne in my favour?" replied Vikrama, who now looked more cheerful than before.

"Rather to prepare your way for it by knitting you more to him by the fondest of ties," said the Pandyan officer.

"How could this be done, sir, otherwise than by reviving a forgotten relationship," said Vikrama.

"Hear this, sir," replied his friend. My sovereign has no male issue. His only daughter has been the solace of his life. He is anxious to get a suitable husband for her, and it will please you to hear that the choice has fallen on you."

"Indeed, sir, verily I could believe that better days have dawned on me. This my forced exile is but the kindest touch of my good future. I see herein the harbinger of my returning fortune, but what about the King?" enquired Vikrama Pandya.

"You know, sir, he is already hoary with age and of late a passion for religious study has overtaken him. It is only a question of days when he may throw down his sceptre and retire from the world. Already the State Commandant-General has been given the upper hand in the management of the State. It is the pleasure of my sovereign to hasten the marriage of his daughter and to settle the kingdom on her and her husband," said the officer.

It was certainly to the disadvantage of Prince Vikrama to while away the time by further talk and so he hastened himself to the kingdom of his kinsman. In the midst of excessive joy Vikrama vainly attempted to maintain the even tenor of his mind, but the time was yet far distant when he could be said to have achieved anything like permanent peace of mind.

CHAPTER VI

As already stated, the continent of South India was the scene of serious conflicts for power and territorial acquisition, but it has to be borne in mind that the general condition of the people remained unaffected. New religious ideas replaced the old ones and the Hindu Saints of Blessed Memory found the people eagerly responsive to the calls of religion in whatever form they were addressed. The line of Pandyan Kings was always strenuous in advancing the cause of religion and literature. Veera Pandyan was known for a long time as the most zealous supporter of religious propagandism and it was during his reign that the sphere of religious activity became considerably widened. In the later years of his life he showed an insatiable aptitude for religious study.

To him the pomp of Government seemed to be an avoidable propensity of the lower nature of man. Religious congresses and agencies for religious propagation received unstinted support from him. He allowed the affairs of Government to fall into the hands of others.

Vijia Chola, the Commandant-General, became in course of time the virtual ruler of the State. He managed to interpose himself between the King and the people in such a wise that he was able to exact from the latter spontaneous outbursts of love for him and implicit obedience to his behests. He combined in himself the fiery aspirations of a youthful prince and the aggressive ambition of a Chola. But he lacked the very essence of physical features and nicety of manners. For a long time he was seized with a passionate love for the hand of Guna Bhushani who in his view cheered his heart more than the height of temporal power to which he was now elevated by the favorable trend of altered circumstances. It was this ardent desire to permanently associate himself with the prosperity of the Pandyan House that furnished the requisite stimulus for his arduous labours towards winning the favor of the Pandyan King. But in this forlorn attempt he had misconceived the stern disposition of his otherwise flexible sovereign. An air of over-weening confidence did not permit this untoward prince to perceive the utter futility of the plan he was anxiously pursuing till, like a thunderbolt from the sky, the doleful news of an envoy having been sent to fetch the King's kinsman, who was to win the graceful hand of Guna Bhushani completely broke his heart with a terrible crash. He could hardly put up with the ignominy cast on him. All his hopes were centred upon Guna Bhushani and now that she had slipped from his hold, his temper could no longer pause without the final blow being struck. In the heat of his mental passion he failed to see, however, whether the step he thought of would have the effect of ending his life or mending prospects of his rival. His confidence in securing the consent of the mentally enfeebled King to every measure he proposed at once furnished the clue wherewith to remove the cloud that, for a time, seemed to blight his fond hopes. He should, as he thought, only remind the King of the treasonous aims of Vikrama's father and foist on his credulous mind a belief that the son of his outlawed kinsman was actually approaching the limits of the kingdom backed up by a large contingent of the Chola army to test his claims for the throne. And in this malicious design he was eminently successful, for it would seem that the old Pandyan King, on hearing of the news bolstered up by Prince Vikrama's rival, threw

himself into a rage and addressing his Commandant-General, said:

"No, no; we must put an end to such unneighbourly acts. See that the recurrence of such incidents is made impossible."

"Yes; my Leige. I shall strike a fatal blow upon the aggression of the Chola King and make Vikrama repent for his misdeed" cried out the seemingly loyal general.

"I know," said the King "he has of late harboured evil designs against me. My Queen is perfectly right in setting her face against him. His name shall hereafter be poison to me. The resources of my kingdom and my army shall be at your disposal."

"I hear it said, my Lord," submitted the General, "that Vikrama himself leads the army."

"Yes, yes; it may be," hastened the King. "you must aim at Vikrama whose liberty shall hereafter be foreign to him."

Nothing further was needed to rehabilitate the shaken hopes of the wounded Chola prince. He thought he was now more secure than ever and it only remained for him to march against Vikrama under cover of night and to humiliate him before the eyes of Guna Bhushani by extending to him no kinder hospitality than a prison's cell. If, in carrying out this ill-considered plan, Prince Vijia Chola had paved the way for his own ruin, it was but just so since the ordained punishment for such deeds could not have been lighter. By the time Vijia Chola could start in search of Vikrama news reached him that he had already approached the outskirts of the Pandyan capital. No time was therefore lost in collecting together a portion of the army to stamp the movement with the semblance of public danger. It would be nothing short of wanton mental crucifixion to describe the state of Vikrama's mind at the sudden change of joy into sorrow and hope into despair. Never before had he to face a situation so sudden and so decisive in its effects upon his future career. Hardly was there breathing time left to him to consult with his military friend as to the cause of the sudden reversal of his fortune. He had absolutely no reason to suspect the motives of his new companion in having brought him down thither, but the prince was anxious to hear him once again before he could yet hope to escape. But the chance of escape he had none, for no sooner did he attempt to speak to his military companion than he found himself hemmed in by an unscrupulous army acting under the heat of a malicious design. The Pandyan prince was easily overpowered and the vanity of the Commandant-General reached its climax when he made preparations to proclaim his victory over his unarmed and innocent rival. The unfortunate Pandyan youth was

thrown into prison and for a time treachery seemed to have gained the upper hand under the sordid influence of a perverted form of Government. It needs scarcely be told that the incarceration of Prince Vikrama was followed by vast preparations towards the early union of Guna Bhushani in marriage with Vijia Chola, the Commandant-General who now came to be praised on all sides for his vigilant generalship. Before closing, we crave the indulgence of the reader to exculpate the high-souled military officer who accompanied Vikrama from all blame in the crime on the solitary ground that the acute political stagnation that eclipsed the lustre of the Pandyan throne at that time forced him to maintain an attitude of passive silence at what had been committed in the long chain of events yet in store which gradually paved the way for the total ruin of the haughty Chola Prince.

(To be continued).

The Childwife

A tender form of childlike grace,
Childhood's young imprint on her face,
A body sweet and frail;
And yet the veil drawn o'er her eye,
And little maiden why so shy,
Thy slender cheek so pale?

Her voice is softer than the breeze,
When it on southern summer seas
Laughs gently o'er the wave,
Her stately head sedately bent,
Her ways all too subservient,
Her manners all too grave.

With measured feet those young feet tread,
While scarcely o'er that tender head
Twelve summers passed away,
Yet droop her lashes as she stands
In reverence clasping those frail hands
That fain would be at play.

Away from playmates and their toys
Away from childhood's simple joys
To the Zenana wall;
Away from life's rose-tinted morn
The child to womanhood is borne
Unto life's sterner call.

Yet where God's golden sun doth shine
On the green fields, brouse deer and kine,
And in the summer wood
The free bird woes, leaps the young fawn;
But where for her the rosy dawn
Of life's young maidenhood?

Are not life's seasons all too brief?
Why force on spring the autumn leaf,
Turn twilight into noon?
Why make those tender shoulders bear
Those burdens, which for future care
Waste her young strength too soon?

And through the hazy mist of years
Comes the sad echo of her tears,
Held in her throbbing heart,
While from the depth of those black eyes
A tender hope and longing rise,
Rise—and ere long depart.

For while she dreameth of the dawn,
Relentlessly the veil is drawn
When stale tradition calls.
The matron lists its stern command,
The maiden shyly takes her stand,
And lo, the *purdah* falls.

A. CHRISTINA ALBERS.

Manufacture of Grass Mats



AMONG the few things which Malabar is noted for may be mentioned the coloured grass mats of Palghat. These are manufactured by a primitive class of people, the Kuravars, with instruments no less primitive, and out of materials which are as simple as they are cheap. With a triangular piece of iron which he calls a knife, a wooden plank in which are a number of holes, a thin piece of bamboo or areca-nut split and bored at one end, and two or three more bamboo pieces each a yard long, the Kurava begins to weave his mat. The wooden plank is his loom and the bored bamboo or areca-nut split, his shuttle. The remaining bamboo pieces are used for setting the loom. The warp is laid consisting of an even number of cotton or linen threads which vary in number according to the breadth of the mat required. The woof consists of long, thin threads of grass of various colours. How they are prepared and out of what material will be interesting for us to know.

A kind of grass called in vernacular *Nhana* is found growing wild on the banks of rivers and in certain marshy places near the hills in Malabar. The grass is 4 ft. long and in thickness is something like a schoolmaster's cane. These are gathered in bundles and brought home. With his peculiar knife the Kurava splits these grasses longitudinally into 5 or 6 each and in cases where the fibres are required to be extremely fine into 10 each. The white pulp within is thrown out as being useless and it is only the rind or outer portion of the grass

that is used for weaving. The split fibres are dried in the sun and these become the white fibres used for the mat. In order to obtain red fibres some of the white ones are boiled in water, along with chips of *Sappan* wood for a few hours, and when they are taken out, they are found to have obtained a light red colour. A deep red dye is obtained for the fibres by repeating the process two or three times. These are dried in the sun and afterwards used as red fibres. But the process of making black fibres is very simple. A handful of the red fibres are soaked in mud for a day or two and when they are washed out and dried they have become black in colour. This would remind one of some tricks of the juggler that would turn sand into sugar or round bits of palmyra leaf into coins. There are cases in which only particular portions of fibres need be coloured and for this only those particular portions are treated as above.

With the fibres thus prepared the Kurava sits to weave. In the hole at one end of his shuttle which is 2 ft. long, he puts in a fibre. With his left hand he picks up alternate threads of the warp and passes the shuttle through the inter-spaces. When it has reached the other end, as in cloth weaving, he pulls in the wooden loom, which brings the fibres close together. This is plain weaving. For fancy weaving and for making figures, the threads are picked up in certain particular orders and the fibre is made to run between them. The difficulty is in the fact that these people have no systematic way of picking up the threads and everything has to be done from memory and practice. We have seen mats of various designs and patterns made in this manner. All kinds of figures save circular ones can be made on the mats with the fibres. Names and initials of persons are often designed on the mats, though this would be absolute trouble to the illiterate Kurava.

The beautiful mats that we use on marriage and other festive occasions are the result of much labour and time on the part of these poor people, whose only faults are ignorance and want of systematic labour and organisation. The mats are generally 3 to 4 yards long and 1 to 1½ broad, but they can be made to any size, the breadth being wrought by placing two or more fibres in a line and weaving them in larger looms. When the usual size is reached the mats are cut off from the loom and the borders are tied in a particular way. Sometimes small pendants made of coloured wool are tied to the mats at their four corners as ornaments. The mats are now ready for sale and the retail buyer—usually a Chetti merchant,—offers whatever it pleases him to pay for the mats and they are purchased at something less than half their real

value. These bring the merchant heavy prices at the wholesale market—and all the gain goes to the merchant, while all the labour goes to the Kurava.

P. R. SUBRAMIA IYER.

The Place of Women in Family, Church, and Community



THE subject to begin with is very interesting and one which may well be attractive to all women, and especially to those who are striving for the welfare and progress of their sisters.

When we come to speak about the women of this country, our mind naturally tries to compare them with the women of other lands—as to what progress they have made, what influence they have had at home and in their own community. We Indian women, on the other hand, have been at a great disadvantage. Through the custom of the country we have been kept backward in education, which is a great factor in building up one's character. Till of late education has been denied us. We have always been, so to speak, 'Padatha' women; and by no means are all the women yet out of this miserable custom. Even now the Gosha is observed so strictly in Northern India that a grown-up son is not allowed to see the face of his mother, as the Gosha woman believes that she must not look upon or be looked at by any other man except her husband. Not only women, but even girls of eight and nine years old that are brought up to observe Gosha. They cannot attend school, they cannot mingle among people, nor even breathe freely in God's out-door air. They must always be shut in their small, dark and poorly ventilated houses. Is it a wonder then that many of our women are sickly and without ambition in life? Such has been and still is the state of Indian women. To attend public gatherings or to take part in any of them means the

contempt of all. It is only recently that some of our women began to appear at public meetings. It does not seem wise to mourn over our lost opportunities and privileges, but to take the whole situation as it is and show ourselves true women for the sake of family, religion and country. If we do this, we will triumph over the old customs, which have always been against the enlightenment of the Indian women. Now those of us who are Christians and have been brought up in a Christian atmosphere, what an opportunity we have in helping to make our homes more beautiful, our churches truly more filled with the spirit of Christ and our community one that fears God.

I. The place of women, or rather their duty, in their homes is the most important of the three topics under consideration. To perform the household duties well means a great responsibility for the young wife who has the care of her husband, her children and more often the care and the worry of the relatives who find a convenient excuse to come and live with them. Their income is often limited and the result is that a comparatively young wife over-burdened suddenly becomes old instead of developing into a strong womanhood.

As a wife she should be modest, obedient, patient, cheerful, and in every respect her husband's true helpmeet. She should encourage him in his work and give him her love and sympathy. This would mean naturally love and sympathy in return from her husband. In all matters their interests should be one and they should strive together to accomplish them. A wife should be business like and economical. By economy is meant a prudent management of the household, but not in the sense of scantiness in food or dress. This scantiness in food or dress often leads one to such an extreme that there is a grave danger of one's becoming a miser. Women, if they want to be happy, to make their husbands happy and to do their duty by their children, must not go beyond their means. Going beyond one's income means often the ghastly foe staring one in the face. She must always "cut her coat according to the cloth," otherwise poverty, sickness and death are ever present at the door.

As a mother, on whom the younger generation depends, she should be noble, loving and devoted to her children; the children whose baby speech often begins with her name on their lips. What a beautiful example of patience she should be to the innocent ones during their bringing up, especially through sickness and pain; sharing their griefs and rejoicing with them in their little pleasures and victories. In addition to this much of her time must be devoted to them as to their food, dress, education,

manners and the company they keep with other playmates ; for them the future would surely bespeak itself in their bringing up. How often do we come across children everywhere who are sickly, unkempt and crippled, and if we were to know the cause of all this, it could be traced to a careless and lazy mother. Women, let us do our daily duty in such a way that the world would have nothing but love and praise to offer us. May we take Carlyle's words as our motto—"The best things are nearest : breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life."

II. The next duty is that of a woman's place in the church : Her interest and love for her church should be one of zeal. Her attendance at worship must be so regular that it would be an example to her husband, children and neighbours to imitate. A little of her time should be spared to visiting the poverty-stricken and afflicted. Bible classes and Sunday Schools must be made more attractive, if we wish the women to take a more active part in the church. In the Bible classes, the method of each woman teaching the class in turn each week, should be adopted, in this way she will get the experience of teaching as well as the chance of learning from other women in the class. In connection with church committees, more women should be appointed members of the different committees in order that they may be benefited from the experience of the others, as to how the business should be carried and thus come in close touch with church matters and church interests.

Now, as to the support of the church :

Each woman must of course try and give something towards her church in order to make it self supporting. Let us not think that we are too poor to give, for I know of a poor woman, whose husband's income is not more than seven rupees per month, and yet after doing all her housework, attending to her family of ten, she finds time to earn a little money to give to her church. She is a good rice-cake maker, so she gets up at four or five o'clock in the morning and bakes these cakes to sell. She also earns money by selling vegetables to her neighbours from her little garden which she plants and looks after herself. Can we not do something like this for our church? Let us take the same interest in our church as we do in our homes, then the work of the church surely would make progress, and as Christ's bride would accomplish her mission in this land of ours and in all other lands.

III. The place of women in the community

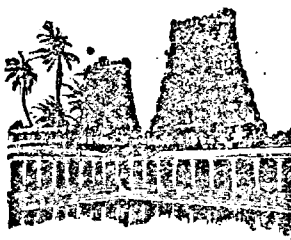
When we speak about the community, we realize immediately that our interests are confined not only to our homes and next-door neighbours, but they naturally extend to the whole neighbourhood or to the community in which we live. It is only a broad-minded person, having foresight, wisdom and the welfare of the community at heart who can be of service to one's people. We women cannot do the things that men can do, we cannot bring about a great revolution in the political and social affairs of the country, but we can do something that would be of just as great value—and that is—forming some sort of an organization among women, the object of which would be to diffuse learning and enlightenment among those who are illiterate. How many hundreds of women do we find in every community who can neither read nor write! Their aims in life are very low, because the standard of life that is set before them is not very high. I know of such associations, organized by women to help other women and they have done a great deal of good. At these associations, weekly meetings are held and papers on different topics are read and discussed. Sewing and domestic economy are taught, and even religious subjects are taken up for discussion. Sometimes men think that it lies with them alone, whether the progress in religious matters is made or not, but really speaking women are the backbone of any religion. Have you ever thought that it is often the women who hold the longest to the faith that has been taught them? How often do we hear of Hindu men wanting to become Christians, but cannot because of their wives! It seems to me here is a golden opportunity for us Christian women to help our sisters of higher and lower castes in giving Christianity to them. We should strive to approach them, form friendships with them, and lift them out of their narrow and dark life into the brighter life, which we ourselves enjoy. Is this not after all the highest good that we can do for our community and for our country?

BY AN INDIAN LADY.



The Thiruvannamalai Kartthikai

(BY AN INDIAN WIDOW OF 14 YEARS)



KARTHIKAI is not the same as Thiruvannamaly Kartthikai. The reason for the observance of the festival by the Hindu, was written last time and it is

not necessary to repeat it now.]

THE DESCRIPTION OF THIRUVANNAMALAI

This place got the name from Thiru Moorthi.¹ There are really nine mountains, one in the centre surrounded by eight mountains, but they look like one mountain. The surrounding eight mountains are situated in eight Thikus,² each facing a different direction. There are many tanks and rivers on all the sides of the mountain.

THE ORIGIN OF THIRUVANNAMALAI KARTHIKAI

Once the gods of Brahma³ and Vishnu⁴ had a quarrel with each other. Vishnu said that he was the greatest god in the world and Brahma said that he was the greatest, and they both quite forgot about the god Siva.⁵ They were quarrelling till Santhia Kalum.⁶ When the people saw this they were dreadfully frightened and cried to god Siva for help. When Siva heard this, he grew very angry and took the shape of the mountains and stood before them.⁷

Then Brahma and Vishnu remembered that the god Siva was the greatest and they wanted to know who was greatest between both of them. They both thought themselves that one of them must go and see the feet⁸ of the god Siva and the other must see the head⁹ of Siva. Vishnu took a shape of Varahum¹⁰ to dig the under earth and to see the feet. Brahma took the shape of Humsum¹¹ to fly in the sky and to see the head. Brahma¹² flew up in the sky till he met a flower called Thallumbu and begged the flower to say that he (Brahma) had seen the head of Siva.

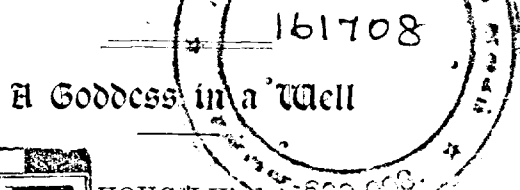
The flower Thallumbu agreed to do so and Brahma went to Vishnu with Thallumbu. While Vishnu was too tired to put another step forward, Brahma told Vishnu that he had seen the head of Siva and he was the greater. When Vishnu was going to agree with Brahma the god Siva was very angry with Brahma and punished him and the flower Thallumbu and gave presents to Vishnu. From that time

Brahma was not to be made pujaes¹³ by the people, and so the people in these days do not make pujaes to Brahma and Thallumbu is not used for pujaes.

When the god Siva punished Brahma, He looked like a fire, so the people in our days keep a large fire at the top of the mountain once in a year.

MEANING OF WORDS

WORDS.	MEANINGS.
Thiru Moorthi ¹ ..	Thiru = Three. Moorthi = Gods.
Thikus ² ..	Thikus = Directions. North, East, South, West, and North-east, North-west; South-east and South. These are the 8 directions.
Brahma ³ ..	A god of the people, or Sarasaty's husband.
Vishnu ⁴ ..	A god of wealth, or Lakshmi's husband.
Siva ⁵ ..	A chief god, or Parvathi's husband.
Santhia Kalum ⁶ ..	At 6 P.M.
Them ⁷ ..	Them stands for Brahma and Vishnu.
Feet ⁸ ..	Foot of the mountain.
Head ⁹ ..	Top of the mountain.
Varahum ¹⁰ ..	A pig.
Humsum ¹¹ ..	A kind of bird, we may say (swan).
Pujaes ¹² ..	The work of praying to the god is called Pujaes.



HOUGH Hinduism presents some of the most sublime ideas of religion and puts forth the highest conceptions of God, one is deeply grieved to find that, in certain places, Indians have not even to-day emerged from barbarous superstition and are no better than fetish worshippers.

Close to the little Brahman village of Karumasseri, in Malabar, there is a temple dedicated to a Sylvan goddess. In the language of Malabar, a temple of this kind is called a Kavu. This little temple of the wilderness cannot boast of an edifice like others all over India, nor are there funds for the management of its affairs. Many people gather at the place every day to submit their offerings and prayers to the goddess and the priest of the temple performs the puja or worship at noon. He pretends to be the only fortunate being who has access to her divine presence and he acts as an intermediary between the devotees and the goddess. All the votive offer-

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ings, except those that are not of any use to man, namely small wooden hands and legs and earthenware animals, together with a small remuneration in the shape of money, go to form a fairly large income to the priest.

- No image or idol symbolizes the presiding deity. A platform with a well as its centre and a few steps leading up to it are all that we can see at the place of worship. But a pair of heavy, jingling anklets, and a sword lie at the foot of a tree, a few yards from the platform. At the time of worship the priest, putting on the anklets and clutching the sword, walks up the steps with the offerings, and, keeping himself with awe and reverence at a distance from the well and turning his face rigidly to one side on purpose to avoid an unwary or an accidental peep into the cavity, places the gifts at its brink and retires walking down backwards. The priest is believed to be inspired at this time and his predictions are consequently supposed to turn out correct. Many of the simple, credulous beings put questions and receive solemn answers and sonorous benedictions and place one or two small silver coins each on the flat side of the sword by way of emolument.
- The goddess is supposed to reside in this well. Hers must be a wonderful instinct to have preferred this for her abode to all the other spots on the face of this boundless earth. Besides, superstition attaches a kind of mystery about their well. It is firmly believed that whosoever dares to look into it will be struck dead on the spot. This absurd superstition has such an iron hold upon the people, that, though some present-day rationalists of the locality pooh-pooh the idea, no human soul has ever been known to have ventured a peep into this "death-producing" well.

P. R. CHIDAMBARA IYER.

Jane Addams, of Hull House
THE GREATEST WOMAN OF AMERICA

(Selection)



first among American women. She is neither rich nor beautiful nor highly placed. Nevertheless she is "it." There is no one who can

rival her claim to the first place among her contemporaries. She has not sought it. It has come to her. Modest, retiring, quiet alike in speech and manners, Jane Addams has become the uncrowned queen of American womanhood. Hull House is her Windsor Castle, and her throne is in the hearts of the poor.

In "Twenty Years at Hull House" we have a fascinating but simple story of how Hull House came into being, and of how Jane Addams came to be—Jane Addams.

She was born in the year 1857. She was motherless from infancy; a delicate child with a curved spine, who is described, when six years old, as "the ugly, pigeon-toed little girl whose crooked back obliged her to walk with her head held very much on one side." She did not seem to have much chance of attaining a supreme position. Her father was a Hicksite Quaker, a well-to-do farmer and miller in the State of Illinois, a man worthy to be the father of such a daughter—a simple, honest, intelligent, God-fearing, public-spirited man, one of the true type and the best breed. She was the youngest member of a large family, sensitive, emotional, and with a precocious conscience, and strange intuitions prophetic of things to come.

In her reminiscences she recalls the horror she experienced when she realised that she had told a lie, and her dread that her father might die before she had time to confess her guilt. Before she was ten, when she was for the first time brought face to face with the squalid poverty of the nearest town, some vision of her destiny seems to have flitted before her eyes:—

I remember launching at my father the pertinent inquiry why people lived in such horrid little houses so close together, and that after receiving his explanation I declared with much firmness when I grew up I should of course have a large house, but it would not be built among the other large houses, but right in the midst of horrid little houses like these.

Another premonition was hidden beneath a somewhat obscure symbol:—

I dreamed night after night that everyone in the world was dead excepting myself, and that upon me rested the responsibility of making a waggon-wheel. . . . The affairs of the world could not be resumed until at least one wheel could be made and something started.

She worshipped her father, and imitated and obeyed him in all things. She tried in vain to acquire his "miller's thumb," and feared nothing so much as to bring discredit upon his name. He seems to have been a sensible man, to judge from his reply when little Jane came to him with her childish head big with the problem of fore-ordination. "I fear," he said, "that you and I have not the kind of minds that can ever understand fore-ordination very well. Better not give so much time to it. It does not matter very much whether you understand

If Theodore Roosevelt is the most conspicuous outstanding American man, Jane Addams is as surely

fore-ordination or not, but it is very important not to pretend to understand what you don't understand, and that you must always be honest inside yourself whatever happens."

Fore-ordination ceased to trouble her, but she and the other children seem to have practised strange pagan rites. "We erected an altar beside the stream to which for several years we brought all the snakes we killed during our excursions." In autumn they offered on the same altar one out of every hundred black walnuts that they gathered, and then poured a pitcher full of cider over the whole. They also burned a favourite book or two on this pyre. Another quaint thing she mentions: that together with her brothers she always said the Lord's Prayer in Latin, because it seemed more religious than plain English.

When she was fifteen she made her first acquaintance with death, which leads her to protest against the effort so often made to shield children from all that has to do with death or sorrow. "They too wish to climb steep stairs and to eat their bread with tears." It was about the same time that her father's concern for the death of Mazzini exhilarated her with the consciousness that impersonal and international relations are actual facts and not mere phrases. For her father ever "wrapt her in his large man's doublet, careless did it fit or no." John H. Addams not merely begot the body—he trained the mind and inspired the soul of his daughter. After her father, Abraham Lincoln seems to have been the most potent influence in her life. More even than George Washington, Old Abe has become the patron saint of Western America.

Jane never went to college. But the seminary at Rockford was a college in all but in name, which it afterwards acquired. Her father preferred that his daughter should substitute for a university course a tour through Europe. At Rockford Jane Addams found herself in an atmosphere of intensity and a fever of preparation due to the spirit of missionary fervour which animated the school. The girls were so keen that they drugged themselves with opium in order the better to understand De Quincey, and they read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" as a holiday task in the vacation. Jane's taste in reading had been stimulated when a mere child by a reward of two shillings given by her father for each "Life of Plutarch," and one shilling for each volume of Irving's "Life of Washington" which she could prove she had read.

The works of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Browning, and the Greek Testament were her spiritual pasture. But she was never "converted." There was a dead set made for her to persuade her to consecrate her life to foreign missions.

They prayed for her and at her. But all in vain. She was singularly unresponsive to all forms of emotional appeal. She was fascinated by an ideal of mingled learning, piety and physical labour more nearly exemplified by the Port Royalists than by any others. She makes the shrewd remark that this moral resistance of hers, this changing to an individual conviction in opposition to the tremendous moral pressure brought to bear upon her to secure her conversion and consecration to the mission field, was the best moral training she received at school:—

Nothing aided me to stand on my own feet and to select what seemed reasonable from this wilderness of dogma (socialist, anarchist, etc.) in after life so much as my early encounter with genuine zeal and affectionate solicitude associated with what I could not accept as the whole truth.

After four years at Rockford, Jane Addams decided that she would study medicine and live among the poor. She left Rockford, then a full-blown college, in 1881, at the age of twenty-three. But it was not till 1889 that she found her vocation:—

During most of that time I was absolutely at sea—so far as any moral purpose was concerned—clinging only to the desire to live in a really living world, and refusing to be content with a shadowy intellectual or æsthetic reflection of it.

The story of how she found her vocation is very interesting. It was no straight path, seeing that it began with a development of her spinal trouble, which laid her on her back for six months soon after she entered the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. After passing her first year's examination she was ordered to spend two years in Europe. She suffered much from nervous depression; never, indeed, did she ever become robust and strong. It is interesting to learn that the first call to her life-work came to her in Mile End Road. She says it was one of the most poignant of her experiences when, on a Saturday night, she received an ineradicable impression of the wretchedness of East London, and also saw for the first time the overcrowded quarters of a great city at midnight. "It was in November, 1883," she remarks, "the very year when the *Pall Mall Gazette* exposure started 'The Bitter Cry of Outcast London' and the conscience of England was stirred as never before over the joyless city in the East End of its capital." That most fragmentary and lurid glimpse of the poverty of East London haunted her until all huge London came to seem unreal save the poverty in the East End. Nothing she saw in Italy or Austria ever conveyed with it the same conviction of human wretchedness:—

For two years—in the midst of my distress over the poverty which, thus suddenly driven into my consciousness, had become to me the *Weltschmerz*, there was

mingled a sense of futility, of misdirected energy . . . Somehow in the process of being educated modern women had lost that simple and almost automatic response to the human appeal, that old healthful reaction resulting in activity from the mere presence of suffering or of helplessness, that they are so sheltered and pampered they have no chance even to make the great refusal.

The wonder and the beauty of Italy brought healing and some relief. The serene and soothing touch of history also roused old enthusiasms. She returned to America, where at the age of twenty-five she was baptised and admitted into the membership of the Presbyterian Church. Her motive for doing so was a longing for an outward symbol of fellowship and a conviction that without the universal persistent testimony of the Christian Church to the ideals of democracy the world might slip back into the doctrine of selection and aristocracy. "While I was not conscious of any emotional conversion I took upon myself the outward expressions of the religious life with all humility and sincerity." Miss Addams was the Christian in temperament, but her devotion to Mazzini was probably a greater stimulus to her moral life than love of Christ.

After two years spent in Baltimore and Illinois she returned to Europe. This time the East End once more laid its hand upon her. She arrived when Mrs. Besant was in full swing with the match girls' strike. It was her first initiation into the world of trade unions. Then she was attracted alternately by the Positivists and the Old Catholics, and entered in her notebook her hope for a Cathedral of Humanity, capacious enough to house a fellowship of common purpose, and beautiful enough to persuade men to hold fast to the vision of human solidarity. A provision of what Hull House was to be.

The final impetus which launched her upon her destined career came to her of all places in the world at a Spanish bull-fight! She had been laid up with sciatica at Rome, and after a convalescence on the Riviera she went to Madrid. There had been for some time past slowly forming in her mind the idea that it would be a good thing to rent a house in a part of a city where many primitive and actual needs are found, in which young women might learn something of life from life itself, and put truth to the ultimate test of the conduct it dictates or inspires. But she had never spoken of it to any one until after the bull-fight. It was in April, 1888, when she saw a bull-fight rendered in the most magnificent Spanish style. "Greatly to my surprise and horror I found that I had seen with comparative indifference five bulls and many more horses killed." Her companions could not stand it. She sat it out to the end, imagining the scene was a tournament. When

it was over and her companions reproached her she said she had not thought much about the bloodshed:—

But in the evening the natural and inevitable reaction came, and in deep chagrin I felt myself tried and condemned not only by this disgusting experience, but by the entire moral situation which it revealed. It was suddenly made quite clear to me that I was lulling my conscience by a dreamer's scheme that a mere paper reform had become a defence for continued idleness, and that I was making it a *raison d'être* for going on indefinitely with study and travel . . . I had fallen into the meanest form of deception in making myself believe that all this was in preparation for great things to come. Nothing less than the moral reaction following the experience at a bull-fight had been able to reveal to me that so far from following in the wake of a chariot of philanthropic fire I had been tied to the tail of the veriest ox-cart of self-seeking.

She made up her mind next day, and by the time she had reached the enchantment of the Alhambra, the scheme had become convincing and tangible although still most hazy in detail.

A month later she went to London to secure as many suggestions as possible from those wonderful places of which she had heard—Toynbee Hall and the People's Palace. So in June, 1888, when she found herself at Toynbee Hall, she was "equipped with high expectations and a certain belief that whatever perplexities and discouragement concerning the life of the poor were in store for me, I should at least know something at first hand and have the solace of daily activity. I had at last finished with the everlasting preparation for life, how ever ill-prepared I might be."

I have devoted most of my space to describe how Jane Addams came to be Jane Addams. There is not so much need to tell how Hull House came into existence. Hull House was an old country house built for the Hull family, which now stands in Halsted Street, Chicago, a street which is thirty-two miles in length. The present King of the Belgians declared that he had never seen such a street in all Europe. It is in the midst of a congeries of foreign colonies, the sweated centre of industrial Chicago.

The streets are inexpressibly dirty, the number of schools inadequate, sanitary legislation unenforced, the street lights bad, the paving miserable, and altogether lacking in the alleys and smaller streets, and the stables foul beyond description. Hundreds of houses are unconnected with the street sewer.

It was here that Jane Addams decided to live and labour in the effort "to provide a centre for a higher civic and social life, to institute and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprises, and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial world of Chicago."

Of the work which Jane Addams has done since then there is no need to speak here:—

From the first it seemed understood that we were ready to perform the humblest neighbourhood services. We

were asked to wash the new-born babies and to prepare the dead for burial, to nurse the sick, and to mind the children.

They did all these things, and more besides. They made Hull House a social centre for all that enlivens and brightens life. They founded all manner of clubs, libraries, reading-rooms and picture galleries. They started co-operative societies, boarding houses, and gymnasia. At a time when to call a man an anarchist was sufficient to ruin him in Chicago, Hull House opened its hospitable doors to all the dreamers and all the outcasts of the world. All civic reformers found in Hull House their Mecca. The social reformer, who was spending his strength in a struggle for factory legislation, found in Hull House a neverfailing harbour of refuge where he could refit and from which he could sally forth with renewed courage.

And in the midst of this multifarious network of useful activities was Miss Addams, quiet, self-possessed, business-like, resourceful, the mother confessor of Halsted Street, the friend and the counsellor of all who were in distress. The orphans of the heart, all look to her for shelter and for consolation. Nor do they ever look in vain. From the establishment of a crèche for the newly born to arranging for the burial of the aged alien, Miss Addams and her coadjutors are always on hand, always willing, always ready. Slowly it came to be recognised that Hull House was the most notable thing in Chicago. Buildings increased and multiplied until Hull House sat like a brooding hen in the midst of a dozen affiliated buildings. Miss Addams became a power in the city. When the corrupt elements failed to terrorise her they tried to bribe her, and with equal lack of success.

Although identified with no Church, Hull House has gone far to realise the founder's early dream of a "Cathedral of Humanity," as lofty as the love of God and wide as all the wants of man.

In the book "Twenty Years at Hull House," there are many chapters full of helpful and suggestive experiences gained in handling the problems of poverty. Lord Morley, Frederick Harrison, Benjamin Kidd, John Burns, the King of the Belgians, and any number of other notables have visited Hull House and taken part in the discussions of which it is the centre. I heartily wish we had a Hull House in Houndsditch. It would do more for civilisation than anything else. But to have a Hull House you must have a Jane Addams, and where is such another to be found? We may well be proud that it was the East End of London that started her, and Toynbee Hall that gave her an example. But no British patriotism can blind us to the fact that in the matter of Social Settlements Hull House leads the world.

A DESERVED RECOGNITION.—Our Jullundur Correspondent writes:—We are much gratified to see in the New Year Honours List the name of one of our oldest female educationists as being the recipient of the Kaiser-i-Hind medal. Mrs. B. N. Mitter has been Lady Superintendent of the Government Female Schools in Jullundur for the last forty years and has rendered notable service to the cause of female education in the Punjab. She started female education at a time when it was greatly at a discount. Respectable people were unwilling to send their daughters to school but were persuaded to do so solely on account of her own amiable personality and the great influence which her father, the late Rev. Mr. Golaknath, and her husband had on the people of the city. If we are right the first female school in the Punjab like the first Anglo-Vernacular Boys' School was started in Jullundur City. We hope Mrs. Mitter will live long to enjoy this well-earned recognition of her eminent services and feel sure that many will reciprocate the hope that she will be further rewarded by a more tangible gift say a grant of a few squares of land which in her present circumstances as a widow she could enjoy. Such an act of recognition on the part of the Government will be very much appreciated by the public and will encourage others to render similar services to the Government and the country.

Correspondence Column

To MRS. KAMALA SATTIANADHAN

Dear Madam,

The Sewing Class for Indian Women and Girls, conducted by Mrs. Vogl under the auspices of the Indian Women's Association of the Transvaal, proposes to hold a bazaar about October of this year. The object of the bazaar is to stimulate the activity of the class, and any profits that may be realised will be used for some purpose in connection with the passive resistance movement. As the class is not a large one, it would not be possible for us to produce unaided sufficient work for such an exhibition. Might we then appeal to the women of India to assist us, and to supplement our efforts by work of their own. We do not require such curios or other things as are usually to be purchased at an Indian bazaar, but articles made by the ladies of the Motherland, whether by hand or by machine, would be greatly appreciated. All articles should be in the hands of the Indian Women's Association by the end of August.

Thanking you in anticipation, I am,

Yours faithfully,

S. SCHELSIN,

Hon. Secretary, Indian Women's Association.

News and Notes

AN INTER-SECT MARRIAGE:—A betrothal took place between B. Damoder Dass, B.A., Vakil, High Court, Meerut, son of Rai Pryag Dass, Assistant Engineer, and the daughter of Mr. B. L. Goel, Engineer and Chemist (Tokio) of Khurja on 5th March 1911. The bridegroom belongs to the Rajbunshi Agarwal, a sub-caste of the Vaish Community and the bride to the Kademi Agarwal (Khurjewale) the other sub-caste of the Vaish Community. There was no marriage connection between these two sub-castes from a time which we cannot recall, and therefore there was an opposition from the people, of course the majority being of the uneducated. Many people of the so-called *biradri* did not join the ceremony, otherwise the ceremony was well attended by the educated community of Meerut.

I cannot but congratulate the relatives of both the bride and the bridegroom on the bold step they have taken. The marriage is fixed for May 1st.

SHARKEY MEMORIAL GIRLS' SCHOOL.—The Annual Prize-giving of the above school took place in the school premises at 5 P.M., on Tuesday, the 21st instant, when the Lord Bishop of Madras presided. There were present Rev. and Mrs. Penn, Rev. and Mrs. Tanner, Rev. Messrs. Eales, Cranswick, Brown, Cain, Young, Woodhouse, The Misses Morris, Bassoe, Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Cornelius Pillay, Mr. and Mrs. Ross and many Hindu officials including the Deputy Superintendent of Police. After the hymn 'Trust and obey' was sung by the girls, prayer was offered by Rev. M. Devanandam, the Pastor of this place. The Report drawn up by Mrs. Panes was then read by Rev. J. B. Panes, the manager of the school. There are 148 girls in the school, of whom five are non-Christians and 86 are boarders. The staff was pronounced to be a good one by the Inspectress of Schools and the Headmaster Mr. J. R. Kalyanaramier, B.A., L.T., has taken great pains to improve the English of all classes throughout the school. Two girls appeared for the Matriculation last year, but failed, which was no wonder as the percentage throughout the Presidency was only eleven. Three girls are appearing for the Secondary Leaving Certificate Examination next month. The school secured a certificate for needle-work at the Industrial Exhibition, Madras, and a prize for the same at the Exhibition, Africa and the East, London.

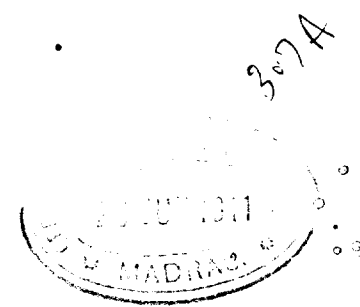
MRS. MARYBAI AND HER WORK.—Mrs. Marybai Aiman has come to Bangalore and gives a

glowing account of the Christian life among the American English people in the United States. She gives an account of the attitude of the American Christians about the new fangled "New Theology" and the "Higher Criticism." They ridiculed such stuff as the "need for a new Theology," "not a verbal inspiration" "without Christ and the Gospel in Him the moral sense would guide one into all truth," and to be "anxious to get rid of the historical in Christianity" and think that men who write the above ought honestly resign their connection with the Society that sent them. They came to preach the Gospel and instead indulged in writing such subversive matter. Mrs. Marybai has not definitely settled what she would do, yet she is endeavouring to rescue women and children and lead others to Christ.

THE MARY'S GIFT TO THE QUEEN.—Gifts in different forms come in from the "Mary's" gift to the Queen during the Coronation. Two old ladies sent two pennies through a messenger who said "They can't write, one is blind and the other cannot write at all." The members of one family, all Marys, sent seven stamps for "Our good Queen Mary," one of whom is a widow of a Crimean Veteran. One donor sent a trifle which she had "saved up carefully."

EQUAL SUFFRAGE.—Mrs. Robert Atkinson, in an address the other day before the Divoll Branch of the Equal Suffrage League in St. Louis, said that all the women of the world seem to be awakening. In China women are unbinding their feet, in Turkey casting away their veils. In America the woman who rocks the cradle wants better housing conditions and pure milk for her child, and she finds that she can have these things better when the community co-operates with her. If she cannot vote, the welfare of that child really passes into the hands of others. It is to keep her home, and to give her child the best opportunities for development into a citizen of whom both she and the State can be proud, that she wants the ballot.

RUSSIAN GIRLS.—A recent book on the Russian novelist Turgenev, by J. A. T. Lloyd, expresses the opinion that Turgenev must have had more esteem for the character of the young women of Russia than of the young men. "These Russian girls in the novels of Turgenev are not waiting for a Prince Charming to win them by some flattering caress. On the contrary, they await a leader who is engaged in the actual struggle with misery and pain. To him, if only he is the right man, they will gladly dedicate their lives, sacrificing all their guarded youthfulness and their protected beauty."





MISS BOSE—(See page 317)

INDIA'S WOMANHOOD.—Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, after visiting some places in India for the first time, writes to a Calcutta paper:—India can never regain its olden prowess, until it restores to woman the freedom she once enjoyed, until she is taught to again walk forth with proud, uncovered face, and take her place before the whole world as the equal mate and comrade of her lover and husband."

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.—The Anniversary of the Nagercoil L. M. Girls' School Mutual Improvement Society was held on Thursday, the 9th instant. Mrs. Raman Tampi, the wife of the local Judge, presided. The missionary ladies and the leading men of the town were present. The recitation, dialogues, action song and the like of the members gave much delight. The speech of Mr. P. V. Daniel, B.A., and the concluding remarks of Mrs. Raman Tampi were very appropriate.

THE BALLOT FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY.—In a complex community like the modern city, all points of view need to be represented; the resultants of diverse experiences need to be pooled if the community would make for sane and balanced progress. If it would meet fairly each problem as it arises, whether it be connected with a freight tunnel having to do largely with business men, or with the increasing death-rate among children under five years of age, a problem in which women are vitally concerned, or with the question of more adequate street-car transfers, in which both men and women might be said to be equally interested, it must not ignore the judgments of its entire adult population.

To turn the administration of our civic affairs wholly over to men may mean that the American city will continue to push forward in its commercial and industrial development, and continue to lag behind in those things which make a city healthful and beautiful.

After all, woman's traditional function has been to make her dwelling-place both clean and fair. Is that dreariness in city life, that lack of the domesticity which the humblest farm dwelling presents, due to a withdrawal of one of the naturally co-operating forces? If women have in any sense been responsible for the gentler side of life which softens and blurs some of its harsher conditions, may they not have a duty to perform in our American cities?

If woman would fulfil her traditional responsibility to her own children; if she would educate and protect from danger factory children who must find their recreation on the street; if she would bring the cultural forces to bear upon our materialistic civilization; and if she would

do it all with the dignity and directness fitting one who carries on her immemorial duties, then she must bring herself to the use of the ballot—that latest implement for self-government. May we not fairly say that American women need this implement in order to preserve the home?

JANE ADAMS.

NECESSITY OF VOLUNTEER WORKERS IN HUMANE CAUSES.—Mrs. Whitehead, wife of the learned Bishop of Madras, seems to be an observant and sympathetic lady. Unlike the generality of Anglo-Indian ladies, she has made a study of the chief factors of Hindu social life and realized its points of excellence and drawback. Speaking the other day at the Annual Meeting of the local Society for the Protection of Children, Mrs. Whitehead pointed to the great need that existed for voluntary workers who would work with whole-hearted enthusiasm in the good cause. She appealed for men imbued with the spirit actuating the members of the servants of India Society. She observed that paid agents would value their work in proportion to the amount of money it would add to their pockets. Persons influenced by mere mercenary motives would be but a poor substitute for honorary workers who would regard their duty as a labour of love. We are glad that Mrs. Whitehead emphasised this aspect of the Society's work. In another part of her address Mrs. Whitehead made it clear that she had a heart to feel for the wrongs and cruelties to which so many Indian women are subjected. She rightly condemned the Devadasi institution and remarked that there was probably no person in Madras who would defend the practice of marrying little girls to gods, seeing that this involved their consignment to a life of shame and infamy. As public opinion seems to be against this immoral custom she called on the leaders of the Hindu community to set their face resolutely against it, and to discountenance it. The dancing girl system is an unqualified abomination and the degradation, misery, and immorality directly traceable to it is appalling. No denunciation of this devilry which is in no way connected with the Hindu religion can therefore be too strong. We are thankful that a high placed European lady like Mrs. Whitehead, perceiving the immensity of the evil resulting from the system, has not hesitated to expose it. We sincerely hope that her words of friendly counsel and exhortation to purify Indian social life from this evil taint will be productive of some tangible results.

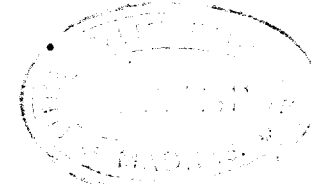
THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

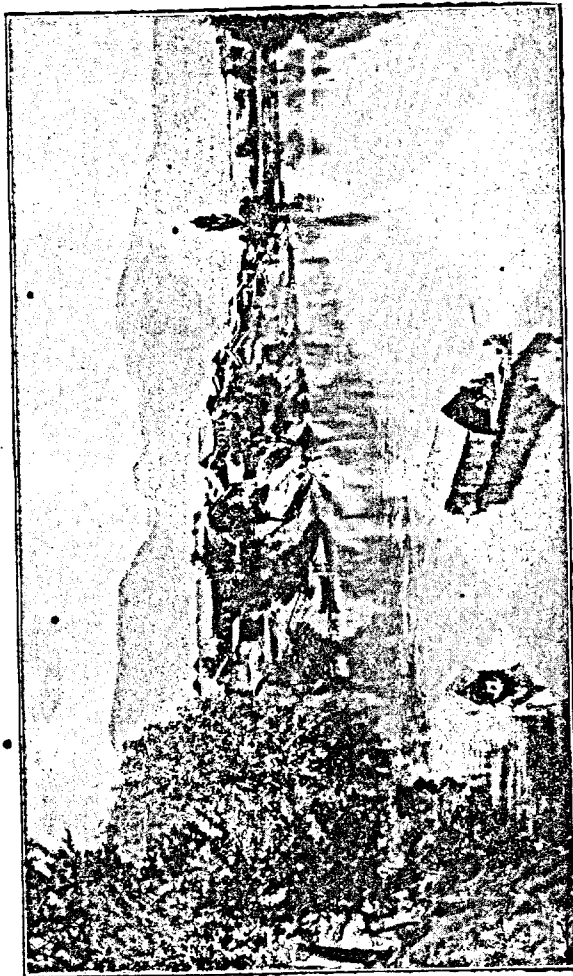
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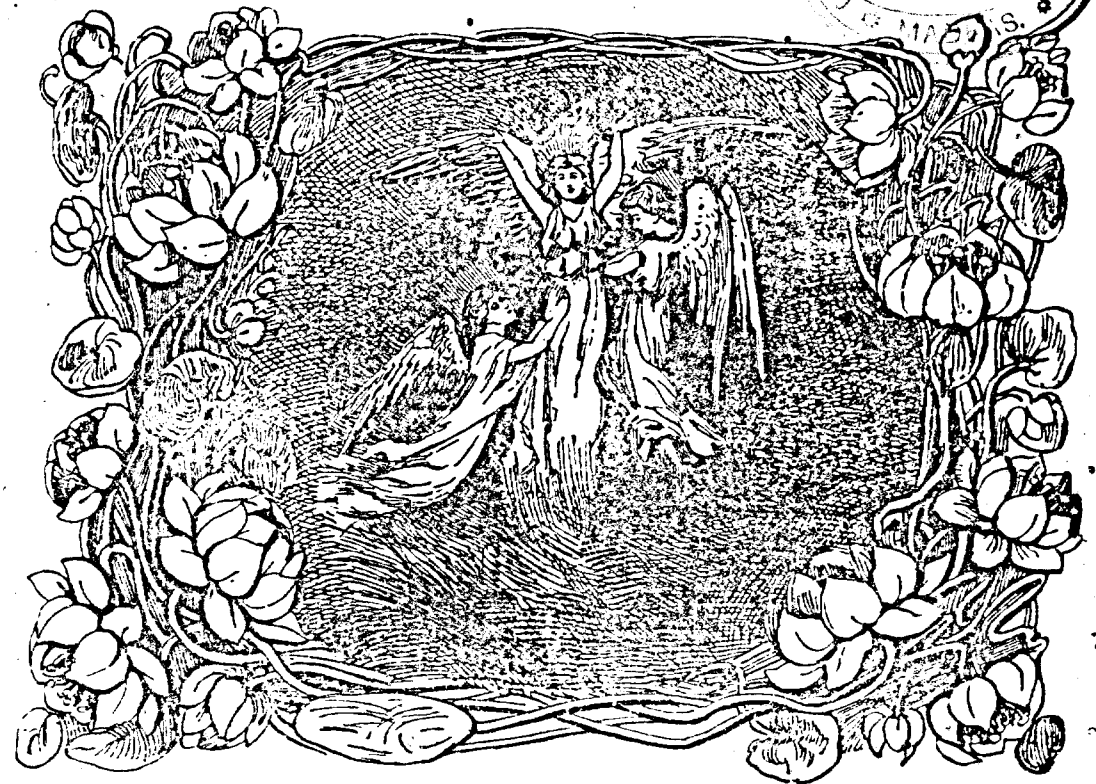


CAMPING IN KASHMIR





BIJBEHARA TOWN AND THE BRIDGE, KASHMIR



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. X]

MAY, 1911

No. 11

LOVE'S CATECHISM

Say, what is love? The word is not
An empty sound, a fleeting breath;
Love means two souls with but one thought,
Two hearts that throb like one, till death.

Whence comes this Love? We little know;
His will o'errides all let or stay;
And where goes he? Nay, ask not so;
He is not Love if he go away.

And what is Love, the truest, purest?
The Love that breathes but in his choice:
And what is Love, the strongest, surest?
The Love that makes no boast or noise.

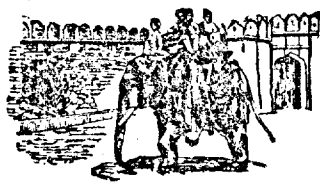
And how does Love increase his riches?
He gives, and no reward he seeks;
And how speaks he when he bewitches?
Love simply loves, and never speaks.

—Toru Dutt

Glimpses of a Tour in Kashmir

(BY LADY BENSON)

VI



It is wise for any one intending to visit Kashmir to make out a plan of campaign before starting. This was kindly done for us by friends who had lived for many years in Kashmir, and who gave us the following advice: "Engage a house-boat, with a doonga for your servants, and a shikara (or light pleasure boat) for the season of six months. Order it to meet you at Baramulla and journey leisurely in it to Srinagar, visiting, en route, the Wular Lake and Manisbal Lake. Remain in Srinagar until the weather becomes too warm, (generally towards the end of June) and then go first to Gulmarg, where there is an hotel. A stay of ten days or a fortnight there is highly recommended. You must then return to Srinagar, and outfit yourselves with tents, and glass, and crockery, (for you must not take anything of that description out of the boats) for a camping sojourn on the Mountains. Everything can be most reasonably hired from one of the agencies, the Cockburn or Kashmir Agency in Srinagar. Your next move will be in the house-boat, up the river to Islamabad, a voyage which can be done in two nights and a day. At Islamabad the house-boat is left, and you mount country ponies yourselves and put your luggage on to pack ponies and coolies, and proceed to march, by easy stages of about ten miles a day up the Liddar valley to Achibal, Matand, Eishmakam to Pahlgam. This is another "hill station" at an elevation of 7,200 feet. But there is no hotel at Pahlgam, and no houses at all, only one pine-wood "Rest-house" belonging to H. H. the Maharajah. English visitors bring their tents to Pahlgam and pitch them under the pine trees, and remain there for several months at a time. While at Pahlgam you should visit the sacred cave of Amarnath, a distance of 58 miles, up into the snows, and across a pass of 14,000 feet. Your next move should be to Sonnamerg on the Sind Valley; but in order to reach it you have to cross the mountain ranges that divide the Liddar and the Sind Valleys. This you can do by marching some 50 miles in five stages. Sonnamerg is the third "hill station" in Kashmir, 8,600 feet high. It too has no hotel, or houses of any sort. Visitors pitch their tents on grassy slopes

under the shade of pine, walnut and birch trees.

Expeditions can be made from Sonnamerg to Baltal, and to Leh, 185 miles further on, but ordinary visitors are content to remain in Sonnamerg, and explore the beautiful scenery surrounding it. From Sonnamerg the return journey to Srinagar is made down the lovely Sind Valley by four marches. This programme will give an ordinary visitor the opportunity of seeing the most beautiful scenery in Kashmir, but it by no means exhausts the resources of the Valley. It omits the Lolab Valley, the Gangabal Lake, and the entire route to Sadakh, and many other beautiful expeditions. As to expenses, a house-boat, doonga, and shikara can be hired for Rs. 100 a month, and tents and glass and crockery at Rs. 100 a month. The cost of feeding in Kashmir much depends on individual tastes, but ordinary people can live comfortably at the rate of Rs. 50 a month a head. European stores are somewhat dear, but milk, eggs, mutton and vegetables and fruit are all very cheap. Even soda-water is only 7 annas a dozen. The chief expense in a trip to Kashmir is the journey there. The tonga fare from Rawal Pindi to Baramulla is high, but persons willing to spend a longer time over the drive of 186 miles can accomplish it at something like half the cost, by driving in a "tum-tum", which is a tonga with a single horse."

We followed the programme so kindly mapped out for us in every detail. In my last paper I told you about our ten days' visit to Gulmarg. We returned from it to Srinagar in order to outfit ourselves with tents and glass and crockery, etc., prior to leaving Srinagar for the river journey up to Islamabad. We hired a large tent for a day tent, and two bedroom tents (to which were attached bathrooms) and seven tents for the servants. Before leaving Srinagar we had a great inspection of all the "property" collected for the trip. As our party consisted of four we had four of everything to inspect, four tables, washhand stands, beds, chairs, two baths, a side saddle, a "dandy" in case anyone became ill, or in case of accidents; a meatsafe, easy chairs, and so on. The glass and crockery were all packed in baskets covered with leather, shaped like a cone, called *kiltas*; these are carried on the backs of coolies, or else slung on to pony-back. Our clothes we packed into small, very ugly, leather-covered boxes called *yakduns* which were more convenient in size for the tiny ponies, than the full-sized P. O. cabin trunks we had brought with us.

We left Srinagar on Tuesday, June 21st, at 8 o'clock in the morning, having previously laid in a stock of 20 loaves of bread, several pounds of butter (all packed in 4oz. pots, in muslin soaked

in borax to keep it fresh), besides innumerable tins of all sorts. It was a relief to start, and to know that even if things had been forgotten, the simple remedy of "doing without" remained. It was a delightful sensation to start on a long journey without any movement on our part, no rushing for the train, no jolting and bumping in a tonga! Our boatmen silently untethered the boat, and we quietly glided away, slowly following the winding of the river; and but for the gentle ripple of the water against the prow, and the constantly varying views from the windows of the sitting rooms, we should have been quite unconscious that we were leaving Srinagar! After seven hours we reached the village of *Pandurathan*, where there is the ruin of a very old Hindu temple, close to the banks of the river, so we all landed, taking our rugs, books, and sketching things. The temple was built in A. D. 921 and is about 18 feet square and 30 feet high. It is a little massive stone shrine, standing in the middle of a duckweed pond! It is overshadowed by very large Chenar trees. The temple is built of enormous blocks of stone, not mortared together and much shaken out of place by shocks of earthquake, the lapse of time, and growth of foliage. It was very difficult to draw, with its arches, and gables and horse-shoe window-cavities. The style of Hindu architecture here is very different to that in other parts of India, and is said to have been strongly influenced by Persian and Grecian forms, while the massive solid blocks used in construction are Egyptian in their strength and simplicity. That the Grecian influence is not without foundation is borne out by the fact that the king of Hunza modestly claims Alexander the Great as his ancestor! While a tribe up in the faraway Hindoo-Koosh mountains, called Dards, are quite unlike any known Asiatics in character and physique, and they claim for themselves that they are the descendants of the soldiers of Alexander the Great.

Every morning, while on the river journey, we used to get out of our boat for a walk on the banks of the river through fields of wheat and blue flax, mixed with yellow mustard and scarlet poppies, bounded in the distance by a circle of blue mountains, with tops of white gleaming snow. Once a sharp storm of wind and rain came on, our towing rope broke, and before we knew where we were our boat had swung out into the middle of the river, where the waves were quite high. There was a great hullabaloo among the boatmen, until they managed to guide the boat to the opposite bank, and tie us up firmly to the trunk of a big tree. Not much harm could happen on the river, but house-boats are very unsafe when overtaken by

a storm on a lake, for they fill very easily, and are very top heavy. Nothing will induce the boatmen to "put to sea" if they think the weather is unpropitious, they become dreadfully frightened, and lose their heads completely in cases of emergency. On this occasion we had to wait for four hours, until the wind subsided, and the waves calmed down, before we were able to continue our voyage. The "clear shining after rain" was beautiful, and the sunset afterwards very gorgeous, the piled up clouds out-vying the rosy snowclad mountains, and both mirrored in the broad, now peaceful, river below. Only last year the floods were so high that the "Colonel Sahib's" boat was up 8 feet above where our boat was tethered, right over the river bank, and out on to the fields above! Last year there was a tragedy on the river. A young English girl, who had been dining with her people under the trees on the river bank, when camping at one of the towns en route to Islamabad, went back to the house-boat to fetch a book or some work. In the dusk she stepped aside off the plank and fell into the river. The swift flowing stream drew her under, and she was instantly carried away. Her body was found 8 miles down the river.

The camping ground at *Bijbehara*, on the high banks of the river, is very beautiful. It was formerly an old pleasure garden, planted on both sides of the river with poplars and magnificent chenars, the two portions united by a stone bridge, the ruins of which may still be seen. The chenar trees here present a fine frontage of nearly 600 yards, second only to those at the Nasim Bagh on the Dal Lake. In Sir Richard Temple's book may be seen a sketch of the original bridge, which delighted him so much. The bridge was carried away in the floods of 1893, and has been replaced by a modern structure. But the piers and the trees growing from them, of the original bridge, which withstood the flood, remain and are as quaint and interesting as before. *Bijbehara* is quite a big town, and owing to its high position above the river is most picturesque. The name means *Vidya Vihar*, a temple of wisdom. One of the oldest temples in Kashmir stood here; it was thrown down by Sikandar about 1489 who built a mosque out of its ruins: Golab Singh threw down this mosque and used the ruins for a new temple. The original temple is said to have been built by Asoka, B. C. 250.

Before reaching *Bejbehara*, we visited and sketched the ruins of a temple at the village of *Avantipur*, named after king Avante Varma. This was once a capital of Kashmir, and is 18 miles by land above Srinagar. When it flourished, Kashmir is said to have been inhabited by 300,000 people.

It is quite a short distance from Bijbehara to Kambal where we left our house-boat. We disembarked at Kambal 1½ miles from Telamabad, in order to avoid that town where cholera was prevalent at the time. It has frequently been a hot bed for cholera, which usually makes a start here, and has more than once been associated with the pilgrims for the Amarnath Cave. There is a sacred spring at Islamabad, the Anant Nag, which is diverted into a tank crammed with fish, overlooked by a summer house, under which the water passes by a six-foot outlet. After much opposition on the part of the Brahmins, a portion of the sacred water has been diverted above the tank, and the town is now supplied with undefiled water by means of pipes and taps. The manufactures of the town are chiefly worked-dhurries, coverlets, wooden utensils, bowls, spoons, clogs and spinning wheels.

At Kambal we reluctantly said good-bye to our house-boat, the "Bul-bul", leaving in her our heavier luggage, and superfluous clothing.

All our tents, furniture, holdalls, bedding, kiltas and yakdams were turned out on to the bank of the river. Soon afterwards an official appeared with 15 ponies and 6 coolies. He saved us all further trouble by apportioning the bundles to each pony and cooly in turn. He was experienced in the matter of weights and loads, and in an astonishingly short time our cavalcade was ready; tents, chairs, tables, meat-sacks, etc., etc., all strapped on pony back! My pony with a side saddle, and the others with gentlemen's saddles. We mounted, and rode off on our first march. Our ponies were sure footed and steady to a degree, but absolutely refused to move out of a walk, no persuasions—and many and varied were the persuasions tried! succeeded in making them either canter or trot: so for 7 long miles we walked on through country lanes (dignified by the name of "roads"), by villages, through paddy fields, over willow-bunds, under mulberry, chenar, and walnut trees, till we reached our destination *Achibal*. This is a village of murmuring streams, giant chenars, and turf lawns. The "Burra Sahib" chose the site on which to pitch our tents, while we took our tiffin box, with the butler, up some steps into a walled garden, where we found re-produced again, in rougher fashion, the glories of the old Moghul gardens of Nisbat Bagh, and Suleiman Bagh. Only at Achibal there is a glory which the others do not possess. At the top of the garden two springs of water bubble right up, geyser-like, out of the earth. This is supposed to be the reappearance of the river Bringh, which disappears into a crack of the earth, some miles away from Achibal. The old Moghul Emperors took advantage of this

natural feature to make a beautiful garden, with canals, reservoirs, fountains, summer houses, a Pavilion, and Turkish baths. In one of the side canals, in the brilliant, swiftly flowing, flashing water are some English trout. We spent two days under the shade of the lovely chenar trees, by the Waterfalls and running streams of that lovely garden. We had our breakfast and bed there, with bouquets of wild flowers and white jessamine on the table. Three little gaily dressed Hindu children, living in the Pavilion, came to us with salaams and little gifts of flowers, and asked to see our sketches. Their delight was great when they found that their gay little figures had been "put in", green jackets, red waistcoats, rose-coloured sari and all! One morning we climbed a neighbouring mountain. It was a lovely walk, up a zigzag path, through a pine-forest, simply smothered with wild flowers. The white roses climbed up and veiled whole pine trees with white blooms, while white jessamine, mauve, blue, and yellow flowers, with bushes of rose-coloured flowers, of unknown name, gave heather-like splashes of colour to the woods. On the way up the mountain we noticed that *machans* or wooden platforms for shooting, had been erected, with wooden ladders to reach them in the branches of several of the pine trees. After a two hours' climb we had a glorious view all round of ranges and ranges of mauve-coloured hills, and snowy peaks, with the Kolahoi Glacier in the distance. Around us near at hand grew wild apricots, crab-apples, and wild cherries. We sat down and listened to cuckoos and doves, and watched three kites wheeling round and round in the blue.

A man in charge of the gardens at Achibal gave us each morning such pretty offerings of water cress, lettuce, a few heads of asparagus and turnips, in roughly woven baskets with handles, just things to be thrown away afterwards, but so dainty for their purpose at the time.

Our next march took us past the celebrated ruins of *Martand*, to the beautiful village of Bhawan. We were not a bit disappointed with Martand. The guide books describe the ruins as standing out grandly in the middle of a vast plateau (called here a *Karewa*) but this is not so. They stand at the bottom of a lower slope of a mountain spear that juts out on to a great plateau, with the pinky-green plains below it again, the whole encircled with blue ranges of mountains, and the circlet of snow-pearl mountains beyond. You must fill in the picture with sweeps of emerald fields, (stretches of paddy cultivation in reality) streaked with bright yellow-wheat-fields, ripe unto harvest, and then the majestic piles of this wonderful old temple.

What a sight it must have been in those days, with its priests, and dancing girls, and crowds of brightly dressed worshippers, thronging the courtyard, and cloisters, with their offerings of flowers! Externals change so little in the East, that one can easily fill in the details of the bygone days by what one sees in the Hindu temples of the South of India to-day. The faint indications in the stone carvings of Martand are representations of Brahma and Vishnu, Lakshmi and Sarasvati, just like the ones to be seen at Madura now. The guide books say that these ruins are the most nobly situated in the world, better than those of Palmyra, or Persepolis.

We rode on to the village of *Bawan*, 1½ miles from the ruins of Martand, and camped under the shade of magnificent chenar trees of great girth. There we were overtaken by a tremendous downpour of rain, with thunder and lightning, and had to remain for a couple of days before we were able to push on to *Eishmakam*. At Bawan we saw 100 village boys being drilled and marched about by the Headmaster. They were a quaint, motley crew, in every shape and size of coat and turban, some touched with colour but most of them in dirty white. They are mainly the sons of local priests, for Bawan is a sacred place of pilgrimage! The only temple is a courtyard enclosure, with a tank of blue water, full of sacred fish. The blue of the water is said to be due to the leaves of the tree overhanging the tank, but is more probably due to some worn mineral soil colouring. The fish are weird, blue-mottled creatures, which come up to the surface in shoals to be fed, and fight for the chupaties and Indian corn, which are sold, for the purpose, by a wrinkled old woman. The fish come up in armies, and smack their lips with a curious sound between hissing and sucking; it is most fascinating to watch, and hear them. The priest, a pale handsome young man, more like an Italian than an Indian, pursued us with a book in which to sign our names, and showed us the signatures of Lord and Lady Roberts, and their children, and governess, and also of Lord and Lady Minto, and a host of other signatures of less importance. The only other sacred item in the enclosure was a rude representation of a horse's head made in mud, and smeared with vermilion. This temple is sacred to Vishnu, who is said to have split the mountains at Baramulla, and drained the water from Kashmir.

It is a problem what is to become of these 100 sons of the priests; for centuries their fathers have done nothing. In Burmah the priests teach all the people reading, writing, and arithmetic "free, gratis, and for nothing", so that it is said there is no country in the world like

Burmah, where *all* the population is literate! If they would take up the work of primary education, in India, there would be small need for Mr. Gokale's elementary education Bill! If they would even do what the Japanese priests do, e.g. keep their temples in repair, and clean, and beautiful, but unfortunately the temples in Kashmir, and in India too, are often very dirty and shockingly out of repair. Fortunately there was no cholera at Bawan, as at Islamabad, where they had had 80 cases and 33 deaths. We heard that a Mission lady-doctor had gone there to nurse and look after the poor people. It was splendidly plucky of her, but one felt how powerless she must be, when almost every house and compound possessed an accumulation of dirt and rubbish. If the children could be taught cleanliness as quickly as they are taught drill, what a blessing it would be to the country! We noticed that all the four school masters wore black bands of mourning for King Edward, and when the boys sang us a song in Urdu, of which we asked the meaning, they said:—"They are singing about our late Emperor King Edward VII!" We walked a mile from the camp to see a famous sacred cave, some 20 or 30 feet up the mountain side. Two "pundits", as the priests are called here, accompanied us with torches. The entrance was very narrow, and the passages inside narrower still, while the smell from bats, and want of fresh air was distinctly unpleasant. We had to stoop, and crawl along; the cold shiny walls being lit by the flickering torches. A vaulted chamber was reached, and a tomb shown to us, an open hollow, in which were a few bones, reputed to be those of a Sainted Fakier.

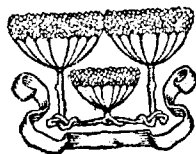
On July 1st we struck our tents at Bawan, and marched through lovely scenery, wooded, and full of streams, to *Eishmakam*. Here we camped in a great open meadow, below steep mountains. The village of *Eishmakam* is perched high up on the side of a steep mountain, composed of wooden houses perched one above the other in most picturesque fashion, while to one side was a walled-in court-yard with a high roofed Ziarat, or shrine, of some Mahomedan Saint. The Lambadar, or head village official, paid us a visit, and presented us with a trayful of walnuts, some mint, and a bunch of roses. He begged us to pay a visit to the Ziarat, saying, "All Sahibs always did so," so we arranged that he should call for us after tea. It was a good steep climb, but well worth even the awful smells of about the dirtiest village conceivable! The roofs of the houses were made with chunks of solid planks, pitched on apparently without design. There was no sort of order in the placing of the houses, they also were pitched about anyhow, one on the top of

the other. Then we came to the gateway of the Ziarut, and a crowd of priests, huddled together wrapped in grey puttoo blankets, held out dozens of begging hands, offering in return to strike a gong for us! It was all so dark and gloomy, and the men all looked so unhealthy, idle, and good for nothing. The courtyard was thickly overgrown with weeds, the walls of the Ziarut had bits of mother-of-pearl struck on in patterns here and there, while other panels were picked out in Reckitt's blue colour wash!

They wanted us to take off our shoes and go into the shrine, where lights were burning, but this we declined to do. We were sorry, for afterwards we were told that the tomb and passage leading to the resting place of Zyn-uddin (Ornament of the faith) were quite worth seeing. There were so many men, pilgrims and priests, hanging about, and dozens of children, un-washed, un-taught, and miserable looking (one looked ashen grey as if in the last stages of consumption); all were asking for money, and doing nothing. It was a depressing sight, and one longed for a good school and play ground, for a Hospital, and some useful industry, such as German Missionaries nearly always start, to make these people more worthy of the lovely country in which they are living.

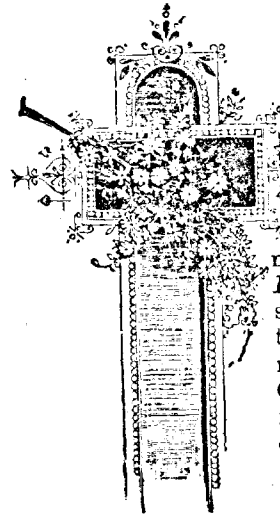
We struck our tents next day and rode 12 miles to the Maha Rajah's Rest House at Pahlgam, which H. H. had most kindly placed at our disposal.

The pathway to Pahlgam was lovely, switch backing up and down by the stony bed of the stormy Liddar river, passing through pine woods, with enormous mountains towering above, and thousands of wild flowers around. We reached Pahlgam in the afternoon. In my next paper I will tell you about our stay in Pahlgam, and our trip up into the snows, to visit the sacred cave of Amarnath.



Edward VII

LATE KING OF ENGLAND AND EMPEROR OF INDIA.
BORN NOVEMBER 9th, 1841; Died May 6th, 1910



EDWARD VII was born at Buckingham Palace on the 9th November, 1841. "Is it a boy?" asked the Duke of Wellington. "Your Grace," answered the indignant nurse; "It's a Prince!" No less than seven Titles belonged to the new Prince, and two more were added by the Queen before he was a month old, (viz). Prince of Wales, and Earl of Chester. The little Prince was christened in St. George's Chapel, under the name of Albert Edward. "It is impossible," said the Queen, "to describe how beautiful and imposing the whole scene was in the fine old chapel, with the banners, the music, and the light shining on the altar." As the little Edward grew older he drew much notice from the public. He is said to have been "strong upon his legs, with a calm, clear, bright expression of face," and also "a pleasing lively boy." At Brighton, crowds of people assembled to look at the Royal child, dressed "in a black satin pelisse, with a Tuscan hat, and black feathers." For the first six years of his life Lady Lyttleton took care of him, and then an Eton master was chosen as his tutor. A story is told of how one day, refusing to learn the lessons his master set him, he was sent into the corner by him, when the young Prince refused to submit, saying "I am Prince of Wales." For this, his father, Prince Albert, gave him a whipping. The first public duty performed by the young Prince was the opening of the Coal Exchange in London, when he was scarcely eight years old. Rowed in state in the Royal barge by twenty-six watermen, the Royal party had a grand reception by the City Fathers, at which some ancient customs were revived. In 1851 the Prince was present at the opening of the Great Exhibition, and in the autumn of 1855, the Queen and the Royal family visited France. Not since the reign of Henry VI had a British Sovereign entered Paris. The little Edward was so delighted with all he saw, that he implored the Empress Eugenie to let him stop longer. When

she suggested that perhaps his parents could not spare him, he only replied: "Oh, there are six of us at home, so that will not matter." Soon after his return to England, he and his tutor and Colonel Cavendish went on a walking tour. An amusing story is here told of him. The Prince's real name was to be kept secret, but somehow here and there the truth came out. It got about that he was to visit a certain town, and the landlord of the chief hotel there had all his best rooms papered, painted and refurnished in readiness for the expected visit. Presently a gentleman and a young man came to the hotel and asked to be put up, "Yes," he said, he would be delighted, and showed them the rooms, thinking it was the Prince and his tutor. Late in the evening, another gentleman and boy arrived, asking for rooms, but were told the place was full, but a bed might be made up for the young gentleman on the sofa. Imagine the landlord's horror when the next day he discovered the occupant of the sofa was the Prince, and the best rooms had been used by Mr. Smith and his father.

In 1859 Prince Edward went to Edinburgh to continue his education. One day while studying Chemistry under Dr. Playfair, a strange experiment was shown him, after which the Professor asked him: "If he had faith in science, to plunge his hand into a cauldron of boiling lead, and ladle it out into some cold water that was standing by." "Are you serious?" said Prince Edward. "Perfectly," answered the Doctor. "If you tell me to do it, I will," said he. "I do tell you" answered the other, and without an atom of fear, the Prince plunged his hand into the burning lead.

When the Prince was eighteen, he became heir to the throne, and it was on this occasion that his mother wrote him that touching letter in which she told him he was legally his own master, and that although she and his father no longer had any control over him, she would always gladly give him any advice, should he ask her. It was a long letter; and seemed to have made a profound impression on the Prince.

In 1860, Prince Edward went on a visit to Canada and the United States. Landing at St. John's, Newfoundland, he was received with wild enthusiasm by a great crowd and was welcomed during his stay there with every sort of honour. His progress through the dominion was like a triumphal procession. On the 25th Aug. he reached Montreal, and there laid the last stone of the Victoria bridge. He also visited the Falls of Niagara, and saw Blondin cross the river on stilts, and carrying a man on his back. During the five days he spent at Washington he visited the house and grave of the Great American President of that name. Before this humble

tomb, the Prince, the President, and all the party stood uncovered....The great-grandson of George III.....at the foot of the coffin of Washington. "After a few moments of silence His Royal Highness proceeded to plant a chesnut by the side of the tomb." At New York he witnessed the Parade of the Volunteer Fire Brigade. 6,000 men were present, and those not wanted for the engines bore torches. In a burst of delight the Prince cried out: "This is for me! This is all for me." From thence he went on to Boston, when he met the poet Longfellow. At Mount Auburn he planted a tree in memory of his visit, but immediately after he left a crowd came round and tore off every leaf, most likely for "keepsakes." On October 20th the Royal Party set sail for home on the "Hero", accompanied by three battleships, when near the British coast a sudden storm arose, and swept them back. Two men-of-war were sent out to find the "Hero," and on November 15th the party arrived safely at Plymouth. The same evening the Prince was at Windsor, after four months abroad. Prince Edward now became a student of Trinity College, Cambridge. It was during his course there that an amusing little tale is told. One day when out with a friend, he was caught in a shower. Being near the cottage of an old woman who sold sweets, they asked for the loan of an umbrella. "Loan of an umbrella!" quoth she, "you can have my old market-gamp if you like, but I know I won't lend my best 'un to nobody, not the Prince of Wales himself." Next day she had her 'old market-gamp' returned, as well as a new one "with the Prince of Wales' compliments."

In the autumn of 1861 the Prince visited Germany, and for the first time met Princess Alexandra of Denmark, his future wife. During October while Prince Edward was still at College, his father was taken ill; and the young Prince was immediately sent for. After a short illness, Prince Albert passed away. It affected his son so much, that the tour to Palestine, which had been previously intended, was now thought a desirable change for the Prince, so he and a small party travelled together. They visited Cairo and saw the Pyramids, went up the Nile, and finally landed at Joppa. They then rode to the Holy City, escorted by a troop of Turkish Cavalry, the former having never been entered by English Royalty for 600 years. They visited Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jericho and Bethany, and many other places of interest. The Prince (and Dr. Stanley at his request) were allowed to see the cave of Machpelah, which Abraham had bought, and where Sarah, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were buried. For 700 years not even Royalty had been allowed such an honour, and the

Turkish officer who guarded the tomb said : "That for no one but the eldest son of the Queen of England, would he have allowed the gate to be opened, indeed the Princes of any other nation should have passed over his body before doing so." After six weeks spent in Palestine, they returned. On March 10th, 1863, the Prince was married to Alexandra of Denmark, and on this occasion Marlborough House was presented to him by the nation. One of its beauties is the plate room, where the most wonderful things in silver and gold are to be seen. A touching tale is told of a piece of silverware belonging to this room. One day the Prince saw a blindman and his dog trying in vain to cross a crowded street—darting forward, His Royal Highness led them safely across the road. Shortly after, he received "a massive silver inkstand, with the following; "To the Prince of Wales, from one who saw him conduct a blind beggar across the street. In memory of a kind and Christian action." The giver was never known, but the gift was one of the most highly prized, received by our late King.

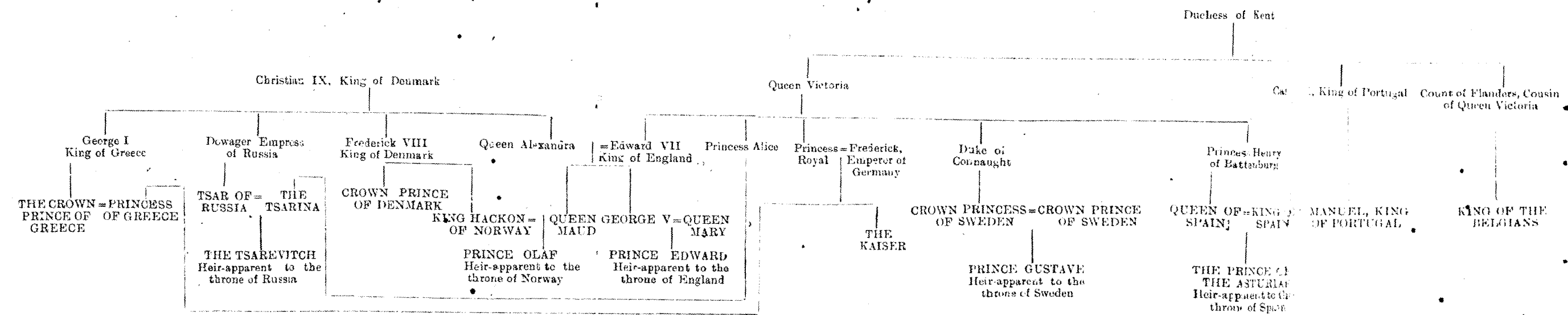
We must now pass over many years—the year 1875 will particularly interest the children of India as it was then that Prince Edward went on his Indian tour. Here he was received with great pomp, and every possible honour and attention was shown to the future Emperor. It would take long to describe all the wonders of that wonderful visit; the silver throne on which he sat, the servants holding peacocks' feathers and horse tails, and palm leaf fans;—The Rajah of Kolapur in his purple velvet and countless gems and turban of pearls and rubies was the first to receive the salutations of the Prince. Then after the Rajah drove away, came up the Maharajah of Mysore, a boy of thirteen, ruler over five millions of people; his arms, neck, wrists and ankles smothered with pearls, diamonds and rubies, whilst jewels hung from turban to shoulder. Amongst others came a poor old man (a ruler) just risen from an illness, who had travelled many miles to see the English Prince. Then came up the Gaekwar of Baroda, "a crystallized rainbow," weighted from top to toe with such a miracle of diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls, as can hardly be imagined. There is no room to tell more about this part of his visit. Prince Edward spoke of the pleasure his trip to India had been, "a visit that he had looked forward to as the dream of his life." "I can only say how much pleased I am to have spent my 34th birthday in Bombay—I shall remember with satisfaction the hospitable reception I have had from the Governor and all here as long as I live!" At Poona he rode a huge elephant and for the first time saw a

cheetah hunt. And then he visited *Madras*, where he had a splendid welcome. At Calcutta he spent Christmas Day. At Benares he visited the grand temples, and was presented by the Maharajah with his own walking-stick, "a stout shillelagh with a gold handle and gold studs." At Jaipoor, Prince Edward shot his first tiger, the carcass being brought to the Maharajah's palace, and the town illuminated the same night. And now after seventeen weeks in India, the future Emperor returned home, bringing with him many beautiful presents, besides "a regular menagerie of leopards, bears, monkeys and horses."

Of the later life of King Edward there is no room here to speak, and all the history connected with his short reign you have doubtless been taught. For many years after his return from India, his life was taken up with business of every sort, so that he was the busiest man in the kingdom. Passing over all other events, the one you will all of you remember will be his accession to the throne in 1901. Amongst other things in the beautiful letter which he wrote to the Princes and People of India, were these words: "I now desire to send my greeting to the ruling chiefs of the Native States, and to the inhabitants of my Indian Dominions, to assure them of my sincere goodwill and affections, and my heartfelt wishes for their welfare, etc....." and, again, "In all matters connected with India, the Queen-Empress (i.e., Victoria) displayed an unvarying, deep, personal interest, and I am well aware of the feeling of loyalty and affection evinced by the millions of its people towards her throne and person....It was by her wish and with her sanction that I visited India, and made myself personally acquainted with the ruling chiefs, the people, and the cities of that ancient and famous Empire..... I shall endeavour to follow the great example of the first Queen Empress, to work for the general well-being of my Indian subjects of all ranks, and to merit, as she did, their unfailing loyalty and affection." And surely no King could have better fulfilled that royal resolve. Through the nine short years of his reign Edward VII has justly won the name of "Peacemaker," striving in every way to promote the unity of nations. On May 6th, 1910, he passed away. Surrounded by such a pageant of Royalty, as has seldom been witnessed, he was borne amid the love and loyalty of his people of all climes, to his last resting place. To his son George V., the nations turn for a continuance of that Policy which made his father so justly beloved.

SYLVIA MARY RUTLEY.

Genealogical table showing the intimate relationship of H. M. George V, King of England, with the Kings and Queens of Europe



Victoria Girls' School— Prize Distribution Party

(See frontispiece for photo of Miss Bose)



HERE was held a grand prize distribution party in the Victoria Girls' School last month on Wednesday, the 22nd. Lady Dane had kindly accepted to distribute the prizes. The compound of the school was nicely furnished with benches and chairs and in the middle there were many tables, full of pretty prizes. Lady Dane came exactly at 4 o'clock and Miss Bose (the Principal) after reading the report of the school began to read out the names of the girls who were to get the prizes. It was nice to see the girls of the infant class run quickly up to take the little presents offered to them and go back with smiling faces quite pleased with what they had got. Out of 1,100 girls who read in this school nearly all passed and won prizes. Many girls of the senior classes passed quite creditably. Six girls went up for the Middle and all came out successful. Thirty-six passed the Upper Primary and a large number passed the Lower Primary and the Infant standards. The report which was read in the school showed that it has progressed by bounds during the last year. Some new subjects have been introduced during the past year, out of which Music and Cooking have been welcomed warmly. The girls apply to join this school in large numbers. The opening of new schools have been no obstruction in the progress of this one—the numbers remain much the same. There are as many girls as the teachers can manage. Even the introduction of fees have not kept away the girls from attending this school. It is the oldest and the best of its kind in the whole of Punjab. It was started many years ago in a large building inside the city with a few girls and a set of untrained teachers. But Miss Bose, the present Principal of the school, came up and took the whole management on herself. It is 24 years since she has been working in the school with wonderful success. She has won the love of the girls and the confidence of their parents by means of her excellent management. Miss Stratford, the Inspectress of Schools, has left very complementary remarks on the Victoria Girls' School and says that the success depends wholly on Miss Bose. She is a distinguished and a very popular member of the Lahore

Educated Society, and I think the readers of our Indian Ladies' Magazine will be pleased to have her photo in the pages of this paper. There were some 600 ladies present at the prize distribution, and nearly all the Hindu and Muhamedan ladies of position and many English ladies came to join the party.

BRAM KUMARI.

The Tyranny of a Custom

(A Short Sketch).

THIS is a damned wretched place, I shall not think again of going here," wrote Chandra in his journal on the day he left Krishnapuram. Chandra's hatred of Krishnapuram was grounded on many causes. A low-roofed niggardly house, a burning weather, a plague of mosquitoes and rats at night, old-fashioned and dirty ways of keeping home, the presence of a crowd of rustic relatives, and an unattractive kitchen regime had all helped to make Krishnapuram intolerable to Chandra. His grievance had a double justification in the facts that the master of the house at Krishnapuram had received a liberal education and had the means and the heart to spend, but yet hopelessly lacked the art to make his home pleasing in the eyes of a guest of average nicety, and that Chandra's own home was a type of supreme domestic comfort. Chandra was a youth of passionate temperament and he would have deemed as nothing all the inconveniences that he experienced at Krishnapuram if only he could have had the company of his love. But no, he was a boy, and was treated as such; living under the same roof as his wedded one he felt himself cruelly separated and he believed himself to be suffering from untold agony. He rejoiced that the end of his present stay at Krishnapuram had come, and he meant to profit by his experience by not going to the place once again.

A few months passed and Chandra came to have a long vacation. He remembered his love and his first impulse was to long for a visit to Krishnapuram, but he soon recollected the entry in his journal, convinced himself that his troubles were real and unbearable at Krishnapuram and so decided to abandon the idea of going there.

It was the hot summer of the plains and holidays without set tasks to perform. Chan-

dra's attention was not held by any engaging work and he was left entirely to his thoughts. The subject of his love ever recurred to his mind and he stifled the thought as soon every time. But two weeks wrought a change in him. The troubles at Krishnapuram which he complained of in such strong language in his journal and which appeared so real even two weeks before as to dissuade him from thinking of going to the place, were now forgotten or overlooked. He had a blind yearning to meet his beloved and he did not foresee the impossibility of the fulfilment of his wish. He had received an invitation to go to Krishnapuram, one of those invitations calculated to be of an exciting nature, and yet utterly uninteresting from the correct formality in which they are accorded and accepted. Chandra had said in his own home that he was not anxious to accept the invitation. This attitude of his mind was perfectly explicable by the material facts which were plain to all the members of his home. But there was a deeper feeling which changed Chandra's mind and he kept it a holy secret. He was pitted at home in having to go to Krishnapuram, and he was left to his own choice in the matter yet Chandra would not openly yield to the force of his love for one who had been wedded to him the last three years and yet was closer to him by scarcely three days.

Chandra was in a dilemma and he did not possess the independence to come out of it manfully. He was a boy under his parents and he took recourse to a naughty trick. He wrote to Krishnapuram that he should not mind visiting it if he was conducted thither. This was a naughty letter which was easily construed for pride and Chandra was himself painfully conscious of the possible misreading of his behaviour. But there was no other go. He had silently to pocket the accusation of being haughty from those in his own home. The grandmother of his wife afterwards told him of the horrible ways of modern sons-in-law with cruel significance to himself.

Chandra paid a second visit to Krishnapuram. According to the law of the Uniformity of Nature, the same causes produce the same effects. The causes which some months before had made Krishnapuram hateful to Chandra had no reason to disappear. At the end of his second stay, Chandra drew a deep sigh and recorded in his journal this time: "Ah! had I married when I was an independent man and my love of equal age with me!"

P. R. K.

The Indigenous Manufactures of Palghat



OF the many old indigenous manufactures which exist in Palghat, great mention must be made of the weaving of *Nurani checks and towels*, hardware manufactures, rope-making, weaving of grass and bamboo mats, hampers and other articles made of bamboo, and pottery. There are sundry other manufactures which are too numerous to be mentioned here. Some of these have begun to decline for want of sufficient encouragement, and unless good efforts are made to revive them, they are likely to be gradually impaired.

Different classes of men among the depressed classes follow different kinds of hereditary hobbies. Of these a section of the Muhamadans are great adepts in the weaving of checks and towels. They live in an obscure corner near the village of Nurani, in Palghat. Again among the Sudras of the Hindu community, a kind of weavers, called the *Chaliyas*, produce excellent patterns of thorthus,* dotis and other clothes. Of these, the thorthus are largely exported to the eastern districts of the Madras Presidency and several other places in India. These Chaliyas are skilled craftsmen in this particular industry.

The hardware manufacture is done in Palghat and its suburbs. But the making of the best penknives is done in an obscure village near Alatur, known by the name of Melarkode. This village grows into importance owing to the manufacture of hardware, weaving of clothes and other indigent industries. Good specimens of locks and keys, sickles, etc., are made in every part of the locality.

Rope-making is another industry in this part of the country. This handicraft is carried on by a section of the Hindu community, most of whom belong to the Sudra class. They take out the husks of the cocoanuts, steep them in water for some time and beat them out into fibres. These fibres are well cleansed and are then twisted into yarns.

The weaving of grass mats is done by a depressed section of the Hindu community, who are a little above the *Eshuvus* of Malabar, in their social condition. But the manufactures of bamboo mats and of hampers and other articles made of bamboo, is carried on by a different section of the same community, who are a little lower than the *Eshuvus* both in their

* Thorthus are a kind of towels.

material and social condition. However, these two classes of mat weavers, though skilful in their handicrafts, scarcely find a profitable market to dispose of their wares. On account of their extreme poverty they are forced to sell their wares at very reduced prices.

Lastly, taking the manufacture of pottery into consideration, it can be said that it is a very poor, profitless industry in comparison with the above-mentioned ones. The potters do not get sufficient remuneration for their work. They are a particular class of Sudras who are a little higher than the * *mat-weaving Kuravas* in the social scale. On account of their poverty they have to sell their earthenware very cheap.

Almost all these sections of the Hindu community, as well as the above-mentioned section of the Muhamadan community, though poor, do not get any kind of education whatever. This lack of education, coupled with this poverty, allows them no chance of improving their manufactures and the natural result is that they become deteriorated.

P. R. A.

"The Merchant of Venice"

Gratiano declares that while he lives he will

Fear no other thing,
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring;

the curtain falls and "The Merchant of Venice" comes to a close. Ah! what a feeling of regret overtakes us when our dear old play is no more before us! Our revered Antonio was familiar to us in the calm and sad gravity from which he was not often separable. Our friends, the gallant Bassanio, the revengeful and avaricious Shylock, the clever and noble Portia triumphing over all, the pedantic Lorenzo, and his pretty Jessica, have all disappeared from our vision.

When we were engaged in "the two hours' traffic" of the stage, there was a source of new delight. The good old tale of Venice brought us friends in the fascinating and romantic characters of the signiors and ladies of medieval Venice. The performance which we gave diverted our attention and exercised our fancy. We were transported to a new world and altogether an attractive one. We lived in the unreal void of material concerns. We met our friends, talked to our ladies and ordered our servants about, with perfect ease.

When we bid farewell to a friend, we fondly recollect the hours we have spent with him in the past; and so let us take ourselves back through the changing scenes of "The Merchant of Venice." The curtain rises and warm

* The Kuravas are weavers of grass mats.

friends, Gratiano among them, try to distract the sad Antonio with their soothing words. They disappear and Bassanio and Antonio are left together. By reasons both unaccountable and unknown to us, Bassanio receives the best of obligations, which as a friend Antonio chooses to discharge. We are quickly taken over a scene in a room in the residence of the rich heiress of Belmont, where we discern in our heroine a witty conversationalist of great powers. We then come to the important discussion that springs up when the loan has to be raised from Shylock. Bassanio is eager to have the money, Antonio is not above assuming the haughty tone of the Christians of his time, and Shylock is supremely reasonable, and in the bloody bond which he lightly demands of Antonio and which is lightly given by him we dimly descry his bloody purpose. The African prince obtrudes himself on our attention in a short scene and the fool Launcelot then comes on the stage. He is a vulgar fellow of poor wit, void of all filial respect towards his father. Jessica appears devoted to her lover and ready to quit the hell of her father's house. Lorenzo arranges for a masque with his faithful friends. Then comes a scene that has been called pathetic. Jessica has been accused of callous treachery towards her father. For my part, when he delivers the keys and gives Jessica words of prudent caution, Shylock wearies us with his extreme worldliness. And how is Jessica to blame? She is not the stupid girl that Christian commentators would represent her to be. Jewish education was rich enough to sharpen her intellect, to the point of admiring a Lorenzo. Her love is powerful and will not brook any sort of hindrance to obtain its object. She would lose her father and her faith for the sake of her husband. She is one of many such devoted wives of Shakespeare's creation. She is not different from the charming Desdemona, who says:

I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education

but here's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my Lord.

Nor is Jessica wanting in feminine delicacy, when she had been emboldened by her passion to desert her father. She says:

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange.

But she is clever enough to justify herself:

But love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;

As to her taking away jewels and ducats, it was not that she greedily caught hold of what she could lay hands upon, but that she *did not*

mind carrying with her what she considered to be dreadfully wasted at home.

We then smile at the gentle riddance of Morocco. We are told of Shylock's excitement at the disappearance of his daughter and his ducats and are warned about Antonio's losses at sea. We then behold a coxcomb who frankly admits:

With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.

We next come to an important scene. Shylock is bent on revenge that "savours of nobility", when he assumes with indignation the cause of his down-trodden race. But Shylock soon betrays his mean nature—the love of material wealth for its own sake. The last feeling of sympathy towards him in the desertion of his daughter is removed when he says: "I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!" Shylock's memory of Leah is remarked by critics as showing a better side of him. Though Shylock has been evidently capable of love once in his life, he has decidedly outlived his youthful tenderness. Next comes the scene which is commonly called the "central" one in the play. This is the famous casket scene in which Bassanio makes his choice with success. "Holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lottery, that he hath devised in these three caskets of gold, silver, and lead, whosoever of who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love." Perhaps there is not much significance in the inscriptions borne by the caskets to afford one scope to "choose his meaning." But once let into the secret, we easily distinguish the right casket. The "holy" father of Portia had a righteous contempt for showiness and so has placed Portia's portrait in the least attractive of the caskets—the leaden one. "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath," is similarly chosen to demand a spirit of self-sacrifice on the part of the suitor. News of Antonio's peril at the hands of Shylock takes away Bassanio to Venice. The ready sympathy which Portia evinces for her husband's friend draws forth the deserved praise from Lorenzo.

You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.

In another scene we see the merchant Antonio in the custody of the rather lenient gaoler and we cannot reconcile with Antonio's dignity his humble supplication,

Here me yet, good Shylock.

The haughty bearing which we have seen in Antonio when he was in better fortune and the humility now assumed in his distress do not speak well for his honour. Portia conceives a daring plan to wrest Antonio from Shylock's clutches and starts for Venice with her maid Nerissa. Our attention is then drawn to a short scene in which we see Jessica and Lorenzo and Launcelot. There is absolutely no reason to believe that Jessica was light-hearted and frivolous. Her words are simple and noble: "I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian." We next follow the trial. The persistent villany of Shylock is only well-matched by the ingenuity of Portia. She has tried to dissuade him by appealing to his mercy. Not yielding to it, Shylock earns the severe sentence of confiscation of his property and the taking away of his life. Shylock's motive for revenge is not noble. His attempt at the life of Antonio seems only to have been because Antonio had been a thorn in his way of accumulating money and had hindered him half-a-million, rather than that he ill-treated the Jews. When Portia pointed out that he should not shed one drop of Christian blood, without danger to himself, Shylock does not mind relinquishing his revenge and clings to whatever material profit is at hand: "I take this offer then; pay the bond thrice and let the Christian go." Shylock is nevertheless a most dignified person. In all conditions he preserves his dignity and the most touching words are uttered when he says: "I pray you, give me leave to go from hence; I am not well; send the deed after me, and I will sign it." The solemnity of these words is the desperation which his Jewish feelings have reached, and I should certainly believe that Shylock left the court only to speedily put an end to his life himself and escape the sacrilegious demands of his rival Antonio. The play is now over, but we are treated to a bit of comedy. Portia's trick of the ring is only another proof of the robust humour which is in her and that is sure to enliven the life of herself and her husband. We then listen to the brilliant moonlight talk of Lorenzo and Jessica, that has won for them the reputation of being a most loving couple. The trick of the rings serves to explain the disguise at court in a natural and beautiful manner and the play ends joyfully.

P. R. K.



The Evening Star

*When the day was yielding to night's soft power,
And a Sabbath quiet owned the hour,
I gazed till the stillness possess my soul,
And my heart breathed harmony with the whole.*

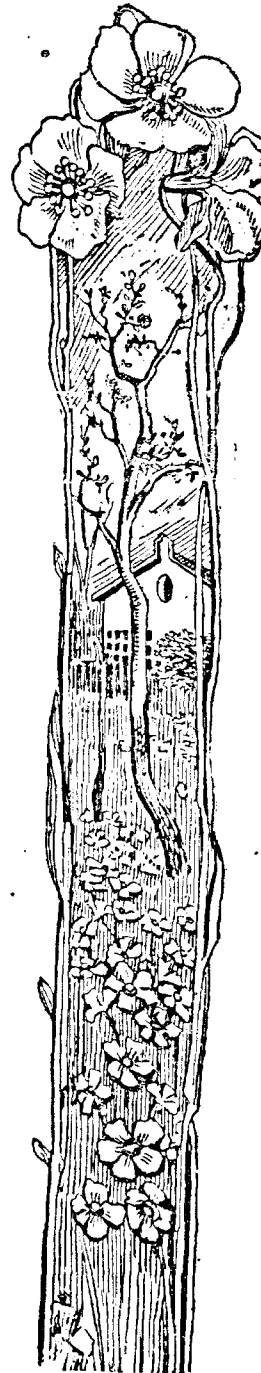
*I watched while the sunset's rich golden hue
Paled upward till lost in heaven's own blue;
And, still as I gazed on this fading light,
The evening star shone on my ravished sight.*

*Its glorious beams hallowed this scene of peace,—
When, o'er the horizon float clouds of fleece,
Which blackeneth, and threatened to hide from view
My beauteous star, in its home of blue.*

*Hope waned, as higher and broader it rose,
Ruthlessly hiding the sunset glows,
When lo! in the centre it parts afar,
And leaves a clear path for my calm bright star.*

*Meet emblem, methought of God's children blest,
To that star in its home of cloudless rest,
From whose path He oft parts dark clouds that lower,
And whose shining declares His grace and power.*

M. S.



Guna Bhushani

(AN INDIAN ROMANCE)

CHAPTER VII

What kind of influence did Guna Bhushani bring to bear upon the selection of a husband for herself? This question meets us at the very threshold of the larger question of her marriage. The answer to this query brings us to the consideration of her position in the family, and the place assigned to her in the disposal of the vital question of her own future happiness. As we have already stated, she was passing through the stage of advanced girlhood at the time when the talk of her marriage came to be warmly discussed. She might say "yes or no" in respect of every candidate chosen to be her partner in life if she could. But as it was, she willingly assigned to the care of her parents the responsible task of knitting her to one in every way worthy of her exalted position in life. She was herself an anxious follower of every incident, either big or small, which bore upon the question of her marriage. This was in accordance with the then prevailing custom too, in virtue of which the responsibility of selecting a suitable bridegroom rested with the parents of whom the father held the dominant voice. The many restrictions founded upon nearness of blood greatly narrowed the field of selection, while grave political considerations invested the question of the Pandyan Princess's marriage with difficulties of a special character. As we have seen already, the aged Pandyan King had to contend against tremendous odds before he did persuade himself to select Vikrama as his son-in-law, for, he was not only a Pandyan by birth but had also the preferential claim of consanguinity outside the pale of shastraic prohibition. Indeed, Vikrama would have been by this time the centre of universal affection and regard in the Pandyan city but for the grave political offence alleged against him. It ought not to be supposed, however, that the aged ruler of the Pandyan House did intend to precipitate the marriage of his daughter because of his love to the Commandant-General or of his revived aversion to Vikrama on account of his supposed misconduct. He could not have postponed the marriage of his daughter to an indefinite period. At best it was possible for him to suspend it till the advent of an age of discretion although he was not, by any custom or otherwise, bound to wait till then. In all probability Guna Bhushani would have embraced marital life long before she wished for it but for the complexity of circumstances already referred to. As it was, she was spared the humiliation of consenting to a match without

knowing what she was consenting for. She reached the age of reason and thought, and it was but fair that she must have a potent voice in a matter affecting her own happiness. It was an open secret that she inwardly hated the Commandant-General for his fierce appearance and uncouth manners. That he was a Chola by birth only tended to augment the force of her aversion to him. She would have willingly entered her strong protest against the selection made, but such an attitude on her part would be, as she thought, subversive of the training she had, which begot in her a feeling of implicit obedience to the decision of her parents which she considered could not offend against her own interests. Such a thought, springing from rigid training, completely divorced from her every kind of thought of free discussion, but she consoled herself with the reflexion that at no distant date an opportunity might occur when she could make her mind clear to her parents. She had not to wait long for such an opportunity. One day Guna Bhushani found herself in the midst of her companions at home—one of them was the minister's daughter. The maid-servant, who had always attended upon the princess was an elderly woman of fifty summers, whose affection for the subject of her devoted service was equalled, if at all, by her solicitude to know the real mind of Guna Bhushani as regards the selection of Vija Chola as her husband. The minister's daughter was yet to be married and her familiarity with the King's daughter naturally led her to joke with her royal friend, now and then reminding her of her proposed marriage.

"You will not certainly forget me, your early companion, Guna, after your marriage" said Saraswathi, the minister's daughter.

"That, she will not, Saraswathi, when she is to be married to one so dear to your father," interposed Nilavathi, the maid-servant.

"No,—no, I can't then frequent her house as I do now and she will naturally forget me altogether," replied Saraswathi.

"Why do you talk of my marriage, Nilavathi, when some other pleasing topic ought to make us more cheerful" uttered Guna Bhushani, whose sighs made amends for the absence of a free opening of her mind.

"How not pleasing, madam, when nothing pleases your parents so much as your happiness?" enquired the maid-servant.

"Why, don't you know, Nilavathi, that maids in modesty always say 'no' to that which pleases them most?" said the minister's daughter.

"When are you to be married, Saraswathi? why do you hide your face?" said the Pandyan

Princess, intending to divert the talk from her own marriage.

"Her father will soon decide that, and I have even heard that her marriage is to come off soon after yours," replied Nilavathi.

"Let my parents then decide my marriage. What have I to do therein? Everything will take place according to fate, which must be as old as my birth" observed the King's daughter.

"Don't you like the man?" enquired the aged maid-servant.

Guna Bhushani would have spoken out of the abundance of her heart if she had returned the emphatic answer "No," but such a plain speaking on so delicate a subject would be far from being common and she had therefore recourse to a roundabout way of saying what she meant. After a short silence, during which she was able to free herself from natural shyness, she said:

"It is true, Nilavathi, that my father's kinsman was brought down here in chains and thrown into prison."

"You did see him that day, Madam, when he was marched to the gaol by the side of our palace" replied Nilavathi.

"Yes, yes, Is he the man? His young age and beautiful shape have been shamed by his misdeed. Is it so? Nilavathi?" asked the Princess.

"Just so, Madam, he has inherited his father's malice and he is now punished for it" said Nilavathi.

"My father is really blind to what appears just and proper. How do you think, Nilavathi, that he deserves such a treatment from my father? Who else is there except him to rule the people after my father?" said Guna Bhushani.

"To rule your heart too, I see", hinted Saraswathi who readily perceived the bent of her royal mate's inclination.

"If that were possible" hinted Guna Bhushani.

"What is there that you willed that has been denied to you, Guna" queried Saraswathi.

"I get everything that I will, but everything I get is not what I will," replied Guna Bhushani.

The maid-servant was perfectly satisfied that her King's daughter was far from liking the Chola Prince. It was abundantly clear that the Princess's inclination was towards Vikrama whose "young age and beautiful shape" would seem to have captivated her yearning heart. Nilavathi lost no time in acquainting her royal masters with what had transpired between her and the royal princess. But what would be the effect of such a representation when the minds of the King and the Queen were poisoned more than ever, against Vikrama, whose innocence

had yet to gain its ascendancy over unmitigated perfidy? We shall not, however, attempt an answer, but will ask the reader to await the development of events which eventually helped our bashful maiden in securing the object of her love.

CHAPTER VIII

It needs no imagination of the reader to conceive that ever since the banishment of Prince Vikrama from his kingdom, King Rajendra, had been overtaken by serious misgivings as to the probable political consequences that might flow from the unascertained movements of the Pandyan prince. Could he win the lost favor of his kinsman, the Pandyan ruler and after marrying his daughter, Guna Bhushani, strengthen his claims for the Pandyan throne? Could it be his desire to forestall the doom of the Chola House by loosening, as far as possible, the tie of friendship that now subsisted between the two Houses and by preventing any possible future alliance?

Could it ever arise that Prince Veerasana in the intensity of his desire to throw into the shade the popular claims of Prince Adhondai to the throne, would enter into willing alliance with prince Vikrama and thus pave the way for future disturbances? Such was the line of thought that, for a time paralyzed the mental equilibrium of the great Chola King. Every effort to ascertain the whereabouts of the banished prince failed him and with each failure the possibilities of the future became more and more darkened in his view. Wild rumours were often times translated into real truths, and actions having undesirable effects were precipitated on the strength of such rumours. It was not till the news of the incarceration of Prince Vikrama reached his ears, that the King was able to resume his normal condition of thought only to surcharge it with the burden of his original desire to secure the friendship of his Pandyan rival by marrying his son to Guna Bhushani.

"Now is the time", he said to himself, "now or never could I hope to effect my purpose. Prince Vikrama is doomed for ever. The loss of his liberty is a distinct gain to me. I will lose no time in fitting up an envoy to the Pandyan ruler for the purpose of negotiating the marriage." So saying he hurriedly called his minister to his side and acquainted him with the object of his being sent for. The minister knew what the King was about and he could not dare to dissuade him from his set purpose. He had no other alternative than to set out for the Pandyan city, accompanied by the usual paraphernalia, of a Royal Mission. The Pandyan King could have least expected such an immediate return of friendship on the part of his unwelcome neighbour, but the rules of diplomacy

forbade him from extending to the mission anything but a cordial reception. The minister was received with honor and was conducted to the richly carved Darbar Hall whose exquisite beauty and elegant taste of workmanship dazzled the eyes of the distinguished visitor. The hall was typical of the highest pitch of eastern architectural skill. The more the minister looked round it, the more he became impressed with the immeasurable resources of the Pandyan ruler. The shining gold and silver that adorned the Royal throne loudly proclaimed the unlimited wealth of the Pandyan Chief. The rich and highly finished carvings on the massive walls furnished the best evidence that the country had reached the acme of her greatness in the art. The principal officers of state including the Commandant-General and its Deputy were seated in their respective seats. The Chola Minister having made due obeisance to the King addressed him as follows:—

"I do beseech you, my Lord, pray pardon me. I have come to communicate to your Royal pleasure the command of my sovereign".

"What could be the wish of your sovereign, sir, who had so lately thought otherwise of my friendship with him?" replied the King.

"No, my leige, it is his pleasure to offer your majesty his sincere greetings".

"Well, I can understand his sincerity, minister, if his deeds coincide with what his mind speaks" interrupted the King.

"Wherein my sovereign has wronged your majesty, I can't see, my Lord" exclaimed the minister.

"Let it pass. What is the immediate object of your mission to me?" enquired the King.

"It is my command to acquaint your Majesty with the pleasure of my sovereign to marry his son Athondai to your daughter and I beseech your grace to accept the proposal," submitted the minister.

"Verily, I could believe the sincerity of the proposal, if it can atone for the past hasty conduct of your sovereign," said the King.

"I cannot see my way to understanding you, my Lord," said the minister.

"Had you any share in the latest infamy of your sovereign in aiming at my throne in support of the unjust claims of my outlawed kinsman who is now in gaol?" asked the wounded Pandyan King.

"Your kinsman"! my Lord. "Why, he was banished long ago by my sovereign" said the minister.

"Banished! Why! Did your king command you to say so?" said the King.

"I beseech you, my Lord, believe me that he was banished for his treasonous aims against my sovereign. My king hated him most and

the hate which he bore should belie the chances of any support to your kinsman," submitted the minister.

The Commandant-General who was so close to the person of the Pandyan sovereign could ill-afford to be silent lest to do so would be to court his ruin. Smarting under the dictates of a guilty conscience, he stepped forward and with bended knees addressed the King as follows:—

"O, my Lord, it is treason that prompted this mission to your Majesty. Deep rooted are the purposes of the Chola King and his recent unlawful attack was but a prelude thereto. I entreat your Lordship to dismiss this mission immediately". These words which could not be seconded by any other in point of poignancy and travesty of truth made a deep impression on the mind of the Pandyan King. No less did they evoke the righteous indignation of the Chola minister and the God-fearing military officer, who accompanied Prince Vikrama on his now unfortunate journey. Before the former could gather strength to refute the assertions of the guilty Commandant-General, the latter emboldened himself into a step further from his assigned seat and with folded hands said:—

"O my Leige, pray audience for a word or two. Pursuant to your Royal commands, I travelled far and wide in search of Prince Vikrama till I found him in the forest close by. His appearance and everything about him betokened the dismal grip of serious misfortune. No sooner did I begin my conversation with him than I came to know that he was your Lordship's kinsman. Supporting him by many encouraging words, I brought him hither. Just as we were approaching the precincts of this city, the Commandant-General with a few troopers fell upon the Prince, seized him and threw him into prison". "And yet you uttered not a word" interrupted the King. "I could not," my Lord, "Vijja Chola had everything his own way and my protest would have rebounded against myself" submitted the honest officer.

"This is the darkest of lies my Lord," interposed the self-reliant General.

"I am amazed at these disclosures," cried out the Chola minister.

"There is something strange in this episode. Either a vicious plot is thickening or truth is being trifled with" murmured the puzzled King.

"The honor of this ancient House is at stake, my Lord," said the Pandyan minister.

"Yes it is. So also that of the Chola House," hinted the Chola minister.

In the intensity of his love for the assailed Chief of his army, the old King could not suffer anything to be said against him. He could not

believe in the Chola King, much less in the reported innocence of his kinsman. The King thought it prudent enough to send back the Chola minister and his party to their Kingdom as either the innocence or the guilt of his kinsman would have very little effect in inducing him to ignore the paramount claims of Vikrama or Vijja Chola for the hand of Guna Bhushani, according to their respective liability for the alleged crime.

No sooner had the Chola minister left the Pandyan King much disappointed, than the latter made it known that a public enquiry would be held into the alleged misconduct of his trusted General.

Could he face an enquiry of the kind proposed? This was the general talk on the lips of all. Even the beguiled Pandyan King had a crude awakening of a suspicion against his general, whose paramount position and boundless influence in the State did not fail to create considerable excitement over the matter. The public were anxious enough to have an open enquiry, and the articulate cries of sympathy for the incarcerated prince had no other meaning than that a change was gradually upsetting the scale of public estimation of the guilty Commandant. Conflicting were the thoughts that tormented him in his chamber during the interval that preceded the proposed enquiry.

"What, if Vikrama happens to be his kinsman, I am more in his confidence than the tainted prince," said he to himself. Such a spirit of self-complacency which wrought so much evil on his otherwise good and honorable character did not desert the misguided general even at the hour of his trial. But then he was conscious of the grave consequences that should befall him in case he was found guilty of the heinous charge laid against him. His sad knowledge of the apparent indifference of Guna Bhushani towards himself would seem to have considerably shaken the buoyancy of spirit which left him at a time when it was most needed. Shaken in his hopes, defeated in his purpose and positively odious to the feeling of the general public, the fallen Chola Prince was unable any longer to withstand the fury of the indirect assaults made on his character. Nothing yet remained for him but to make good his escape from the Pandyan Kingdom. Just at midnight, when a general lull took the place of the bustle of the day, the affrighted Chola Prince fled from the Capital with his future hopes fondly centred upon the aggressive ambition of the reigning Chola King. Such a hasty but prudent turn of mind saved the run-away prince from what would otherwise have caused perpetual grief and shame. It further established the guilt of the general

and the innocence of the injured Prince Vikrama, who now became the idol of the people and the object of fervent affection on the part of the Pandyan ruler. Forthwith was he liberated from the prison and the eyes of all were now fixed upon him as the only suitable husband for the King's daughter. Great were the rejoicings throughout the city at the redemption of the prince from the cruel hand of treachery and malice. The Pandyan King, just in the eventide of his life, was fortunate enough to disown an act of indelible shame which would have forever diminished the lustre of his ancient House. The two scions of the Royal House met for the first time on terms of great cordiality, which showed that the past had been buried in oblivion. Even the Queen seemed to have become better disposed towards the redeemed prince, who now appeared to her to be far more acceptable than the guilty Commandant, for the Pandyan throne. To crown the climax of such events, the heart of the coy maiden, Guna Bhushani, warmly echoed the universal joy that was felt at the prospect of her legitimate desire being gratified. It only remained for the aged King to realize the ruling passion of his life—to couple the happiness of his only daughter with the seemingly bright future that lay before Prince Vikrama.

CHAPTER IX

It seemed as if the match between Prince Vikrama and Guna Bhushani had been planned by the free intermingling of two hearts that bore a common soul. They possessed in common several estimable qualities that largely contributed towards the solidity of their mutual affection and good-will. The vicissitudes of Vikrama's past career had closely allied him to a deep moral conviction that the stronghold of honesty and manliness was unassailable even by the strong hurricane of piercing adversity. The Pandyan Princess was as strongly wedded to this principle of life as the rigidity of her early training forced her to be. It was an admirable discipline of mind aiming at the conquest of temporary reverses of cloudy days by the sublime ray of moral rectitude, that marked their future actions under the most exacting circumstances and tempting environments with several bright spots. Vikrama was free from attachment to petty human cravings and a feeling of a loftier conception of human existence strongly grew in him. Such a leaning towards the higher ideals of life exactly coincided with the inborn disposition of the Pandyan maid whose mind was foreign to every kind of sordid passion for power and influence. Vikrama found in his kinsman's daughter all the graces of a royal maid, the virtues of a good housewife,

and above all, the promptings, of the kindest touch of love. She had never set the seal of her approval upon the doings of Vijja Chola the late Commandant-General and the hatred she bore for his unguarded actions and aggressive ambition would have reverberated upon something disastrous to the state had the old Pandyan King insisted upon his original plan of marrying her to the condemned General. On the other hand, she found in the liberated Pandyan Prince the element of all royal virtues that forbade any future militant career. She missed in him even the rudiments of a tainted disposition for abuse of power and truth. His stately appearance, faultless demeanour and graceful resignation to the cold and cruel touch of adverse circumstances greatly captivated her yearning heart and drew forth from her abundant signs of an irrepressible passion of love. The State officials were entrusted with divers duties connected with the marriage. The private exchequer of the Royal household was opened to every kind of luxury which the occasion warranted. Great was the joy among the numerous maid-servants attached to the place who looked to the great event with excessive delight. They vied with one another to make every one of them more marked and better appreciated than the other. The chief of them was in ecstasy at the approaching festivities. She was vociferous in her orders to the subordinate maids and was seen everywhere with some business or other engaging her perturbed mind. The hand-maid of jealousy did not fail to make its appearance in the midst of a selfish choir of maids, every one of whom wanted to outwit the other in the keen struggle for royal appreciation. It was usual for Nilavathi, the head maid-servant, to attend to the personal fitting up of the princess, but so great was the competition for this more advantageous employment, that one day when Nilavathi was otherwise engaged, another usurped the coveted office and for a time made herself detestable to the senior maid, who had recourse to other means to curb the spirit of her uncouth rival.

Brahmins from every nook and corner of the kingdom arrived at the capital in countless numbers several days before the royal dispensation of charities pertinent to the occasion. Pandits learned in Vedic scriptures were sent for from distant lands to couple the mirth of the occasion with the solemnity of their learning. Private enterprise did not fall short of the required stimulus for concentrated action expressive of the deepest loyalty and the keenest solicitude for the eternal prosperity of the royal couple.

Arrangements were set on foot on a lavish scale for the reception and accommodation of

Grandees and Chiefs from other kingdoms. The hearts of the people leapt with joy at the return of happy days for the Pandyan House. In the midst of their hearty blessings and unrestrained delight, Prince Vikrama and Guna Bhushani became united in solemn wedlock. The aged king and his anxious Queen were highly gratified at the fruition of an event which for a time had baffled their fond hopes and besmeared their plans with complex issues. The former had now secured his long wished for rest and solitude and he lost no further time in divesting himself of the burdens of sovereignty by accelerating the coronation of Prince Vikrama as the King of the Pandyan State.

V. VENKATACHARI.

Female Education in Travancore



EDUCATION in Travancore is progressing more satisfactorily than in British India and in other Native States. Roughly, the proportion of literates to illiterates in Travancore is 124 in every thousand, while it is 83 in the progressive State of Baroda, 63 in the Madras Presidency, and 51 in the Mysore State. In point of female education also, Travancore occupies the same enviable position.

According to the latest official report, there are 236 schools intended solely for girls which number shows an increase of 27 schools during the last year of the Malayalam Era. Government encouragement and Private enterprise go hand in hand in the educational progress of the Travancore girls. Last year the Government increased the number of institutions considerably, but elementary education was supported much more than secondary education. It is again remarkable that Higher Grade elementary schools increased more than the Lower Grade. Out of the 236 schools, 84 are Government institutions, 123 private aided, and 29 private unaided.

The girls attending the school increased during the last year by 5,262. The increase in strength as well as number was made in Sircar as well as private schools. The total number of girls is now calculated as 58,639 which is a percentage of 26.7 of the female population of school-going age. Out of this large number of girls under instruction, 36,855 girls are attending mixed schools, or schools intended for boys. Apparently, co-education at least in the lower classes is not repulsive to the community.

Though there has been till now no lady lawyer in Travancore, female education is not confined to any particular class or grade of schools. Out of the total number of girls, 12 are in Colleges (there are two Colleges, one for boys and one for girls, both maintained by the Sircar), 1,053 in Secondary Schools, 57,118 in Elementary Schools, and 456 in Special Schools. Female education is hence well distributed.

Taking Higher Education into consideration 7 young ladies were attending the Intermediate classes, and 5 ladies were attending the B.A. Degree Courses. A Nair lady, now Mrs. Raman Pillai, passed B.A., and the whole community were rightly proud of her distinction.

The female pupils of the technical schools are specially taught lacemaking, embroidery, and other arts. In Trivandrum, the Capital of the State, there is a Normal School for Female Teachers. Higher Education becoming more popular, there will be no doubt for lady teachers in the near future. The ladies will then enter the newly opened Teachers' College as much as they do the Arts College.

These are not vain hopes but are full of possibilities. At present the department has difficulty in obtaining female Teachers, which difficulty hampers the progress of female education, especially in the higher grades. But the opening of more secondary schools in good centres where there is least prejudice, and by the system of the School Leaving Certificate which will lighten the severity of examination, the Director of Public Instruction hopes to find a large and sufficient supply of female teachers.

Report on the Progress of the Education of Widow Pupils in the Mysore State, 1909-1910

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE DEVARAO
BAHADUR CHARITY EDUCATION FUND.



IN this period about 50 widow pupils received help with scholarships from the fund. While reporting on the progress in general, it is to be noticed that the progress of widow pupils helped from this Fund in several of the out-station girls' schools, other than those in the district headquarters, was found unsatisfactory on account of inferior

teaching and from indifference and absence of diligence on the part of the pupils. While female education itself is much less appreciated, the education of widows has not made any impression. Hence no appreciable progress has yet been made in the education of girl-widows in the Taluk Kasaba girls' schools and, in smaller centres, proportionate to the labour and money spent. The opening of a Widows' Home in Mysore, under the direct benevolent patronage of His Highness the Maharaja, forms the keystone of the scheme of the education of widows. A few widow-pupils from different parts of the State have joined the Widows' Home. The progress made here by some of these was remarkable, while on the whole it was far more satisfactory than in the mofussil girls' schools. A period of three years is the average time for an adult widow-pupil of fair intelligence to appear for the Kanarese Lower Secondary Examination as per experience in this Institution. To quote an instance: A widow pupil, who had been a scholarship holder from this Fund for about five years, was reading in the Nagar girls' school for the Lower Secondary Examination. She appeared from that school in 1907, but failed. She then came to join the Widows' Home in Mysore, where she was found far from fit for the V Standard; and it required two years of a systematic course of instruction to bring her up to that standard. There was another pupil of a similar stamp from Koratagere. The contrast between the progress of the pupils studying in the Widows' Home in Mysore, and those in the girls' schools described above is very striking. Consequently, it is desirable to get backward pupils up from outside girls' schools to join the Widows' Home here for preparation.

Some of those girls' schools, teaching up to the III Standard, make a feeble effort to send up pupils to the Lower Secondary Examination; but the education is inferior and unsatisfactory. For these reasons, the widow pupils from out-stations joining the Widows' Home, Mysore, are given preference in the award of scholarships.

A retrospect of the education of widows, which commenced under the patronage of this Fund, may not be found uninteresting here.

Within five years after the opening of the Maharane's Girls' School (now College) the education of girl-widows was considered necessary with a view to training them as School Mistresses, as the married girls were taken away early to undertake the cares and functions of family life. Also the education of poor orphan girl-widows demanded attention for the amelioration of their condition. For, while the

education of the depressed classes is engaging on the attention of the public, that of our orphan girl-widows is far more imperative. But the ignorance and prejudice of orthodox people, which at first opposed even ordinary female education, severely condemned this work of humanity and progress. Consequently this movement has been quite an up-hill work.

The early admissions in the Maharanee's College were brought about as follows:—

Home teaching was organised with a few elderly orthodox pandits as teachers attached to the Maharanee's College. They went about to teach in their own houses elderly girls or young women, several of whom were widows. And these Home students were given scholarships. They were required to attend the college once a month to be examined in the lessons they had done. Gradually some of these widow-pupils were drafted to the college itself as regular students. This process tended to the training as teachers of grown-up pupils.

Two temporary Widows' Homes, one at Melkote and the other in Mysore, the former known as Sadhu Sadan and the latter as Savitri Sadan, both worked by private agency, prepared a number of widow pupils for admission into the Maharanee's College.

His Highness the late Maharaja was graciously pleased to sanction that a portion of the interest of the Deva Raj Bahadur Charity Fund should be utilised for the grant of scholarships to widow pupils. The example set in Mysore, the capital of the State, for the attendance of widow pupils at school, was followed in Bangalore, Tumkur and other District headquarters and latterly at Taluk headquarters and certain other mofussil stations also.

The demand for scholarships increasing with the increased attendance, the Government very generously instituted a few State Widow Scholarships to the extent of Rs. 230 a month; while the Deva Raj Bahadur Fund contributed Rs. 207. Scholarships from these two sources have been spread over the whole State, supporting about 140 widow pupils under tuition, including those in the Maharanee's College.

This system of encouraging the education of girl-widows all over the State, with a central Widows' Home located in Mysore working towards the same end, will, it is hoped, prove in course of time, an ample feeder for the Maharanee's College, for higher education, and turn out educated young women with the requisite qualifications, to enable them to earn their livelihood in the various departments which are appropriately considered woman's field.

The scholarship holders of the Deva Raj

Bahadur Charity Fund are at present from the following institutions:—

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------------------|
| I. BANGALORE | 1. City Govt. Girls' School. |
| II. TUMKUR | 2. Chamarajpet Girls' School. |
| III. MAHADI | Empress Girls' Schol. |
| | Government Girls' School. |
| IV. MYSORE | 1. Maharanee's College. |
| | 2. Widows' Home. |

During the period under review a larger number of applications than formerly were received. It was felt a pity not to take advantage of the same to help the applicants with scholarships, although the exact monthly limit of the income had to be exceeded. In several instances plague had carried off their boy-husbands, and the girl-widows, thus left helpless for life, were enabled under the influence of education to feel an interest in life.

To meet the large demand, the limits of the income of the Fund had to be exceeded, as on a former occasion, as shown in the report of the years 1903-1905. And this time the excess of the expenditure over the income is Rupees 899-6-4 to be recouped from the income of the next period; either by limiting the number of scholarships to effect the required saving, or by securing help from private sources.

A list (D) is also appended to this report of scholarship holders from this Fund, who received appointments as school mistresses, midwives or nurses.

It will be seen therefrom how much good has been done in fulfilling the object of this Fund.

It is to be noted that the somewhat elderly orthodox widows trained as teachers and sent out in the early first and second batches as school mistresses into district schools, although they may not have proved very efficient teachers, have popularised female education in their respective centres by the sympathy and respect they command from the people for their orthodox habits and character.

It may not be inapt here to state that the example set in Mysore of encouraging girl-widows with scholarships for education, has been followed by the Education Department of Madras, who have instituted a large number of scholarships with guardian allowances to encourage the widow pupils in their girls' schools. And the need is felt for Widows' Homes in different parts of India. The Social Conferences of late laying stress on this subject, afford a sure indication that the leaders of Hindu Society realize their duty to ameliorate, by education, the condition of the unfortunate girl-widows whose numbers have only to be reckoned by thousands all over India.

In conclusion, I beg to accord my hearty thanks to the trustees for the uniform support they have given me.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

A. NARASIM IYENGAR,

Honorary Secretary.

Baroness Von Suttner

ONE OF THE GREATEST WOMEN OF THE WORLD

(Selected from the Review of Reviews.)



JANE Adams was a democrat by descent and by conviction. Bertha von Suttner was an aristocrat by birth and by marriage.

Her certificate of baptism describes her as Bertha Sophia Felicita, Countess Kinsky of Chinic and Teitau, legitimate (posthumous) daughter of the Right Hon. Franz Joseph, Count Kinsky, retired Royal and Imperial Lieutenant, field Marshal, and actual Chamberlain. Jane Adams never married. So far as her book goes we have no hint that she ever felt any disposition to marry. With Baroness von Suttner marriage was the pivot of her whole existence.

As Jane Adams was prompted to found Hull House by the squalor of Mile End Road and the promise of Toynbee Hall, Baroness von Suttner tells us that it was the reading of the works of Spencer, Buckle, and Hodgson Pratt which opened her mind to take in the peace cause. It was a tract of the London Peace Association, founded by Hodgson Pratt, which started her on her career as a pacifist. So we have a share in both these famous women, who are great enough not to shrink from acknowledging their obligation.

Baroness von Suttner's book is very vivacious, especially in its earlier chapters, which deal with her life before she became a pacifist. She began by dreaming as a small child that she would be the bride of Francis Joseph. She got over that when he married Elizabeth. Then she fell head over ears in love with a young man with whom she danced, but who did not reciprocate her affection. Her first proposal of marriage was made when she was

thirteen. When she was seventeen she was betrothed to an elderly millionaire, but the first time he kissed her she was seized with such a violent revulsion of feeling she broke off the engagement. Then she fell in love with a prince from the Caucasus, but that also came to nothing. She devoted herself to singing in the hope that she would be a *prima donna*, and, from practising music with Prince Wittgenstein, fell in love with him. They were engaged to be married, but he died when on a voyage, to America. Her mother gambled away the family fortune owing to a belief in her clairvoyance, which, however, would not work in the gaming-house. Bertha thereupon decided to earn her own living, and accepted an engagement in the household of the Von Suttners. Here she met her destiny in the young Baron. It was a mutual passion, but a hopeless one, as the mother would not listen to the notion of a marriage which Bertha herself recognised as impossible. She therefore went as secretary and household manager to Alfred Nobel, the founder of the Nobel prizes. It was only for a little while, however. The young Baron and she found life insupportable without each other's company. They eloped together and lived happily ever afterwards. They were very poor, but they had friends in the Caucasus, where she earned a scanty living with her pen. After some years the Suttner family relented, and the young couple were received back, like returning prodigals, to the family seat at Harmanstadt.

During all these years, although she had lived through the Italian, the Danish, the Austrian, and the French wars, she took no interest in the question of war or peace. Nothing is more strange than the fact that a woman destined to be so prominent among the pacifists lived till her fortieth year in a state of absolute indifference to the question with which her name was destined to be so closely identified. Her first awakening came from the discovery, to her the most startling of all discoveries, that there were people in the world who regarded war as an evil to be combated. A friend casually mentioned to her one day that Mr. Hodgson Pratt had founded a Peace Association in London. She inquired eagerly into the strange phenomenon, and devoted a chapter to it in one of her books. At that time she had achieved quite a reputation as an author, although she wrote anonymously, and her books were all supposed to have been written by a man. One of them, indeed, was attributed to Max Nordau. Then suddenly, without any apparent outward call or inward vision, she set to work and her world-famous novel "Die Waffen Nieder"—"Lay Down Your Arms." Her chief interest in the story seems to have lain, at first at any rate, in

portraying her husband as the hero. She says—

I wanted to be of service to the Peace League, and how could I better do so than by trying to write a book which should propagate its ideas?

I wanted to give expression to the pain which the image of war burned into my soul; I wanted to present life, palpitating life, reality, historical reality, and all this could be done only in a novel and best in a novel written in the form of an autobiography. And so I went ahead and wrote "Die Waffen Nieder"—"Away with Weapons."

At first she tried in vain to find a publisher. The MS. was sent back to her again and again as quite impossible. One publisher said he would venture if the passages attacking militarism were expunged. This she indignantly refused to allow. At last a publisher was found who dared to bring it out. Its success was immediate and world-wide.

The most interesting passages in the book describe her correspondence and friendship with Alfred Nobel, which culminated in the foundation of the Nobel peace prize. It began strangely. Bertha was heart-broken by realising the apparent impossibility of marrying Baron von Suttner. His mother in order to provide her a way of escape called her attention to an advertisement in the daily paper. The advertisement read—

A very wealthy, cultured, elderly gentleman, living in Paris, desires to find a lady, also of mature years, familiar with languages, as secretary and manager of his household.

She answered the advertisement. The very wealthy gentleman was Alfred Nobel. She got the situation.

Speaking of Alfred Nobel, she says:—

To talk with him about the world and humanity, about art and life, about the problems of time and eternity, was an intense intellectual enjoyment. He kept aloof from social life; certain forms of shallowness, of falsity, of frivolity, filled him with wrath and disgust. He was full of faith in the abstract ideal of a coming loftier humanity—"when once people come into the world with better-developed brains"—but full of distrust of the majority of the men of his day, for he had to make the acquaintance of so many low, selfish, insincere characters. He was distrustful also of himself, and bashful even to the point of timidity. He regarded himself as repulsive; believed that he was incapable of inspiring sympathetic feelings; was always afraid that people were merely flattering him because of his enormous wealth.

The following extracts give in consecutive order the gradual evolution of Alfred Nobel's ideas on peace. When he read her "Lay Down your Arms," he wrote April 1st, 1890:—

I have just finished reading your admirable masterpiece. We are told that there are two thousand languages—one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine too many—but certainly there is not one in which your delightful work should not be translated, read and studied.

How long did it take you to write this marvel? You shall tell me when next I have the honour and happiness

of pressing your hand—that amazonian hand which so valiantly makes war on war.

Five years before, in 1885, he had written to her:—

What shall I tell you of myself, a shipwreck of youth, of joy, of hope? An empty heart whose inventory is a white—or grey—page?

In 1891, Alfred Nobel wrote rejoicing over her pleadings against "that horror of horrors—war," but, he added, "My thoughts are mostly wandering towards another common-wealth where silenced souls are misery-proof."

Later in the same year he sent her £80 towards the expenses of the Austrian Peace Society and the Roman Congress of Peace, but curiously enough like all other rich men he could not understand what great expenses either the Peace League or the Peace Congress can have to bear. He proceeds to propound a plan of his own—a one year's truce. He says:—

Would it be too much to ask, for example, that for one year the European Governments should engage to refer to a tribunal formed for this purpose any difference arising between them; or, if they should refuse to take this step, to defer every act of hostility until the expiration of the period stipulated?

And suppose that in spite of everything a quarrel should break out between two Governments, do you not think that nine times out of ten they would calm down during the obligatory armistice which they would have to respect?

In 1892 he came to the Peace Congress at Berne. After the Congress was over she and her husband visited Nobel at Zurich. She had then started a monthly review in the cause of peace, and proposed to send it to him with other publications, to give him not only information but enthusiasm. He replied:—

"All right, try for that—I like nothing so much as to be able to feel enthusiasm, a capacity which my experiences in life, and my fellow-men, have greatly weakened."

At Zurich Nobel and I even agreed that we would write a book together, a polemic against everything that keeps the world in wretchedness and stupidity. Nobel was very strongly inclined to Socialism in his views; thus, he said it was improper for rich men to leave their property to their relatives; he regarded great inheritance as a misfortune, for they have a paralysing effect.

Talking of how war might be stopped, Nobel said:—"Perhaps my factories will put an end to war sooner than your Congresses; on the day when two army corps may mutually annihilate each other in a second, probably all civilised nations will recoil with horror and disband their troops."

It was at this visit Nobel first propounded the idea of a peace prize. He said:—

I should like to dispose of a part of my fortune by founding a prize to be granted every five years—say six times, for if in thirty years they have not succeeded in reforming the present system they will infallibly relapse into barbarism.

The prize would be awarded to him or to her who had caused Europe to make the longest strides towards ideas of general pacification.

I am not speaking to you of disarmament, which can be achieved only very slowly; I am not even speaking to you of obligatory arbitration between nations. But this result ought to be reached soon—and it can be attained—to wit, that all States shall with solidarity agree to turn against the first aggressor. Then wars will become impossible. And the result would be to force even the most quarrelsome State to have recourse to a tribunal or else remain tranquil. If the Triple Alliance, instead of comprising only three States, should enlist all States, the peace of the centuries would be assured.

The Baroness kept Nobel constantly posted as to the progress of the peace movement. In his last letter to her, dated November 21st, 1896, he wrote:—

I am enchanted to see that the peace movement is gaining ground. That is due to the civilising of the masses, and especially to the prejudice hunters and darkness hunters, among whom you bear an exalted rank.

Alfred Nobel died on the 12th of the following December. A copy of his will was at once sent to her, and imagine her delight on finding that he had left a fifth of his immense fortune to provide an annual prize to be awarded

to that man or woman who shall have worked most effectively for the fraternisation of mankind, the diminution of armies, and the promotion of Peace Congresses.

Therein Baroness von Suttner saw the good seed which she had sown spring up and bear an abundant harvest. But for her there would have been no Nobel Peace Prize. It was only a somewhat tardy recognition of her work when the Norwegian Storting awarded her the Peace Prize in 1905.

I have not left myself space even to describe the story of her subsequent labours in the cause of peace. She has been diligent in season and out of season. She attended both the Hague Conferences and almost every other Peace Congress that has been held in Europe. She visited America, where her autobiography has now been published in an English translation.

In these two vivacious volumes Baroness von Suttner sketches with deft hand the notables she met.

One of her prettiest pen pictures is that of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Moscheles. Felix the husband, Grete the wife, were fused into one personality called Grelix. The Baroness says:—

Grelix's self is a pretty sight, he with his thick, snow-white hair crowning still fresh features and an elastic figure, she looking as if she might be his daughter, nice and delicate as a little doll, with gold-blonde hair tumbling about a rocco face.

Grete looked as if she were Felix's daughter, a dainty little Sevres figure; blonde hair, done up with the touch of genius and framing her face as with a mist of gold; a delicately cut and amusing visage—amusing because it was animated by mischievous dimples and sparkling eyes, and because the mouth, opening a trifling way

in speaking, disclosed among her white teeth an especially comical, conical, eye-tooth.

May the Baroness long be spared to carry on with undiminished energy her glorious apostolate for the world's peace!

News and Notes

THE CHINESE WOMEN AT HOME—Dr. Y. M. K. on Culture and Education. In China one expects to find the wisdom of the centuries overlaid with a thin crust of Western civilisation.

What is, however, curious is to discover that in the characteristics of the modern Chinese woman at home she has a parallel in most European countries. In China, in fact, families live patriarchally like the well-born Italian to day.

The virtual moving spirit of the home is the mother of the head of the family. "Ma Mere"—the despot whom every French bride bows the head—finds a counterpart in the Chinese home.

Like the German Hausfrau, too, she is domestic. She considers that in her role as housekeeper she fulfils her destiny. To make a man's home—the "inner court" of his life—comfortable is her high ideal. In her grasp of foreign literature and her knowledge of foreign customs a Chinese woman of the day who is highly educated is, besides, a keen rival of a cultured Russian or Dane.

In the enormous power of the older woman—the mother—lies the keynote of domestic harmony in the Chinese home. The woman at home as Dr. Ya Mei Kin pointed out in her recent address at the Lyceum Club, on the position of women in China, has a large social as well as a domestic role to play. In the management of her house and in everything connected with entertaining she has a free hand. Family functions are apt to repeat themselves rapidly when a house contains a modest population of a hundred members and betrothals must occur fairly often in a little household of this prescription. In the social arrangements concerning these functions the women act alone.

Tipping said Dr. Kin, is carried to even greater lengths in modern China than in Europe. Every guest invited to a dinner party brings a few servants, and each of these has to be tipped. She quoted the case of a dinner party in a Judge's house to which only four guests were asked. Each of these, however, brought a few special retainers and the servants in attendance numbered a modest twenty-five. As they all had not only to be fed but tipped, the expense of dinner giving can be understood.

On the birth of a child, a great deal of etiquette is observed on the subject of gifts. These have to be proportioned so that the donor may neither appear ostentatious nor servile. Every Chinese lady has to keep strict account of these presentations, so that should a like compliment be made to her household the exact counterpart may be returned.

Another matter which absorbs a great deal of the time of a Chinese woman is the preservation of food. All is done at home, in the absence of fruits and vegetables bottled and tinned in factories and were it not for these domestic cares, the menu would fare badly during the rest of the year when garden produce is out of season. In latter years, continued Dr. Kin, a great part of the religious observances such as the lighting of the sacrifices, has been left to womenkind. Men are somewhat lazy in these matters, and leave everything to their wives. The religious zeal of the men exhausts itself usually on performing their duties towards departed ancestors, although on New Year's Day and the day after the Temple of the God of Wealth proves the exception and usually crowded with men.

It must not be thought that the women of China, even of the old school, was surely a domestic and social machine. There have been occasions in her history of amazons who went out to fight alone or with their husbands, of great minds in literature, and of distinguished women artists. A taste for literature does not ostracize a woman. A Chinaman always thinks more of his wife if she can write poetry. A girl with literary tastes and a cultivated mind can generally make a better marriage. Culture in China is the accidental rather than the expected in a woman. They have not, however, reached the stage in China where the education of women is compulsory. In fact it is not as yet a necessity for men.

Kindergartens are springing up all over the country. The present difficulty lies in finding teachers who will be able to sketch out a kindergarten scheme adapted to Chinese needs and character. At the present moment the system is mainly on European lines. The demand for books is such at the present moment in China, that European works are being translated wholesale. There are many translators with excellent grasp of European languages who cannot, however, speak them. Dr. Kin mentioned that she had met a man on the far borders of Thibet who asked her if Sherlock Holmes really existed. Others are able to discuss Herbert Spencer and know every character in Dickens, as they do their own famous epics.

At the present moment there are six Chinese women studying in England. One is at Edin-

burgh. Dr. Kin was the first pioneer of her sex and went to America at the age of seventeen to study. In order to learn science, she was obliged at that time to take up medicine, the medical schools affording the only opening in those days for the subjects in which she was interested. In response to a suggestion of her Government, she has taken charge of a medical mission and training school in North China.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.—Dear sisters and brothers, so far what I have said regarding the education of children, I have included both girls and boys. Now I want to say something additional regarding the education of girls. Imparting of instruction commences with infancy and the infant learns from the mother, because it cannot do so from other sources. The habits and qualities of the mother find a natural reflection in the child. Those that are girls now are to become mothers of the coming generation. You can realize, therefore, that the foundations of knowledge rest on their shoulders. But I may add the warning that I do not want their case to be like that of *khumbis* (*fungi*) of whom the rain in *Bhadon* goes on raising a large crop on the one hand, while on the other the heat of the sun goes on destroying them. Similarly in the case of girls, it may not turn out that which the rain of new enthusiasm goes on bringing them forward in the field, the pressure of necessities may prove as a check. Why should not the mother teach her children at home, and the wife of the Ganthi give them instruction at the Dharmasala? In other words, why should we not avail of the present Dharmasalas? I do not say that you should not start schools. All I want is, that if you do so, do so on sound lines. Do not start them with this object that the name of your city may become known in this connection, but because we need them and we are determined to endeavour to meet this need. Therefore what I say is to encourage you in this undertaking. Dear sisters I specially address you when I say that in many cases those of your sex put obstacles in the way of education. For your own good you should help the cause. Strive for the education of the girls as you would for that of the boy. Not only this, if a Mohalla can boast of a single educated Sikh woman, she should give two hours of the noontime to the girls of her Mohalla so that from her sacrifice, many girls may become educated. The gifts of knowledge is the greatest of all gifts.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOM.—A decidedly curious marriage custom obtains in the Island of Himia, directly opposite the Island of Rhode

The Greeks, by whom it is peopled, subsist for the most part on the results of the sponge fishery. No girl in this Island is allowed to marry until she has brought up a certain number of sponges, which must be taken from a certain depth. In some of the other Greek Islands, however, this demonstration of ability is dominated by the men and if there are several suitors for the hand of any particular maiden she is not coy, and she does not of necessity bestow it on the one she regards with most favour, but her father hands her over to the man who can dive best, and in consequence bring up the largest number of sponges. That individual, it may be presumed, is in the paternal eye the one most likely to make the best provision for his wife—*Englishman*.

NINA TURATAVILOFF, a peasant woman at Telve, in the Caucasus, is probably the oldest person in the world. Early last month she celebrated 115th birthday. Though she is now quite incapable of using her limbs, she is still possession of her mental faculties.

A TAMIL LADY DOCTOR.—Miss Nallama Murugesan, who recently passed the L. R. C. P. & S. (Edinburgh) has been successful in the L. M. Examination, (Dublin as well.) After passing the former, she went to Dublin and worked in the Coombe Hospital. She returns on the 11th instant to Colombo, where it is said, she intends to practice.

MR. RAMANBHAI MAHIPATRAM NILKANTH, Secretary of the Widow Marriage Association, Ahmedabad, writes to us:—"A widow marriage was celebrated at Ahmedabad on the 12th instant under the auspices of the Widow Remarriage Association at the Social Reform Hall. Bai Sita, daughter of Lala Bhaichand, aged 20, of the Visa Shrimati Soni caste, resident of Santej (Baroda territory) was married to Maganiram Ghisaji, aged 45, of the Brahmania Shrimati Soni caste, resident of Pali (Marwar) but now residing at Ahmedabad. Bai Sita had become a widow at the age of 15."

Miss Florence Taylor Ward, of New York, whose father was a pioneer diamond miner in South Africa, has had one of the family jewels—a diamond weighing nearly three-quarters of a carat—set in one of her front teeth.

A School for Purdah ladies was opened on Tuesday last at Lucknow by Mrs. Leslie Porter. It was started in 1908 and has 50 Purdah ladies, to teach whom 4 lady teachers are employed. The chief object of the institution is to impart education to Hindu "parda nashin" ladies married, unmarried and widows, under

the strictest 'purdah' system and to teach them needlework. It is also contemplated to train widows of respectable families as teachers; for whom there is a great demand all round.

THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL arrived in London on the 8th. inst. The Standard in an eulogistic leader says, that she may properly be regarded as an ornament to her sex.

THE SILPA SAMITI of Calcutta will send a Hindu lady graduate to England for securing a teacher's diploma. The funds required have been collected.

WOMEN DIRECTORS ARE AN ALMOST UNKNOWN quantity in England, says the *Sphere*, though there should certainly be room for them on the Boards of some of our large industrial concerns. In America, they have achieved a great success in this capacity in several directions.

—**MISS PEARL J. SPROYLE**, M. B. of the Royal Free Hospital, London, who has just been admitted as a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, is the second woman to attain this distinction. The first was a Parsee lady graduate of the Bombay University.

WOMAN'S IDEAL.—The recent occurrence of a *Sati* in Calcutta with all the mystic, ghastly and hallowed associations of the middle age cult of India, seem to have excited the administration of a great many emotional minds in all parts of India. They seem to have definitely concluded that the lady who put an end to her life by committing *Sati* is thereby raised to the status of a goddess and is worthy of worship. This may lead to some other ladies imitating her example, and inasmuch as domestic and social conditions of women in India are by no means very unfavourable to the multiplication of *Satties* the old evil may have a temporary resuscitation. But the tendency to excessive admiration should be restrained. The incident in Calcutta is to be deeply deplored and should have been prevented by the near relations who ought to have known, at least, the highly emotional nature of the lady. If the Hindus had by their social practices made the life of the young widows fairly tolerable, there would perhaps be fewer cases of female suicides and other sufferings. There seems to be a morbid appreciation among some of this type of womanhood that would commit *Sutties* on the death of a husband. But we do not think either in ancient India nor in the present time this ideal womanhood has any large support. Why should any one end one's life merely because a partner with life is snatched away from this world? Neither the theory of Karma, in which

the bulk of the Hindus believe not the sanctity of wedded life requires:—*M. Standard.*

THE ANGLO-INDIAN NEWS AGENCY. We understand that the enterprising Indo-European Trading Society Ltd., will be pleased to place their services at the disposal of any Indian Gentlemen who contemplate a visit to England, to arrange for their comfort and reception on arrival, and to provide suitable accommodation should this be required.

This enterprise will no doubt be highly appreciated by those Gentlemen who would like to visit England but have been held back from doing so owing to the numerous anxieties always cropping up in a visit to a far away country.

The Indo-European Trading Society Ltd., is Indo-European in its composition, founded by Gentlemen of wide experience in Trade and Commerce and it is their aim to relieve Indian Friends and Patrons of these anxieties and to enable their countrymen to feel that they are not altogether Strangers in a Strange Land.

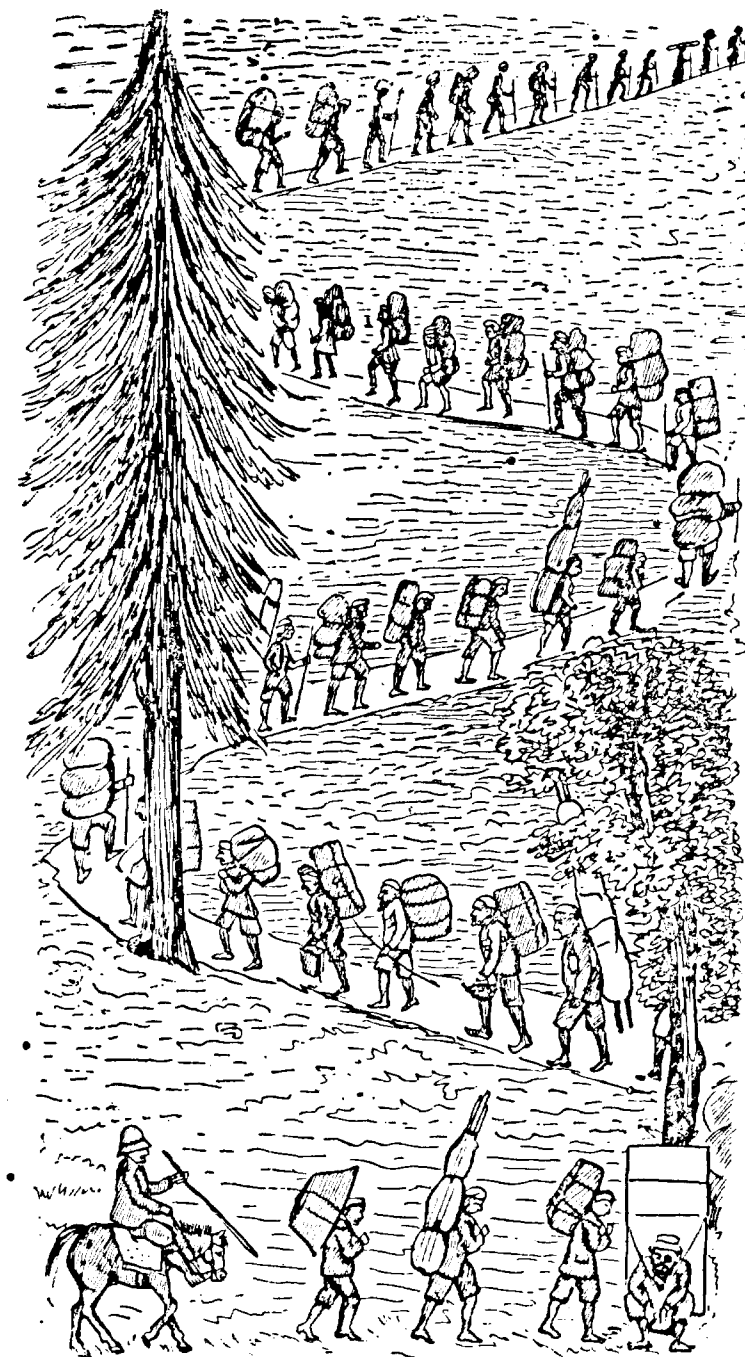
This attitude will be very highly appreciated and Indian Gentlemen availing themselves of their kind offer will we feel sure be very grateful to think that there are countrymen of their own so far away yet always ready to extend a hand of welcome and friendship.

Communications regarding this offer should be directed to the "Reception Secretary" The Indo-European Trading Society Ltd.; 227 and 228, Strand, London, W. C.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for April, 1911

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. X]

JUNE, 1911

No. 12

Sonnet—The Broken Bell

'Tis bitter-sweet on winter nights to note,
Beside the palpitating fire reclined,
The chimes, across the fogs, upon the wind,
Now loud, now low, now near, and now remote.
What recollections on that music float!
Blessed the bell that through the darkness blind
Sends honest greetings, consolations kind,
And solemn warnings from its lusty throat.
'Tis like a wakeful soldier,—mine, alas!
The soul-bell in me, can but give one cry,
Like that, a wounded soldier—o'er whom pass
Riders and horses, and around whom lie
The dead and dying in a tangled mass—
Utters, unable or to move or die.

Toru Dutt.

Glimpses of a Tour in Kashmir

(BY LADY BENSON)

VII



HERE are three "Hill Stations" in Kashmir to which residents and visitors resort in the summer to escape

from the heat of the river-valley of Kashmir. These three Hill Stations are Gulmarg, Pahlgam, and Sonnamerg. Gulmarg is the most easily reached, it has an hotel, and some 40 or 50 little wooden chalets, somewhat labelled by the name of "Nuts." Life at Gulmarg is gay and fashionable with golf, dinners, dances, and gymkhanas. At Pahlgam there are no houses, and no hotel, there is no golf course, and dinners, dances, and gymkhanas are unheard of. The same description applies to Sonnamerg.

Both at Pahlgam and Sonnamerg visitors come with a full equipment of tents for themselves, and servants, and camp in a fine forest slightly above the river. The only occupation and amusement at these two places is fishing for snow trout in the river, sketching the beautiful scenery, going for long mountain walks, and having ample leisure for reading, and needle work. Only those who enjoy a quiet country life should go to Pahlgam or Sonnamerg. It is desecration to spoil the lovely mountain air and solitudes with grumbles and regrets for the pleasures and excitements of society life! In ordinary years a great deal of rain falls in Pahlgam, and tent life is at such times fairly uncomfortable. It is not easy to get the tents dry under the trees, and the drip of rain in the gloom of a pine forest is depressing; fishing and walking become more or less impossible, and time is apt to hang heavily. In fine weather the expeditions up and down the river, and up into the "mergs" in the mountains, where the cattle are sent for pasture, vary the days most enjoyably. We were fortunate in having a particularly dry year for our Kashmir visit. On the other hand, there was a severe outbreak of cholera, which caused every one continued anxiety. The Maharajah's "Rest-house" was a pretty little pine-wood cottage, built on the slope of a high hill, commanding a fine view down the Pahlgam Valley, through which wends the river Liddar. The grounds around were a jungle of wild flowers and ferns. We were almost smothered with pink balsams, 4½ feet high, blue larkspurs, and giant spirea. The view from the verandah was down a mountain gorge, with

the ice waters of the Liddar dashing over rocks and boulders below, while very steep, pine-clad mountains rose up on either side. The little house consists of a small dining room, and drawing room, with a passage between, and one bed room and bath room; at right angles to the cottage, across a pathway, are two other small bed rooms and bath rooms. The wood-work of the drawing room was panelled with art green sateen and there was a beautiful crimson Kashmir carpet on the floor. With quantities of flowers (roses, foxgloves, columbines, and daisies) and with sketches, books and photographs, we soon made the room look pretty and home-like.

Almost every afternoon we joined forces with the "Colonel Sahib and Sahiba"—and took our tea with us, in turn, to enjoy long afternoon rambles, with fishing rods, and sketching materials. On several occasions we found a secluded spot for a bath in a river pool.

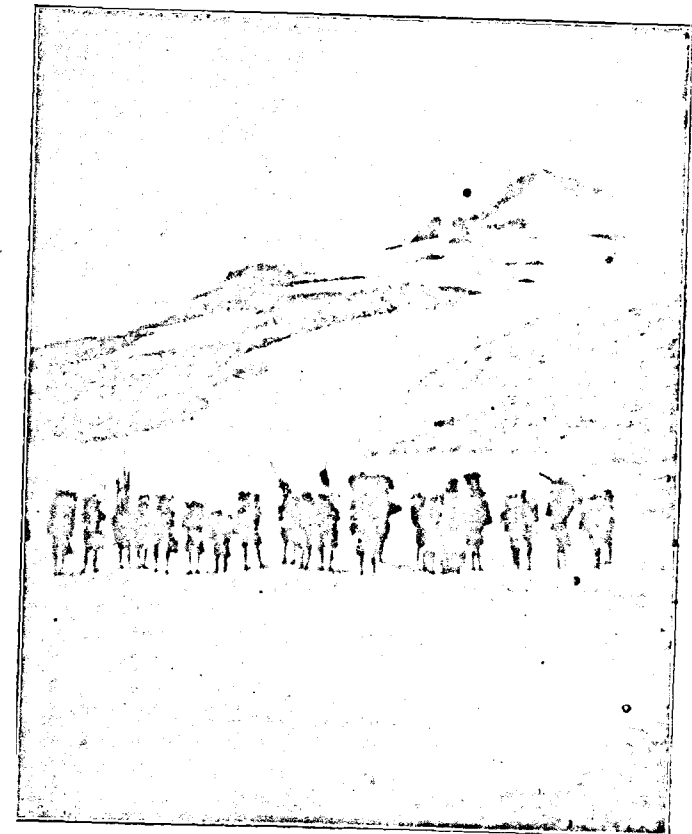
Though the water comes straight from the glaciers above, still the hot sun had warmed the water in the fairly shallow pools, and made bathing in them possible. The experience recalled the lines:—

"Oh! the wild joys of living!
The leaping from rock up to rock!
The cool silver shock,
Of the plunge in a pool's living water."

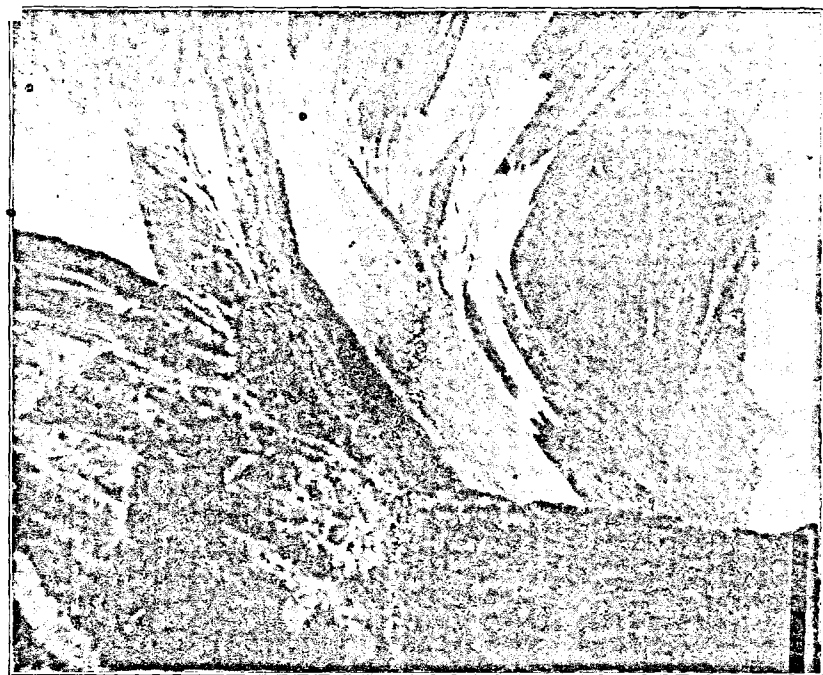
Not less enjoyable were the climbs up into the mountains behind the "Rest-house" to reach *Baisaran Merg*. It is a wonderful walk, under Himalayan Blue Spruce pines, the ground literally carpeted with maiden-hair ferns. They seemed to rejoice in the shelter of the pine roots and formed a wreath of ferns round each tree trunk. There were also violets, and pink and white roses in bloom, though, in July, the time for wild flowers was almost over.

It is a very steep climb to reach the merg. After the shade and gloom of the forest, it was lovely to step out into the open, on to short thick green grass, strewn with flowers and mushrooms! Above and around us towered gigantic snow mountains, and pine forests, while in the distance below lay a gleam of the pinky-green plains of Kashmir with stretches of opal-tinted mountains beyond.

Cloud effects in the mountains are most beautiful. The first time we saw *Baisaran merg* the near mountains were filled and wreathed with white clouds, which were continually unfurling and unwreathing about the crags and summits, showing glints of sunlit glaciers, and brilliant peaks. There was a double rain-bow over the highest snow peaks, and the whole panorama was brilliant with mists and clouds, and glancing colours, revealing cavernous glooms, and depths, and awful abysses.



THE SNOWS
4,000 ft.



AMARNATH CAVE
looking back down the valley

After resting at Pahlgam for a week, we started off for a week's camping trip, up into the snows, to visit the famous "sacred cave of Amarnath," a holy place of pilgrimage, where thousands of Hindus resort every August. Our programme was to march, with our tents, food, servants, and 33 coolies, first to *Camp Tammi I*; then to *Lake Shisha-Nag II*, then over a pass of 14,000 feet to *Camp Panjitarni III*; to devote from that camp one day to the expedition to the "Sacred Cave" and back; the next day to march to *Camp Astan Merg IV*, rest there a day and march back to *Camp Tammi V* and so back to Pahlgam. Every thing depended on the weather, and if we could keep on coolies free from cholera. As regards the weather we were very lucky. The expedition is not a very formidable one. It involves an ascent of 7,000 feet distributed over three days, mounted on sure excellent-footed ponies. It entails careful preparation in the matter of food supplies, warm clothes, and tents for the party; but the coolies, who carry the loads, do not require tents, they manage to find shelter for themselves in old shepherd huts, and under big sheltering rocks.

In an expedition of the kind a great deal depends upon the start. The loads should be so packed and adjusted that the coolies are content, and do not think they are overloaded. We had 33 men for our "saman," and found them most reasonable and cheery throughout the trip. Their bundles included 7 tents, 2 tables, 6 chairs, a zinc bath, kiltas of stores, 2 gladstone bags, 2 small tin boxes, 2 camp lantern boxes, 4 bundles of bedding, a box of cooking utensils, besides innumerable bundles of food for themselves. Our butler and cook, Nooru and Ahmed, were allowed to go up and feel each separate allotment, to see that the weights were, as far as possible, evenly distributed. Then, when all was ready, they each took up a bundle and marched off in single file procession. I wish you could have seen them, they looked such a quaint collection, each one more grotesque than the other; several carried live fowls or chickens in addition to their loads. We gave them an hour's start, and then followed on our ponies. We left our two little fox-terriers with the "Colonel Sahib," as we were afraid of taking them up into the snows, and knew that "Perks" and "Scrap" would be very happy with our kind friends and their family of black spaniels. As we waved farewell to the Colonel Sahib's camp, we felt as if we were casting off our last links with the world and wandering off, 46 precious souls, into the great Above and Beyond! The village of Pahlgam is about 2½ miles below the Maharajah's Rest-house. The houses in it are most picturesque, but so rough, and tumble-down, and

dirty. The staircases to the second storey of the houses are built outside the cottage, and consist of untrimmed logs of wood put criss-cross much as a child of two years old would build a staircase. Here to our dismay we found all our 33 coolies seated comfortably on the ground, their bundles propped up against the stone walls, which divide and surround their villages. The coolies were being waited on by their faithful spouses with bowls of rice and milk! Such graceful spouses, too, with their flowing veils over their heads, their necklaces of bright blue beads, and their enormous silver ear-rings. The "Burra Sahib" soon made the coolies move on and they passed us, while we followed on in a leisurely way, keeping the butler, and the tiffin-box cool near us. We followed the course of the Tammi river, (a branch of the Liddar) which flowed foaming, green and frothy-white below us, dashing over boulders and rocks. We were glad to out-span under a pine tree at 11-30 and enjoy a good hot meal. *Nowhere* does food taste so well as on such occasions! We rested under our pine tree for some time, in order to give the coolies time to push on and pitch the tents before our arrival. The second half of the march was so steep and stony that we had to get off our shaggy ponies and walk, alpine stock in hand, and scramble the best way we could up and down boulders and over streamlets.

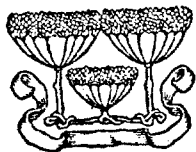
The scenery became most fascinating, with narrow passes between boulders as big as cathedrals! In India the inhabitants would have been tempted to carve these enormous rocks into solid stone temples, as at Ellora, and the Seven Pagodas. Here, they stand moss grown, with trees growing out of their clefts, and maiden hair ferns in the crevices, and the green river dashing round their base. Each boulder seemed to bring us to a dead lock. It was exciting to imagine what *could* be on the other side, but after winding round the apparent dead lock, the path re-appeared, strewn with red pine-needles, mounting over more boulders and round more gigantic rocks. The heat in this elevated river gorge was great, the sun's rays very fierce and there was no wind to cool the air. At last we reached our camping ground in the "Glen of Tammi," and were enchanted with our resting place. A wooden bridge, high over the roaring river, led us to a green tableland, surrounded by enormous mountains, snow-clad, pine-clad, craggy and bare. A sheer precipice in front of our tents went down to the river gorge below, where pines, sycamores, willows, and wild flowers grew in the richest profusion. Our tents were spread on the green turf like white butterflies. We had scarcely time to take in the beauty of the scene, when down came the rain!

on either side which finally led to the cave. This last stage was most deceptive. We had three solid miles of snow ridges to climb up and down before reaching the cave. It is by no means easy walking on snow, and the glare from the acres of snow, around, in front, and on either side would have been unbearable without the use of dark-blue glasses. We were very much out of breath, not only from the elevation of 13,000 feet, but from the fatigue of the walk, and the heat of the sun! At last, at 12 o'clock, we were actually in the cave! It is really a grand cave, 150 feet high, 150 feet wide, and 150 feet deep, the entrance archway is like a mighty cathedral span. Inside there is a solid slope of blue green ice, a frozen spring, which is looked upon as sacred by the Hindus. On this ice the Maharajah of Kashmir and the pilgrims throw offerings of money. Indeed the Maharajah is said to scatter money all up the ravine on his progress to the sacred spot. The sight, when 6,000 pilgrims are assembled at the mouth of the cave, must be very impressive. The Brahmans divest themselves of their cloths, and substitute strips of birch bark instead; all the pilgrims clap their hands and shout "Shiva show yourself to us! Shiva! Shiva!" When some rock-pigeons fly out of the cave they are quite satisfied, for into one of them, it is believed, that Shiva has entered. Thus they are rewarded for all their toil, exposure, and danger. It is said that yearly some 200 of these pilgrims die of cholera, exposure and fatigue.

You can imagine whether or not we were pleased to see the smoke-fire of our breakfast, and to rest ourselves on slabs of rock, to survey, at leisure, the ups and downs of the snow fields over which we had toiled. We watched the coolies hunting about the cave, on the blue-green ice block, for hidden coins! Later on the "Burra Sahib" dropped some small silver coins on the ice, which were "found" with great excitement!

We left the cave at one o'clock, and reached camp Panjitarni at 4-30, in time for afternoon tea, much pleased with having so satisfactorily accomplished our visit to the sacred cave of Amarnath.

My next paper will tell you of our return journey to Pabligam by another pass.



Miss Helen Keller



“ONCE I knew the depth where no hope was, and darkness lay on the face of all things. Then love came and set my soul free. Once I knew only darkness and stillness. Now I know hope and joy. Once I fretted and beat myself against the wall that shut me in. Now I rejoice in the consciousness that I can think, act, and attain heaven. My life was without past or future; death, the pessimist would say ‘a consummation devoutly to be wished.’ But a little word from the fingers of another fell into my hand that clutched at emptiness, and my heart leaped to the rapture of living. Night fled before the day of thought, and love and joy and hope came up in a passion of obedience to knowledge. Can any one who has escaped such captivity, who has felt the thrill and glory of freedom, be a pessimist?” These are the words of the remarkable young lady who became blind, deaf and dumb when she was nineteen months old. How she, who was walking in the valley of threefold solitude, came to utter these words of supreme optimism may be an interesting inquiry to some of us, who know the value of the most precious gifts of seeing, hearing and speaking. But so much has been said and written about her that the present scribe only aims at giving a few facts taken from her auto-biography “*The Story of My Life*” and her other works “*My Key of Life*,” “*The World I Live In*,” and thereby testifying to the unique achievement of one, whom Mark Twain has described as the most interesting and wonderful character of the nineteenth century next to Napoleon Bonaparte.

Miss Helen Keller was born on June 27th 1880 in Tuscumbia, a little town of northern Alabama, U. S. A. Her father, Arthur H. Keller, was a captain in the Confederate army and her mother, Kate Adams, was his second wife and many years younger. Her childhood was spent in an arbour-like homestead covered with vines, climbing roses and honeysuckles, and situated in an old-fashioned garden, the paradise of her earlier years. One brief spring musical with the song of robin and mocking bird, one summer rich in fruit and roses, one autumn of gold and crimson, sped by and left their gifts at the feet of an eager delighted child. Then in the dreary month of February came the illness which closed her eyes and ears, and plunged her into the

unconsciousness of a new-born babe. Of this period she says in her autobiography; “Gradually I got used to the silence and darkness that surrounded me and forgot that it had ever been different until she came—my teacher—who was to set my spirit free. But during the first nineteen months of my life I had caught glimpses of broad, green fields, a luminous sky, trees and flowers which the darkness that followed could not wholly blot out. If we have once seen, the day is ours and what the day has shown.”

The deaf-blind child soon felt the need of some communication with others and began to make crude signs, intelligible only to those, who were nearest and dearest to her. And her life at this time was not very different from that of many children of her age. The strong and self-assertive little woman, with her little companion, Martha Washington, the daughter of the cook, spent a good deal of her time in the kitchen, kneading dough balls and grinding coffee, or wandered about in the garden hunting for the eggs of guinea-fowls and feeding the hens and turkeys. The cows, horses and the Setter Belle were sources of unfailing interest to her. The exuberance of life in her sometimes took a mischievous turn. Having at this time found out the use of a key, one morning she locked up her mother in the pantry, where she had to remain three hours, as the servants were in a detached part of the house. Her mother kept pounding on the door, while she sat outside on the door-steps and laughed with glee as she felt the jar of the pounding. This naughty prank of hers delighted her so much that she sought an early opportunity to lock up her teacher, which she succeeded in doing, with the result that as she could not be induced to tell where the key was, her father had to take out the teacher through the window.

In this silent, aimless, dayless period of her life, she was a creature of blind impulses which she tried to satisfy, regardless of consequences. However, she was not entirely indifferent to the order of things about her. She understood a good deal of the life at home. At the age of five she learned to fold and put away the clean clothes, when they were brought in from the laundry and distinguished her own from the rest. I shall now refer in her own words to an amusing, but none the less pathetic incident, which happened at this time of the sightless and speechless child, which had not as yet begun to realise the pain of her limitations. “I was always sent for when there was company and when the guests took their leave I waved my hand to them, I think with a vague remembrance of the meaning of the gesture. One day some gentlemen called on my mother and, I felt the shutting

of the front door and other sounds that indicated their arrival. On a sudden thought I ran upstairs before any one could stop me, to put on my idea of a company dress. Standing before the mirror, as I had seen others do, I anointed my head with oil and covered my face thickly with powder. Then I pinned a veil over my head so that it covered my face and fell in folds down to my shoulders, and tied an enormous bustle around my small waist so that it dangled behind almost meeting the hem of my skirt. Thus attired I went down to help entertain the company.” She would, of course, have entertained the company in right royal fashion in this her company dress.

The next stage in her life begins with the period when she first began to feel that she was different from others, a period the most painful to herself and her parents. She discovered that the people around her did not make signs but talked with their mouths. She moved her lips and gesticulated frantically but without result. This made her so angry that she kicked and screamed until she was exhausted. Meanwhile the desire to express herself grew and the few signs she used became less and less adequate and her failures to make herself understood were invariably followed by outbursts of passion. She felt as if invisible hands were holding her and she made frantic efforts to free herself. She struggled—not that struggling helped matters—but the spirit of resistance was strong within her. She generally broke down in tears and physical exhaustion!

This state of affairs deeply grieved and perplexed her parents. They came to know that the only remedy lay in educating her. After much trouble and many anxious efforts they succeeded in getting a teacher for her in the person of Miss Anne Mansfield Sullivan, who opened the door through which she passed from darkness into light, from isolation to friendship, companionship, knowledge and love. It was she who dispelled the shadows of the prison-house and satisfied the wordless cry of the child's soul for light. In speaking about her teacher later on, Miss Keller says:—“How much of my delight in all beautiful things is innate, and how much is due to her influence I can never tell. I feel that her being is inseparable from my own, and that the footsteps of my life are hers. All the best of me belongs to her. There is not a talent or an aspiration or a joy in me that has not been awakened by her loving touch.”

It was in March 1887, when Miss Keller was six years and nine months old that Miss Sullivan came to take charge of her education. The few years that followed are the most interesting in her life, inasmuch as they are associated with

Miss Sullivan's grand achievement; but space will not permit a detailed account. Miss Sullivan found her pupil wilful, strong, well-formed and as unrestrained in her movements as a young colt. She also noticed that she had none of those nervous habits which are noticeable in blind children. But Miss Sullivan hardly knew the nature of the difficulties that beset her work until she put her hand to it. It was her loving tact and quick sympathy, together with her unremitting perseverance and unbending will that enabled her to overcome them. Here is a typical incident which happened on the day Miss Sullivan arrived and gave her a foretaste of the work that lay before her. Miss Sullivan describes the incident in one of her letters as follows:—

"Helen helped me to unpack my trunk, when it came and was delighted when she found the doll the little girls from the Perkin Institution for the blind sent her. I thought it a good opportunity to teach her her first word. I spelled 'd-o-l-l' slowly in her hand and pointed to the doll. She looked puzzled and felt my hand and I repeated the letters. She imitated them very well and pointed to the doll. Then I took the doll, meaning to give it back to her when she had made the letters; but she thought I meant to take it from her, and in an instant she was in a temper, and tried to seize the doll. I shook my head and tried to form the letters with her fingers; but she got more and more angry. I forced her into a chair and held her there until I was nearly exhausted. I let her go but refused to give up the doll. I went downstairs and got some cake. I showed the cake and spelled 'c-a-k-e' in her hand holding the cake toward her. Of course, she wanted it and tried to take it, but I spelled the word again and patted her hand. She made the letters rapidly and I gave her the cake, which she ate in a great hurry, thinking, I suppose, that I might take it from her. Then I showed her the doll and spelled the word again holding the doll toward her as I held the cake. She made the letters 'd-o-l-l' and I made the other 'l' and gave her the doll. She ran downstairs with it and could not be induced to return to my room all day." This was one of the many tussles in which Miss Sullivan was engaged with her pupil. She found that Helen would not yield a single point without contesting it to the bitter end. Miss Sullivan could not coax her or compromise with her. To get her to do the simplest thing, such as washing her hands or buttoning her boots, it was necessary to use force and of course a distressing scene followed. Helen had tyrannised over everybody, her mother, her father and the servants. Nobody had ever dis-

puted her will and like all tyrants she held tenaciously to her divine right to do as she pleased. Miss Sullivan saw that she should first learn to obey and that obedience was the gateway through which knowledge and love could enter the mind of the child. She also saw that she would not be able to teach this lesson until her pupil was separated from her parents. So she removed with her charge to a little garden-house about a quarter of a mile from the Keller homestead. Under her strict, tactful, and sympathetic training, the wild little creature was in about two weeks transformed into a gentle child. The important step had been taken. There remained for Miss Sullivan the pleasant task of directing and moulding the beautiful intelligence, that was beginning to stir within the child-soul.

With great patience Miss Sullivan had been from the very beginning spelling into her hands the names of all the things she could become familiar with by her sense of touch. This work of instruction was going on rather as a play than a course of serious lessons. As a result she had by now learnt to associate many words with the things to which they applied, but had no idea how to use them nor knew that everything had a name.

Like most children of her age she kept herself occupied with something or other the whole day. She spent a few of her hours in stitching and knitting and a few in the garden in which it was her joy to lose herself among the blooming flowers and tangled shrubs. The rest of the time she devoted herself to her dolls, of which she had a good number. She had then a much-petted, much-abused rag doll, which she named Nancy. It was a striking fact that this particular doll should have got into the good graces of our young lady, a fact that gives us a glimpse of the masterful personality that lay incarcerated in her; for she had many dolls, dolls which talked, cried and opened and shut their eyes. Yet she loved none of them so much as she loved Nancy. She was, alas, the helpless victim of her outbursts of temper and affection. She was the constant companion of her travels. There was not a single letter written at this time that did not contain any mention of her. The following is an extract from one of her letters to Mr. Anagnos, Director of Perkin's Institution, on February 24th, 1888, which shows not only the place Nancy held in her heart and mind but also the remarkable progress she had made in the acquisition of language in about an year's time. "Sunday, Adeline Moses brought me a lovely doll. It came from New York. Her name is Adeline Keller. She can shut her eyes and bend her arms and sit down and stand up straight. She has on a pretty, red dress. She is Nancy's

sister and I am their mother. Alice is the cousin. Nancy was a bad child when I went to Memphis. She cried loud. I whipped her with a stick." A fatal accident happened to Nancy in May 1888, which Miss Keller describes in the following manner in her autobiography: "As I shall not have occasion to refer to Nancy again, I wish to tell here a sad experience she had soon after her arrival in Boston. She was covered with dirt—the remains of mud pies I had compelled her to eat, although she had never shown any special liking for them. The laundress at the Perkin's Institution secretly carried her off to give her a bath. This was too much for poor Nancy. When I next saw her she was a formless heap of cotton, which I should not have recognised at all except for the two bead eyes which looked out at me reproachfully."

The second great step in her education was taken when she learned that everything had a name and the manual alphabet was the key to everything she wanted to know. One morning Miss Sullivan and her pupil went out to the pump-house to fill a mug with water. Miss Sullivan made Helen hold the mug under the spout while she pumped. As the cold water gushed forth filling the mug, Miss Sullivan spelled w-a-t-e-r in Helen's free hand. The water coming so close upon the sensation of cold water rushing over her hand startled her. She dropped the mug and stood as one transformed. A new light came into her face. She dropped on the ground and asked for its name. Then she turned round and asked for Miss Sullivan's name. She flitted from object to object asking the names of every thing. The treasures of a new and beautiful world were laid bare at her feet and she took pleasure at every turn. In her essay on the "Seeing hand" Miss Keller says: "It is the hand that binds me to the world of men and women. The hand is my feeler with which I reach through isolation and darkness and seize every pleasure, every activity that my fingers encounter."

Miss Keller's eagerness to learn was so great that in less than three months she knew about three hundred words and a great many common idioms. Her every waking moment was spent in the endeavour to satisfy her innate desire for knowledge. When her vocabulary was sufficiently large to enable her to put questions, she reached the question stage of her development. The "why" is the door through which every child enters the world of reason and reflection. But her questions were never tedious, though they drew heavily on Miss Sullivan's meagre store of information and taxed her ingenuity to the utmost.

This was how she first came to her first con-

scious perception of the abstract idea conveyed by the word "thing." One day she was stringing beads of different sizes in symmetrical groups. In the course of her work she noticed an obvious error in the sequence; for an instant she concentrated her attention on it and tried to think how she should have arranged the beads. Just then Miss Sullivan touched her forehead and spelled with decided emphasis "t-h-i-n-k." In a flash she knew that the word was the name of the process that was going on in her mind.

Again the word "love" gave her some trouble. To grasp these ideas her intuitive faculties and lively imagination required only the wonderful wisdom of Miss Sullivan, who never let slip an opportunity to convey to her the glorious truths of life.

The next important step in her education was her learning to read. As soon as she was able to spell a few words, her teacher put into her hands card-boards on which were printed words in raised letters. Shortly after she took up the "Reader for beginners" and made rapid progress in her lessons. It was Miss Sullivan's genius that made the first years of her education so beautiful and pleasant. What many children think of as painful plodding through grammar, hard sums, and harder definitions is to-day one of her most precious memories.

One who is always dependant upon the manual alphabet for communication with the outside world has always a sense of restraint and narrowness. Although Miss Keller has acquired a vocabulary that enabled her to converse freely, read intelligently, and write with comparative ease and correctness, she felt her limitations very keenly. Moreover the impulse to utter audible sounds was strong within her and it found expression in very pathetic attempts to do what she called speaking. It happened that she came to know of a deaf-blind girl in Norway who had learned to speak and she resolved at once to learn to speak. From that day to this she has not wavered in her resolution. As Miss Sullivan felt incompetent to take up the subject of articulation, she took Helen in her tenth year to Miss Sarah Fuller of the Horace Mann School for the deaf in Boston. Miss Fuller's method was briefly this. She passed Miss Keller's hand lightly over her own face and let Miss Keller feel her tongue and lips when she made a sound. With all her eagerness and intelligence, learning to speak taxed Helen's powers to the utmost. But her patience and perseverance overcame the obstacles which to others looked almost insurmountable. She first uttered her connected sentence, "It is warm" in broken stammering syllables. "No

deaf child who has earnestly tried to speak the words which he has never heard—to come out of the prison of silence, where no tone of love, no song of bird, no strain of music ever pierces the stillness—can forget the thrill of surprise, the joy of discovery which came over him when he uttered his first word." In about six years' time she acquired such proficiency in speaking as to be able to make a public speech. The following is an extract from the remarkable address delivered by her at the fifth annual meeting of the American Association to promote the teaching of speech to the deaf, at Philadelphia on July 8th, 1891:

"I can remember the time before I learned to speak and how I used to struggle to express my thoughts by means of the manual alphabet—how my thoughts used to beat against my finger-tips like little birds striving to gain freedom, untill one day Miss Fuller opened wide the prison door and let them escape. I wonder if she remembers how eagerly and gladly they spread their wings and flew away. Of course, it was not easy at first to fly. The speech-wings were weak and broken and had lost all the grace and beauty that had once been theirs; indeed nothing was left, save the impulse to fly, but that was something. One can never consent to creep when one feels an impulse to soar. But, nevertheless, it seemed to me sometimes that I could never use my speech-wings as God intended I should use them; there were so many difficulties in the way, so many discouragements, but I kept on trying, knowing that patience and perseverance would win in the end.

"So I want to say to those who are trying to learn to speak and those who are teaching them; Be of good cheer. Do not think of to-day's failures, but of the success that may come to-morrow. You have set yourself a difficult task but you will succeed if you persevere; and you will find a joy in overcoming obstacles—a delight in climbing rugged paths which you would perhaps never know if you did not sometime slip backward—if the road was always smooth and pleasant. Remember no effort that we make to attain something beautiful is ever lost, sometime, somewhere, somehow, we shall find that which we seek. We shall speak, yes, and sing, too, as God intended we should speak and sing."

By 1894 she had begun to study various subjects in a desultory manner. She had read the histories of Greece and Rome and the United States. She had acquired sufficient knowledge of French to read with pleasure La Fontaine's "*Fables*" *Le Medecin Malgre Zui*" and was fairly well acquainted with Latin and German. She studied in addition Physical

Geography and Arithmetic, of which subject she speaks later on in the following facetious terms: "I still regard Arithmetic as a system of pit-falls. I hung about the dangerous frontier of "guess", avoiding with infinite trouble to myself and others the broad valley of reason. When I was not guessing, I was jumping at conclusions and this fault, in addition to my dullness, aggravated my difficulties more than was right or necessary."

In October 1896 she entered Cambridge School for young ladies to be prepared for Radcliffe and compete for a degree with seeing and hearing girls. At Cambridge the plan was to have Miss Sullivan attend the classes with her and interpret to her the instruction given. The tedium of the work cannot be conceived. But Miss Sullivan with infinite patience and loving devotion carried on the work of spelling into her and throughout her whole college career. Her studies for the first year were English History, English Literature, Arithmetic and Latin. When she began her second year she was confronted with unforeseen difficulties in the study of Mathematics. She had to learn Physics, Algebra, Geometry, Astronomy, Greek and Latin. Algebra and Geometry were the only subjects that continued to defy her efforts to comprehend them. She could not follow the geometrical figures drawn on the black-board and her only means of getting a clear idea of them was to make them on a cushion with straight and curved wires which had bent and pointed ends. The magnitude of the task can, to some extent, be understood when we know that she had to carry in her mind the lettering of the figures, the hypothesis and conclusion, the construction and the process of proof. Writing to Mrs. Thane in 1896, she says, "I am afraid I have not a mathematical mind; for my figures always manage to get into the wrong places." When she had entered on her college course and had begun to prepare for her degree, she writes to John D. Wright in 1900, "I have said goodbye to mathematics for ever, and I assure you, I was delighted to see the last of those horrid goblins." Miss Keller's distaste for mathematics was not due to her want of a "mathematical mind" but the almost inconceivable difficulty she had in approaching the subject and pursuing the study with pleasure. Mr. Gilman and Mr. Keith, the tutors who prepared her for college, say "she was excellent in pure mathematics, though she seems never to have enjoyed it much."

In June, 1899, she took her final examination for Radcliffe College in Elementary and Advanced Greek, Advanced Latin, Geometry, and Algebra, and passed in all the subjects. In 1900 she

gained admission to College at Radcliffe and thus fulfilled her deep-rooted desire of meeting the other girls on equal terms. Although in her attempt to compete with the other girls she had to appear for examinations she never cared for them. She writes with her usual force and humour, "The examinations are the chief bug-bears of my college life. Although I have faced them many times and cast them down and made them bite the dust, yet they rise again and menace me with pale looks until like Bob Acres I feel my courage oozing out at my fingers' ends. The days before these ordeals take place are spent in cramming your mind with mystic formulæ and indigestible dates—unpalatable diets until you wish that books and science and you were buried in the depths of the sea."

At College she had the option of choosing her own subjects for the degree. Her choice naturally fell on her favourite subjects, English Literature, History and Languages. Her acquaintance with an appreciation of the English classics are worthy of note. Here is an extract which shows not only the strength and purity of her style, but the unreservedness and correctness of judgment with which she generally expressed her opinion on the authors she read. Writing about Macaulay's *Life of Samuel Johnson* she says, "In a different way Macaulay's *Life of Samuel Johnson* was interesting. My heart went out to the lonely man who ate the bread of affliction in Grub Street and yet in the midst of toil and cruel suffering of body and soul always had a kind word and lent a helping hand to the poor and despised. I rejoiced over all his successes; I shut my eyes to his faults and wondered, not that he had them, but that they had not crushed or dwarfed his soul. But in spite of Macaulay's brilliancy and his admirable faculty of making the commonplace seem fresh and picturesque, his positiveness wearied me at times and his sacrifices of truth to effect kept me in a questioning attitude very unlike the attitude of reverence in which I listened to the Demosthenes of Great Britain."

Her interest and pleasure were not confined to literature alone. She took delight in almost everything that others found pleasure in. It is said she enjoyed music. Albert Macy, the editor of her autobiography says, "her enjoyment of music is, however, very genuine, for she has a tactile recognition of sound when the waves of air beat against her. Part of her experience of the rhythm of music comes no doubt from the vibration of solid objects which she is touching the floor, or what is more evident the case of the piano on which her hand rests. But she seems to feel the pulsation of the air itself."

Then, again, very few things gave her more pleasure than a wild ramble through the country. That she appreciated nature is seen from the following realistic description of a scenery.

"I spent the autumn months with my family at our summer cottage, on a mountain about fourteen miles from Tuscumbia. It was called Fern Quarry, because near it there was a limestone quarry long since abandoned. Three frolicsome little streams ran through it from springs in the rocks above, leaping here and tumbling there in laughing cascades; wherever the rocks tried to bar their way. The opening was filled with ferns which completely covered the beds of limestone and in places hid the streams. The rest of the mountain was thickly wooded. Here were great oaks and splendid evergreens with trunks like mossy pillars, from the branches of which hung garlands of ivy and mistletoe, and persimmon trees, the odour of which pervaded every nook and corner of the wood—an illusive fragrant something that made the heart glad. In places the wild muscadine and scuppernon vines stretched from tree to tree, making arbours which were always full of butterflies and insects. It was delightful to lose ourselves in the green hollows of that tangled wood in the late afternoon, and to smell the cool, delicious odours that came up from the earth at the close of day."

Miss Keller's interesting autobiography ends with the year 1898. She enjoys the unique distinction of being the most educated deaf-blind lady living and is engaged in helping on the noble work of educating the blind, deaf and dumb. But within the first eighteen years of her life she had said and done enough to call forth the admiration of the civilized world. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that very few who have come in contact with her either personally or through the medium of her books, failed to admire her or be inspired by her life. The grandeur of her achievement consists not so much in what she has accomplished but in the overwhelming number of difficulties she had to tackle with and overcome in achieving what she had set herself to do. Her faith in the goodness of God and man, together with her unwillingness to be baffled by any difficulty, spurred her on to that strenuous life and ceaseless activity of mind and body which crowned her efforts with signal success. No doubt, she was endowed with extraordinary faculties of the mind, but her exceptional powers without the qualities above mentioned would not have given her the light and joy she craved. She is said to be one of the purest women living. The purity of her life, thoughts, and language is mainly due to the fact that only what was best in life, thought and language came in touch with her. Her friends

were among the best men and women of the country. The books she read were the works of leaders in thought and style. As a woman she is amiable, kind and sympathetic to a degree. "Good sense, good humour, and imagination keep her scheme of things sane and beautiful." True, her view of life is highly coloured and full of poetic exaggeration. The world as she sees it is a little better than what it really is. It is to her what her mind is. When some one asked her to define "love," she replied "why, bless you, that is easy; it is what everybody feels for everybody else." Yes, she loves and is loved by all. Her happiness consists in making herself useful. She says "I have found out that though the ways in which I can make myself useful are few, yet the work open to me is endless. The gladdest labourer in the vineyard may be a cripple. Even should the others outstrip him, yet the vineyard ripens in the sun each year and full clusters weigh into his hand."

I shall close this brief account by quoting a paragraph from one of her letters: "It is only once in a great while that I feel discontented and allow myself to wish for things I cannot hope for in this life. But, as you know, my heart is usually brimful of happiness, the thought that my dear Heavenly Father is always near, giving me abundantly of all the things which truly enrich life and make it sweet and beautiful makes every deprivation seem of little moment compared with the countless blessings I enjoy."

J. C. CHINNAPPAH.

Opportunity in India and America



AMERICANS are an essentially industrial and commercial people. Perhaps in the course of time they may be able to encourage the fine arts more than they do at present. Perhaps in time to come they may prosecute inquiry into the higher realms of thought, more than they do now. At this moment, however, the energies of the average man

in the United States are employed in making a living or striving to accumulate a competence. In America there is practically no leisure class. The aristocratic idler, if not absolutely unknown, is more of a curiosity than anything else to the people. The Americans do not dissociate life from work of some kind. One of the very

first questions people in America are apt to ask concerning a new-comer is, "What does he do?"

The American theory, it appears, is that all wealth, advancement, strength and refinement in a national sense, ultimately rests on labor. A man must work or he will starve. If he does not work himself, some one else works or has worked to support him. One of the most common arguments that one hears in America is that by work and various industrial, developing and commercial enterprises alone do we lay up the surplus called national prosperity.

According to Rajah Waldo Emerson, the seer of New England, America is but another name for opportunity. Americans speak of their continent as "the peerless, unrivalled, unapproached and unapproachable land of promise and plenty." Working men, who, in India, would merit scant respect, probably be socially ostracized, in America have equal social privileges with those engaged in the so-called genteel or learned professions. Not that there is no caste in the United States—only, the exclusive set is very limited in number and extent. Honest work, of whatever character, is respected in that land. Manual work is not despised. Here lies an essential difference between India and America.

The average American, as soon as through the primary school, seeks for a trade or commercial education. To learn some trade or profession, to acquire business or commercial training, to become an expert or a specialist in some line of work, to be able to apply scientific and exact knowledge to some particular aspect of life, seems to be the educational ideal of the Americans. Moreover, the people of the United States aim to discard all prejudices and endeavour to engage themselves in occupations which pay them best. In genteel professions, like stenography, clerking, etc., women hire themselves at cheaper wages and consequently have taken the places of men. The men, therefore, find it more profitable to work with the hands.

In India it is different. To start with, there is the prejudice engendered by caste. This prevents sons from following professions other than those in which their fathers are employed. It is also responsible for people everlastingly drudging in occupations in which they started in life, whether they have any talent in that direction or not. In addition to this, the women of India still have to be emancipated and are not engaged in gainful labour. Facilities for technical and commercial education are absent in India. All these factors combined have produced in the hearts of educated Indians a predilection for clerical work at absurdly low wages.

Opportunities and conditions in America are such that poverty, instead of pinching, dwarfing and limiting the rising generation, proves an invaluable spur, enlarging and ennobling their minds and setting them free from the bonds of ignorance. It is computed that more than eighty per cent. of the college students in America come from the village and farm—that, fully ninety per cent. of the possessors of palaces in the United States were conceived in poverty and brought up in penury and want. It is no exaggeration to say that the wealth of the American continent to-day is under the control of men raised on farms or bred in mechanics' cottages—men who, as boys, were, so to speak, without opportunities, and if born in India under the present circumstances, would have gone without education and a chance to rise in the world. The men who made vast fortunes in the United States during the past twenty-five years were, as a rule, not worth a dollar when they began business. Statisticians have estimated that out of the twenty-five millionaires in the United States Senate, at Washington, D. C., at least twenty made their own fortunes during the last three decades. They are men who, in the most literal sense of the word, owe their prosperity to grim poverty—to the inestimable training they secured while painfully passing through the University of Hard Knocks.

In the light of these facts it appears significant that the American continent was discovered by a man who was the son of a poor weaver and a weaver himself.

American boys do not have to refer to encyclopædias and books of biography in order to derive inspiration to manfully struggle during moments of dismal darkness and depression—during the long, grinding years while they are qualifying themselves for the position in life they are ambitious to fill. The present rising generation of America merely has to look around and see scores of people who began their lives in cottages and now dwell in castles. The most successful men around them began their careers in shirt-sleeves, with grimy, callous hands. Take for instance, E. H. Harriman. To-day he is described as the ruling figure in New York finance. He is spoken of as the greatest railroad magnate in the world. He left home at the age of fourteen in order to earn his own living and contribute towards the maintenance of his parents, who were too poor to permit the boy to continue his studies at school.

Henry C. Frick, known the world over as one of America's leading captains of industry, first saw the light of day in a labourer's hut in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He served as an apprentice and a journeyman in steel works,

and owes his present position at the head of one of the greatest steel combines in the world to the determined way in which he battled with poverty and want during earlier years.

James J. Hill, who is a railroad magnate of note, and whose financial operations are gigantic, was born in a farm house in Wellington County, Ontario, Canada, and started out as a brakeman on the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Who is not familiar with the name of John D. Rockefeller, the head of the greatest trust in the world, reputed to be America's billionaire? He started life as a poor boy.

Andrew Carnegie whose name looms large in the press all the world over, and who made his multi-millions from his steel concern in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was born in very narrow circumstances.

Cornelius Vanderbilt laid the foundation of the celebrated Vanderbilt fortune with the fifty dollars his mother provided him, the accumulation of several years' hard earnings.

In addition to the living examples of such notable characters, who, through dauntless struggle and perseverance, rose from grim poverty to luxurious affluence, the American boy is taught in his class-room that American history glows with the achievements of self-made men. The names of at least three presidents of the United States can be mentioned, who were born in log cabins and eventually resided in the White House while holding the highest office in the gift of the people. Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant and James A. Garfield were born and reared in privation and penury.

A very amusing story is related of Daniel Webster, who is said to have been the most versatile statesman America has produced. He began life as a poor farm boy. When a student, a friend sent him a recipe for a polish to blacken his shoes. His reply: "But my boots need other doctoring; they admit water and even gravel stones", is characteristic of the poverty through which he waded to high rank. Henry Clay, who is reckoned to have been one of the greatest orators of America, was born in a family too indigent to send him to school. Stephen Girard, who was known in his day as the second richest man in the United States, came to America as a cabin boy on board a sailing ship. When he landed in New York, all he owned in the world was six cents.

"American boys do not dream of some Hercules coming to give them a lift", writes one of the ablest editors in the United States. "When I was younger I used to think it would be a very fine thing for a young man to be pretty well provided for financially. I was intensely sorry for myself and other lads who were

handicapped by poverty. When, we could not take our share in the enjoyments of other boys of our own race, I felt that if ever I had a son of my own I would wish to spare him all this, to see him take the pleasures of youth as his right, to be able to do the handsome and the generous thing without being hampered by considerations of money.

"I am too much of a coward, I fear, willingly to submit my son to such discipline as was mine during those boyhood years. But even with all the wisdom that is supposed to come to us with years, I would far rather to-day see him tread the sand-path of success trodden years ago and now by so many boys with bare feet and patched trousers, than in an automobile, for instance.

"Boys being boys, I look back now to those days of boyhood with a thankfulness akin to the deepest gratitude, for after all, when the truth is faced: how many of us as boys would be diligent if we knew we could have what we wanted without working for it?

"I would not willingly condemn my boy to cross poverty unless it were a choice between that and bestowing wealth upon him in a corresponding degree, then I would without hesitation, but as between the two and that is where most of us find ourselves, I believe the most fortunate boy in the world to-day is he who is the son of poor parents who have just enough means to keep him above actual and mortifying want. But nothing more. Before that boy stands the most magnificent opportunity that life holds; the making of himself into a man with the greatest boon and the most priceless stimulant that can be placed behind any boy: 'the boon of poverty.'"

"Such appears to be the ideal of America to-day. Newspapers and magazines throughout the length and breadth of the land are preaching the gospel of success through work. Scarcely a page of current literature but chronicles the life of some successful man or woman who rose from poverty to riches through personal effort. Headlines such as these attract attention: "An Example of Success: Character sketch of the three-dollar-a-week boy who rose to membership in the firm he started with and now retires on a competency to serve his city of whose sinking fund he is a valued trustee: and to enjoy the fruits of his ability."

Here are some thoughts which such successful business men broadcast throughout the country by means of the daily papers, to inspire and uplift the rising generation:

"Hard work should be the every-day gospel of the United States."

"Seizing opportunity leads to success."

"Labour intelligently applied makes opportunity."

"The three-dollar-a-week boy to-day has more opportunity than the three-dollar boy had when I started twenty-eight years ago."

"Specialized business creates demand for experts."

"Development of country and business furnishes a field for workers of the present."

"Excepting a few mighty geniuses, all business men have about the same average ability."

"One's first duty is to his family, then to his community."

"I am vain enough to believe I have the moral courage to retire from business when I have enough money."

"Generally speaking, I believe there is opportunity for every one."

In addition to this, there are newspapers and magazines extant in the United States which do nothing but constantly expatiate on "success." Their sole mission in life, their only claim to existence, is their ability and inclination to pump ambition into the veins of the people, vitalize them and inspire hope and faith in them. There are men whose life-work it is to write literature of this character, and thus render the most vital help possible to their contemporaries and the coming generations.

The work of these people is directed against that section of the American press in which statements appear to the effect that America is no longer the "continent of opportunity." It is alleged that the trusts and combines have made it impossible for young people to get on in the world. Times are said to have changed and it is argued that opportunities such as Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield enjoyed exist no longer. Some even go to the length of asserting that if men like Grant and Garfield, who went to the White House from log cabins, were to be born at the present moment, they would find it impossible to achieve the success they did.

Thoughtful analyses of the situation, however, show the speciousness of such conclusions. America continues to be the continent of opportunity. The resources of the United States barely have been touched. Wealth untold is awaiting the young men with wits and enterprise.

There still is a large section of America whose rich resources practically are unexploited. The American West, to day is thinly populated and its abundant mineral and material resources are daily inviting trainloads of prospectors. For centuries to come the rich agricultural and pasture lands, fruit regions, forest and fishing States will continue to enrich those who have brain and brawn.

There is something in the climate—something in the vibrations of the country that is responsible for making the people "hustle" and work like beavers. But above all, it is the fascinating

lure of the undeveloped resources that charms the prospectors and furnishes them a perennial inspiration, impelling them to put forth intelligent and assiduous effort. The newness of the country coupled with a belief that hard work of the right kind cannot fail to bring the most profitable results mainly is responsible for what America is to-day.

In addition to this, the American people are imbued with a spirit to risk. The American is willing to treat money merely as a seed. He is prepared to take the chance of sowing the seed. The harvest may come. It may not arrive. The Yankee, however, always has the spirit to take the chance, or to "risk it", as he puts it. In this trait of character, the American beats the world.

Herein lies an essential difference between India and America. To-day, we in Hindostan are learning that our country, though probably the most ancient country in the world, is not without its opportunities. Of late years we have come to realise that there are wonderful possibilities for the development of mineral and other resources of India. What we need is the intelligent prospector, imbued with the American spirit of "risking it," of taking a chance at it. More than anything else, the Indian needs the impulse to labour and especially the incentive to train himself to a degree of skill that will make his labour marketable. The people of Hindostan need an inspiration to push out into the world. They have to quit being consumers of goods manufactured by other peoples and to so organise their resources, both of people and property as to become the producers of everything they need. So long as

"Surely, surely slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore.

Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar,

O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more."

is the ideal of India, there is very little hope for our regeneration.

The ideal of an average American is get-rich-in-a-hurry. To orientals this may appear sordid and materialistic. The American is eternally in a floundering flurry. This is responsible for countless nervous break-downs every year. This, in its turn, is a painful penalty the Americans pay for their successful methods. Again, the multi-millionaires in America leave their fortunes to nincompoop sons who riot in crazy luxury and lead lives of diabolical sin and criminality. This, also, is a serious drawback. But the people of America yet are mere pioneers. They are young. As they grow older they will grow in experience and learn to obtain the best results possible, eliminating, as far as they can, these and other defects.

It ought to be remembered, however, that America's prosperity is due to its youthfulness. It is true that America lacks the back-ground of mighty men and great deeds achieved ages ago. But it should not be forgotten that though America is without a glorious history, yet the country is engaged in making history. That is what counts. The American go-ahead-ness engrafted on the impetus that comes from the glorious deeds of forefathers, would provide an incentive to India which would produce results no nation on earth could rival. India has opportunities. She lacks "push."

SAINT Nihal Singh.



A New Industry

NEW and promising industry in the form of a horticultural experiment has been started in Bilaspur, which is about half-an-hour's run from Ban-

galore, in the Mysore State. This enterprising scheme is the formation of a modern scientific fruit orchard and vineyard with the object of producing fresh and blooming fruit, very different from the "watery insipid apologies for them that are the usual product of a Bangalore orchard." The new estate has already proved its justification as a gardening experiment, and bids fair to give a "practical demonstration of the fact that seems to need so much reiteration, that, given its chance, India can give the colonies points almost all along the line." The industry is a most promising one; and is likely, not only to prove a great example to other enterprising cultivators, but also an immense material boon to the whole of India, as it is proposed to eventually send the fruit to other towns in India. The enterprise is of an extensive scope. There are over 17 acres of various fruit trees—such as pears, apricots, peaches and apples, oranges, cherries, plums, olives, and even asparagus and rhubarb. There are also 58 acres of vineyard, that are still being extended. The trees in the fruit orchard are already two years old, and it is estimated that by the time another two years have passed, the planted area will alone yield 4,000 dozen apples and over 500 dozen other fruits. As to the vineyard, it is anticipated that "the supply of grapes in a few years may prove beyond the consumption of fresh fruits." In this case, however, the surplus fruit will be made use of to raise a jam and raisin factory.

An immense amount of thought has been exercised in this scheme. The chief outcome of this is "the watering of an area otherwise arid although ample water was at its feet. Bilaspur is situated near two large tanks and several small springs, some of which have been tapped, and the reservoirs that command the orchard have a capacity over one and-a-half million gallons. The water is pumped up by very up-to-date methods, worked by Hindley Suction Gas engines, which can deliver 9,000 and 10,000 gallons of water an hour, at heights of 80 and 200 feet at the almost nominal fuel cost of 1½ anna an hour." It is also extremely interesting to note the means, which are adopted to prune the overgrowth of the young trees. "On the apple and other trees, one experiment is to tie down the branches, so as to stop the flow of sap from wasting itself. A better method is to make a small incision that, by cutting the flow of the sap, forces the fruit bud into existence. Consequently, bunches of grapes, several inches in length are borne by little two-foot plants. The fruit thus lies on the ground, but the fear of white-ants is removed by treating the ground in a scientific manner. In the same way, the vines are pruned to bear a given number of bunches in a stem, which is pruned and kept clear of every impediment."

Thus "this garden of strange trees, planted in a strangeland, is an interesting glimpse of what up-to-date methods of cultivation can do." The new idea opens up immense possibilities of a new source of income to poor and struggling cultivators. We would wish this bold enterprise to be followed in other places. We are told that irrigation by gas engines to pump up the water is being successfully tried in the Ganjam District. Such efforts to increase the productiveness of the soil will be of great value to the people of India.

AN INDIAN LADY.

Students and Plagiarism



IN every village and town in India, there is now a great activity of the pen among the student population. Essays of a descriptive and of a reflective nature flow in from among them to some of the papers and magazines of the day, for favour of publication. Such attempts at journalism on the part of our youngsters (whether successful or unsuccessful at the outset) are in the long run productive of

much good to them and they should receive due encouragement from their betters.

But a great evil is in vogue among some of them. It is Plagiarism or the crime of literary theft—a very serious hindrance to their literary progress. To produce a good, well-balanced essay is by no means easy for an ordinary student. But by constant practice and perseverance, the task can be made light. None can produce a studied article in good language unless he has constant practice in the art of writing. And so it is not anything wonderful that students who have had little practice in this art feel great difficulty in clothing their essays in good language. The chief characteristic of the essays written by them is the want of an easy flow of sentence and style. This deficiency of their essays is made up by them in a clever way. They shamelessly stoop to lift sentences from standard authors and put them as their own where necessary. They never bring them under quotation marks, as though those sentences are their own. Essays written in this way are often very ugly. Beauty can never be in harmony with ugliness. The lifted sentences stand alone in the essay from those of its author, as those sentences are the productions of a mightier pen. Even in writing class compositions, some students are seen to practice this nefarious crime. Another class of plagiarists there are, who are capable of stealing sentences in a more cunning way. They can write good language; yet they stick to this unholy act of literary thieving. They purloin a sentence from a book, change a word in it and then insert it in their essay. I have seen instances of students in our locality writing patiently long stories and supposed novels in the course of a day or two. How students of the fourth and fifth forms could in so short a time turn out such a piece of work as novel-writing, I could not make out at the first sight. But when I made a careful perusal, I could more or less understand that they had lifted sentences from different authors and had them woven into a story. Further they substituted Hindu names for English names and changed some of the words of the author. Such stories and storiettes are sent for publication to some of the periodicals and they are likely to be got published. This action of the so-called novelists sometimes serves to be a source of discredit to the few journals wherein they are published. It is really repugnant to see that such base practices are prevalent among our students. So I earnestly request the Journalists to take the necessary steps to eradicate this kind of evil and to turn these literary aspirants to the proper channel.

ALL EARTH IS FAIR

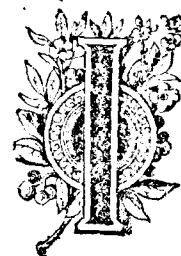
1. All earth is fair, all things are bright,
His mercies ever on us dwell,
We are but to obey His quest,
All things are bright, for all is light.
2. All that He sends from Heaven below,
Is ordained e'er to live and grow,
But vice in robes of sin triumphant rises
Blowing her trumpet with a million prizes.
3. The clouds I see on yonder skies,
A sight too holy for our eyes;
For they are now o'ershadowed by hues
All mellow shades, tinted gold and blues
That only heavens can produce.
4. Glorious! this eve's beyond all truths forsoothe
That words cannot frame and smoothe,
But the clouds are festooned round each other
To whisper a refrain of His power.
5. While we poor creatures here on earth
See not while sight is given to us,
But blind ourselves in blindness low,
Almighty Thou, Almighty God.

Nature

When nature with her charms all round,
 Sofly trips with musical sound;
 Then sleeps, new blushes, and waves her
 fairy wand,
 Her melody enchanting, 'awake ye flowers,
 this is my song',—
 With joyous mirth the blossoms spring,—
 And gleefully the birds chant and sing;
 The cuckoo with her coo-co rises,
 The lark near heaven's gate bursts praises.
 'Wood and dale with glory bring,
 'Hopeful news of our Queen Spring.

These two poems are by a young Indian lady, who sends them to me with many apologies for incorrect idioms and imperfect rhythm. I publish them with pleasure, as I like to encourage pretty thoughts.—Editor, I. L. M.

The Vanjipuzha Chief.



IN Travancore, there are half a dozen Chiefs or Rajas who are, in one way or other, connected with the Royal House of Travancore. One of these is the Vanjipuzha Chief. Though of warlike instincts, he is by caste not a Kshatriya but a Brahmin. He belongs to a sect of Brahmins called Chenganoor Pottis. The Chenganoor Pottis form a class by themselves. They belong to neither the Namboories nor the ordinary class of Pottis or Thiruvella Desies. The Pottis of Chenganoor Gramam are said to have been established at Chenganoor by Parasu Rama in olden days. These do not marry the females of Namboory Brahmins nor do they give their girls in marriage to Namboories. There is a rule that the females of these Pottis should not go out of the jurisdiction of the Chenganoor Gramam. The Vanjipuzha Chief is the Adhyan of all these Pottis. He is also the head of the 64 Potti Chiefs of Chenganoor.

At the time when Marthanda Varma Maharaja was in great peril owing to the intrigues of the Ettuvettill Pillamars and Yogakars, it is said that the Vanjipuzha Chief did great service to the Raja, the senior Rane, and her only son by relieving them from the hands of Valavakottu Potti, a friend of the Yogakars and an enemy of the Raja.

Those who have read Travancore History know very well the various difficulties and H. H. Marthanda Varma Maharaja had troubles to undergo at the hands of the Yogakars and Ettuvettill Pillamars. Thinking it to be quite unsafe to live in the capital, Marthanda Varma (while Elaya Raja) came to Mavelikara Palace and lived there safe from the conspirators. The senior Rane and her young son also left Trivandram to be safe from the enemy. But, on their way to Attingal, they were met by the conspirators, headed by Ramanamadathil Pillai. At the personal danger of the Kilimanoor Koil Tampuran, the Rane and her only son who had a narrow escape were saved. The Rane came to Mavelikara and joined the Elaya Raja who had come there already. Thus, they lived there safely. The enemies knew this, and they at once sent word to the Raja of Kayangulam and Valavakottu Potti to arrest these royal members and send them over to them. Hearing this piece of intelligence (through the secret agents of the Raja) Marthanda Varma, the senior Rane, and her son started for Chenganoor for the house of the Vanjipuzha Pandarathil (the name the chief is generally

known by). Since there were no good roads at the time to Chenganoor, and since the Royal members were new to the place, it took them nearly a whole night to walk half the way. When it was dawn, they found that they had passed over only half the distance. But soon the servants of the Valavakod Potti who were sent to make these Royal members prisoners, overtook them and attacked them. The party accompanying the Elaya Raja consisted of only very few persons. So the enemy drove them away and carried the Royal members as prisoners to the house of the Valavakod Potti. An old man who was an eye-witness of all these quarrels and disturbances soon ran to the house of the Vanjipuzha Chief and informed him of all this. The Vanjipuzha Chief himself was a great warrior and he had also in those times under him thousands of fighting men. He called all his men and in no time reached the house of the Valavakod Potti, just when the Potti's servants entered the house with the Royal prisoners. A fight ensued between the followers of the Vanjipuzha Chief and the followers of this Potti, and in the end, the Potti was taken prisoner. His house was razed to the ground and a tank was dug in the place where his house had stood. All this was done in an hour. The Vanjipuzha Chief bathed in this newly-dug-up tank and returned to his house with the Royal members. The Elaya Raja, the Rane, and her son remained there for nearly seven months and then returned to the Capital. So tradition goes. In recognition of this great service to the Royal members, it is said the Chief was afterwards richly rewarded by H. H. Marthanda Varma Maharaja, when he became the ruler of the State. Several edavakas or tracts of land, rent-free, were given to the Chief's family. They are Cheruvally, Chirakadavu, Peruvanthanam, etc., in the easternmost part of the Changancherry taluq. As a mark of respect he is given a sword which one of his servants should carry before him whenever he goes out on business. To the Chief's family is given the power and privilege of conducting all the Royal anniversaries or *Pattathanams* as they are generally called in Travancore. His presence is also absolutely necessary in the Palace of H. H. the Maharaja, for all the Royal ceremonies, such as *Namakaramam* or the name-giving ceremony of young princes born in the family, *Churumu* or rice-giving ceremony, *Thirumalampu* or the investiture with the holy thread, *Pallikettu* or the Royal marriage. Thus we see that there were in Travancore people who had done yeoman's service to the rulers of Travancore. A descendant of this Noble Chief still lives in Chenganoor. He is a young man of 22.

A. R. M.

Successes of American Women

Selected.

By MRS. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS



THE contrast between the American woman of to-day and her Puritan grandmother is well set forth by the story of the little girl who lamented because she had no "really, truly grandma," and, being asked what she meant by a really, truly grandmother, replied: "Why, the kind that sits by the fire and knits and tells stories. My grandmother plays golf and is president of a woman's club."

There is always lingering about the human mind a misty halo which settles down upon people and events of the past, softening the acute angles and mercifully subduing the glaring lack of harmony. We have unanimously lauded our grandmothers for their economy, their thrift, and their self-sacrifice, and possibly not beyond their desert, but it has occurred to but few that, in spite of the faults, manifest and annoying, of the woman of the present day, the contrast is due more largely to her environment than to the woman herself.

The Puritan was thrifty and economical largely because she had to be so. There was little opportunity for her to spend had she chosen to do so, and she was in an environment where there was little temptation to idleness or extravagance. After the first primitive needs are supplied the wants of human kind are dictated more largely by what one's neighbor has than by what is actually required. It becomes chiefly a question of pride and ambition.

The Puritan woman had pride in making her resources meet her family's necessities. Her neighbors did the same. Her husband had need of her, and she responded as a woman always has responded to the cry of need. Moreover, she was limited numerically and geographically. There were few of her, and the few there were represented little difference of class. Doubtless there may have been some drones even in these hives, but drones and butterflies soon live out their existence. So long as their number is small and they are the exceptions, no one is sufficiently interested to write them down in history.

Times have changed since then. The narrow strip of population in the East has stretched to the other side of the continent, and the prosperous settlement has become a great city. With the increase of numbers and pros-

perity the class of butterflies and drones has become large enough to attract attention. The whole face of things has undergone a change. The man of to-day has acquired the necessities. He has also the comforts and the luxuries. His pride is in the extent and lavishness with which he can supply his family's desires, partly because of his love for his family, partly because his success is thus announced to the world. The love of conquest is still burning within him, and, since it cannot be conquest by war (this being increasingly an age of peace), nor conquest by the chase (since his ancestors have left little for him to hunt), he is reduced to the pursuit of the mighty dollar, and, like his predecessors, his conquest is successful.

This puts the American woman in entirely new circumstances. There is no great material emergency imperatively calling for immediate action which she must rise to meet. What she would do if there she were demonstrated during the Civil War. What she is now called upon to do is to adapt herself to new conditions and new needs. Because of the general prosperity these needs and opportunities are not insistent upon the average, the typical woman, and there is greater variety in the ways in which she may utilize her resources and her position than ever before. It is for her to decide what is the wisest or most attractive way to spend her leisure and her strength, rather than any immediate juncture of public events which plainly and sharply points out the path for her. How she has done this, some of the ways she has taken, and with what success, it is the aim of this article to suggest.

Looking over the field broadly, it appears to be a wide variety of activities with a good average of moderate success along many lines which she has achieved, rather than isolated and striking attainment in any one department.

We have had no artists, authors, or composers of the very first rank, either men or women, as yet, and the reason is easily deduced. Our country has never experienced the conditions of the Homeric age. The simplicity and close-to-nature living of the Pilgrim Fathers was not the normal existence of the people who lived it, and it lacked all the spontaneity and freedom of the life into which people are born. They had voluntarily chosen a life of struggle, and hardship for the sake of principle, and they were keyed up to an unnatural pitch. There could not be spontaneity and free exercise of the imagination, finding expression in poetry or art or music. From that period to this the transition has been too rapid to permit the quiet, undisturbed growth and blooming of the finer flowers. Nevertheless, good work, if not of the first rank, has been done by both men and women. Since we are now concerned with the

latter, the names may be mentioned of Cecilia Beaux in painting Emma Eames, Nordica, and Geraldine Farrar in opera, Julia Marlowe and Maude Adams on the stage, and there is a list of writers of more or less reputation, too long to be quoted without injustice or tedium.

But it is along the line of action rather than thought and creation that the American finds his place. The old comparison of the every-day greetings of the nationalities is not without significance. The German, with his placid philosophy, inquires how things go with you—you being the fixed point about which things move—or how you find yourself amidst the changes of events and circumstances; the Frenchman is concerned as to how you carry yourself, what appearance you are presenting; he will gayly face death or danger with his accustomed nonchalance and *savoir faire*, but ridicule—never! The American, beginning to create a nation and to carve out his own fortune when others were well on their upward or downward career, is concerned with the all-important question, "How do you do?" He has done so effectually that we now find ourselves, at the end of a century and a half, in a condition of wealth and luxury which most nations have hardly reached after many centuries.

Several causes have worked to bring this about: a country unprecedented in extent and natural resource; a people whose native stock, representing the acme of courage, endurance, and energy, has been continually enriched by the grafting on of other stock of every conceivable virtue or characteristic; and, finally, a democratic government which, faulty as it may be, has not hindered the working out of any problems which these conditions have imposed.

And so it comes about that, for the first time in history, woman is no longer limited to two or three channels into which she may pour her energy and vitality, and it naturally happens that the ways she has chosen to express herself are many and diverse, almost as varied as those of the other sex.

Having been limited for countless generations to two occupations when she has been driven to seek self-support, she, so to speak, long ago pre-empted these two vocations. Whether or not it is desirable that the number of men engaged in the profession of teaching should become less and less, and the number invading the province of needle and shears increasingly greater, is another story. The fact remains that over 300,000 teachers in the United States are women, and that they occupy every position, from teachers of kindergartens and primary schools to the presidency of women's colleges. That they are called to these positions more and more argues for their fitness and success. One

has only to mention the names of such educators as Catherine Beecher, Mary Lyon, Emma Willard, Alice Freeman Palmer, or, to come to our immediate day, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of Schools in the city of Chicago and recently elected President of the National Association of Teachers, as illustrative of this point.

From the days of the pioneers to the Presidents of Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, and Bryn Mawr there has been great development in the educational work done by women. The story is too long and too well known to be repeated here. What is not so familiar is the variety of new forms of education which are being thought out and which are demonstrating by successful operation their real value and worth.

A college course is undoubtedly the most desirable of all forms of training, broadening a woman and fitting her for leadership and for a comprehension of any work which may come to her, and enabling her to grasp and handle any situation more easily and more effectively. It is the highest form of study and is necessary to the maintenance of a general standard; but the variance of temperament and gifts, the difficulty in the paths of life lying before young women, make it necessary and desirable that there should also be special training for special work. The schools which have arisen to meet such needs are largely the result of the thought and planning of women, and represent their success in a very important department. The Manual Training School for Girls in New York City is a notable instance of such a school. Its finished product is a young woman able to command a higher position of self-support than otherwise she could have attained without many years of hard experience.

The various schools for training nursery-maids in connection with babies' hospitals comprise another form of education which has been worked out by women. They have made it possible, after a few months' preparation, for a girl of moderate education to secure wages twenty-five per cent larger than untrained work of the same class can command. At the same time they have made possible intelligent, skilled care of the young child in homes where the mother is young and inexperienced, or where, through multiplied demands upon time and strength, she finds that she cannot give her child the proper care for its best physical welfare. One of the pleasantest and at the same time most valuable features of this work is that the girl who enters this training is not taken out of the line of preparation for the duties which naturally come to women in their first and highest vocation—motherhood and the care of children—but develops greater fitness in that very work.

Of course this is also true of the better-known profession of the trained nurse. From the early days of Clara Barton that work has increased in efficiency and popularity until now it draws to its ranks girls from every walk of life, from the modest home where the pecuniary reward is a strong incentive, to the home of wealth and luxury where the spirit of chivalry or romance may be the motive. It is one of the few vocations left which appeal to the spirit of self-sacrifice.

The professions of law, medicine, and theology have all been invaded by women. If there are as yet no names which stand out as "bright particular stars," it may be that it is too soon to expect to see them. A moderate position occupied by a woman stands for a much greater degree of success than the same position held by a man, since public opinion grants her its favor grudgingly, and she works against greater odds.

That women can hold their own in the business world is no longer an open question. There are few lines of work undertaken by men which have not also been tried by women. So long as they are willing to accept the subordinate positions with low pay there is little difficulty, but as soon as they try for positions of responsibility and reward they meet, not only the competition of the other sex, but the stronger opposition of the laws of a business world organized, and perhaps rightly so, on the supposition that a man's wages should be sufficient to maintain a wife and family, and that he expects to occupy his position permanently, while a woman works for her individual support and more or less temporarily.

Therefore the success which a woman wins in the business world, as in the professions, indicates a higher degree of ability than the same achievement on the part of her brother. Incidentally there is a temptation to comment on this fact, which is generally overlooked, and also upon the habit of judging the success of a woman who has entered the business world, not by proportioning her success to the numbers thus occupied, the time, training, and resources involved, but by a comparison of her success with the achievements of men who stand out as exceptions in striking contrast to the thousands who fail or attain only mediocrity. It is hard to look upon a woman at the head of a business undertaking as otherwise than more or less of an experiment, notwithstanding that there are many who have demonstrated their ability. That woman certainly possessed the business instinct who built up the tea and grill rooms in Marshall Field's great dry-goods establishment—said to be the largest in the world—to a capacity of three thousand to five thousand

people daily, in a manner which made it famous throughout the Northwest for its delicately prepared food and its efficient service.

The work which has been done here and there in civic matters by women has found much inspiration in the accomplishment of one woman, Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

In her own city, and very largely by her own influence and inspiration, she has had the satisfaction of seeing streets made cleaner and at less expense, yards and gardens beautified, slaughter-houses and dairies properly inspected, a system of "visiting housekeepers" inaugurated, hospitals, almshouses, and workhouses improved, and the water supply purified. And other cities have followed this example.

But these successes are, after all, exceptional, and are more in the face of, rather than according to, the laws of society as it is now organized. More in harmony with its constitution and with her own position therein is the development of the large movements of public interest and welfare which have sprung into being since the Civil War, and which are now a prominent feature in every city and village. Beginning originally with the Women's Boards for Missions, closely followed in 1861 by the work of the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War, at its close women were ready for the organization of other boards of missions, of other boards for various forms of philanthropy, and for the woman's club movement which has spread over the entire country and is prominent in every town.

There is now hardly a city to be found where there are not societies for the extension of some form of missions; boards for the support of hospitals or other benevolent institutions; chapters for the promotion of patriotism; and clubs for civic and municipal improvement or for culture in art, music, and literature. Begun in a small way, gradually growing by natural accretion and by careful, intelligent utilization of every possible resource, the results have astonished even the planners of these movements. As business enterprises they have exceeded all expectations. Last year the various woman's boards of foreign missions in this country raised and disbursed more than \$4,000,000. This insured the support and maintenance of hundreds of schools, hospitals, and dispensaries all over the face of the earth. The work in this country was done very largely by women whose service was gratuitous and given from their leisure from home cares, and with probably as small a percentage of expense in the handling as such a sum ever involved.

This is but illustrative of many organizations for philanthropy. Many of the hospitals and

homes in our great cities are officered and managed entirely by women. The same is true of the Young Women's Christian Associations, which not only handle a large amount of money yearly, but—a more difficult proposition—provide counsel and supervision for a large number of people.

The patriotic societies of different kinds are dotting the land with monuments, scattering literature broadcast, and preserving historical sites and buildings which will some day be of inestimable value to the Nation. The originators of movements of such breadth and value were women of no mean ability, nor are they carried on by weaklings.

But the sphere where woman has made her first, last, and greatest success, and where there will always be the first, last, and greatest need of her service, is in home-making. The tendency of the day is towards fewer homes, but, though the home-maker is rarer, fortunately the type is far from extinct. The rewards of the definite income, however small, and of a constant companionship of her own age, attract many young girls to shop and factory life—girls who do not realize that by this choice of occupation they are committing two evils. They are cutting themselves off from the possibility of a proper training for the career for which every true woman hopes in her inmost heart, and they are filling a place which belongs to a girl who has no choice, but must earn her livelihood. Every place filled by a girl to whom self-support is unnecessary lessens the chance for some girl a little less well qualified, makes competition a little keener, and brings down the scale of wages for both men and women, thus making the possibility of a home in the future a little more distant for herself or for some one else. Girls do not realize this when ambition or restlessness drives them out of their homes to seek self-support. Most of them would indignantly deny any part in making the conditions of a working-woman's lot more difficult and her life thereby a harder one, but it is true, nevertheless.

More far-seeing is the work done in building up the home spirit, in providing ways and means by which the laws of home-making are better understood; in instituting classes and places of training for girls shut out from the ordinary opportunities of learning to keep house, to cook, to sew, or in raising the standard of intelligence in domestic science by careful study of the ever-recurring problems of properly prepared food and clothing and the still more neglected and imperfectly comprehended science of intelligent spending.

Much attention has been given to this line of work by women, particularly in the city of Boston, where schools and courses of study have

been provided, and where experimental kitchens have been conducted. Much literature has been prepared and disseminated. Some of the higher schools have adopted courses of training, and one school at least—the Garland School—is distinctly organized for the scientific training of home-makers among the well-to-do.

The dignifying of what has been looked upon as the petty, prosaic detail of woman's lot is as high and valuable a form of work as can be done by woman.

It is one of the inconsistencies of human nature that this sphere of work, which is sung in song and praised in story, in practical life is belittled alike by both sexes. The masterful spirit of man has never allowed his part to be forgotten, and, because he deals with bigger things and heavier materials, he overlooks the fact that these are but materials which must be shaped, at least in part, by woman's hands into the finished product. As if the preparer and provider of the canvas and paint should say to the artist, "I am the creator of this picture." And woman, with the humility of her sex developed by long ages of masculine domination, accepts his dictum and despises her own art.

And that is one reason why we have the large class of restless, dissatisfied women who are seeking every possible way to avoid the career which Providence has graciously set before them. There is no recognition of the economic value of the work of the home-maker, and the spirit of independence which makes women as well as men American rebels at the indignity. Just how it can be brought about does not yet appear, but one of the forward steps in the future will be the devising of some scheme by which there shall be recognition of the money value of the work of the home-maker.

Fortunately, human nature is at work in us all, and so it happens that there are still homes and home-makers. For all the progress in science and art and education, there is nothing so beautiful, nothing so needed, nothing so much worth while, as a true home—except the home-maker to keep it such. For the present she can well afford to stand quietly by and wait, for, however she may be overlooked or despised, in the final outcome it is to her and into her sphere of labor that art, science, and education must pour all their trophies. As in the beginning the child's first need is a woman's care, so in the end there is no other place for a man to bring the result of all his labor but home, to the sheltering love of a woman's heart.



News and Notes.

INDIAN WOMEN AND THE CENSUS.—The *Manchester Guardian* writes.—The recent Indian census, which gives a total of three hundred and fifteen millions, or seven per cent. over the last census, shows that in India females are now in the proportion of 954 to 1000 males, which is what it was in 1881. The intervening censuses had seemed to indicate an approximation to equality, but now it would appear that there is no ground for the theory that with increasing accuracy of enumeration it would be found that women were not fewer but only less carefully counted. In India the conditions are unfavourable to female life and amongst these the *Times of India* mentions the neglect of female infants in some classes, early marriage and child bearing unskilful midwifery, and the hard work to which some of the women of the lower classes are set. These tend to the reverse of what happens in Europe where the excess of males born, a creature common to both Europe and India is more than wiped out in the course of years. In the particular case of Bombay, which proudly affirms itself to be the second City of the empire, the disparity between the males and females is extraordinary. Out of a total population of 972,892 only 339,036 are females and during the last five years the difference increased by over 45,000. Several temporary causes are mentioned, such as the prevalence of plague, short time in the mills and the Holi festival at the time of the census all of which it seems cause the women to leave the city in greater numbers than the men. Bombay is, of course, a great manufacturing centre, and we must suppose that this is the chief cause of the changed disparity. The *Times of India* says:—"Supposing the increased portion in the city to be a permanent factor, the extent of the change indicates the solidity of recent industrial development. We should suppose that it indicates too the precarious and shifting nature of the labour employed at the mills, for it is not to be expected that a large number of the operative class will remain permanently divorced from their womenkind."

BETHUNE COLLEGE—ANNUAL PRIZE DAY.—The pleasant function of the distribution of prizes to the girls of the Bethune College came off recently. The College premises were tastefully decorated with flowers, foliage, etc. The Hon. Mr. Justice Ashu Tosh Mukerjee presided and Her Excellency Lady Hardinge gave away the prizes. There was a fair gathering of Indian and European ladies and gentlemen. The programme was varied and interesting. The

annual report showed that the total number of pupils of the Institution on the 31st December last was 179, as compared with 180 on the corresponding date in the previous year. Of these 45 were in the College Department, and 134 in the School Department, as against 38 in the College Department and 142 in the School Department in the preceding year. Of the pupils on the rolls of the institution on the 31st December last, 91 were Hindus, 72 were Brahmos, and 16 Christians, as against 92 Hindus, 73 Brahmos, and 15 Christians on the rolls on the corresponding date in the previous year. Of the total number of pupils, 138 were day-scholars and 41 boarders. Of the boarders, one was a Hindu, 36 were Brahmos, and 4 Christians. The lower forms in the School Department are full, and the pupils are mostly Hindus. The College has suffered a severe loss by the sad and sudden death of Bahu Sarat Chandra Chakravarti, M.A. Lecturer on Sanskrit. The results of the University Examination were satisfactory.

A FASHIONABLE TALI-TYING CEREMONY.—A Tellicherry correspondent writes:—The 'tali-kettu' ceremony, of the daughter and nieces of Mr. Vengayil Senior Raman Nayanar came off with great 'eclat' on the 26th and 27th ult. Mr. Nayanar, who is a sincere social reformer, courageously got the ceremony performed under the rules drawn up by the Keraleeya Nair Samajam, (the social reform association of the Nairs). He did away with some evil customs such as squeezing money out of tenants and receiving presents from relatives and others. The processions were magnificent. Thousands of poor were fed daily, and on the last day nearly seven thousand Tiyyas and other low castes were given sumptuous meals. Along with this was performed the "grahapravesam" ceremony of Mr. Nayanar's new and palatial house, by far the best house in North Malabar, and this also was a grand function. Mr. Nayanar was loyally assisted by his two anandiravans Messrs. Junior Raman Nayanar and Chathukutty Nayanar.

HINDU MARRIAGE REFORM LEAGUE:—At Madras an informal meeting was held at Mr. Justice P. R. Sundara Iyer's residence on Friday, the 12th instant, to form a Hindu Marriage Reform League, the objects of which are:—(a) To raise the marriageable age of boys and girls and to spread education among girls on wider scale than at present: (b) To educate public opinion on the question of Marriage Reform, by means of lectures, books, pamphlets, tracts, leaflets, etc., and by such other means as may be found expedient. (c) To obtain a suffi-

cient volume of Hindu public opinion which may have the effect of modifying the system of early marriage to an appreciable extent in the near future. (d) To minimise marriage expenses and dowries. (e) To take steps generally for the extension and promotion of the above-mentioned objects. A Committee was appointed to take steps to publish in the vernacular language and in English leaflets popularising the objects of the League and pointing out the desirability of forming the League. The Hon'ble Mr. Justice P. R. Sundara Iyer was asked to be the Chairman of the Committee and Dewan Bahadur M. Adinarayanaya, Dewan Bahadur the Hon'ble Mr. L. A. Govindaraghava Iyer and Mr. N. Ranganatham were appointed Secretaries.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST SOME MOPILLAS.—A young lady of the Mopilla Caste of Malapuram has filed a complaint before the Sub-Magistrate of Manjeri against some Mopillas of the place for forcibly taking her to some distant place. The Magistrate being convinced of the truth of the complaint committed the case to Head Assistant Magistrate's Court, with a view that justice may fully be meted out to the offenders.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.—Queen Alexandra, a correspondent understands, will not be present at the Coronation. She is said not to have expressed any wish to be there, and there will be less difficulty for those who have the arrangements in hand if she prefers to stay away. She could not very well take a place in the box which other Royal ladies will have placed at her disposal, and to have to make arrangements for another throne would have added considerably to the Earl Marshal's task.

THE FIRST LADY F. R. C. S.—At the Primary Examination in Anatomy and Physiology, for Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, held this month, 135 candidates presented themselves, of whom 28 per cent. passed and 72 per cent. failed. The successful candidates included Miss Eleanor Colley, M. D., London University, two Indian candidates, educated at Bombay University and London Hospital, and one Indian candidate educated in the Punjab University and London University College Hospital. Miss Colley, who is House Surgeon at the new Hospital for Women and Children in the Euston Road, London, thus becomes the first lady candidate to pass the examination.

MR. VAILLANT.—A Mrs. Vaillant appeared at a police station on Saturday night bleeding

profusely, and stated that she had been shot by her husband who had then shot himself. Vaillant was found lying in a pool of blood with a bullet wound in his temple and a revolver lying close by. A letter from Vaillant found by the police accused the woman of infidelity. Mrs. Vaillant had separated from her husband. Vaillant died of his wounds but his wife is expected to recover.

A LADIES' HEALTH COMMITTEE.—A Ladies' Health Committee is going to be formed among the European and Indian ladies in Lahore, with a view to co-operation in the lessening of infant mortality in that town. The scheme is the suggestion of the Health Officer.

A LADY LAWYER.—Mrs. Jersey Benedict Gessner, a successful lawyer in New Orleans, belongs to a family of lawyers. Her father, her mother's father, her brother and an uncle have been lawyers, and she hopes to make a lawyer of her son. She has inherited her father's office and business, and, although she was admitted to the bar only four years ago, she has had cases in all the courts, up to the State Supreme Court and the United States Court of Appeals. She has lost but one case, and she receives good fees. She regards civil law as an ideal profession for women, but does not advise the criminal law. Mrs. Gessner is described as a charming woman, feminine in all her tastes. She darts, mends and embroiders, and does the marketing. She is bringing up and educating her boy—a promising lad of fourteen—and in the summers the two go off travelling and have "such good times."

WOMEN BARRISTERS.—It is reported from Paris that women barristers are not to be admitted to France's highest tribunal, the Court of Cassation. Mlle. Dyvrande, who practises in the Appeal Court, applied to qualify for the Supreme Court. Its council of order decided women were not eligible to practise before the judges of that Court, as the position virtually is a ministerial office and therefore is reserved for men.

A WOMAN LAWYER.—For the first time in the history of Oregon, a woman lawyer will act as legal representative for the State. Miss Sarah Crahen, of Toledo, Ore., has been appointed attorney for the State Land Board, and her duties will be to examine all applications for loans on State lands around Toledo, and, when necessary, appear in court and defend the State's property.

A KINDERGARTEN TEACHER.—A kindergarten teacher has been strict in requiring written excuses from the mothers in case of absence. The morning of the big snow storm only a few of the babies made their appearance. The next day they all came with written excuses except one tot, named Willie. When asked for his, he

said: "I did ferdit it." He was cautioned to bring it the next day. The next morning he arrived all rosy with the cold, and handed the teacher his excuse. It read: "Dear Miss C——: Little Willie's legs are fourteen inches long. The snow was two feet deep. Very truly yours, Mrs. J——."—*Columbus Dispatch.*

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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