

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. VI.

AUGUST, 1906.

No. 2.

THE CHORUS OF LIFE.

'Tis not in silence that we pass
Through life upon our way,
But as a choir that doth uplift
Its voice from day to day,

Wherein the melody of each
Contributes to upraise
To God, in one harmonious whole,
A glorious hymn of praise.

But each must strive that no false
note
Nor discord mar the song ;
For clear vibrations, sweet and true,
The chorus should prolong.

We all have parts that we must learn,
That need to be rehearsed
With constant zeal, that they may
blend,
And no one voice be first.

Some may have solos to perform ;
For others' sake they give
The best they can, and noble work
From age to age doth live.

As years roll on, let every soul
Grow rich in music's speech,
For the volume of God's choir is
formed
By the melody of each.

The Secret of Happiness.



WHEN I was younger, I laughed and cried in equal measure when merry or sad. Now there is little laughter or weeping; but I often smile, which tells a tale of "past twenty-five." In my 'teen days the pride and pleasure of earning my own living bubbled up in high spirits like a perpetual fountain, and the hope of gaining riches was always present in the background of my thoughts as a vague inspiration. By and by the daily journey to the city grew less amusing. Weary faces passed me in the crowd. Girls who had been bright and alert now looked soberly pitiful, and the tripping gait had changed to patient, tired plodding. The streets, once full of gay variety, changed to a dull procession of labouring people and noisy traffic, going ever forward under the sharp crack of Taskmaster Poverty's whip.

Then I began to wonder what was wrong. Had I changed also? Was I like those girls who suddenly were anxious women? My little looking-glass and my heart answered with solemn regret, "Yes." Lines across mouth and brow, sunken spaces around my eyes, life sinking out of skin and hair, echoed the mournful truth, adding, "And in ten years more!" It was terrible. Something must be done. But what?

First, there must be causes for the change. On the instant many tiny voices, that had sometimes uttered a cry I had scarcely heard, blended themselves into articulate expression. "Women are not meant to fight the world's battle," they said in decisive tones. "Girls have been misled in this generation by women with false appetites craving for publicity and equality. A woman is always equal to a man—in her own sphere of womanhood. Women need homes and love. They have left them for the will-o'-the-wisps of independence and freedom. And by the time they are thirty they are engulfed in the bog of restless dissatisfaction and despair. Oh, that a reaction may come quickly, and the next generation revert to hearth, home, and children!"

That may all be true, said I; but what is done cannot be undone. Here am I on the edge of the bog. How to avoid being sucked into sourness and heart-hunger? I observe that there is a crisis in the space which intervenes between the ages of thirty and forty in the lives of single women. Many become outwardly callous, sour and cynical,—most horrible characteristics in

creatures meant to display sympathy, sweetness and faith. Must I become only a tired, disappointed, disillusioned woman?

"No," replied a strong voice, which I recognized as that of my soul. "You are poor, lonely, and obscure; but you may live in beauty and light serving your day and generation nobly. Not for you are home, husband, and love, yet you may find resting-places and affection everywhere. Lift your thoughts to Heaven: the heart of woman was fashioned there, and there alone is it understood. Across the sky you will find written in letters of living gold the motto of the angels and the secret of happiness. It is contained in one word, 'others.' The tide of love, if denied outlet, will suffocate and torment its possessor. Therefore, take the whole world to your bosom. Love all, good and bad, old and young. You will soon find your store of affection exhausted, yet, constantly renewed from the adorable Source of love, Who bids the sun warm just and unjust. Put yourself away. Live to help your neighbour, who is the person happening to be next you at the moment. Resolve that no day shall pass wherein you have not tried to perform an unselfish and kindly deed. It is an old secret, this, but the only true one."

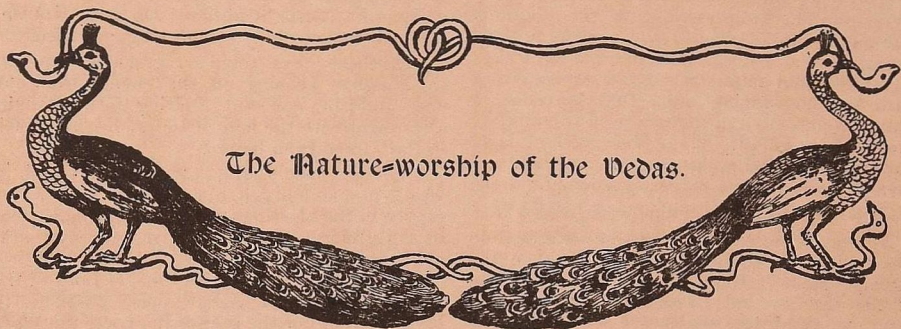
So I took my soul's advice, entered on the path of happiness. Never was effort better repaid. The world has become the ante-chamber of Paradise. I began by trying to love secretly the people I met in the street, and particularly those who appeared to me most disagreeable. Presently this exercise resulted in a glow of pleasure within myself, and a true desire that the awkward circumstances which had caused the apparent ill-humour of these individuals might be lessened or transformed. In the early mornings, in the crowded ways, a habit grew of silently wishing each man and woman a good and happy day, and of asking the blessing of God upon them.

My small wage became ample for small aids to my fellow-pilgrims in the world. Opportunities for every kindnesses of word, look, and deed opened at every step. It was amazing to find multitudes of good hearts, of grateful and understanding eyes, of lips ready to smile, thronging the great English city, which often seems as if it existed merely to grasp wealth and worship Mammon. But that is but the surface. Day by day I go my way, seeing many, speaking to some, hearing more; and in all the days I have never discovered a wholly bad man or woman. In every heart there is a sacred chamber, with an altar and the dove of purity and love above it. Sometimes the chamber is very contracted and the altar very poor; but—they are there, and may be expanded into wondrous height and breadth and beauty.

I am a happy woman. As the years go on, the happiness will deepen. No longer are the streets dull and gray, and my brother and sister toilers ill-favoured. The more worn they are, the more love they need. If the sun shines, all gleams fall my way, and I ask that the brightest and warmest may fall on those who need them most. When I cannot give, I ask the One Who has all to supply the needy. The hours are crowded with pictures and pleasures. The river, that used to be muddy and speak of the madness and misery it covered, sings songs under the old stone arches now. At night I go to sleep with the memory of a child's confiding look, an old woman's handclasp, a beauty's condescending,

amused glance, a beggar's blessing, or some such mighty trifle to make me glad. Winds among the few trees, rain making roofs and gutters bright, sun glinting on the rich man's carriage and the poor man's barrow, sky and clouds, stones and brown ground, houses and animals,—they all have their messages, and talk to me in sweetness. I am not lonely: nobody has so many friends. I am not poor: my wealth cannot be counted. I am not old: love is ever young. Sickness and the pauper house may come in the future. Well, there is a treasure that nothing, not death itself, can touch!

ALTON VERINI.



The Nature-worship of the Vedas.

WRITING of the nature-worship of the ancient Pagans, Carlyle says, with one of his sudden keen gleams of penetration: "You remember that fancy of Plato's, of a man who had grown to maturity in some dark distance, and was brought on a sudden into the upper air to see the sun rise. What would his wonder be, his rapt astonishment at the sight we daily witness with indifference! With the free open sense of a child, yet with the ripe faculty of a man, his whole heart would be kindled by that sight, he would discern it well to be God-like, his soul would fall down in worship before it. Now, just such a child-like greatness was in the primitive nations. The first Pagan thinker among rude men, the first man that began to think was precisely this child-man of Plato's. Simple, open as a child, yet with the depth and strength of a man. Nature had as yet no name to him; he had not yet united under a name the infinite variety of sights, sounds, shapes and motions, which we now collectively name Universe, Nature or the like. Nature was to this man, what to the Thinker and Prophet it forever is, preternatural. This green flowery rock-built earth, the trees, the mountains, rivers,

many sounding-seas;—that great deep sea of azure that swims overhead; the winds sweeping through it; the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain; what is it? Ay, what? At bottom we do not yet know; we can never know at all."

It is this wondering, admiring, worshipping state of mind which characterises the religion of the Vedas. It is difficult to characterise by one single word the religion of the Vedas. "It is not one which has originated in the minds of single individuals, inspired or uninspired, and by them been taught to others; it is not one which has been nursed into its present form by the fostering care of a caste or priesthood; it is one which has arisen in the whole body of the people, and is a true expression of the collective view which a simple-minded but highly-gifted nation inclined to religious veneration took of the wonders of creation and the powers to which it conceived them ascribable. It is, what every original religion must be, that is not communicated to man by direct inspiration from above, a nature-religion, a worship of the powers supposed to be back of and produce the phenomena of the visible world."

In no part of India is nature so truly seen at its best as in the land of the five rivers, where the early Aryans composed their "Songs before sun-rise." The basin of the Indus, with its broad sun-steeped valleys, its wooded forest-clad hills, its swift-flowing, often storm-tossed rivers, its majestic mountain barriers on the northern and western sides, and the weird wide belt of desert on the southern, is just the sort of region to strike the Aryan mind with wonder and astonishment and arouse in it the emotion of the sublime. We do not, therefore, wonder at the higher gods of the Vedas being entirely personifications of natural phenomena, and that of beneficent phenomena too. To the simple Aryans the powers of nature presented themselves as so many personal agents. They saw God in clouds and heard him in the storms. They were not only impressed with the manifold powers of natural phenomena, such as fire and water, wind and storm, thunder and lightning; but their infant mind did not fail to be struck with the unchanging order that prevailed in nature as presented in the recurring seasons, the unvarying regularity of sun and moon, of dawn and darkness; and an attempt is made now and then to pierce beyond natural phenomena to the underlying principle of intelligence behind it.

Nothing is more interesting and instructive to the student of comparative religion than the attempts made in India to arrive at a knowledge of the Infinite and Eternal by reflective and intuitive insight into the nature of things. The theory that the religious instinct in man is the outcome of the emotion of fear, of a vague indefinite dread due to a consciousness of helplessness and to ignorance of secondary causes, is completely disproved by an examination of the earliest forms of religious thought in India. In the Vedas, which constitute one of the most ancient records of the religious aspirations of mankind, we clearly see that the impulse that prompted the Indo-Aryans to address their sublime hymns to the forces of nature were not those of helplessness. All the deities invoked are beneficent, generous, omniscient, omnipotent; they are all bestowers of life, inspirers of knowledge; they are alike the refuge of men, creators of the world, for the benefit of man, radiant with all-searching light, transcending and pervading all worlds. The definition of religion as "habitual and permanent admiration" may be wanting in completeness, but it nevertheless singles out one of the essential qualities connoted by the term religion, and it is this "habitual and permanent admiration," so essentially characteristic of the Indian mind, that accounts for its feeling after one Supreme Eternal Being at all times, if haply He might be found in sky or air, in fire or rain.

Very beautiful and sublime are some of the hymns addressed to natural phenomena. Here is a part of a hymn addressed to Indra, who together with Agni, is the most conspicuous and most lauded god in the Hindu Pantheon:—

"Keep silence well! We offer praises to the great Indra in the house of the sacrificer. Does he find treasure for those who are like sleepers? Mean praise is not valued among the munificent.

"Thou art the giver of the horses, Indra, thou art the giver of cows, the giver of corn, the strong lord of wealth. The old guide of man, disapproving no desires, a friend to friends:— To him we address this song.

"O powerful Indra, achiever of many works, most brilliant god—all this wealth around here is known to be thine alone: Take from it, conqueror! Bring it hither! Do not stint the desire of the worshipper who longs for thee!

"On these days thou art gracious, and on these nights, keeping off the enemy from our cows and from our stud. Tearing the fiend night after night with the help of Indra, let us rejoice in food, freed from haters.

"Let us rejoice, Indra, in treasure and food, in wealth of manifold delight and splendour. Let us rejoice in the blessings of the gods, which gives us the strength of offspring, gives us cows first and horses.

"These draughts inspired thee, O Lord of the brave! These were vigour, these libations, in battles, when for the sake of the poet, the sacrificer, thou struckest down irresistibly ten thousands of the enemies.

"We who in future, protected by the gods, wish to be thy most blessed friends, we shall praise thee, blessed by thee with offspring, and enjoying henceforth a longer life."

The following is a simple prayer addressed to Ushas, the Dawn:

"She shines upon us, like a young wife, rousing every living being to go to his work. When the fire had to be kindled by men, she made the light by striking down darkness.

"She rose up, spreading far and wide, and moving everywhere. She grew in brightness, wearing her brilliant garment. The mother of the cows, (the mornings) the leader of the days, she shone gold coloured, lovely to behold.

"She, the fortunate, who brings the eye of the gods, who leads the white and lovely steed (of the sun), the Dawn was seen revealed by her rays, with brilliant treasures, following everyone.

"Thou art a blessing where thou art near, drive far away the unfriendly; make the pasture wide, give us safety! Scatter the enemy, bring riches! Raise up wealth to the worshipper, thou mighty Dawn.

"Shine for us with thy best rays, thou bright Dawn, thou who lengthenest our life, thou the love of all, who givest us food, who givest us wealth in cows, horses, and chariots.

"Thou daughter of the sky, thou high-born Dawn, whom the Vashisthas magnify with songs, give us riches high and wide ; All ye gods protect us always with your blessings."

Here is the beautiful evening hymn to Savitar, the evening Sun :

"The god, his mighty hands, his arms, out-stretches in heaven above, and all things here obey him. To his commands the waters are attentive, and even the rushing wind subsides before him.

"Driving his steeds, now he removes the harness and bids the wanderer rest him from his journey ; he checks the serpent-smiter's eager onset ; at Savitar's command the kindly night comes.

"The weaver rolls her growing web together, and in the midst the workman leaves his labours ; the god arises and divides the time (night from day), god Savitar appears, the never-resting.

"In every place where mortals have their dwelling, the house-fire far and wide sheds forth its radiance, the mother gives her son the fairest portion, because the god has given him desire to eat.

"Now he returns who had gone forth for profit ; for home the longing wanderer's heart is yearning, and each, his task half-finished, home-ward journeys ; this is the heavenly inciter's ordinance.

"The restless darting fish, at fall of evening seeks, where he may, his refuge in the waters ; his nest the egg-born seeks, their stall the cattle ; each in its place, the god divides the creatures."

Such are a few specimens of the courtly poetry found in the Rig-Veda, in honour of the bright and high-born gods, rulers of the world, bringers of rain, bringers of wealth and plenty to noble and royal sacrificers.

This naturalism, pure and unalloyed at the commencement, because least mixed with the elements of reflection, abstraction and systematizing, gradually becomes intermixed with the mythical element. What makes the Vedas so very important to the student of comparative religion is the light that it throws on the part that the myth plays in the development of natural religion. A myth is "a phenomenon of nature presented, not as the result of a law, but as the act of divine or at least superhuman persons, good or evil powers." The peculiarity of the Vedic myths is that we get them so to speak in the very process of making ; we see the process of transformation ; the transition from natural experiences to supernatural beliefs go on before our very eyes. We open the Rig-

Veda, and we think that we are reading minute and elaborate descriptions of the various stages of the sun's progress, the incidents of a thunder-storm, or the dramatic episodes of a drought, but to our astonishment these very descriptions assume a realistic garb, for, by a subtle change of designation, by the insertion of a new name expressing some characteristic action of the natural phenomena for its ordinary name, such as "the Howlers" for the Storm-winds ; "Savitri," the Vivifier, for the Sun or one of its attributes ; or later on by a process of personification, as is evident in the names of such gods as "Aditi," Infinite ; "Purandhi," Abundance, — a passage which is strictly descriptive becomes mythical in character. Modern poets have no doubt found in the Dawn, the cloud, the storm-winds and other natural phenomena, much scope for poetic and allegorical comparisons, but a modern poet will speak of the cloud in such sober language as the following :—

"Thou latest straggler of a storm that's fled !
Alone thou floatest o'er the joyous blue,
And castest on thy envious course and sad,
O'er day reviving an ungenial hue.

"It was but now thy shade the sky o'erspread,
And from thy gloom the threatening lightning
broke,
And from thy womb the mystic thunder spoke,
And with thy rain the thirsting earth was fed.

"Enough then ! hie thee from the peaceful scene !
Refreshed is earth, and long dispersed the storm,
'The zephyr courts the trees and sweeps thy form
Far from the azure of the sky serene."

Compare with this the Vedic hymn to Parjanya, a name which sometimes occurs as a common name for a god, and at other times becomes the name of the storm-god :—

"Sing unto the strong with these songs, laud Parjanya, with praise worship him. Loud bellows the Bull ; he lays down the seed and fruit in the herbs. He cleaves the trees asunder, he slays the Rakshasas ; all living creatures fear the wearer of the mighty bolt. Even the sinless trembles before him, the giver of rain, for Parjanya, thundering, slays the evil-doers. As a driver who urges his horses with his whip, he makes the rainy messengers appear. From far arises the roar of the lion when Parjanya makes the cloud full of rain. The winds rage, the lightnings shoot through the air, the herbs sprout forth from the ground, the heavens overflow, refreshment is borne to all creatures when Parjanya blesses the earth with rain. Thou, Parjanya, shield us well, by whose doing the earth is shaken, by whose doing the hoofed herd is supported, by whose doing herbs of all kinds sprout forth..... Oh come to us with the thunder-cloud, pouring down the waters, Asura, our father. Roar, thunder, give fruit, fly round

us with thy chariot that is filled with water. Pull strongly the downward-bent, well fastened water-skin; may the heights and the valleys be made even. Lift up the great barrel, pour down; loosened may the streams rush forward. Drench heaven and earth, give good drink to the kine. Well hast thou poured down the rain, now cease; thou makest that we can pass over the dry plains; thou hast made the herbs to sprout that we may eat, and hast received praise from the creatures."

The tendency to deify nature makes the Vedic poets regard everything, which impresses by its sublimity or by its power of usefulness even, as an object of adoration. Hence it is that not "only rivers and mountains, springs, plants and trees are invoked as deities, but even the animals which surround man, the horse by which he is borne into battle, the cow which supplies him with nourishment, the dog which keeps watch over his dwelling, the bird, which by its cry reveals to him his future, together with that more numerous class of creatures which threaten his existence, receive from him the worship of either homage or depreciation. There are parts even of the apparatus used in connection with sacrifice which are more than sacred to purposes of religion. They are regarded as themselves deities. The very war chariot, offensive and defensive weapons, the plough, the furrow which has just been traced in the soil, are the objects not of blessing only but of prayer."

Motherhood.



SOME time ago, I came across the following description of motherhood in a novel. "The figure, which was winged, represented a draped woman of mature years, and pure but gracious form, half-hidden by the forward-bending wings. Sheltered by these, yet shown between them, appeared the image of a male child, clasped to its bearer's breast with her left arm, while the right was raised toward the sky. A study of motherhood, evidently, but how shall I write of all that was conveyed by those graven faces?"

"To begin with the child. It was that of a sturdy boy, full of health and the joy of life. Yet he had been sleeping, and in his sleep some terror had overshadowed him with the dark shades of death and evil. There was fear in the lines of his sweet mouth and on the lips and cheeks, that seemed to quiver. He had thrown his little arm

about his mother's neck, and pressing close against her breast, looked up to her for safety, his right hand and outstretched finger pointing downwards and behind him, as though to indicate whence the danger came. Yet it was passing, already half-forgotten, for the up-turned eyes expressed confidence renewed, peace of soul attained.

"And the mother. She did not seem to mock or chide his fears, for her lovely face was anxious and alert. Yet, upon it breathed a very atmosphere of unchanging tenderness and power invincible; care for the helpless, strength to shelter it from every harm. The great, calm eyes told their story, the parted lips were whispering some tale of hope, sure and immortal; the raised hand revealed whence that hope arose. All love seemed to be concentrated in the brooding figure, so human, yet so celestial; all heaven seemed to lie an open path before those quivering wings. And see, the arching instep, the upward-springing foot, suggested that thither those wings were bound, bearing their God-given burden far from the horror of the earth, deep into the bosom of a changeless rest alone.

"The statue was only that of an affrighted child in its mother's arms; its interpretation made clear even to the dullest by the simple symbolism of some genius—Humanity saved by the Divine—"

Yes, indeed, is not earthly motherhood but an aspect of the Divine? Is not motherhood heavenly? From the time that our mother Eve bent over her first-born child, glorying in this emanation of her being and seeing in him a compensation for the loss of all the painless happiness, the glad joy and the utter sinlessness which had once been her portion in Eden, welcoming him as a reward from Heaven in exchange for the curse launched on her,—from that time, I think, there is no true mother who has not felt that something of Heaven is in her when she feels her little one nestling in her arms. Yes, a mother can do anything for her child. She will dare anything for him; in his helplessness she feels a strength divine, strength to overcome every power of evil ranged against her. To the drooping spirit she will whisper a tale of hope, and to realize that hope, her feet are ready to scale heaven itself.

Let us imagine an ideal home, where the reigning spirit is the perfect mother. First, she must be an able administrator, with a talent for organization. She must be firm, yet gentle, knowing when to yield and when to insist. There must be perfect discipline in a family, there must be system and a time and a place for everything. The mother must be capable of com-

manding reverence, calmly resolute. She must be clear-seeing, and have the ability and the pluck to seize the right occasion by the right moment and rightly apply it to its proper use. I once read a story of a mother who guided her little child even in play. He had been tearing up paper into little scraps and the room was disorderly. But the child got tired of his play and ran to his mother, leaving the litter as it was. Thereupon, the mother invented a new game for him. "See, my boy," she told him, "cart away the rubbish. Do you not see the labourers carting away wood and stones. You become a labourer and do the same." The child at once responded and was happy. So a mother must be clear-seeing, correct in judgment, keen of perception. She must not vacillate; and she must not decide too hastily; so that she may not find it necessary to recall her decision. But, though there must be discipline in a house, the order must not be too rigid. A too dogmatic system, a too firm iron order is unlovely and will sacrifice peace and happiness to its rigidity. A happy mean has, in fact, to be struck between over-governing and under-governing.

Secondly, the perfect mother will be well-read. We have been often told the great advantages of education in a mother. By educating herself, she is able to become a true companion to her children, she is able to instruct them and lead them up to higher paths. We read of Sarah Coleridge, of how useful her literary gifts were to her children. She even taught herself Latin, in order to teach it to her boy. One of her children said of her: "She had a host of common remembrances with me and interests; and I lost in her, when she died, an apprehensive companion."

Then, again, the mother must be loving and sympathetic. Mrs. Browning says:

"Women know

The way to rear up children;
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words,
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles."

This intense, irrepresible love of a mother makes her invaluable to her children. Confidences, which they will not confide to their father, they will pour into her ear. To the child, to the youth, to the young man, to the old man alike, she is a sympathetic listener. Life's sorrows are lightened by her touch; its joys are enhanced by her smile. But woe to that mother who withholds her sympathy. Once the children are turned away from her side, the rift between them and her grows wider, and nothing will again bridge it.

The perfect mother must also be a thoughtful mother. "What I would demand of a mother,"

says a writer, "is only a thinking love." It was the thoughtfulness of St. Augustine's mother, which reclaimed him from sin. A mother must also be patient, endlessly patient. Her love must be boundless. Sometimes her children will disappoint her. Let her not despair. An American statesman says of his mother: "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand into hers, and caused me on my knees to say 'Our Father, which art in Heaven.'" Patience accomplishes many things. If not in her life, after her death at least, a patient mother will reap her reward.

Again, a mother's love must be self-sacrificing, for patience means self-sacrifice. It must be an encouraging love. "A kiss from my mother," said Benjamin West, "made me a painter." It must be also a guiding love, a counselling and a wise and prudent love. Above all, a mother must be truthful. She must not make a promise which she cannot fulfil, for nothing shakes a child's faith so much as untruth in his mother. A child readily detects a lie. And, therefore, O perfect mother! even to save yourself from an inconvenience, tell no lie to your child, not even a little 'fib.'

With all these characteristics, a perfect mother will be a charming mother, inspiring love and admiration in all who see her, making the sunshine of a happy home. Goethe's mother said of herself: "I despatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first. When all has returned to its proper state, I defy any one to surpass me in good humour." One of the charms of a perfect mother to her children is story-telling. Goethe's mother possessed a rare faculty for story-telling. "Air, earth, fire and water," she says, "I represented under the forms of primroses, and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning, in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearers. As we thought of paths, which led from star to star, and that we should one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling, as the children themselves." Another of the attributes of a charming mother is good-temper, sweet temper, pleasantness even under the most irritating circumstances. Which mother would not have it said of her:

"Oh, what a shower of courteous speech she raises,
Grave pleasantry, grace mixed with wit is heard;
Fetters and chains she weaves with every word."

Above all, a mother must be deeply religious. She must develop the religious instinct in her children. She must be a praying mother and teach them to pray. She must be a woman of faith, and teach them to have faith and trust in

their God. She must be a woman of morals and teach her children morality.

Thus a perfect mother becomes a perfect example to her children. Motherhood is, indeed, a ceaseless work. "Is example nothing?" says Burke, "it is everything. Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other." And what example is more powerful than a mother's? Thus a true mother can be a potent influence for good. Says a writer to a lady regarding her son: "Let your patience with him know no bounds. Speak to him when God gives you something to say. Never press him with impetuosity and worldly wisdom; never forbear out of mere diplomacy or worldly policy. Hold the child by tender leading strings: do not let it drop."

What ought a good mother not to be? Not a mother, who servilely complies with the demands of her children. Not a mother who governs by immoderate repression. Not the mother who devotes herself to society and abandons her children to servants and tutors. Not the youthful mother, who is ashamed of her grown-up children. The perfect mother will not wheedle or threaten and punish unnecessarily. A perfect mother will not make her children live without religion; neither will she make religion too strict and unpalatable to them. She will not be too dogmatic, precise or prim. Neither will she be the slatternly mother, who has no sense of order and leaves everything, children included, to take care of itself. She will not be the ill-tempered mother, who is ever in a state of irritability. Neither will she be the fashionable mother, who brings up her children only to obey the dictates of fashion and cares not what else they learn.

In conclusion, the perfect mother will try to make herself worthy of her children, of the trust and faith of innocent young souls. Children are not a light responsibility. They are God-given; and an account of them must be given to God. Let every mother train herself as best as she might to become a perfect mother. And God will reward her, and her own mother's love will satisfy her.

NALINI.

Milton's *Il Penseroso*.



MILTON'S Melancholy presents a delightful picture to our vision. He is aware that Melancholy generally does not commend itself to mankind; but the reason that he advances for this is that it is of too high and heavenly a nature to be appreciated by human beings.

"Hail! thou goddess, sage and holy!" he says,
Hail! divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue."

And yet, black as Melancholy appears, it yet is at times alluring; it yet may overbalance the other poor joys that are held out to the human spirit; for is not Melancholy itself a joy at times? Does not some writer call a certain kind of pain, "exquisite pain?" When the heart is satiated with pleasures, when it longs for some higher ideal, then will Melancholy aid us, as it aided Milton.

Milton will only have a happy Melancholy, not the melancholy of gloom, but the melancholy of contemplation. To the ordinary eye, it may present a sad sight, but it really is full of happiness.

"These pleasures, Melancholy, give;" he says,
And I with thee will choose to live."

What are these pleasures? He calls Melancholy, a

"Pensive Nun devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And stable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn."

Melancholy is steadfast, calm and dignified. It is unworldly, forgets the world; for it is ever fixed in Contemplation:

"Looks commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as past."

"With thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation."

Contemplation then is the guiding note of Milton's Melancholy; high, rapt, heavenly Contemplation. But Contemplation, heavenly though it may be, requires earthly aids. It must be joined with retired Leisure, with no busy cares to tax the mind, Leisure, which allows the man to "take his pleasure in trim gardens." If the spirit is ascetic, Melancholy is often joined to spare Fasting; but only if Fasting aids the spirit, if it

"Oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Aye, round about Jove's altar sing."

But, above all, Contemplation must be joined with Peace and Quiet. Quiet peace generally exists with Silence, but cannot the silence be, sometimes fitly broken by sad harmonious song?

So Milton begs the nightingale to accompany him into his haunts :

"In her saddest, sweetest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!"

And so, with plenty of leisure at his command, in peace and quiet and silence, Milton would woo his cherished goddess. He loves Contemplation. If it is night, he will not waste all his time in sleep. If the air is soft and the weather fine, he will walk outside;—sometimes into the woods to hear the nightingale sing; sometimes on the smooth green to see the pale moon pick its way among the fleecy clouds. Sometimes he will climb some rising ground and will hear the distant sullen roar of the sea-waves, perhaps mingled with the far-off chime of the curfew. If the weather is gloomy, he will not be disappointed, but will sit in his secluded room, where the glowing embers of a fire cast alternate light and shadow on the walls. He is quite alone, but through the closed doors, he occasionally hears the bellman's drowsy voice, or, perhaps a cricket chirraps on his hearth; or sometimes, he would desert his room and wander to a high bower and watch the slow stars mounting across the sky, and think

"What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook."

Or, even if all these attractions do not hold him, he would wander to some Theatre and hearken to and see the gorgeous representations of Tragedy. He loves to hear sweet music, such music as once made Pluto weep, and made Hell give up its dead. Or, if this fails, there are his unailing books, in which he can steep his soul in the thoughts and dreams of high romance, and

"Of what else great bards beside
In safe and solemn times have sung.

But, suppose it is morning. Where could Milton go? Not on every morning; but on a windy gusty morning, dewy with the light drops of a passing shower glistening on rustling leaves, a morning not cloudy or cold, but with the sun throwing abroad his "flaming beams." He would then walk away to

"Arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown;"

and there

"In close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look ;"

there, undaunted by the gloom of the wood, but rather blessing the shadows that "hide him from day's garish eye," on a soft couch of flowers,

"While the bee, with honeyed thigh,
At her flowery work doth sing,"

lulled by the gurgling sound of the murmuring brook, he would love to drop off to sleep. Then he would dream some mysterious dream, which would softly entice his sleeping fancies with lively portraits of pleasant thoughts. When he awakes, he would not wake to grim silence, but would like

"Sweet music to breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood."

Milton's melancholy Contemplation wants only quiet Leisure; he takes no account of work to be done for mankind, that all-satisfying work for the good of others, which sometimes is the sole aim of many good people. Contemplation is all very well; but is it not sometimes selfish? In any case, Milton's contemplation does no harm; it is useful, useful to him at least, for it loves books, and it is high and rapt contemplation, the contemplation of things divine; for he would not live his life without the aid of religion.

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light,
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."

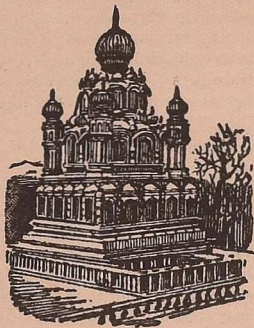
Pure, steadfast, devout, sober, peaceful, quiet, refined, liking only delicate pleasures, such as music; studious and fed with great thoughts from great books; rapt in high contemplation, and worshipping God with a true, deep religion, "with all Heaven before his eyes";—surely Milton's Melancholy is a beautiful picture and deserves to be sought out and followed. It is at least harmless, if a little selfish and heedless of the world's good. In any case it is the life for retired old age. As Milton says:

"And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and nightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain."

BY A "MELANCHOLY LADY."



The City of Bombay.*



ONE of the most interesting cities of India is Bombay, the capital and chief seaport of Western India. It is built on a cluster of islands, which have been converted by connecting causeways and breakwaters into a peninsula, and which extend over an area of 22 square miles.

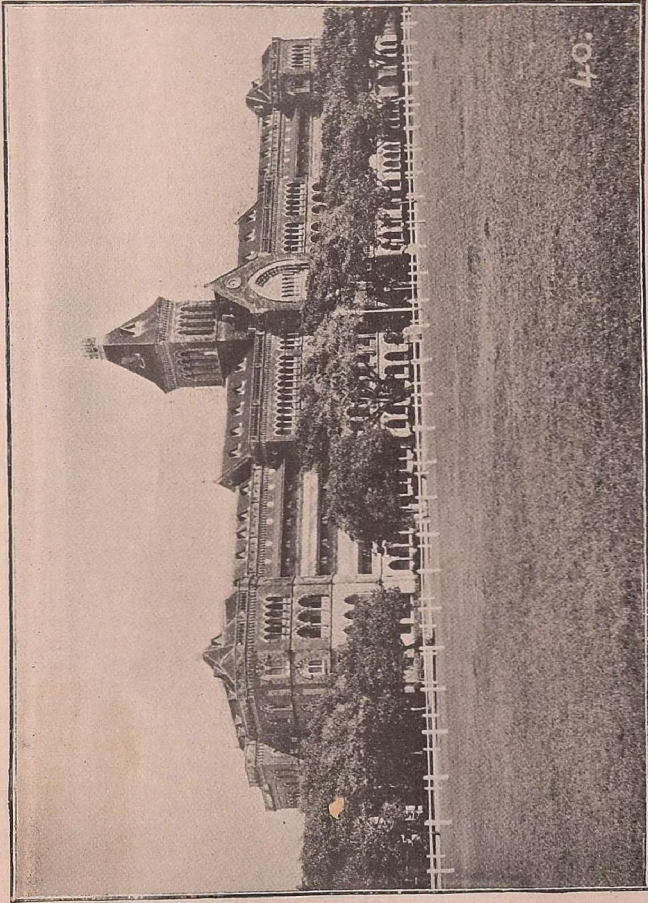
The name Bombay, or Bombaim, as it is called by old writers, is supposed by some to be derived from an old Portuguese name meaning "good harbour"; but others think the name has survived from the titles *Mahim* and *Mumbaye*, by which the city was called in ancient days, these latter names being the titles of a goddess, Moomba Devi, or Moomba, an idol of whom did originally stand on the plot now called the Esplanade. Bombay was first given in 1530 as a tribute by the King of Tanna, who held the district under the Sultan of Gujerat, to the Portuguese, by whom it was, the year after, selected as the rendezvous for their expeditions against the neighbouring tribes. In 1661, it was ceded to the English as part of the dowry of the Infanta Catherine, on her marriage with Charles II. But evidently the Portuguese prized Bombay too much to consent to giving it up; for when the Earl of Marlborough landed in India to take possession of Bombay it was refused to him, and was not, in spite of remonstrances, finally given up till 1664. In 1668, Charles II, who did not really care for Bombay, handed it over to the East India Company, to be held by them "on payment of the annual rent of £10 in gold." Strange settlement! What is Bombay worth to the English at present!

But, to say the truth, Bombay was not in ancient times an enviable position. The land was valueless; the population was made up of refuge-seeking adventurers, whose habits and morals were execrable; there was hardly any cow or cattle in the country; and, to make matters worse, it was a very unhealthy district. In addition to these disadvantages, the early English settlers of Bombay had to contend with many enemies; the chief of whom were the Moghuls or Imperialists, the Mahrattas and the Portu-

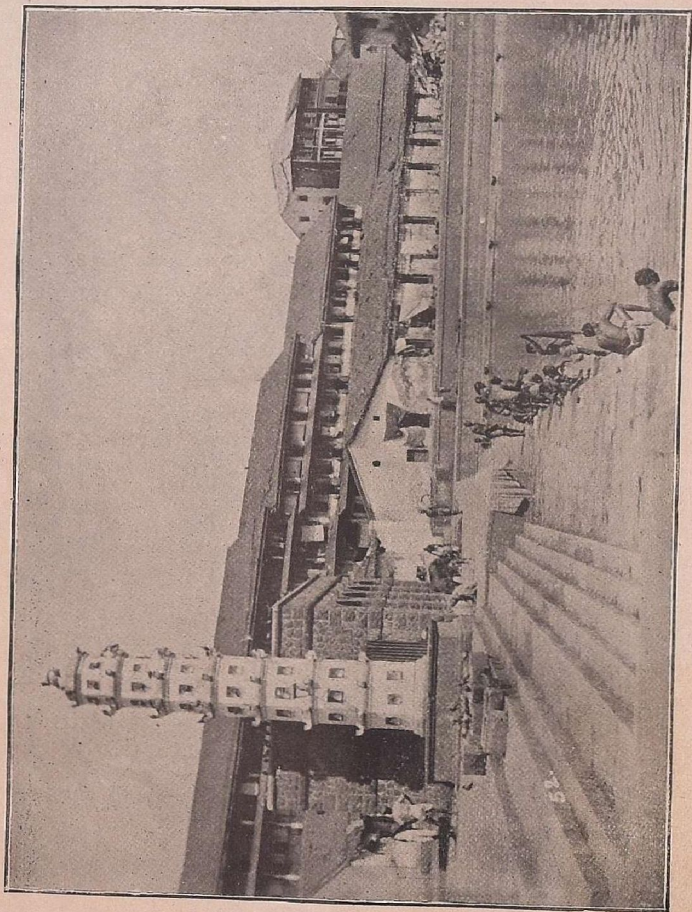
guese. Naturally the chief aggressors were the latter; but the constantly growing power of the Mahrattas soon forced them to yield ground. The English, in spite of everything, held on to Bombay; and soon grew powerful enough there to get their seat of Government in Western India transferred from Surat to Bombay. In 1708, after the formation of the United East India Company, three Presidencies ruled by Governors in Council were created, *viz.*, Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, each of which was declared absolute in its own limits; and thus Bombay became an independent Presidency. In the meanwhile the city itself had been gradually improved; and in the middle of the eighteenth century it began to emerge from obscurity, so much so as to be able to make offensive wars against its enemies. The first war was against Angra, the Mahratta chief of Colaba. Clive and Watson made expeditions against Gheriah, the pirate's chief fort. This fort soon fell, but was surrendered to the Peshwa of the Mahrattas in exchange for Bankote. After this, the Mahrattas themselves became aggressive. They captured Salsetta and Bassein, and the First Mahratta War commenced. The students of Indian History know the result of this war, and also of the Second Mahratta War, and how in 1782, the Treaty of Salbye was concluded, by which the English gained possession at last of Salsetta, Elephanta, Caranja and Hog islands, in exchange for Bassein, Broach and all their conquests in Gujerat. Thus the English outposts were advanced as far as Tanna, a station 20 miles from Bombay, and the Bombay Government could claim all the group of islands from Bassein to Colaba; the Bombay Marine had established its supremacy along the whole Malabar Coast; the district of Bankote belonged to the English; and north of Bombay, they had acquired considerable authority in Gujerat.

After this, came the war with Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sultan, the rulers of Mysore. In this war, the Bombay Government did good service, as was testified by Lord Wellesley: "The distinguished part which the settlement of Bombay has borne during the late crisis in the labours and honours of the common cause, has repeatedly claimed my warm approbation and will ever be remembered by me with gratitude and respect." But the troubles of the English were not yet over. War again broke out with the Mahrattas, which was more or less concluded for that time by the Treaty of Bassein, and afterwards in 1803, by the campaign of Assaye. In the meanwhile the pirates who had from time immemorial been settled along the coasts of Gujerat, Cutch and Kattiawar, were finally subdued; and their fortresses were occupied by the British. In 1817, the Mahratta Peshwa intrigued against

* Most of this article is taken from *Maclean's Guide to Bombay*.



VIEWS OF BOMBAY.
The Government Secretariat.



VIEWS OF BOMBAY.
A Hindu Temple-tank.

the English, and attacked their force at Poona. The Battle of Kirkee was fought; the Peshwa was routed and the English occupied Poona. And in 1818, the Peshwa finally gave himself up to Sir John Malcolm, and his dynasty was overthrown, and the Mahratta dominions were incorporated in the Bombay Presidency. Sattara was annexed, Khandesh, Kolhapur and Sawant Waree were acquired as well as Kolaba, the old fort of Angria. In 1820, Aden and Scinde were added to the territories subject to the Government of Bombay.

Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone was appointed Governor of Bombay in 1819; and from that date the city became the capital of a vast and imperial domain. Many improvements were made both by him and by his successor, Sir John Malcolm, notably improvements in Ghaut and carriage roads, which made travelling much easier than in olden times. It is interesting to note that Western India took the lead in introducing railways into India. The Great Indian Peninsula Railway line was opened in 1853. Then the Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway line was also opened, and Bombay became the central terminus of a series of railways, radiating in various directions through the Presidency and across the continent of India. The communications by sea also have been much improved. The overland route from Bombay to England has been of great service; and in 1868, Bombay was made the port of arrival and departure for all the English Mails.

In Mr. Elphinstone's time, the Land Tax was assessed, and a Revenue Survey was made which has much improved the state of the country. Education also was much improved and since then a vast University has been established in the Presidency. A Bombay Chamber of Commerce was established in 1836. The European population of Bombay has considerably increased; the climate has become healthier; and, on the whole, vast improvements have been made.

The population of Bombay comprises many and striking varieties of race, nationality and religion. The Jains, the Banias, the Marwarees, the Mahrattas and other types of Hindus, mingle with the Mahomedans, who include Indian Mussalmans, Afghans, Persians, Arabs, Turks. There are Malays, Chinese and Abyssinians; there are colonies of Jews and Armenians; there are the European inhabitants; there are the Indo-Portuguese inhabitants; above all, there is the thriving race of the Parsees, whose head-quarters is Bombay. The last form only a seventh of the population; but their position, owing to their own energy and activity, is very influential. A word about their history may not be out of place here. In the

seventh century, after the conquest of Persia by the Mahomedans, a small body of the "fire-worshipping" Parsees, disdaining to change their religion, left the country. After taking refuge at Ormuz, they came to India, landing at Diu on the west of Kattiawar. Then they went to Gujerat, where they were hospitably received and allowed to worship their sacred fire. After the Europeans came to India, the Parsees, who made themselves useful to them, prospered exceedingly. From Surat to Bombay they followed the English, being especially useful from their knowledge of ship-building. From that time, by their own intelligence and enterprise they have risen higher and higher in the social scale.

Surat at first had drawn to itself most of the trade of Western India; but Bombay gradually succeeded it. However, trade remained in the exclusive possession of the East India Company till 1813, private persons requiring the Company's license to trade. In 1813, the exclusive trade of the Company with India was abolished, the most important result of this being that the export trade to England in cotton, to which already considerable attention had been directed, was much developed. This was again much increased by the American war, when the cotton supply from America was cut off; and thus the exports from Bombay were increased. The total gain to Bombay at that time may be calculated at 70 to 75 millions sterling. This increased speculation of various sorts in Bombay: Joint-stock Banks, Shipping Companies, Land Companies were formed. But, at the end of the American war, there was a panic and a collapse. However, the trade of Bombay was not permanently injured. The export of cotton manufactures from India to England, however, began to decrease; and exports from England began to come in and increase; and now they are increasing almost uniformly.

In India itself, there has been a constant increase of the cotton trade. The Bombay Presidency has the honour of being the home of the industry of spinning cotton by steam-power, though Bengal began it. Since then cotton mills have increased in number and are well-managed. And thus, not only does Bombay carry on a large trade in the Indian market, but she has also revived the trade of exporting her own manufactures. Bombay trades in other commodities: opium, oils, sugar, coals, liquors, metals, wheat and other grain, and so on.

The Presidency of Bombay is bounded on the north by Beluchistan, the Punjab and Rajputana; on the east by Indore, the Central Provinces, West Berar and the Nizam's dominions; on the south by Madras and Mysore; and on the west by the Arabian Sea. The territory comprises

on the whole an area of 191,847 square miles. The administration is under a Governor in Council, working in matters of imperial policy under the Viceroy and Governor-General in Council; who is again under the Secretary of State for India in Council.

Nine-tenths of the travellers, coming out to India or going, pass through Bombay, but few seem to be aware of all its merits. A passing glance, perhaps, is given to its streets and people. Bombay with so many diversities of nation is certainly the finest city in India. With a very few exceptions there is little to show that all the great cities of Hindustan are not mere cities of the dead. The beautiful structures tell us of the glorious past of India—at Bombay we see what India is at present.

Bombay is decidedly the most anglicised city in India, the European population is large and the Orientals have been greatly influenced in dress, manner, mode of living, etc. If imitation can be perfect, then it is creditable, otherwise it has disastrous results and we come across the latter more than the former.

Travellers cannot but be struck with the strange spectacle life presents in a city in which along a long distance one sees, in quick succession, several gaudily painted red and green Hindu temples, whose clanging bells summon the deity to give ear to the prayers of thousands of zealous worshippers who throng to the shrines of idols; Mussalman mosques where you see Arabs in their long picturesque robes, and others, who are constantly hovering about the sacred place; a Parsee fire temple, a Jewish synagogue, and a medley of Colleges, Schools, English Churches, Railway Stations, etc.

The people intermingle with one another good-naturedly enough, in business, trade or society, not seeming to mind sectarian differences. A feature of special interest is to see a Mussalman spread his carpet for prayers on the Esplanade at sunset, side by side with a Parsee who recites some verses in honour of the departing sun. Masses troop down to the seaside, men, women and children, to enjoy the cool evening winds. There are groups of Parsee women, gaily attired; the men are there with their various turbans,—the Mahomedan, Mahratta, Bania, Bhatia, Khoja, Mehmon, Moghul, and others. Bombay is full of life-colour, originality and animation.

There are many places of interest in and near the city. The Kennedy Lighthouse is on a small island formerly held and fortified by the Mahrattas. In front of the harbour stretches a spacious Bay sheltered on the right by several hilly islands and by the loftier mountains of the ghats.

At the extreme south of the city is "Colaba," where there is a lighthouse and fortifications, a

Lunatic Asylum, various docks, barracks, and a place of commercial enterprise.

The broad pier-head of Apollo Bunder is now a favourite resort for Bombay society. There is ample standing room for carriages and several refreshment rooms conveniently near. There are reclamations effected on either side of the Apollo Bunder, with quays, piers, a dock to a distance of 5 miles. There are some public gardens, the best being the Victoria Gardens (which are now in excellent condition owing to Mr. Mahaluxmivalla's strenuous efforts) and the hanging gardens at Malabar Hill, from where a splendid view of the beautiful "Back Bay," is to be had.

Near Apollo Bunder is the ornamental "Yacht Club, in the Domestic Gothic style. Here now only Europeans are permitted and their fashionable crowd assembles daily.

On Esplanade Road is the Queen's statue in white marble,—a handsome gift of the munificent H. H. Khanderao Maharaj Gaekwar of Baroda; it cost £18,000. The statue is the most beautiful of its kind in the city.

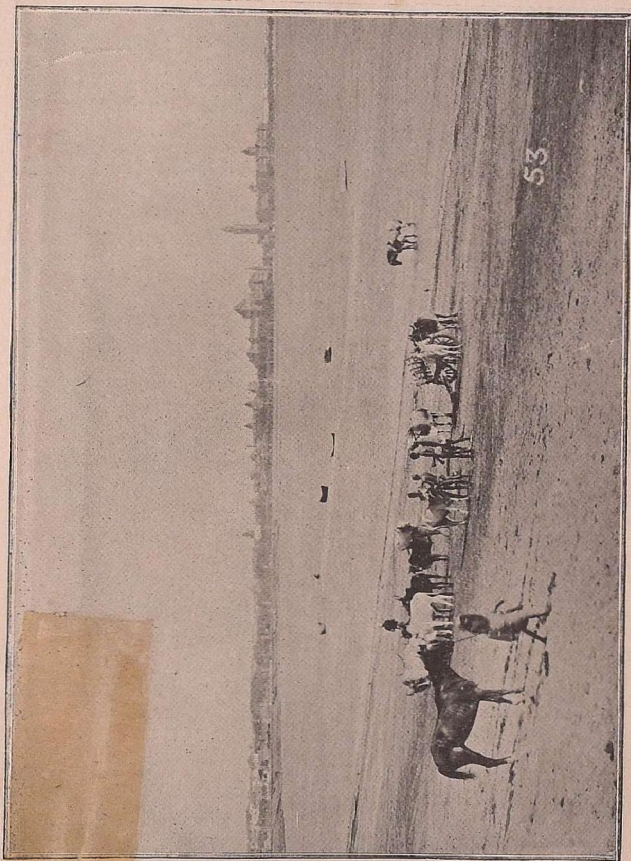
The terminus and offices of the G. I. P. Railway is a strikingly handsome structure. The front presents a view of wonderful architectural effects, while a gigantic dome surmounted by a colossal figure of "Progress," crowns the edifice and may be seen from every quarter of the city. The grandeur of results achieved obtains instant recognition from every critic.

The Anjumani Islam is built in the Saracenic style, with modern requirements for a public school. This elegant structure was designed by Mr. Ibrahim Almad, Executive Engineer, P.W.D. The Taj Mahal hotel, a fine construction on the latest and best architectural principles, occupies an imposing position facing the sea. It contains 500 bed-rooms and numerous and magnificent public rooms. Its management is on European ideas of hotel accommodation.

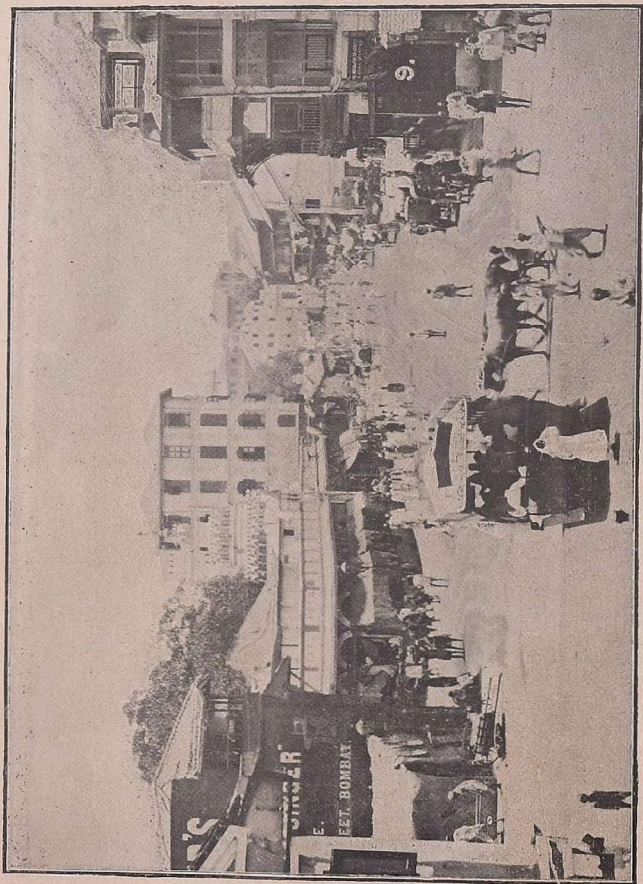
Not to be forgotten are the temples and other places of worship in Bombay. Among well-known temples may be mentioned those of Walkeshwar, Mahalakshmi, Babulnath, Mambadevi and Bhuleshwar. There are also many Mahomedan mosques, and about 33 Parsee fire temples.

There are many places for excursions in Bombay. A notable one are the Caves of Elephanta, those celebrated caves hewn out of solid rock. Then there are the Kennerly and the Carlie Caves, and other places of interest.





VIEWS OF BOMBAY.
The Back Bay.



VIEWS OF BOMBAY,
A Street Scene.

The Art of Letter-Writing.

IT is a difficult art. It is a natural gift; if one wishes to cultivate it, there is always the danger of its becoming too studied and hence artificial. Letters are the outcome of the feelings. Unlike the writing of articles or stories, letters depend entirely on the personelle of the writer. Individuality and character are as readable from the pages of a letter as the contents.

In the 17th century while conflicting thought and intelligent enquiry gave rise to various styles of writing, the Letter-writing literature of England was begun by Lady Rachel Russell. Since then it has developed, and now and again, we chance across a charming book of letters, to open which seems the 'open sesame' to delightful day-dreams and enchanting illusions. There are books of journeys written in the form of letters, a biography in letter series, or a chain of events strung together by a packet of letters, but to me, the most delightful are those, written not with a purpose, not for the sake of publishing, but those which one writes to one's near and dear out of the spontaneity of the heart, in the pleasure of the moment or in the burden and heat of the day. The publishing of such letters sometimes seems a sacrilege. For instance, let us take the letters of Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning. As we read them we seem as if we were on sacred ground, a sanctuary where the stranger should not enter, and we turn back with reverence and with a sense of having intruded into holy precincts. Letter-writing is one of the exercises of composition prescribed by the code for children in the lower forms. I think it is one of the most difficult subjects to teach. You can teach them how to write essays, descriptions and so on, but letters! One feels rather hopeless. The light, careless, unstudied style, the giving of news, with the humorous touches of personal criticism, the graceful sketching of events and surroundings,—these depend on the individuality and originality of the writer. Sometimes one gets such stiff and starched little letters from these children, as if they were afraid to entrust their thoughts on paper. This is true of many grown-up people as well. It is an infliction to them to write letters. It is perhaps due to reserve of temperament, or the impatience of philosophy, a philosophy which scorns little things and to which all things are as nought; for, after all, letters are but trivial matters. In the letters I write to my friend, I speak to him of the events that are passing in my life, with a minuteness or otherwise of detail according to the interest my friend has in me. But love steps in and says life is after all made up of little details, and the chain that

holds together individuals is made up of the little links of love and sacrifice, of hope and sympathy, of sincerity and kindness. When far away from home and among strangers, how welcome are the home letters. They come as a breath of pure air from the home-nest, carrying a message of cheer and love to the lonely one, the little details of home-life, the thousand-and-one trivial events, and the currents of feeling that pass lightly or heavily in the household. All these are of the greatest interest to the one far-away. Letters are the links that bind him to his home, and though the separation may be of many years, yet they will help him to take his place in the home when once more he returns.

What are the characteristics of letters? The easy, graceful, conversational style, which makes you feel, as if you were face to face with the writer and indulging in a long chat; the constructing of a narrative, or the delineation of a picture, the ability of drawing the salient points, these depend on the intellect of the writer, and on the depth of his understanding. Can he say '*Fiat Lux*' and will light spring up out of darkness. Yes, if "he has the light in himself." Some letters, we style pretty, according to the grace of style and of the graceful expression of feelings. Some are like the pure mountain air, bracing, bearing with them a scent of the pines and of a sense of having been in a boundless, limitless region. It is usually women who write graceful charming letters. Those of men are so prosaic, dealing with their work and with the current events in their life. They cannot write of their feelings as easily as women do. But the letters of some men are like men's tears. We turn away our face in anguish from the soul laid bare to the stings of pain or of conscience. As one reads the Letters of Carlyle, you seem to see the hopelessness of the struggle, the despair and anguish of the man, as he tries to fight and yet feels himself helpless to go on. 'Clever' letters seem to be the fashion of the moment. To indulge in the fantastic, to rival each other in wit, to touch lightly upon the surface of things, this is the feature of the day—in letters, in novels, and in life. Some of these read too studied, and an effect of artificiality is produced. The spontaneous feeling of the heart must dictate the letters and then it will be a messenger of what it is intended to be, a messenger of love and light and the bearer of one's true and strong affection.

Often and often when we chance upon a packet of letters, our own old ones, with what different feelings we read them! Sometimes, they are like a stranger's. The storms of life have passed and left their marks. Sometimes it is with pleasure as we re-call the memories of long ago. It is like the faint scent of faded flowers and as we turn

away from the relics of forgotten days, for some of us the fields are gay again with 'flowers that wear the old familiar colours and breathe the same sweet breath,' while for others, the storm and the lightning have passed over them and they stand rugged, broken, and distorted.

Romances of the French Throne.

(Pen and ink sketches of famous women).

[BY MADAME JEAN DELAIRE.]

Author of "A Dream of Flame," "Around a Distant Star," etc.

XII.—JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.



IN the midst of the beautiful savanna that stretches its undulating lines from Fort-de-France to Fort-Saint-

Louis, in the island of La Martinique, stands the statue of a woman, young, beautiful, and graceful as a true Creole. To the inquiries made by the stranger for the first time visiting Fort-de-France, who wanders at evening time in the Faubourg des Trois-Islets, and sees its white shape rising against the deep blue tropical sky, the passer-by will answer proudly that it was raised in honour of a fair native of Fort-de-France to whom, as she left the island for the mother-country, an old negro woman foretold that a brilliant destiny was awaiting her on the shores of France, where she would one day be "greater than a queen".....In short, it is the statue of the Creole Empress, Josephine de Beauharnais, near Tasher de la Pagerie, the beautiful consort of Napoleon the First.

With the exception, perhaps, of that uncrowned queen, Madame de Maintenon, wife of Louis XIV, no woman in French history lived a life so permeated with all the settings of romance as did Madame de Beauharnais; but unlike Madame de Maintenon, whose marriage to the great King was never openly declared, the beautiful Josephine reached the very summit of earthly greatness on that memorable day when, in the Church of Notre-Dame of Paris, amid all the pomps and splendours of the first Empire,

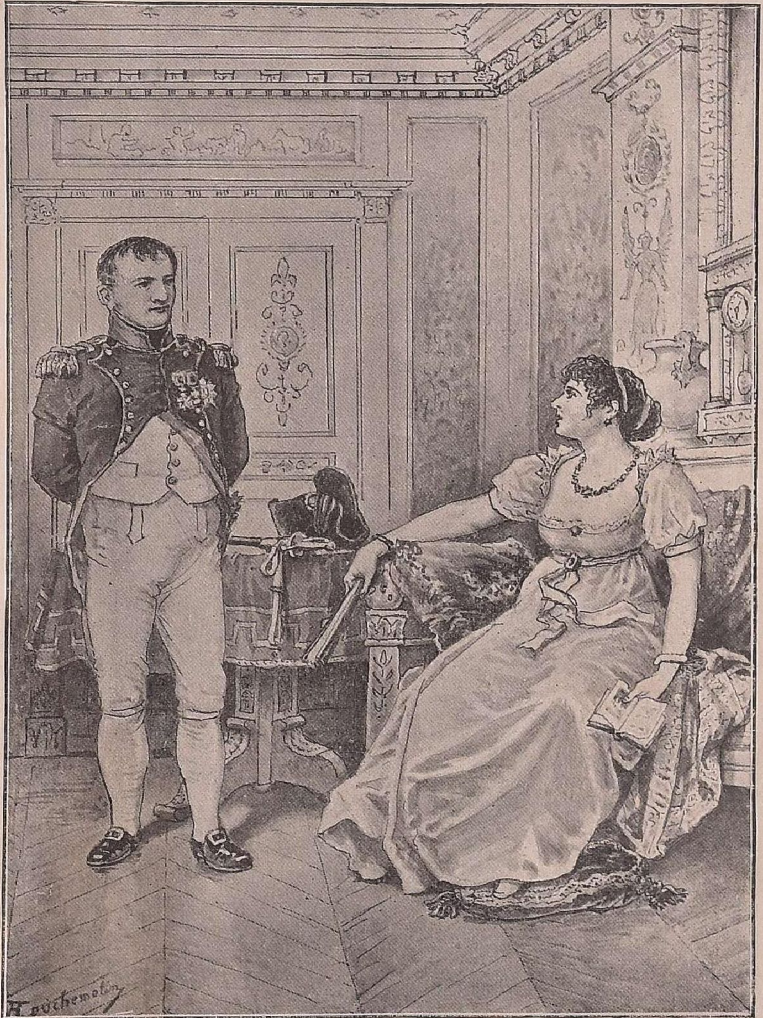
Napoleon crowned her with his own hands, Empress of the French nation.

Madame de Beauharnais was a widow, and the mother of two young children when she first met the victorious young General, Napoléon Bonaparte. Already famous in the French capital for her wit and her beauty, she held a salon which, like those of Madame Tallion and Madame de Staël, were frequented by all the celebrities of the day. At the time of the disarmament of Paris, she had sent her son, Eugene de Beauharnais, who, under the name of Prince Eugène, was destined to become famous during the best years of the Empire to ask General Bonaparte for the sword of General de Beauharnais, his father. Napoleon received the lad in so kind a manner that Madame de Beauharnais called on him shortly afterwards to express her gratitude, and from that day the future Emperor of the French became a regular visitor at Josephine's brilliant receptions.

It was soon evident to all that the young General, whose only dreams, hitherto, had been of war and conquests, was enslaved by the beautiful Creole, and as in her turn the beautiful Creole was not indifferent to his wooing, a marriage was speedily decided between them.

This union was not looked upon with favour by Madame de Beauharnais' numerous friends and relatives; the notary Raguideau, *le bon-homme Raguideau*, as he was familiarly called, an old friend of the Beauharnais, even went so far as seriously to remonstrate with his fair client on the folly of marrying a young officer whose sole worldly possessions were "his cape and his sword".....Bonaparte, unknown to the old notary, was in an adjoining room and overheard this admonition. Eight years from that day, General Bonaparte, under the name of Napoleon the First, was crowned Emperor of the French nation in the grand basilica of Notre-Dame in Paris. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Emperor called to him Maitre Raguideau,—who, by imperial command, had been a witness of the coronation,—and, smilingly pointing to the robe of ermine and the imperial sceptre, asked of the prostrate old man: "Well, Monsieur, what think you now of the 'cape' and the 'sword'?"

The crowning of Josephine was by far the most touching part of that splendid ceremonial when, for the first time in history, the Pope left his palace at Rome and came to Paris to crown the chosen of the French nation and his lovely consort. It will be remembered that as Pius VII was about to place the imperial crown on Napoleon's head, the Emperor suddenly took it from the pontiff's trembling hands, and in a movement of superb boldness crowned himself before all the assembled people. Thus also it was



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE AT THE TUILERIES.

Napoleon, and not the Pope, who placed the miniature crown on the fair head of Josephine.

That well-known and most witty woman, Madame d'Abrantès, who was a near witness to the beautiful scene, has left us a vivid description of it in her memoirs.

"The Empress left her throne and, followed by all the ladies of her suite, walked to the Altar where the Emperor was awaiting her... The Empress' train was carried by Princess Caroline, Princess Julia, Princess Elisa, and Princess Louis (Bonaparte). One of the chief beauties of the Empress was not merely the elegance of her figure, but the rare gracefulness of her carriage, the noble way in which she turned her head, and walked,.....I have had the honour of being presented to many 'real princesses,' as they say in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and I must say, in all sincerity, that I have never seen one so regal-looking as Josephine.....Never did a born Queen behave more royally.....All this that I have just said, I seemed to read it in the eyes of Napoleon, as they rested on his wife. He looked truly happy as he watched the Empress coming slowly towards him; and when she knelt down, when tears, which she could not repress, rolled over her joined hands.....then there came to those two beings one of those fugitive minutes, unique in a life-time, which fills the void of many years.....The Emperor performed with wonderful grace all the little details that composed the ceremony; but especially so when the time came for crowning the Empress. This act was to be accomplished by the Emperor, who, after receiving from the Pope's hands the small, all-round crown destined to Josephine, was to place it first on his head before crowning the Empress. He performed these two movements with a graceful, slow deliberation remarkable to witness.....When at last he was about to crown the wife who, according to his own belief, had been the 'happy star' of his destiny, he became, if I may venture to say so, almost coquettish for her sake,.....He placed this little diamond crown on her head, took it off and once more replaced it.....it seemed as if he would promise her that this crown would be a light and happy burden!"

Yet, five years later, this imperial crown of France was for ever removed from Josephine's fair head to be placed on that of her successor, the Austrian Arch-duchess Marie-Louise. Popular opinion,—in England especially, where almost every act of Napoleon is seen in a prejudiced light—looks upon his divorce from Josephine as little less than a crime—the heartless repudiation, for ambition's sake, of a loving wife, the faithful companion of many years. Impartial History gives another version of the sad story.

Napoleon had no children from his union with Josephine. His first idea, which had been to leave the throne to one of his brothers, he had been forced to abandon, owing to the perpetual discord reigning in his family. His own dearest wish was to adopt Prince Eugène, his stepson, and declare him heir to the throne; but this step would inevitably have caused strife between the Beauharnais and the Bonapartes, probably leading to civil war. Not for ambition's sake, therefore, but for the welfare of his country and the stability of the Empire, did Napoleon divorce Josephine and take to wife the Archduchess Marie-Louise, in the hope—a hope which, as every one knows, was speedily realised—that the marriage would be blessed with the advent of an heir.

As for Josephine's own feelings at this crucial moment of her existence, they also have been looked at in many different lights, and judged accordingly. It would be quite outside the limits of this sketch to discuss the merits or demerits of Josephine, and thus renew the recent controversy as to the beautiful Empress' real character. For many years the memory of Josephine was enveloped in an atmosphere of romance which transformed plain, matter-of-fact history into a graceful legend, and depicted Napoleon's divorced wife as an angel in human guise, meek, sweet-tempered, loving and chaste no less than beautiful and clever—a "lady of dreams," rather than a woman of flesh and blood. Then came, at last, the inevitable reaction, and books of the kind of M. Frédéric Masson's *Joséphine Répudiée* described her as a heartless flirt, intensely ambitious, fond of dress and pleasure and of little beyond, and openly unfaithful to the husband who had loved her to the last. In this case, as in so many others, truth most probably lies between the two extremes. Josephine was a Creole, and this says a great many things in one word. She had the Creole grace, the Creole subtle, almost bewitching charm; she had also the moral and mental characteristics of her race. She loved the homage and admiration of men, and from her earliest years had been fed on flattery; she loved all that was bright, glittering and gay; she worshipped beauty in all its forms, whether in palaces, pictures or gowns, or better still, in the reflection of her own unsurpassed loveliness. She knew herself to be a fair jewel, and she demanded of life a worthy setting to her rare beauty. She was certainly not heartless, for her children, and later on her grandchildren adored her, and in the words of Queen Hortense, her only daughter, she was "the best and tenderest of mothers."

There is little doubt that she loved Napoleon; we know that at the time of her marriage many of her friends reproached her for this union as an unpardonable *mésalliance*; the future Emperor

of the French was then little more than a brilliant soldier of fortune, who could add nothing either to her wealth or to her position in society; and she could not guess that he would one day offer her a throne and an imperial crown. That, in later years, she was not always faithful to him, is proved almost beyond a doubt; but it should be remembered that Napoleon himself had "distinguished" several ladies of his Court, and it would be difficult, amid the mass of conflicting evidence, to decide whether it was Josephine or Napoleon who had first broken the marriage vow. It may have been a fit of all-well-founded jealousy that drove the beautiful Empress to the arms of her old admirer, Barras. Many things, however, lead the impartial observer to believe that, in spite of everything, Napoleon and Josephine loved each other to the last. It is known that the Emperor, usually one of the most self-controlled and unemotional of men, shed bitter tears at the time of his separation from Josephine; and Josephine's exclamation on the day of Napoleon's second marriage: "*Ah, du moins qu'il soit heureux!*" is not that of a woman whose sole regret was for the throne she had lost.

Undoubtedly the most incomprehensible phase of the beautiful Empress's life is her be-

haviour at Malmaison, during the last years of her life, when, at the time of Napoleon's exile at Elba, she held a semi-royal court composed of all Napoleon's victorious enemies. However leniently one might wish to judge the lovely woman, enamoured of her beauty to the last, the picture of the ever-youthful Josephine dancing and flirting at Malmaison with the Emperor of Russia, and even graciously accepting the advances of the returning Bourbons, is not a pleasant one to contemplate. One likes to contrast with this strangely irresponsible behaviour that of her son, Prince Eugène, who, in spite of many temptations, and brilliant offers made by Napoleon's enemies, ever remained true to him in his hour of defeat.

Josephine happily did not live to witness the final overthrow of that great Empire, of the splendours of which she had formed so integral a part. She died during Napoleon's exile at Elba, from a cold taken at an open-air fête in the grounds of her own beautiful palace of Malmaison. She died a peaceful death, surrounded by her children and grand-children, her little butterfly soul untouched by any presentiment of disaster, or any forevision of the long martyrdom of St. Helena.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

I.—"GANGA DIN."

HE was only a church servant. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance as he bustled himself every Sunday in the church, opening the doors, dusting the benches, putting a bunch of fresh flowers in the tall vase which always stood on the

organ, and reverently placing the large Bible on the reading-desk. I say "reverently"; because Ganga Din was a Christian. It is true, he had no idea of the presence of the living God, and he had never read the Sacred Word, nor did he pray; but he had been baptised and he was generally proud to be known as a Christian.

His duties were not arduous; but, on the other hand, his pay was not much. He had a wife and a large family to support, and so, though on Sundays and when collecting subscriptions, he always appeared in clean white garments, there were times when there was scarcely enough food in the house. Perhaps they were extravagant. The wife, Lakshmi, had been brought up in an Orphan Asylum, where though the food was not of the best and the clothing of the coarsest material, she had never known want of any kind. She had been taken there when only six months old and had been the pet and plaything of the older girls. Being a pretty and engaging child, she had been overwhelmed with admiration and

attention. So it was not surprising that she showed a tendency to a vain and idle life, not even attempting to perform the tasks set to her. However, Ganga Din, seeing her at church, had been captivated by her handsome face and shy, blushing manner, and had married her against the wish of Miss Wilmot, who had charge of the Asylum. He regretted it afterwards when he saw the dirt and disorder in the house and the badly-cooked meals which were served only after repeated calls. The small salary, under her unskilful and careless management was barely sufficient to feed the children, which added to the family from time to time. And now there were harder times in store for them.

The famine of 1898 was just over. Food was still dear and many of the poor were still dying of starvation. Ganga Din's family had suffered with the rest and now his eight children, from the eldest, a boy of fourteen, to the youngest, a bright little baby girl named Moti, were all in rags. There was no way of procuring clothing (it was the end of November) because a new evil appeared. Six of the children sickened one by one, of a virulent fever raging in town. Lakshmi nursed the older ones successfully, but the strain told on her and when the baby, her pet and darling died, she herself fell ill. Ganga Din got a kind neighbour to attend to the suffering mother, who in her delirium incessantly called for her little Moti (Pearl). He had got into debt now, for nourishing food and medicine had to be obtained, though the minister had brought a kind doctor who would not take any fee.

When Lakshmi was convalescent, she became fretful and cross in her grief. She scolded the children crying through hunger and cold, and with a constant string of reproaches made the wretched husband's life a burden to him. Why couldn't he have earned more money in some other way and supplied the children with proper food and clothing? Had he married her to kill her and her children? Ah, she knew that if only the little darling had had warmer clothing, her life would have been spared! Then she would sob aloud and again reproach him for what she called indifference.

One day, when she had been more peevish and querulous than usual and the tears and cries had ended in a fit of extreme exhaustion, he left the little two-roomed house, and walked down the road at random, wondering what he could do to pacify her. There was not a pice in the house, not even flour for bread. To-morrow the storm of complaints would be more violent when he would not be able to set even a scanty meal before her. He thought until his brain ached and grew bewildered and he began to fear that he too had fallen a prey to the fever. Through all these days of trouble not a prayer had pass-

ed his lips, he had not given a thought to the Creator, Who has asked us to cast all our care upon him. He walked the streets till he was weary. Almost mechanically he turned his steps towards home, when he was roused by bells, church bells ringing. Oh, of course! This was Sunday! Had he not opened the doors for the morning service? He must hurry up and get it ready for the afternoon now.

He was soon in the church and, there not being much to do, he stood near the entrance, idly watching the congregation file in. Then the minister came up and told him to get the lamps ready as the service would be longer than usual. So he went out to trim them and when he came back, the sermon had begun. A gentleman was speaking through an interpreter, telling of the loving, ever-present Father. Ganga Din gazed at him, fascinated; hitherto he had stayed in church, only because he must, but this evening, his trouble was sore upon him; so, mainly to escape his sad, harrassing thoughts, he listened to every word. The text was, "Cast all your cares upon Him; for He careth for you."

By and by, the minister made a sign to him and he left the room to get the lamps. As he entered the vestry, he saw on a little table, the evening offering. Without an instant's thought, Ganga Din approached the money and began to pick out the large coins and drop them into his empty pocket. True, he had never done such a thing before; but never before had the temptation been so easy. He had pocketed two eight-anna pieces and was fingering a third, when he heard the clear voice of the interpreter, "Lo, I am with you alway. Cast all your cares upon Him."

The significance of the words suddenly burst upon him. In that moment, he realized the spiritual life he had well nigh lost, the Divine Father, Whom he did not know, the tender Friend, whom he had set at naught. Then he realized also what he was doing. With a low cry of shame, he flung the money back upon the table and crouched in a corner, on his knees, in an agony of remorse. The minister coming in to ascertain the cause of the delay noticed the attitude of prayer, so he called two young men from the audience and asked them to carry the lamps out. They cast curious looks at the kneeling man who was not aware of their presence, so absorbed was he in his mental anguish. He remained there long, not knowing that the people had departed and that he was alone. Suddenly a gentle hand was laid upon his shoulder and a tender voice whispered, "Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven thee." The words were like a healing balm to the crushed and wounded soul; he looked up, met the minister's eyes, gleaming with heavenly-love and pity and poured forth to him all his sin and ignorance, bitterness and trouble.

It was late when Ganga Din went home. But he was a changed man and there was a deep peace in his heart, such as he had never known before. He had indeed found out that God was a very present help in trouble, and a forgiving and tender Father. What did it matter if he had nearly committed a grievous sin? God knew. God understood.

SARASVATI R. SINGH.

II.—LETTERS ABOUT HOLIDAYS.*

I.

MY DEAR SARADHA,

Perhaps you would like to know how I spent my summer holidays. Well, I shall tell you. I intended to go to Salem and was building castles in the air about climbing the Shevaroyes and going out for long walks in a country, far away from the city; but all of them were dashed to the ground by my auntie's sudden arrival here. You see it was to her I intended going, but she saved me the trouble by coming herself! I was very glad when I saw that my cousins had come with her.

I had rare fun with the children and auntie; you know how jolly she is! To my joy another cousin of mine from Saidapet also came to spend a week of his holidays with me. I usually began the day by practising on the violin, my cousins singing with it; then we did gardening or I sometimes worked sums, because I am so weak in Mathematics, you know. After breakfast we went upstairs to a cool nook and read story books, told each other stories or chatted. Later on, as it grew very warm, I would lie down and imagine myself in all sorts of cool quiet places, specially Ooty, and gradually drop asleep with my mother's praises of Ooty ringing in my ears. I wonder if you sleep in the day—Do you? I cannot help it here; the heat makes one feel so weary and weak and sleepy. Whenever I awake, it was always with the idea that it was next morning. Do you feel like that when you rise from a noon-day sleep?

In the evenings we generally went out to call on friends, to the beach or to do some shopping, but I liked going to the beach best. When the evening had worn on to twilight, I would lie in an easy chair on the terrace and watch the sky, and the stars come out one by one; there is a certain star in the west, the brightest of all; I think it is Venus. I always liked watching it grow smaller and again growing larger and brilliant. It seemed to me that it was the light from the light-house in Heaven, just as we have

* From school-girls.

it from a light-house here. At this time of the day, one's thoughts always are about dear absent friends, aren't they? Besides, you feel a certain peace, yes, that is the word to express that soothing feeling, I think. Though at other times of the day, I enjoyed myself with my cousins, yet twilight was the time I liked best; there is a certain indefinable charm and peace in your surroundings then, which you do not find at other times.

I must stop my long paper-chat now, as the time is up.

Very sincerely yours,

GOVINDU.

II.

MY DEAR RAJEEVI,

I suppose I must tell you how I spent my holidays, as you are so very anxious to hear about them!

Our school closed on the 11th of May and we left this for Bangalore a few days after. From there we went to Nundidroog. The journey was very pleasant, specially as there were many of us. First we got into the Southern Mahratta Railway at about 1 P.M. and got down at Doddabalapur at 3 P.M. We found jutkas waiting at the station and we had to engage them as we had to journey 12 miles to reach the foot of the hills. This part of the journey was very irksome, as the roads were bad and the jutka jolted so dreadfully that we thought we would never reach our destination without a broken bone. But still we enjoyed it very much. The comical part of it was when the horses would suddenly stand stock still or try to stand on their hind legs every five minutes or so, and would never take a step forward unless the driver jumped off and ran with them! I think this a very clever trick of theirs to make their drivers feel what it is like to run on those bad roads. At last we reached the foot of the hills about 5-30 P.M. and I am glad to say without any broken bones or cracked skulls! There we found chairs awaiting us, but we engaged only four as the others preferred to walk. It is only three miles up the hill. This was the best part of the journey. The sun was setting and dyed the clouds in glorious colours and spread a brilliant red over the plains. The scenery was beautiful; on the one side was the top of the hill, where the threatening walls of the old fort frowned down on us; all around were large thick forests and now and then we could see the plains as we climbed the hill. As it grew dark it took a different aspect. The large trees looked like grim silent spectres and to add to the solemnity of the scene there was the monotonous song of the bearers.

Our house was right on the top of the hill, so we could see the plains all round us. It is very hard to get provisions up at the top; it is such a healthy place, that we were almost always hungry! We always seemed to run short of provisions and we often imagined that we were besieged and were on half-rations. You see our house was inside the fort and that helped us to imagine such things.

One day under a rock we discovered a pond full of dirty water and noticed that the water was continually bubbling. One morning I went and caught the air in a bottle and applied a match to it and there was such a terrible explosion!

There are very few important places in the neighbourhood, except the fort, and that I found to be very interesting; but, as it is late already, I shall reserve the description of that for another time.

Now I have come back to school quite refreshed and healthy.

Yours affectionately,

KAMALA.

III.—CHARACTER.

On the adamantine basis of character is placed all that which makes man a gentleman and woman a lady. You earn money, dress nicely, talk and write well, show bounty, are skilled in the tricks of the world, and you are a successful gentleman, and your wife will, without the least labour be called a lady. And why suffer all the contempt, pain, defeat, and discouragement that are entailed upon the votaries to character?

Gentlemen and ladies are called so by the people, but their conscience hourly says to them that they lack much to deserve the titles. He or she, who strives to be truthful, loving, humble, conscientious, economical, healthy, and, in fine, is careful as to how he or she leads his or her daily life, can claim the respective titles at the inner tribunal, conscience.

There is no other gate to pass through for the virtues which are essential to the possession of a good character than the daily life. It is a mistake to leave the proceedings of each day wholly to mere chance and custom. We can read books, draw morals, discourse fluently, criticise accurately, advise profoundly, and resolve highly; but in carrying our precepts and purposes into effect we can attain to little or no success, unless patient, long, strenuous, and gradual daily efforts are made to effect a change for the better in ourselves, in our homes, and in the society we move in. "Character is consolidated habit, and habit forms itself by repeated action. The daily restraint or indulgence of the nature in the busi-

ness, in the home, in the imagination, which is the inner laboratory of the life, creates the character which, whether it be here or there, settles the destiny."

How many of us are filled with good intentions when we read a moral book, or hear of a good act done, or see a person live a noble life! Yet, how few of us can put our knowledge, our resolves, and even our wisdom to practical purposes of life! Why is this so? Because, we are neglecting to take notice of and mend our daily habits. The number is very small of those who see how the daily duties are performed in the little world of Home by a mother, 'who is worth a hundred schoolmasters, and is loadstone to all hearts and load star to all eyes,' and by a father, on whose example depend the culture of children and the reformation of the whole family. Good example is wanting in many of our homes. Smiles says, "In the face of bad example the best of precepts are of but little avail. Precept at variance with practice only serves to teach hypocrisy."

He only can secure a good character,

"Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honour, or for worldly state;
Him they must follow, on his head must fall,
Like showers of Manna, if they come at all."

Yet, to a young man, gold seems to hold in the hollow of its hand all that shields him against the slander of society and kith and kin, all that is favourable to his marriage, independence, and success in life, and all that is productive of worldly balm and calm. And these words of Smiles create struggling feelings in his heart: "Better lose all and save character. Character itself is a fortune. If the high-principled man will but hold on his way courageously, success will surely come." The young man is divided between passion and reason. He chooses to fight as long as he can against all that tends to lead him astray. He hopes on, trusts on, and struggles on; and at length reaches his goal through God's timely help. He then learns that this is true:

"Riches chance may take or give;
Beauty lives a day and dies;
Honour lulls us while we live;
Mirth's a cheat, and pleasure flies.
Is there nothing worth our care?
'Time, and chance, and death our foes?
If our joys so fleeting are,
Are we only tied to woes?
Let bright Virtue answer No;
Her eternal powers prevail
When honours, riches cease to flow,
And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail."

ROSE.

THE DAUGHTER OF INDIA.

BY MISS C. ALBERS.

I saw the moon bright in the Eastern sky,
Lighting the darkness by her sweet existence,
The rippling waters flowing gently by
Received her gentle smiles without resistance.

Fair was the scene, it touched the inmost soul,
The rustling leaves and branches murmured softly.
The while the moon gave beauty to the whole,
Sweet messenger of peace—so calm and lofty.

A storm arose. She veiled her tender face
Behind the threatening clouds without repining,
Still while the world beheld no more her grace,
She gave unto the darkness silver lining.

Daughter of India! This portrays her life,
Once she reigned free with graces heaven-given,
But when the conqueror came, and war and strife,
She veiled her face and stepped into oblivion.

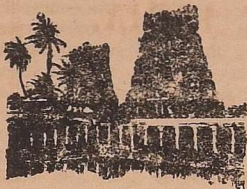
Yet when men paled, and combat fiercely raged,
The while the conqueror's banner proudly flowing,
She gently in a nobler task engaged,
Kept in the hearts of men the hearth-fire glowing.

She reared her sons and filled their sinking breast,
With old ideals and the ancient stories
Of times long past, when India heaven blest,
Was ruled by gods, who filled the land with glories.

Her's is the work if India lives to-day,
For, while the years brought strife and devastation,
Unflinchingly she held her gentle sway,
Preserving for her sons a land, a nation.

And when at last the long retirement ceased,
You're called again from out those silent places,
Then come as once you went, Queen of the East,
Clad in your virtues and your tender graces.

Artesian Wells.

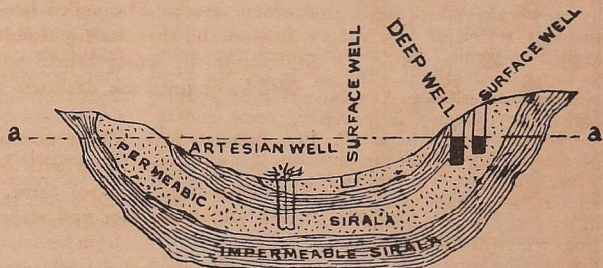


IF ever a school-boy is asked what Pondichery is famous for, he will at once be able to answer you—its Artesian Wells. It is a fact that the eye of the eager tourist, with

his Gladstone bag and his Kodak, cannot fail to catch a glimpse, or a sight, a full sight, of an Artesian well, when he first lands from a steamer or passes through the city-gates in his push-push, the favoured hackney car of the French residents here. Tradition has it, be it French or Tamilian, foreign or local, that it is only within the limits of Pondichery and its suburbs, that God has ordained these wells to exist and flourish and nowhere else. Fact or fiction, there is a spice of truth in it. Everywhere in and around Pondichery, you find these perennial sources of water, a wonder of God's creation. But once you cross the tollgate, the boundary line that separates the French India from the British territory, even a yard from it, what will you find? not an Artesian well, but a well of the Indian ryot who drives his weary bullocks to the tune of rustic songs in his wonted sing-song way. To those uninitiated into the mysterious ways of springs and rivers, the sight of an Artesian well will inspire their souls to lofty ecstasy and transport them to the land of plenty, where the terror-striking famine commits not its havoc, where eternal spring and perpetual wealth reign supreme. But it is no man's mystery, no result of occult forces; it is only nature's work, plain and simple. Artesian wells take their name from Artois, a province in France, where these wells were sunk for the first time by French experts in 1126 A.D.

Before dealing with Artesian wells, two other kinds of wells, that are most commonly met with in our country, must be considered for a better understanding of the subject. These are known as surface wells and deep wells. "A well" Sir A. Geike says "is an artificial hole dug down below the water-level, so that water may percolate into it." Hence surface wells are those that are sunk when the water-level is at a small depth, and these are generally shallow. The deep wells are sunk when the

water-level is at a great depth. The difference between these two wells lies in the fact that water in the former is rendered unfit for drinking purposes by mixing with sewage water which percolates through the permeable sandy strata in which the well is sunk. It is on account of this that we find town wells impure and stagnant, breeding foul germs which are injurious to man's health and prejudicial to the interests of sanitation. But the advantages in localities, where Artesian wells are employed, are many. To the ryot, these afford a never-ending supply of water, they irrigate his gardens, fields and plantations. Famines may recur, oft and anon, droughts may stare us in our faces, scarcity of water may be felt all through the land, but happy is his lot, the innocent farmer's lot, who has a pair of Artesian wells in his farm or estate. Tanks and rivers, lakes and brooks, every one of them may disappoint you, you may do a thousand-and-one sacrifices to appease the wrath of the rain-god Varuna, hundreds of



(after V.V.G.)

crafty Brahmins may cluster around you for an anna-gift, but what purpose do they serve? Find the lucky spot, where lies hidden that mysterious nature-wrought, subterranean spring, which unlocks itself at the slightest touch of the God-fearing husbandman. This finding of a well is no ordinary incident, not a common street accident, but a chance, the choice of which falls not to mean mortals, but to those who persevere. The sick and the dying welcome it as the panacea for all ills that flesh is heir to. Boys commend it, as it exerts a soothing influence on their mental faculties. The fair sex considers it an excellent and unrivalled substitute for all the mineral waters of Baden and Bavaria. The fact that Artesian wells exist in Pondichery renders the place very attractive, and the city invites many a weak and consumptive being to stay there to enjoy the radiant and pellucid stream which flows from off the weird fount-head below the lap of the mother earth.

Now the why and the how of these Artesian wells must interest us more than the wells them-

selves, for will not a clear conception of the strange workings of nature underneath, lead us to a better and sounder appreciation of the immense blessings Dame Nature bestows on her sons and daughters? Since creation began, it is known that sea-water evaporates and falls on land and that the sea is a receptacle for all the water that flows off into channels, brooks, streams, and rivers which move downward to meet her. Grant that a heavy shower of rain falls on a tract traversed by hills and crags. Some of the water that falls on the summit rushes down into torrents and ravines, forming the supply channels for many great rivers that flow on land. During the downward course of these ravines, the water finds its way, owing to the porosity of the rocks, through fissures, joints, cracks, and crevices of the rocks on which the rain fell. Then, sinking underneath, through subterranean channels, this water comes out again to the surface, when the channels are cut by a valley or other depression of the ground. But this water, when it is not cut below its base by any valley, will turn the sandy channel, through which it has passed, into an underground reservoir, where it will remain ever ready to come to day-light. Sir A. Geike, the great geologist, describes an Artesian well thus—"Since rocks vary greatly in porosity, some contain more water than others. It often happens that percolating along some porous bed, subterranean water finds its way downward until it passes under some more impervious rock. Hindered in its progress, it accumulates in the porous bed from which it may be able to find its way up to the surface again only by a tedious circuitous passage. If, however, a bore-hole be sunk through the upper impervious bed down to the water-charged stratum below, it will avail itself of this artificial channel of escape and will rise into the hole or even gush out as a *jet d'eau* above ground. Wells of this kind bear the name of Artesian wells."

A study of the working system of the Artesian wells, will naturally lead us to enquire why this underground water should rise to an enormous height, whereas the water in our country wells does not make even a pretence to a rising from the wells' bottom? Why should Artesian wells be specially endowed with the power of issuing in jets and gushings, a privilege denied to other wells? How does water accumulate at so great a depth? But the problem is not hard to solve. That water really circulates underground is proved by the fact that fish, twigs, leaves, come out along with the gushing water of Artesian wells. The wells in the sandy deserts of Algeria are remarkable in that the water travels underground, away from the areas where the falling of the rain has taken place.

Suppose the rain falls on a mountainous area. The slope of the tract helps the rain water to take a downward course, now entering rocky crevices, now draining the valleys, far away from its starting place, now impeded in its course by hard soils, now running, now uprooting trees and stumps. It may flow wherever it listeth, but it has the property of rising to that level, *i.e.*, to that height of the mountainous area on which the rain has fallen and from which it has traced its downward course. This explains the property of all liquids that *liquids find their level*. Hence it is that the water underground rises up through the bore-hole as soon as the boring is made into the water-stored bed. It is always essential to find out whether the area, at a level higher than that of the beds where a boring for an Artesian well is to be made, contains good water flowing in or around it, since it is only then that the water will rush out through the hole to find out its level, so to speak, with that of the water above. Sometimes Artesian wells, after flowing continuously for some years, will gradually slacken their velocity, now and then coming out in mere jerks, and finally they will cease to work, owing to the fact that the water in the reservoir beds gets dried. Two facts must be borne in mind, when one undertakes to sink an Artesian well—first the choice of a site where the rain falling on hills has percolated into the soil and has found underground reservoirs for its storage: secondly, that the deeper the reservoirs are located, the greater and stronger will be the out-flow of the water from below.

A brief description of the modes in vogue for constructing these wells of the Artesian type, cannot fail to enhance the interest that lies in a study of those curious mechanisms that control the machinery of nature's workshop. From the standpoint of economy, unlike the ordinary wells, the construction of an Artesian well is a very cheap affair, involving little cost and less labour. For an ordinary well, consider how many men are to be employed, and how many days it will take to dig a deep one with a circumference at least of thirty feet.

The difficulty that one meets with in sinking an Artesian well is that of selecting and choosing the "spot." This discovered, the boring of it is only a very simple process, worked with little cost and with as few implements as possible. A circular pit, six feet deep and six feet in diameter, is dug out, and into a notch chiselled out, at the central part of the pit is driven a screw—specially prepared for making borings—fitted into the one end of a long rod, the other end of which is furnished with a strong metallic handle. With this handle, the screw is driven into the earth with considerable force

and when the shaft is ten or fifteen deep the boring rod must be drawn out, and the debris removed from it with a special-made shovel. When the shaft is cleared of its debris, the screw is again driven in deeper and deeper into the earth, and the process of boring and removing the debris from the shaft, is repeated over and over. As the depth of the shaft increases, the boring-rod may fall short of its length and then it has to be lengthened by fitting shorter pieces into it. "Strain your nerve and persevere until you see it through," must be the motto of the Artesian well-sinker, and the boring operation must be carried right through, now deepening the shaft, now clearing off the debris, until the rod touches the water-level. When the desired water-level is reached, the boring-rod, being insufficient for the purpose, is removed from the shaft and a bigger and longer screw-rod is inserted into the narrow bore-hole, and driven in, widening the shaft, as it strikes deeper and deeper, until the rod cleaves the earth with tremendous force and passes right through the water-charged sub-soil. Like the devil, in the Arabian tale, that, spell-bound and cabined in the black jar by Solomon's power, rose mountain-high in columns huge and smoky, the long-pent up water in the nature-constructed, subterranean caves below, foaming and frothing, rushes into the bore-hole to sun-light above. The boring-rod is now taken away from the shaft and into it is driven an iron pipe which goes right to the bottom of the bore-hole. This pipe is intended to prevent small particles, dust, and debris from falling into the shaft, and to keep up an incessant and a forcible flow from below through the bore-hole. The quantity of water that rushes into the pipe has been reckoned at 400 gallons per minute, and the extent of land that a single well can irrigate is estimated at three or four acres. The shortest depth at which water can be had in an Artesian well, is about ten or twelve cubits, a conclusion recently arrived at by experiments made in Japan by the Japanese agricultural department.

It is a matter that puzzles me, why our Government has not felt the necessity of sinking these ever-to-be-thankful-for wells, wherever possible, in places best suited for their sinking. In Japan, a country, which we are fond of holding up before our eyes for everything that is worth imitating and copying from her nation, the Artesian wells are a common sight, and "there is not a 'yadoya' (hotel) that has not its Artesian well." It is no longer a luxury there, but one of stern necessity, utilized for purposes industrial and commercial. The force that is generated by the velocity of the current that rises up into the pipe of an Artesian well is turned to advantage, by being made to work various machines employed

in weaving and spinning factories of cotton, silk and woollen fabrics. Where Artesian wells thrive, several factories and companies have been started, especially in Japan and France, which entirely depend, for the working of their machines and instruments, on the immensity of force that is stored by nature in the flow of an Artesian well. There is a special department in Japan which controls the sinking of these wells, known as the Kazusa system of boring. I hope our Government will not hesitate to institute a well-sinking department which will reconnoitre the tracts suitable for sinking Artesian wells in our country. These wells are no longer the monopoly of France, and Japan has cut the Gordian knot of tradition by conferring on her sons the advantages that arise from an Artesian well. Why should we not then, I say, *imitate* her, accused as we are of over-fondness for everything Japanese.

J. M. SUNDARAM AIYAR.

Pull out the Plug.



HAT was the text; Dorothy Peters, the officiating minister; the "Hemlock Parlor," the church; a guitar the organ; and twelve of the jolliest girls, who ever camped in Maine, the congregation. The congregation, in picturesque camping costume, stretched itself out in every comfortable attitude on the soft, fragrant pine needles beneath the four great hemlocks which formed the "Hemlock Parlor." Almost at their feet the birch-bark canoes, which had brought them from their tents on the other side of the lake, gently rocked to and fro with every ripple of the sparkling water. Three-and-twenty miles away from a church, these thirteen jolly campers had not forgotten that it was Sunday, and, according to the immemorial custom of Camp Veda, had repaired for their usual morning service to the Hemlock Parlor. As the first rule of the camp was, "No men allowed on these premises," one of their own number must conduct the service. As a matter of course this task was assigned to Dorothy Peters, who had had some experience during her two years of Home Missionary work in the West.

The service was somewhat peculiar, though none the less devout. Portions of the Episcopal morning service were interspersed with the reading of Bryant's Forest Hymn and the sing-

ing of chants accompanied by that most unchurchlike instrument, the guitar. Then Dorothy, a not unpicturesque object in her dark red flannel dress and red Tam O'Shanter, a large bunch of daisies in her belt, took her stand by the trunk of the largest pine. Dorothy Peters was nothing if not original, and this is the unconventional way in which her sermon began:

"My text, girls, consists of just four words. I doubt if you will find it in the Bible. It is this—*Pull out the plug.*

"When I was working out West last summer, I spent a few weeks in a small Colorado town situated among the foothills of the Rockies. Half-way up one of the mountain slopes behind the town lay a clear blue lake, from which the energetic townspeople had laid a large pipe, thus affording the entire town a plentiful supply of beautiful clear water. Not long before my arrival the water supply had suddenly given out; hardly a drop came from the great pipe and its offshoots which permeated the town. The lake was full, but so distant that it was impracticable to carry the water in any other way to the town. To add to the general distress, a drought had dried the grass and parched the gardens. There was plainly some obstruction in the pipe, but all efforts to find it had been in vain. At last, a few days after my arrival, one of the principal men in the town received an anonymous letter which ran thus: 'If you want water, *pull out the PLUG* two feet from where the pipe leaves the LAKE.' It was surmised that some disreputable cowboys who had a grudge against the town had done the whole thing. With much difficulty the great plug was discovered and removed, and immediately the health-giving water rushed through the pipe to the thirsty town. The gardens and farms were watered, and everything began to look green and fresh. The dusty streets again became passable, and the entire town presented a different appearance. And that was all because the *plug was taken out* of the pipe.

"Now, girls, that is just the way it is with our Christian lives. How many spiritual droughts might be avoided if we would just pull out the plugs which prevent the boundless waters of God's love from flowing into our hearts. Each heart is a garden. Into each is an opening through which never-ceasing supplies of love can flow from His great sea of love; but how often we stop up those openings with one plug or another! Our Christian lives grow dry and shrivelled; we bear no fruit. We wonder that we have no sense of God's presence. The seen means so much more to us than the unseen. We get discouraged. What is the trouble?

"*There's a plug* of some kind shutting out God's supply of love and grace. If we would

only keep that channel open, so that His Spirit could flow in and take possession of our lives how different they would all be, how full of peace and fruitfulness!

"There is an almost infinite number of these plugs, but I shall mention only seven this morning

"The largest plug I know is SELF! Some of our lives are so centered on self that pulling out that plug seems almost like destroying our very being. We set our hearts on acquiring some particular kind of happiness which we crave with all the longing a human soul can know. We think we are Christians, but all the time we are straining every nerve to accomplish that set wish, making every other circumstance and duty yield to that. We are willing to accept God's will in everything but that, and so a great plug obstructs the channel.

"Or, it may be that we have an insatiable (though by ourselves unrecognized) love of praise, and when we do not get it are wretched. We magnify every little slight, enjoy every occasion only according as it yields our craved supply of adulation. We look at everything through the eyes of self-love, and, perhaps not suspecting its existence, we wake up some day to find that this dreadful fault has taken such strong root that it has poisoned our whole lives and usefulness. Oh, it is no easy matter, girls, to pull out *that* plug! Only by slow degrees can the channel be opened for God's love to flow in. Nothing so shuts us out from His blessed influences as our own self-love and self-will.

"Plug No. 2 is the habit of worrying. Some one once remarked to me, 'New England girls are too conscientious—they take life too hard.' The last part of that is true, for some of us *do* take life too hard. We allow ourselves to be so fretted by little accidents and mishaps that our repose of manner and of soul is often lost for days. A broken platter, a miscooked dish at our dinner party, a servant's blunder, unpunctuality in one with whom we have an appointment—any of these little things I have known so to upset a woman that she has quite lost the sense of the relative unimportance of these trifles to her higher soul life. Only things which affect that should truly disturb us. Don't take life hard, girls; take it easy, just so far as you can. Worry is one of the commonest and meanest plugs. A Christian who once lets God's love take possession of his every feeling and motive will never worry. He knows that if we act solely in that spirit, He will always make everything work together for good. After we have done our best in that spirit, we can safely leave the rest with Him.

"Not greatly different is Plug No. 3, the habit of becoming so absorbed in an occupation as to be quite impatient at interruptions. This is constitutional with some, but, if indulged, this habit

will so tyrannize over us that we shall be most unlovely and unpleasant companions. I have known some good Christian girls who would allow themselves to become so much absorbed in reading a novel that it would seem as if they were possessed of an evil spirit until that book was finished. Others undertake dressmaking or house-cleaning, and get so absorbed and nervous that they are utterly unlike themselves till it is done, and are impatient of any interruption or delay in their plans. Such girls can never become the calm, even tempered Christians who are such ornaments to our church. I remember a sentence of Mrs. Prentiss 'If you could once make up your mind in the fear of God never to undertake more work of any sort than you can carry on calmly, quietly, without hurry or flurry, and the instant you feel yourself growing nervous and like one out of breath, would stop and take breath, you would find this simple, common-sense rule doing for you what no prayers or tears could ever accomplish.'

"Plug No. 4 is undue anxiety about the future. A plainer, less pleasant name for this plug is actual distrust of God. No child who truly loves and trusts a father will doubt that she will be taken care of by Him. Live one day at a time, and leave the rest to Him.

'Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock which naught can move.'

Don't let that wicked plug keep out God's love.

"Plug No. 5 is a spirit of discontent with the present, a looking forward or backward or wishing any change from the monotonous place in which God seems to have put us. This is an insidious plug which will severely shut us out from the peace of God's love, for it grows from dissatisfaction with His method of dealing with us.

Of all plugs, one of the hatefulest, because so demeaning, is Plug No. 6—jealousy, that blighting spirit which haunts some of us. Some people are rightly ambitious to succeed in everything they attempt, but wrong in feeling the most intense misery if any one excels them or attains what they have failed to acquire—whether a prize in college, a position for self-support, or the love of a friend. The best way to pull out that plug is to try to do something for the one of whom you are jealous.

"The last plug of which I shall speak is any cherished sin which shuts God out of our hearts, any wilful disobedience to our conscience. Each of us knows best whether that is our plug.

"Now, girls, shall we not each of us set about pulling out our plugs? Let us make it the chief business of our lives, by constant watching and praying, to pull out every plug that keeps God's love from flooding our souls. Perhaps some of you think this idea of letting God's love rule us

is a one-sided affair—that it is leaving too much to Him, with no exertion on our part. But there is plenty of work for us in keeping the channel open, in rooting up the selfish desires and wrong impulses which hinder the course of His love. In all the petty details of every-day life, let us obey every slightest intimation of His will, act at once on every higher, better impulse, and, by this habit of constant obedience to His spirit within us, attain at last unto that blessed condition in which His will shall be ours, and our heaven will begin on earth. If we but knew the peace and joy of a life permeated in every event, great and small, by this spirit of God's love; if we knew the bliss of even one day in which nothing keeps back His spirit from manifesting itself in our every word and thought and action—if many of us who 'take life hard' knew the restfulness of thus letting Him take the responsibility and the care from our lives, oh, how eagerly would we pull out every plug which shuts Him out of our hearts! Pull out the plugs, O girls, pull out the plugs!"

The sermon was ended, the hymn was sung, the canoes bore their fair freight gently across the lake, and soon the Hemlock Parlor was left to the grand solitude of "God's first temples." But in more than one of those jolly campers' lives, Dorothy's sermon and its queer text worked a blessing.

DELIA LYMAN PORTER.

Two Waiting Wives.

[By MISS SIDGWICK.]

I.

MR. LEE sat by the fire, with an anxious look on her face. She was evidently listening. Three untidy children sprawled on the floor at the far end of the room, they were very quiet in their play, but now and then their mother would sharply bid them make less noise, and then they would raise their heads and appear to be listening too. The table was laid for tea, the hearth swept, and the kettle on the hob, but though it had boiled over twice the tea remained unmade.

Presently she called to the children, "Come and have yer tea," and proceeded to give them mugs of milk and water, and slices of bread. But she ate nothing herself.

"Dad's late to-night, ain't he, mummy?" remarked the eldest boy between his mouthfuls.

"I wish he was not coming home at all," said the youngest little girl.

"Get your tea and be quiet, children," said their mother, sharply.

A knock at the door. They all started and looked at one another.

"Open the door, Jira," said his mother, firmly.

It was only the milk, however, and the children settled down once more to their play.

Mrs. Lee was a worn, thin woman, very untidy in her dress. The room, too, was disorderly, and the children unkempt. They appeared fond of their mother, however, in spite of her sharp manner. Suffering had marred in her what had once been a pretty face, and there were signs in the pictures on the walls and other relics and things in the room that the family had seen better days. Mrs. Lee was not popular with the other inmates of the block of buildings in which she lived. Her sharp tongue and stand off manner checked all friendly advances. Only one woman guessed that she had a great trouble, and in her rough way admired her neighbour's reserve.

An hour later when the daylight was deepening into night, and Mrs. Lee was just about to put the children to bed, this woman put her head in at the door.

"Your man's late to-night, ain't he? Come and sit with me a bit. You look so moped all by yourself in the dark."

Mrs. Lee did not leave her place by the fire.

"I'm all right, thank you, Mrs. Jones," she said tartly, "he's not later than he often is."

"Well, you needn't out up rough. I fancied a drop of something hot and a little lively conversation would do yer good. But there, it is like running your head against a brick wall, talking to you!" And she withdrew in a huff.

The anxious repellant look had deepened on Mrs. Lee's face. Once or twice she rose, and paced the room glancing at the clock. The children, too, had left their play and stood round her, the little girl holding her dress, the two boys exchanging frightened glances.

Suddenly a wild burst of laughter came sounding up the staircase followed by a heavy uncertain step. The little girl burst into tears, and hid her face in her mother's lap. In another moment, with a resounding kick, the door was burst open, and James Lee, singing and cursing, reeled heavily into the room.

II.

The silence was getting oppressive in the little room. The younger of the two women sitting there, shifted her position uneasily and glanced at her companion. The elder woman was gazing out of the window, her features white and strained, her hands locked tightly together. A newspaper lay on the floor between them. "Keep up hope, mother," murmured the younger woman, "he may be safe!"

For answer she received a look of anguish. "May be—may be, oh! my boy, my boy!" There had been a terrible railway accident, and Ralph Langley, the husband of one woman in the room, and son of the other, had been in the train. As yet no names were given but it was clearly stated that there were many killed and injured.

The two women expressed their grief in very different ways. Elsie Langley, a wife of three years, was calm and tearless. She sat very still, now and then picking at her braided cuff. Her mother-in-law, on the contrary, paced the room, pouring forth her anxiety while tears constantly filled her eyes.

"Oh! this suspense," she cried, "it is terrible. What shall we do if anything has happened to Ralph. How can you sit there so calmly, Elsie, when your husband at this moment may be—oh! I cannot say it. 'Many fatally injured,' they say. You may think me foolish but I should not feel so terribly anxious, if Bob Drayton had not been with him, but when I think that only a fortnight ago, death from a railway accident was foretold the latter in his hand, it makes me sick with terror!"

The colour surged into Elsie's face.

"How can you believe such foolishness?" she said, "What truth can there be in the idle guesses of a total stranger."

The elder woman sighed and shook his head. "Oh! I know I am wrong and silly, but these things do haunt one so, and, of course, poor Bob may have been taken, and dear Ralph have escaped. But they would be sure to travel in the same compartment.....Oh! when shall we know?" and she began to cry afresh.

The younger woman rose impatiently and went into the adjacent room. It was the dining-room of the small house, a canary shrilled forth his loud song from a cage in the window, a cat purred upon the hearth, and the sound of the mowing machine came in through the open window. Elsie looked round furtively, as though afraid of being followed. She shut the door and crossing to a large writing table in one corner of the room, she unlocked a small side drawer and took out a leather case. She shut the window and jerked the muslin curtain half across it: then she sat down by the fire and with trembling fingers, drew from the case a photograph. It was that of a young man, tall, fair and handsome, with an open, pleasant countenance, and smiling eyes. He stood by a writing table, littered with papers, and one hand rested upon a sheaf of manuscripts. He looked as if he had just started up in the midst of his work, and was smiling a welcome at some invisible friend.

Elsie looked long and earnestly at the picture, then she pressed it passionately to her bosom.

"He is all in all to me," she murmured. "He has shown me how to live, how to work, and hope and pray—and now—!"

She broke off suddenly and sat gazing before her with unseeing eyes. The cat jumped on to her lap, but she took no notice of it. The door was burst open and the parlour-maid stood before her, her hair dishevelled, her apron crooked, her eyes swollen with weeping.

"Please mum," she cried excitedly, "there's a crowd coming up the road, shouting and hurraing, and they're carrying some one on their shoulders, and I think its master—!" Even as she spoke, the sound of shouts became audible. Elsie put up her hand—"Listen" she said. The next moment she heard her mother rush into the hall and fling open the front door. The little garden seemed full of men and boys. But Elsie saw only one: her husband stood in the doorway, his coat torn, his face covered with dust and blood, his arms outstretched.

"Elsie, wife," he cried, "I am safe! Don't be afraid darling."

She tottered a few steps towards him.

"And—Bob—Drayton—?" she asked faintly.

Her husband's face changed—all the joy died out of it.

"He's killed, poor fellow," he said sadly.

She stared at him wildly.

"Killed! killed! but—oh! God, it was he I loved!"

And she fell on the ground at their feet.

nearly 13 years old next *Karthigai* and she is not yet married; and it is this that worries me day and night."

"Why, Janaki, do you mean to say it is difficult to get a husband for your daughter, Meena? She is very clever and beautiful and any one that sees her will readily consent to marry her."

"None has yet come to see her and to marry her."

"Then, Janaki, does not your husband, Swaminadhan, know that Meena is growing every day? He too will not be quiet, the same thought that worries you must also worry him."

"He worry! never," replied Janaki, "He is as careless as any one can be and he does not even think of his daughter's marriage. What he wants is, merely, sumptuous meals twice a day and two *kavalis* of betels, half a dozen idle people and a pack of cards. Who is to ask him? Whenever I throw him a hint on this topic, his moody answer is 'I know.'"

"What! Can this be true? I shall go to him to-morrow afternoon and ask him about this. He cannot evade me so easily as he does you. But, by the bye, have you any idea of any boys among your relations?"

"Oh, yes! as for boys there are plenty," curtly replied Janaki, "and they can be used even for an *Aswatha Pradhakshinam*."*

"Then why should not you select some one? and I shall propose him to your husband."

"When I just hint at the marriage he gets very angry and if I begin to choose a boy, he will surely become the more so."

"Never mind Janaki," the old woman comforted her, "Don't be afraid. Anyhow our object must be accomplished."

"Well then, Amma, if you are in earnest, I shall tell you, and if you can persuade him to get the girl married at an early date, I shall thank you very much."

"Oh yes, I shall; but do tell me please."

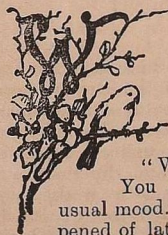
"Listen, Amma. Meena is our only daughter and you know my other two children are boys. We have landed property to the extent of ten *velis* and own two houses in our village, and so we are considered rich enough. If we want to get a husband for our child, we must pay at least Rs. 2,000 in cash as *Varadakshinai* and, of course, we must buy brass and silver vessels for the usual *ceeru* in addition. I am quite willing to spend any amount if Meena gets a good husband. But the pity of it is we have not any boy, who is at least well-to-do—I mean possessing enough to eat and a house to live in."

"All this is so, Janaki," replied the old lady, "but we must pitch upon some one, best in the lot."

* Going round a banyan tree on new-moon days if they happen to fall on Mondays.

'Round the Village Well.

A CONVERSATION.



"HAT am I to do? My words are never listened to," exclaimed a middle-aged woman as she placed the brass *Thondi* by the side of the well and began to clean it.

"Why are you so angry, Janaki?"

You do not seem to be in your usual mood. Has anything serious happened of late? It is nearly a week since I last saw you," was the rejoinder of an

old widow who also came there just then to draw water.

"What is to happen? My name is already dragged into the talk of the females of our street. Why! it is no wonder. Our Meena is

"I shall tell you, Amma, everything in detail. I selected three or four boys. The first is a brother among five and the family owns only two *Velis* of landed property. Another boy, I have in view, is the only son of his father, who possessed nearly two *Velis* of land and a house in the adjoining village. Again, the third boy is studying for the B.A. at Kumbakonam, but he is fatherless and he is in very poor circumstances. The fourth I selected is a near relation of mine, who can be kept at home even after the marriage, but he is, to speak plainly, a dunce. I have given you some information on the matter. Of these, which do you prefer? Tell me, Amma. I don't know how many more my husband will have in view in case he is also anxious about the marriage."

"Well, Janaki, it is all very easy to question you on such topics, but when the choice comes to me, I am in a fix, and I cannot say anything without deep consideration; but what we require is your Meena's welfare. But will you tell me,—among the four you have mentioned, who is best to your taste?"

"To speak to you in earnest, I am for giving Meena to the boy who is studying for the B. A., and I will even propose to maintain him hereafter at our cost, and, after he passes his examination, to get him some appointment somewhere and I trust our Meena will be very happy with him. Don't you think so, Amma?"

"Yes, I agree with you in what you say."

"I forgot to tell you another thing. I am not for giving Meena in a second marriage. Somehow or other I hate that idea; and you know unless I give her to a bachelor, I cannot get the fruit of a *Kanya Danam*."

"That is also very true, Janaki," said the old lady, who had filled her *Thondi* with water during the conversation and was preparing to go away, "but it is getting late and we must go home and attend to the house-work."

"Yes, yes, it is late; but will you please call over at our house to-morrow afternoon and speak to him about the affair?"

"I shall, I shall."

the address of welcome presented by the Bombay Corporation, Lord Curzon said that his partner in life came to this country with predispositions no less favourable and with sympathies not less warm than his own and that with him she looked forward with earnest delight to a life of happy labour in this country. How true were these words, we had abundant opportunities of realising during the period of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty. Though opinions may differ about the merit of his administration, it will be acknowledged on all hands that Lady Curzon's interest in the progress and welfare of Indian women was genuine and unceasing. She will be remembered with affectionate gratitude in connection with the many attempts she made to advance education among Indian women and to afford them medical relief. She was an ideal wife of an Indian Viceroy and by her charming qualities of head and heart she did much to lighten the cares and anxieties of her exalted husband. As Lord Curzon has admitted on many occasions, it was to her that he turned, and not in vain, for solace and strength in all the strifes and struggles of his strenuous career. Indeed, there was something Oriental in her love to her husband. When she was pressed hard on one occasion to go to England for the benefit of her health, she said that her health depended on being where Lord Curzon was. By her unflinching sympathy and inimitable manners, she won the hearts of all those who knew her, while those who heard of her grace and charm felt irresistibly attracted towards her. When she suddenly fell ill in England about two years ago, all India expressed its unfeigned concern and sent forth its united prayers for her speedy recovery. It will be remembered that when she came back to India, she was given a touching welcome. And it is no wonder that, now upon her sudden and untimely death, deep and sincere sorrow is felt in this country and heart-felt sympathy is expressed for the stricken husband and his bereaved family.

We have before noted in these columns the scheme of the Bengal Government for the establishment of Training Colleges for women—one at Bankipore, one at Calcutta. Matters have progressed wonderfully for the short time that the Colleges have been under consideration, and what the Director of Public Instruction and his Committees have most to be congratulated upon is the fact that within six months of the conception of the scheme—two women scholars have been selected for training in England. The successful candidates are representative of the two chief races in India—one a Mahomedan, one a Hindu.

Editorial Notes.

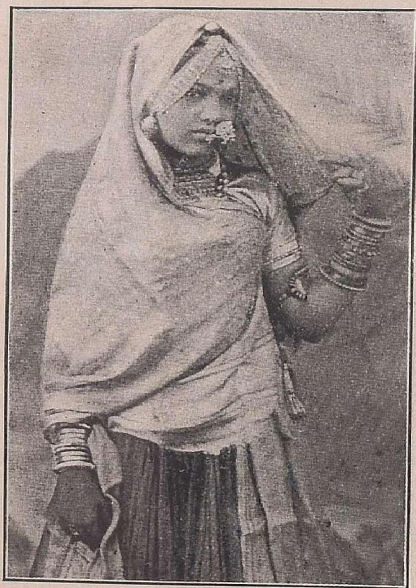
The news of Lady Curzon's death has been received with the widest and most profound regret all over the Indian continent. It was on the 30th of December, 1898, that, in reply to

TYPES OF WOMEN.



A BHIL WOMAN OF AURANGABAD.

TYPES OF WOMEN.



A MARWARI LADY.

The Mahommedan lady is known to most of us as Miss Atia Fyzee, a niece of the Hon. Mr. Justice Tyabjee of Bombay, and a member of the distinguished family which has already given so many hostages to true progress. She is the "Sh ahinda" of our Magazine, who has been so unflinchingly interested in its welfare, ever since it has been started. Miss Fyzee has made a great sacrifice in the interests of the women of India, in consenting to go out to be trained in England. "I accepted the appointment," she said, "because I knew the backward state of the education of our Mahommedan women, and that there were hardly any women among us who would consent to go so far." It is an epoch in the history of education in India, that Miss Fyzee should have been willing to give herself for work among the less enlightened of her community; and her selection cannot but give an impetus to Moslem female education throughout the country. The Committee is also to be congratulated on its other selection. Mrs. Mittra is a Hindu lady of good family, who has already shown considerable pluck and ability. She is a graduate of the Calcutta University.

The scholars will sail about mid-August. Government is giving them first class return passages by a mail steamer, and £150 a year for two years of residence in England. The idea is that they should be trained as teachers, and the College selected in this instance is the Maria Grey Training College, London. On the scholars' return to India, they will be employed in Government service—most likely in the new Training Colleges.

Facts like these are more hopeful, and more indicative of true advancement than the making of many speeches on political platforms.

Religion for the Hindu Woman.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

Selected from the "Madras Mail."

THE visit of Swami Abedhananda has set the Hindu to think about his religion. The religious meetings, discussions and learned arguments are, it seems to me, only for the Hindu man; in this as in other things, the Hindu woman is set aside as a nonentity. A few days ago there was an article in the *Madras Mail* entitled "Is the Educated Hindu Religious?" And this has set me thinking about the question of religion for the Hindu woman.

As is usual in discussing any Indian questions, let us look back to the past. We find that woman was not allowed to offer sacrifices, or to take part in religious incantations. True, the wife was present at the religious ceremonies, but did not take an active part in them. We read of the King and Queen together performing the *Asvamedha Yagam*—the sacrifice which proclaimed the King to be the most powerful of

the then reigning monarchs. We read also that when Sita was carried off by her mother, the Earth Goddess, Rama made a golden statue of Sita and performed the above-mentioned sacrifice. This shows that the part taken by the woman was only the necessity of her presence. At least in matters religious we expect man and woman to meet on common ground. Twin branches of the tree of life, at least in the sight of their maker, may they not be considered one? Apparently not; woman may take no part in the scriptural readings, in the *Sandhyavandhanams* and daily prayers, nor in the performance of *Sraaddhas*, nor in all the rites and ceremonies prescribed by the Hindu Shastras. Yet, the fervent faith of the Hindu woman is extraordinary. She has her own vows to pay to the several gods and goddesses, her *Pujas* to make to her household deities and a thousand-and-one ceremonies to perform. In a corner of the backyard, a small *tulasi* plant is usually found, sometimes planted on a little pedestal, and to this the Hindu wife and mother offers her daily worship. The space round it is kept clean and neat; little mosaic patterns in chalk are daily worked on it; saffron and *kunkum* (red powder) marks are made on or near it; fresh flowers are placed and daily prayers are made at this shrine. The Hindu woman keeps many holy days; she fasts on all the ordained days and makes many vows to the different sacred shrines in India, which she religiously strives to keep. But we hear of no united family worship. The man holds his own tenets of belief in theory and in practice, and the woman hers.

Swami Abedhananda says that the Hindu is steeped in religion, that he "eats religion, sleeps religion, walks religion and lives religion." It is true in that the letter of the law is strictly adhered to, if not by the educated Hindu man, at least by the uneducated Hindu woman. But is this religion? Is it the living faith that influences life and character? Is it a source of help and strength in times of trouble and suffering? Is it the ennobling motive power of one's life work? The moral maxims for the conduct of one's life, the teachings of philosophy for the calm endurance of one's sufferings are but poor substitutes for the close, personal relations that ought to exist between the man and his maker. The anxious or-reverent Hindu mother watching beside her suffering child vows innumerable offerings to her goddess or, in despair, consecrates the life-service of the child to her deity; and if a girl—a what a life for her in the future, and if a boy, the outward holy life of sacred priesthood, and the inner life of sin and shame. Religion to the Hindu woman means ceremonies, the keeping of them in strictness and to the very letter, and not the food for the craving of one's higher self. Yet one cannot but admire the faith and religious fervour of the Hindu woman. What would one think of those Indian wives and mothers visiting a score of temples and bathing with such rejoicing confidence of salvation in the shining waters of the river Ganges, the "Great Mother?" Some of them are "purdah women" who would never step outside the home except under such protection of the sacred simplicity of pilgrimage; some are old and feeble, weary with the long journey of life, worn out by maladies, broken-hearted with losses and troubles. The morning air blows keep, the water is cold. Yet they stand waist deep in the river, with dripping garments clinging to their thin, aged limbs, visibly shuddering under the shock of the

waves, and their lips, blue and pinched and quivering while they eagerly mutter their invocations. None of them hesitates. On their arrival, into Gunga they plunge, ill or well, sickly or robust, young or old, and take the holy liquid up in their small, dusky, trembling hands, repeating the sacred names and softly mentioning the sins they would expiate and the beloved souls they would plead for. Such religious fervour cannot but call forth our deepest sympathy.

In religious, as in social matters, in India, the companionship of man and woman in the perfect sense of the word is not to be found. We read that in matters religious, the "majority of English-educated Hindus at the present day are absolutely irreligious, that their religious beliefs are in an amorphous condition, that they have neither the time nor the inclination to read the scriptural literature, and that they hold in contempt what they do not care to understand." And what of the woman? She is not a reader of the *Shastras*—she is not versed in the philosophy of the past ages. She is not brought under the influence of Western civilisation. She only holds close to the customs and practice laid down by her forefathers. Only tradition has moulded her and she has remained stationary. She is kneaded and worked by loving and unloving hands into the strictly orthodox groove. Her individuality is crushed out of her; her soul is dwarfed; her talents are given no scope to develop; and she settles down to a dull contentment of life. Perhaps the quiet is now and then broken by vague longings and undefined aspirations; but to these no voice is given as the burden of material life is heavy and the wheel moves on as before, only slowly and more slowly till it finally stops. We read of the wonderful home-life of the English, and we Indians long for the same. But before we can ever enjoy it, the fundamental and necessary thing is that woman should be the companion of man and walk side by side with him in all the royal roads of life, side by side in arts, literature, science and religion, and side by side also "as a companion of love, as wife and mother of the race," and then will come for woman freedom in life and society, independence of thought and action, the development of individuality; and the secret of it all will be the mutual help of love and sympathy given by man to man and woman to woman.

India and Anglo-India.

A London Correspondent writes the following to the *Madras Mail*:—"An interesting and suggestive discourse was delivered at Caxton Hall, on the 16th

instant, by Mr. A. Sawtell, formerly of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, of Lahore. Of Mr. Sawtell's paper I need not say much. But the subsequent discussions on contained two items which should interest readers in your part of India. Mr. Sawtell happened to express an opinion that English women in India might do more than they are doing at present to bring about friendly and cordial relations between their own race and the natives of India, and this gave occasion to Mrs. Rustomjee, the wife of the well-known Deputy Commissioner in Berar, to say a few graceful and well-chosen words in favour of her European sisters in India. She asserted that Englishwomen do all that can be well expected of them in existing circumstances, and that many of them do far more than any one has a right to expect. After all the existence of the *purdah* and the *Zenana* is a fact which colours the status of women all over India. Some Indian ladies follow the example of their Parsi sisters, and mix in general society; but they do so at their own risk, and are subject to obvious misunderstandings. Hence, save in times of famine and distress, when Englishwomen have often put aside all womanly reserve in order to be useful to their suffering native sisters, it is not easy for a foreigner to take a part in Indian society. On the other hand, as Mrs. Rustomjee justly observed, English ladies might perhaps be more cordial in their encouragement of those Indians, men and women alike, who are endeavouring to free themselves from caste and the *purdah*. Their own experiences should teach them sympathy, and their womanly tact and intelligence should teach them that a great change is coming over the social life of India, in which it is not only possible, but their plain duty, to play an important part. The circumstances vary in different places. Probably Barisal and the other districts in Eastern Bengal, where Mr. Bannerjee has been waging his campaign against British rule, districts where the local Mussalman is a bit of a fanatic, and the local Hindu, if only in self-defence, is apt to follow his example, districts where the *Zenana* and feminine seclusion are strictly enforced, are not exactly the places where Englishwoman would care to try the experiment of asserting her social influence. She would have to count with the Bengali schoolboy, whose ideas of manners do not, at present, include any sense of respect towards ladies of his own or any other race. But all India is not as Barisal, and Mrs. Rustomjee quoted cases where, as in Hyderabad, an Englishwoman need have no fear of meeting with anything but the consideration and politeness which she was a right to demand."

TO A TORRENT.

O stormy torrent pouring forth thy strength
 With passion strong,
 All burning, blazing hot thy waters run!
 Onward fast they press with power boisterous
 Crushing, crumbling all to frothy foam,—
 Till in the ocean all absorbed seems thy
 Pride and Power:
 Say 'is thy passion feasted full
 In placid waters gently mingled thus to be

The end-all, bliss-all of thy impassioned roar?
 Say, does thus the human soul in tortured
 Ecstasy indulging,
 Pour forth its anguish, love and pain
 In ceaseless strain,
 Till, drifting onward, calm it finds
 In endless Good and Love Infinitude?

FRANCIS ROCKBY.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

The Nawab of Bhawalpur has given a large donation to the Countess of Dufferin's Fund, and has become a Life Councillor.

—A rich lady of the Lahana caste of Bhavanagar has given away a sum of Rs. 10,000 for starting a Lahana Orphanage. The institution has been established from the 13th ultimo and for the present it has been decided to admit 10 or 12 orphans, considering the small fund in hand.

—The Calcutta Women's College Training Scheme Committee has selected Mrs. Saralabala Mitter and Miss Atia Fyzee to be sent to England to be trained as teachers. The candidates will leave Bombay in August.

—Mr. Maranna Gounden, a rich Hindu gentleman of Coimbatore, has given a donation of Rs. 5,000 to Mrs. Besant's Hindu Girls' School at Benares.

—A School for Native Girls.—It has been proposed by the native section of the parishioners belonging to the Santa Cruz Cathedral, Cochin, to establish a Malayalam Girls' School.

—A Model Girls' School.—The Palghat Municipal Council, on the recommendation of Miss Lynch, the Inspector of Girls' Schools, has resolved to open a Model Girls' School in the town.

—The Bengal Government have now cordially approved of the proposal to attach the Women's Training College to the Bethune College. At a meeting of the Training College Scheme Committee held on the 2nd instant, the President announced the general approval of the Government with regard to the Scheme. The Raja of Nasipore indicated his willingness to subscribe Rs. 300 a year for four years, and Maharaj Kumar Tagore announced that his father Sir Jotindra Mohun Tagore had promised a subscription of Rs. 1,000 a year for four years. The preliminary difficulties having been overcome, the Training College scheme should now assume practical shape.

—A widow remarriage was performed at Delhi under the auspices of the Widow Remarriage Association, Delhi on the evening of the 27th June, 1906. The daughter of Lala Paras Das Jaini and granddaughter of Lala Ishavari Pershad, Rais and Honorary Magistrate and Sadar Treasurer of the Delhi District, was married to Lala Kishen Lal, also a Jaini. The Biradriwalas held a Panchayat to excommunicate the father and the girl, but about 100 persons have sided with the father of the bride. It is a welcome sign of the time that the Jains there are also realising the necessity of this social reform. It is hoped that some more widow marriages will take place there in the near future.

—In the list of the successful candidates at the last L. M. S. examination of the Bombay University we find the names of four ladies. Three of them are Parsee ladies and one the second daughter of our venerable brother Mr. Vasudevrao Naorange. After matriculating from the Poona Female High School, Miss Naorange took her B.A. degree from the Wil-

son College in 1901 and proceeded for her medical study in the same year. We believe Miss Naorange is the first Deceani lady to hold two degrees of the local University and we heartily congratulate her on her success in the last L. M. S. Examination.

—The following is taken from the address delivered by the Swami at the Ramakrishna Girls' School, Madras :—

I look forward to the time when the Principal of a National Hindu College for Women will be a Hindu Lady. If you go to America, you will be able to see the culture of women. They are like the flowers and blossoms of the twentieth century, and those flowers are very beautiful in every respect. Young girls there do not marry so early as here. They devote all their youth to education. I have seen girls 35 years old, pure in character, who are devoting their whole energy to study. They are not willing to get married, because marriage is considered by them to be the greatest bondage. They are staunch lovers of freedom and knowledge. If you go to public offices and public schools and colleges there, you will find women-clerks and teachers more in number than males, and they are the best teachers. In the Kindergarten Schools, in Primary Schools and in High Schools and Colleges in America, you find everywhere women-teachers. Why should we not try to train such women-teachers among ourselves? You must unite your energy, and take a stand against foreign influence. If the parents of the girls do not help and encourage such an institution, then they would be ruining themselves. It is upon them that the glory of the future generation greatly depends.

—Miss Kumudini Mitra, B.A., of Calcutta, has presented to the reading public of Bengal a short but excellent life of Mary Carpenter, the celebrated philanthropist of Bristol. Miss Mitra wields an able pen, her interpretation of the philanthropist's life to her sisters is admirable and in every way does credit to the author.

—A widow remarriage ceremony says the *Arya Messenger* was performed according to the Vedic rites under the auspices of the Widow Remarriage Society, Punjab, in the compound of the Vedic Library, adjacent to Mr. Roshan Lal's Kothi, outside Bhati Gate, on Sunday evening, the 1st July. The parties belong to the Khatri Chopra class. The ceremony was performed with the consent of the parents of both the parties who took part in the ceremony. The age of the bride is about 16 years. She became a widow 15 days after her first marriage at the age of 13. The bride's father, Lala Radha Kishen, Clerk, Manager's Office, Railway Department, gave magnificent donations to various institutions in the Punjab and a respectable dowry to his daughter. The bridegroom belongs to a respectable family and is aged 30 years. The special feature of the ceremony was that many women took part in the marriage. *Pan-ialchi* and sweetmeats were served to the audience which numbered about one hundred.

—From an extract from the *Utka Dipika* it would appear that the first widow marriage among the higher castes in Orissa has recently been celebrated at Mahuaga, a village in the district of Cuttack. The bride, who is the daughter of Babu Jaggo Mohan Lall, a Government pensioner, and who became a widow just after her marriage in 1902, is now 16 years of age and the bridegroom, who lives at Saharanpur, and is

a well educated young man, is about 22. The most interesting point in connection with the marriage was the opposition by the father of the late husband of the girl, who, on the allegation that he was the legal guardian of the minor girl, obtained an injunction from the Civil Court prohibiting the performance of the marriage arranged by the father. Babu Juggo Mohan opposed this injunction on the ground that it was he, and not the father of his daughter's late husband, who should be, after she became a widow, her legal guardian. The District Judge agreeing with this contention set aside the injunction. The marriage was performed with great *eclat* and most of the leading Kayastha families in the neighbourhood, to which caste the girl belongs, took part in the celebration.

—The Maharani of Mysore recently held a Durbar to present khillats to Mrs. Rukminiammal and Mrs. Srirangammal, the two ladies who passed the last B.A. Examination of the Madras University. The khillats consisted of a gold bracelet set with diamonds valued Rs. 1,000, besides saris of the value Rs. 150 and a pair of shawls to each. We are glad that the young Maharani of Mysore is taking such warm interest in female education.

—Some Tiyya youths convened a meeting the other day in the A. V. M. School Hall, Cannanore, to concert measures to reform the alleged deplorable social status of their caste-men. An address was read before the meeting. With all this, the meeting was not a successful one. However, I believe, our enterprising young men will not suffer the grass to grow under their feet, until they attain the goal.

—A meeting of the Karkal Catholic Ladies' Association was held on Sunday, the 1st July, at the residence of Mrs. Pulcheria Colaco's, a member of the Association. Among those present were Mesdames, Lionela Mathias, Isabella Nazareth, Rosi D'Souza, Magdalena Lobo, Edwin Lobo, Eujene Aranha, Clara Siqueira, Cecilia Rebello, Paulina Tellis.

Several gentlemen were also present, including Rev. Frs. G. Siqueira and V. Rebello.

The President having taken the chair and introducing Mrs. Pulcheria Colaco to the meeting, asked her to read a paper on the subject of "Bringing up of children." Mrs. Colaco then read the paper which contained mostly points on how a mother can mould the character of her children by keeping watch over them during their earlier years, mostly when they are at play. The virtues mostly to be cultivated among children are:—strict adherence to truth, patience and forbearance towards each other, the principle of give and take towards each other and obedience towards their parents. When children of both sexes mingle together, male children should be taught to give way to the other sex in any point of dispute. The mother should not leave the children to the care of servants who cannot be expected to take interest in their being brought up in a proper way. This was ably rendered into Konkany by Mr. D. R. Colaco. The President then thanked the lecturer. The Reverend Fathers and the gentlemen present delivered appropriate speeches, congratulating and encouraging the ladies in their endeavours to strengthen the association. After the speeches, it was resolved to hold the next meeting at Mrs. Teresa Mathias'. Tea and refreshments were then served and the meeting was brought to a termination.



News and Notes.

Among the resolutions passed at the Muslim Educational Conference, held at Vellore, on the 28th and 29th of July, at the instance of *maulvies*, we find the following:—

That in the opinion of this Conference it is necessary that steps should be taken to encourage female education on national lines in every possible way.

—A new provision of the child labor of New York, prohibits the employment of children under sixteen years in factories of mercantile establishments after 7 P.M.

—The Colorado State Federation has established eighteen scholarships in different schools. It also lends about \$800 a year to girls who are educating themselves, the sum to be repaid when the recipient is able.

—Mrs. Mac P. Brown, of Hailey, Idaho, has been awarded a patent for a carpet hinge of her own invention. The device fastens carpets to the floor, so that they may be put down or taken up without marring either the goods or the floor.

—The City of Light Assembly, Lilly Dale, N. Y., July 13 to Sept. 2, has selected Miss Marie C. Berhm, State President of the Illinois W. C. T. U., to deliver the oration on Woman's Day, Aug. 15. Miss Berhm will also speak on "The little Swiss Republic," on Aug. 16. Aug. 18 will be Temperance Day, and Aug. 19 Peace Day, and on both of these days Miss Berhm will be one of the speakers.

—Madame Curie, the discoverer with her husband of radium, has been appointed to the chair of the new professorship in the Sorbonne, Paris, founded for

her husband. The minister of public instruction has ratified the choice of the faculty, and "congratulates himself on being the first democratic minister of education to appoint a woman to what is, in some ways, the most distinguished chair in the Sorbonne."

—Thirty-eight young women have successfully passed the entrance examinations for admission as students in the Paris hospitals. This is the largest number of successful candidates among women on record. The Parisian medical students have held a meeting to protest against the admission of so many women, as they say that in a few years Frenchmen will be driven from the ranks of many professions if this sort of thing is kept up. There are already three women druggists in France, one of whom is practising in Paris.

—Miss Laura Fisher has been the Kindergarten trader in the public schools of Boston since Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw turned over to the city her entire equipment of well-appointed Kindergartens. Her retirement at the present time is universally and deeply regretted. Her culture and personality combined to command confidence, respect and admiration such as give far-reaching influence. The reception with which she was honored at Hotel Somerset upon her retirement was such as has been accorded to no other public school official of Boston in her history.

—Miss Alice Brown is about to publish a little book, light as a bubble and easily read at a sitting, which will captivate the reader by its interest and attractive appearance. "The Court of Love" is irresistible in its comedy, laughable in its absurd situations, and kindly in its attitude toward modern life. There is, of course, a lovely girl, and it is her peculiar whims and fancies that lead to the curious entanglements which concern all the characters, to say nothing of the reader. This bit of fun and humor is a variation from Miss Brown's other stories of New England life.

—Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker does not believe that the woman's club is for the reformer. She believes that the woman's club is for women of all kinds, working women, women who are interested in philanthropy, mothers who want to learn how to make better homes; but, most of all, for women who need to get out of themselves, "There comes a time," Mrs. Decker says, "When a woman's children have grown—grown out of her arms, gone into the world," or, perhaps, have passed on into another world. She has tired of society. She cannot pass the time with needlework and sad memories for company. It is at such times that the woman's club saves her.

—Mrs. Lizzie Williams Smith, wife of Hon. O. H. Smith, Judge of the 34th Judicial district, took her Master's degree last week at the commencement exercises of the State University at Lawrence, Kansas. It is now thirty years since she graduated in that institution, and during all this time she has been a very busy woman. Thirty-two years ago, Prof. Kellog, one of her instructors, wrote in her album: "May your strength be equal to your ambition." The hope has been realized. After attending to her household duties and rearing a family of six children, two of whom are now graduates of the same University, she has just taken her Master's degree. What she has been able to accomplish should be an example and incentive to many another

young girl graduate. Under all her burden of work Mrs. Smith has preserved her strength and youthful appearance. She stood at the head of her class in 1876, and she stands at the head of her family now in efficient fulfilment of her domestic and social responsibilities.

—Dr. Anastasia N. Barakat, the only Syrian woman holding the degree of Doctor of Medicine, has just finished a course at the New York Post-graduate Medical School and will soon return to her native land. In her young girlhood, Anastasia Barakat determined to become a physician, if possible, notwithstanding the fact that no woman could be admitted to the Medical Schools in Syria and she had no means to go to another country. Her opportunity came when her brother-in-law and his wife brought the Syrian exhibit to the Buffalo exposition. Anastasia had charge of a booth, selling, with other goods, pieces of her own making. Meanwhile she prepared for admission to a Medical School and in due time entered the Detroit Homeopathic Medical College, earning the money in the summer vacations to continue her course. After graduation she was in terme for a year in the Woman's Hospital in Philadelphia. She has given special attention to the diseases most prevalent in Syria. Although intending to confine her practice to women and children, Dr. Barakat expects to encounter many obstacles and perhaps persecution, because of the ignorance and prejudices in her country and of the antagonistic attitude of the Moslems towards Christians. The way, however, has been broken somewhat by Dr. Pierson Eddy, an American Missionary, who has had a general practice for several years in Syria.

—Mr. Bryan is full of appreciation for Indian women. He writes:—The Indian women of the higher classes are in seclusion all the time. They seldom leave their homes and when they do venture out, they travel in covered chairs or closed carriages. This custom was brought into India by the Mohammedan conquerors, but it has been generally adopted by Hindu society. There is a growing sentiment among the educated Hindus against this practice, so burdensome to woman, but custom yields slowly to new ideas. At Calcutta we met several Indian ladies of high social rank who, in their home life, have felt the influence of western ideas and who have to some extent lessened the rigors of the zenana (seclusion). Two of these ladies—a princess—were daughters of the famous Keshub Chunder Sen, the great Hindu reformer, whose writings made a profound impression on the religious thought of the world. In the group was also a daughter-in-law of Mr. Sen's, a brilliant woman, who was left the widow of a native prince at the age of thirteen and who recently shocked the orthodox Hindus by a second marriage. I mention these ladies because they represent the highest type of Indian womanhood, and it would be difficult to find in any country, in a group of the same size, more beauty, culture and refinement. The principal article of feminine dress is the sarai, a long strip of cotton or silk, part of which is wrapped about the body to form a skirt, while the rest is draped over the head and shoulders in graceful folds. This garment lends itself to ornamentation and is usually embroidered along the edges, sometimes with silver and gold. We have not found in our travels a more becoming and attractive costume.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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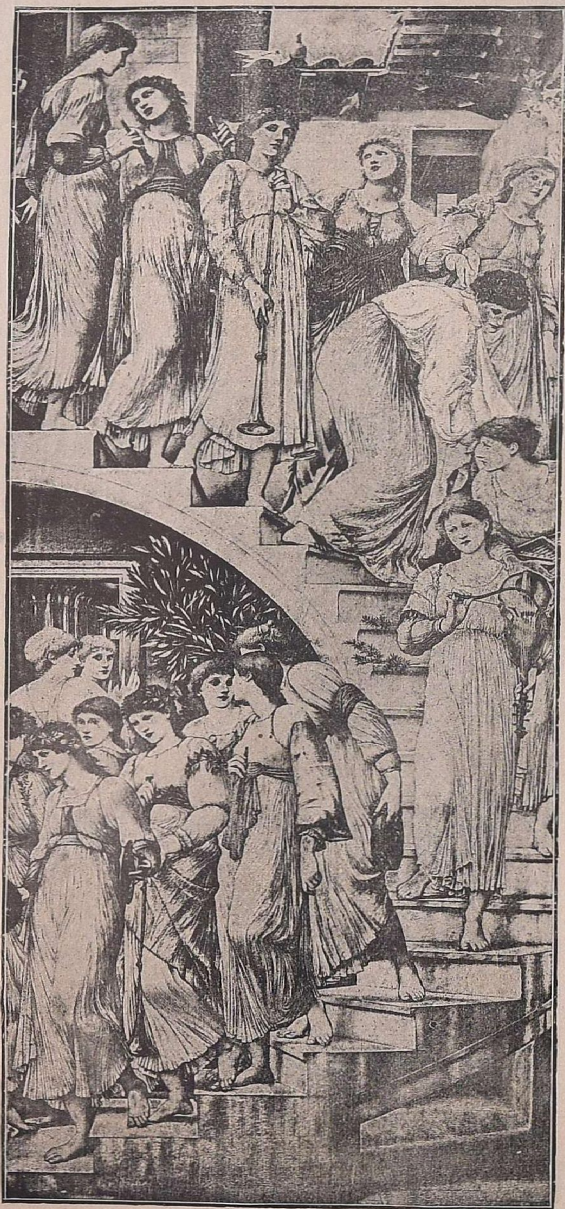
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THE GOLDEN STAIRS.

BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.