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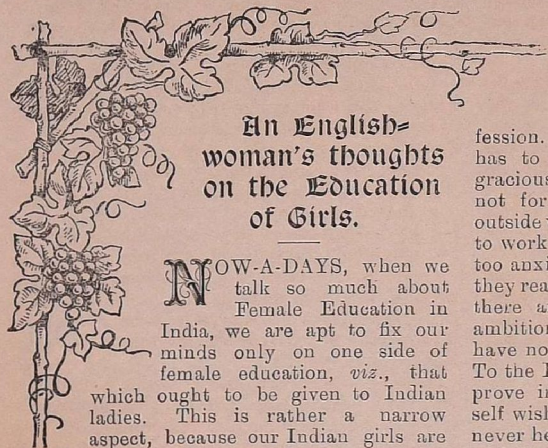
## GOD'S LOVE TOWARDS MAN.

“ Life's sorrows still fluctuate ; God's love does not,  
And His love is unchanged, when it changes our lot.”

“ Life's vapours arise

And fall, pass and change, group themselves and revolve  
Round the great central Life, which is Love ; these dissolve  
And resume themselves—here assume beauty, there terror ;—  
And the phantasmagoria of infinite error  
And endless complexity, lasts but a while !  
Life's self,—the immortal, immutable smile  
Of God on the soul—in the deep heart of Heaven  
Lives changeless, unchanged : and our morning and even  
Are earth's alternations, not Heaven's.

LYTTON.



## An English- woman's thoughts on the Education of Girls.

**N**OW-A-DAYS, when we talk so much about Female Education in India, we are apt to fix our minds only on one side of female education, *viz.*, that which ought to be given to Indian ladies. This is rather a narrow aspect, because our Indian girls are not half so advanced as the girls of some other countries. It will be refreshing, therefore, to turn for a time to another kind of female education, namely, that given to an English girl.

Lucy H. M. Soulsby, in her delightful little book "Stray Thoughts on Character," gives us her ideas of what an English girl's education should be. "What do we want our girls to become, and what kind of education will best help us to carry out our object?" she asks. The girls she is considering are those, who "have all the chances," who need not be turned out at eighteen to earn their living, who are free to keep in mind not the need of a livelihood, but the need of learning how to live. There are two kinds of girls belonging to this type; the girls who, by their position, will hereafter lead the social and intellectual society of the neighbourhood; then the girls, who are the daughters of smaller squires, professional men and clergymen, who are under no necessity to earn their living, but who can look forward to a life at home full of small duties and responsibilities, "the hundred-and-one miscellaneous employments that fill the day of an energetic girl in the country—Sunday schools, night schools, carving classes, reading classes among their equals, visiting the poor—and the rich." We in India do not think much of the distinction between these two types. But in England it is a sharp and severe distinction, almost as potent as the caste differences of our Hindus.

It can be seen from the above that the state of life for which Miss Soulsby wishes the English girls to be educated is the home-life. She deprecates the lurking feeling which some women have that they are a disgrace to their sex, because they can *only* make a happy home for their home-folk. They do nothing great in the world.

They, therefore, want some special cause to work for; but, says Miss Soulsby: "Home is a sphere that requires more saintliness, more self-discipline, than the easy task of any definite outside work such as a profession. It takes the highest nature a girl has to live a home life beautifully, strongly, graciously, completely." Miss Soulsby does not for a moment undervalue the worth of outside work. It is very well to have a *cause* and to work for a *cause*. But some English girls are too anxious to label themselves *workers*, though they really do not need to do outside work. And there are many dangers attendant on such an ambition. One is apt to get absorbed in it, to have no leisure time for home or private work. To the English themselves, such 'worker' girls prove irksome; as one girl said, "I find myself wishing when with some girls that they had never heard the name work; it seems to bring with it such a whirlwind sort of atmosphere, and such a supreme disdain for the graciousness and little external refinements that I think should be inseparable from every woman." Therefore it is that Miss Soulsby prefers home-life for the English girls, a life in which lives "the *restful*, gentle woman, whose vocation in life seems more to be than to do, who has the time to understand and sympathise with the needs of others, whose work in life seems hardly to be beyond her own gate, and yet who seems to leave the unmistakable stamp of her own individuality on everything and every one she comes near." May our Indian girls be such women!

Next to the *home-life* necessary for such girls, Miss Soulsby therefore insists on another point, the necessary *leisure* in which they can get educated. It needs a tactful English girl to get leisure in her own life. She is generally so busy with duties and pleasures of life. "It needs power and a strong sense of proportion for her to preserve round her an atmosphere of leisure and repose." In this way alone can she best serve "her tired and busy generation."

The chief branch of such a girl's education, Miss Soulsby takes to be religious education: "we should supremely desire them to be trained as devout and well instructed Churchwomen, on the lines of the Preface to the *Christian Year*, which speaks to us of 'the sound rule of faith, and the sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion.'" And the girl must take pleasure in devoting her best intellect to gaining knowledge of her Bible and prayer-book and other religious books. Her spiritual side must be well developed. There must be "the continual practice of the Presence of God."

Next comes Physical education. Every one knows that fresh air and exercise are necessary

to a woman. But Miss Soulsby protests against over-strain. There is great danger of "games being athletics," she says. "In this age of violent exercise and out-door life, we hear of so many girls needing rest, cures, and suffering from nervous collapse." "A large amount of the restlessness among girls I know may be attributed to the mania for athletics. Girls are out from morning till night, and, when they do come in, are too tired to do anything except gossip or sleep. Really half the girls one meets now are nothing but *very nice* boys in petticoats, and men treat them as such." Therefore self-restraint must be exercised against the undue physical exercise, for which English girls are so prone.

Then comes Intellectual education. "Where numbers have to be dealt with," she says, "examinations must fill a large space in the scheme of education; but she would not have girls educated only for the sake of examinations. They must love their work for its own sake. "We all desire," she says, "that a girl should be turned out with an intelligent knowledge of the world around her; that she should know the laws of health, domestic economy and arithmetic; that her eyes, ears and fingers should be educated by music and drawing; that a London girl should know London as we afterwards expect to know Rome and Venice; that she should know something of the great men who have made the world an interesting place to live in; that she should know two foreign languages and the best that has been thought and said in those languages, as well as in her own; all of which things will help to make her a better daughter, wife, hostess, woman of the world." But the chief thing a girl wants is to be taught the "power of reading alone." That is to say, she must be able to choose her books and have time to read them well, with interest and understanding. A girl must be able to read a heavy book, a 'big book.' Thus, she could develop her own special intellectual bent.

What intellectual education then does the girl need? Miss Soulsby advocates at least some one branch of severe intellectual study. "She should gather from it not only its own special information, but the knowledge of what is meant by hard mental effort and by a high standard of work. But a girl must have also a wider culture, a more general culture, interests which, instead of confining them to one pigeon-hole, will help them to gain "that large wisdom which is sometimes undervalued in favour of mere knowledge."

Another thing which Miss Soulsby lays stress on in intellectual education is the cultivation of *hobbies*. Do not wait for the girls to grow up, she says. Help them to cultivate hobbies when they are children and possessed "with a keen-

ness of imagination and a power of living in other worlds, which gradually fades away." Thus various lines of interest will be formed for them, which will grow in strength as they grow in age, and by which they can occupy many sensible spare moments in after-life. But, even in intellectual education, especially indeed in it, there must be no strain. "Do not for a moment imagine," says the writer, "that I am advocating slackness or idleness. For the sake of health, we should insist on full work and hard work; but no examination and no ambition and no fashion should tempt us to tolerate over-strain for a moment. Girls strain every nerve to gain success in some examination, imagining that, it will open the world's oyster. What use is that, if they have not strength to eat the oyster when this is done?"

There is a social education, which girls should cultivate. For instance, they should learn the art of conversation. Calm is required for this. There must be no hurry, no work to run away to in the midst of an interesting talk. By avoiding saying the wrong thing to people, by cultivating tact, much useful power can be exercised by conversation. Again, a girl should learn to *interest* as well learn to be *interested* in other people. This will give her the power of sympathy, which is such a great factor in social life. A minor social accomplishment is to learn to read well aloud. This is a great help to girls in sick-rooms and in philanthropic work. Also, says Miss Soulsby, she should learn to translate fluently at sight from a foreign language. Again,—and this is important,—a girl must learn to cultivate a certain kind of beauty. All women cannot be beautiful, but there is the beauty of expression, of intelligence and trained powers of observation. There is the beauty of grace and power. Every woman's smile can be charming, if sweet and sympathetic. Such a kind of beauty is more the beauty of mind and soul than of the body. The thoughtfulness of heart and mind, which goes with a kind heart, the gentleness and devoutness of a good girl exhibited towards others, the delicacy of touch induced by sympathy, all can be cultivated by a girl. By enlarging the mental grasp, by gaining new information, great power will be gained. And, in addition, grace of movement, and gracious charm of manner can be possessed by every girl, if she wishes to possess it.

"Nor Spring, nor Summer beauty hath such grace  
As I have seen in one Autumnal face."

Miss Soulsby warns English girls against two dangers, one, the tendency in youth to revolt against authority; and secondly, in middle life, to grow hard and discontented. The mother and the teacher can help the girl, says Miss Soulsby, by inculcating principles that will stand

the strain of natural growth. Direct prohibition too often does more harm than good. But the girl must be taught "that all things are lawful for her, but all things are by no means expedient—be it only for the influence of her example on others who are weaker and more likely to abuse the position." No division should grow up between mother and daughter, because the mother may have grown too old for ideals. Sometimes the girl wants to do public work, but she should be shown that perfect private work at home does lay a good foundation for public work. Homework makes more demands, in fact, than outside work, on personal holiness and self-discipline. Again a girl gets often dissatisfied with a quiet home, with no amusements in the neighbourhood. This the mother must check by giving her useful work to do, by making the girl feel that she is of use. The smallest things will be large enough to occupy a girl's energies, if they are only based on large principles. Energy must have outlets, and sometimes education will usefully occupy the spare time between school-life and marriage. If the education is good, marriage will be happy. The great thing is to fill up time usefully, and yet to have leisure for friends and conversation and the various little suddenly-occurring interests of life.

And then, when girls have usefully filled up their youth, when years are advancing, they will learn to grow old, not fretfully, but gracefully and contentedly. It is possible to so educate a girl that her education will be of use to her in her after years. It is possible to so fill up her life with interests that she can unconsciously and painlessly pass over the barrier between youth and old age.

Thus many homes, like the one described by Coventry Patmore, will be created:

"Where something had that home endured  
With temple-like repose, an air  
Of life's kind purposes pursued  
With ordered freedom sweet and fair.  
A tent pitched in a world not right  
It seemed, whose inmates, every one,  
On tranquil faces bore the light  
Of duties beautifully done  
And humbly."

## Character of Queen Elizabeth.

**Q**UEN has been said and various opinions held about the character of Elizabeth. In the eyes of Catholic Europe, she was "the Jezebel, daughter of an Ahab father," drunken with the blood of Catholic

martyrs, and filled with all the iniquity of her race,—the root and cause of all the strifes of Europe. The Jesuit priests, whose plots she frustrated, have revenged themselves on her by depicting her as a shameless flirt, whose private life was utterly reprehensible, and whose political actions were a series of blunders, which, however, a merciful Providence always intervened to prevent from yielding their natural fruit of disaster and defeat. On the other hand, Protestant England, grateful to the memory of one who had laid the foundation of her future greatness, had styled her the 'Good Queen Bess,' and could scarcely find a fault in her. But we, living four centuries after her time, and viewing her life-story dispassionately, can form a more correct estimate of her character.

It may at once be conceded that, on the moral side of her character, she was far from faultless. She had not that innate modesty, or that delicacy of feeling which ought to characterize every high-souled nature. Even when she was scarcely fifteen, she listened to the corrupting attentions of that scheming man, Thomas Seymour, (who was then the husband of Catherine Parr); and, soon after Catherine's death, while yet her body was scarce cold in its grave, he re-opened communications with her. And Elizabeth, we are told, 'was pleased at the prospect and encouraged the proposal.' We have Bishop Creighton's authority for the statement that 'she dearly loved Seymour, with the ardour of a passionate girl; and was on the brink of a secret marriage with him, though she knew his coarse character, and was witness of the unhappiness of his former wife.' The tragic fate that overtook him, and the severe and shameful examination that she herself was subjected to, were hard lessons for a girl of sixteen to learn. Following on these came the imprisonment in the Tower, when, for two years, her life was daily in danger. These things early taught her that 'she must trust in herself and herself only. Rigorous self-repression and self-restraint could alone enable her to stand securely. Love, trust, confidence, were all beset with dangers.'

Elizabeth was naturally of a cold, intellectual, unemotional nature; and her early education and surroundings were such as to accentuate this defect. While her mind and intellect were carefully educated by such famous scholars as Cox, Cheke and Ascham, her emotional nature, innately weak, was further stunted by the isolation of her bringing up and the neglect of her father. The moral atmosphere of the Court of Henry VIII. was corrupt enough; and after his death it became further vitiated by the matrimonial schemes of unprincipled men, who tried

to win the hands of Elizabeth and other royal heiresses for purely selfish ends. These circumstances must be taken into account, as greatly extenuating her faults in this direction, by any one who would truly judge Elizabeth's character. Nor must the influence of heredity be forgotten in the shaping of that character. The same authority says, "In her great qualities of caution and prudence, she reverted to her grandfather, Henry VII.; while from her father she inherited the royal imperiousness and personal charm, which always secured her popularity. To her mother she owed her vanity, her unscrupulousness, her relentless and overbearing temper,.....Her hardness and coarseness passed to her daughter, in whom they were modified by finer qualities, and were curbed by a sense of duty."

Her infatuation for Dudley later in life must be set down to the same imperious disregard of public opinion in satisfying the desires of their hearts which was characteristic of her and her father. But Elizabeth had perfect command over her passions. She was not the slave of her appetites. She never allowed Dudley or any one else to forget, in their familiarity, that they were subjects and she was Queen. We are justified in holding that, while Elizabeth was regardless of what the world might say of her conduct, she was neither licentious nor sensual. What she liked and what she craved for was the admiration and flattery of clever and fine-looking men. She was not guilty, we may presume, of anything more serious than feminine vanity. The prevailing idea of her as a very loose and licentious woman, utterly lacking in moral self-control, is the creation of Catholic historians like Sanders, who have revenged themselves on her for defeating their precious plots.

Another trait of her character which we must mention on the debit side is her want of honesty and straightforwardness in her words and actions. Even from girlhood she was placed in positions where she was compelled to tell lies to save herself. As she grew up to womanhood, and came to occupy the throne of England, the same necessity of political expediency urged her to choose tortuous paths of utterance and conduct.

It must be confessed that her position at the beginning of her reign was peculiarly difficult. Placed between the rival and mightier powers of France and Spain, her own kingdom so weak and exposed to invasion that she was dependent for her safety upon the successful playing-off of one party against the other; her own counsellors often urging her to adopt courses of action which her superior wisdom condemned as mischievous or dangerous, and having none, but her woman's self to stand by, her in decid-

ing upon and carrying with a bold front many a line of policy;—it is not to be wondered that Elizabeth took advantage to the fullest extent of what she was naturally fitted for,—dissimulation and deceit. In judging Elizabeth on this trait of her character, we must bear in mind that political straightforwardness was a very rare virtue in those days. And, even in our own days, what is our idea,—born of experience,—of the highest statesmanship, whether in proud Proconsuls or Prime Ministers, or other eminent politicians, but superior ability in promising the ear and breaking the hope? Surely, we can by no means cast the first stone at her!

Having said so much, we have made the worst indictment of her character. If we now turn to the credit side, we find that Elizabeth was eminently sane and sensible as a ruler; and sanity and sound sense are two essential qualities in a ruler of men. Moderation and tolerance were the very pillars of her government. England needs to be exceedingly thankful to her that she was not carried away by the counsels of her ministers, or the urgency of the Protestant party, who, for their own ends, and not for the best interests of her country, were counselling her to put herself at the head of that party, and launch out on a war of religious intolerance and persecution. We cannot doubt that, had she listened to them, the consequence would have been disastrous for her people and her country. Beesley remarks that "in her intellectual grasp of European politics as a whole, and of the interests of her own kingdom in particular, Elizabeth was probably superior to any of her counsellors;" and she displayed this superiority in nothing more than in the persistence with which she refused to be hurried into war.

As for her religious tendencies, she was not pious. She was not troubled with a tender conscience. She was not sufficiently earnest to identify herself with any one religious party, and to establish by force that form of religion. All that she cared for was outward conformity. Whatever the partisans of religion might say, we cannot but think that it was well she was not a religious enthusiast. What England needed urgently was rest and peace, and freedom from internal dissensions, in order to recuperate her energies. It is to the undying credit of Elizabeth that she correctly diagnosed her country's needs, and resolved upon uniting, as far as possible, all parties to sink their private quarrels and to revive their failing industries.

Elizabeth was born to be a ruler of men. In personal appearance 'she was tall and well-proportioned, of a good complexion, with beautiful eyes and beautiful hands.' 'She was of admirable

talent and intelligence, of which she gave proof by her behaviour in the dangers and suspicions to which she was exposed.' In her bearing she had all the stateliness and majesty of the proud Henry, her father, improved by the natural attractiveness of a graceful woman. With these natural qualities she united a desire to please and to win the affections of her people. 'In all the pageantry which ushers in a new reign, she was busy endearing herself to the hearts of her people.....She laid from the beginning the foundations of that personal popularity which she never lost, and which was her strongest weapon amid all her perils.'

In personal habits she was not extravagant. Her household expenses were managed on very frugal, nay, parsimonious, lines. The economy she enforced in her own household, she introduced into all departments of public affairs. She knew the art of getting work done at the smallest cost to herself. The only thing she had a weakness for was jewelry. Elizabeth has been very much blamed for her miserliness and parsimony. But it was her strict economy that enabled the country to get rid of the heavy incubus of debt, and to meet the demands of that national struggle with Spain.

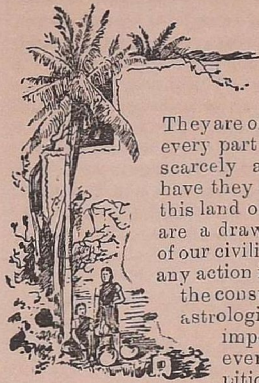
Such are some of the qualities that made Elizabeth one of the most successful of English Sovereigns. Many of the elements of that character we may yet have failed to notice; but one thing more must be mentioned,—last, but not least,—that she loved her people and her country. She had a very high sense of her duty in this respect. She 'placed her chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of her subjects.' In all the great crises of her reign, she was able to appeal to her people on this point, and they responded to her appeal. No doubt, she loved power and authority. But she never used the power and authority, that was vested in her, except for her people's good. In her last address to her Parliament, she told them, "There will never Queen sit in my seat with more zeal to my country, or care to my subjects, that will sooner with willingness yield and venture her life for your good and safety than myself: and though you have had, and will have, many princes more mighty and wise sitting in this seat, yet you never had, nor will have, any that will be more careful and loving."

K. K. BERNARD.

"Impatience and human Pride have destroyed more souls than deliberate wickedness."

MAZZINI.

## Omens and Superstitions.



OMENS and superstitions have ever been of paramount influence in India.

They are of importance indeed in every part of the world; but in scarcely any civilized country have they as much power as in this land of ours. In fact, they are a drawback to the advance of our civilization. When hardly any action is undertaken without the consultation of omens and astrological phenomena, when important actions are even postponed to a propitious season, without

any regard to the question whether they can be postponed or not,—how can we say that India is acting up to that principal maxim of success—"doing is better than speaking?" Even the men in India are superstitious; but worse still are the women; and, where the men are brave enough to discard unfortunate omens, the women step in with important shakes of the head and win their own way with that obstinate insistency, which seems to be the peculiar birthright of ignorant women.

Mr. Thurston, in his "Ethnographic Notes in Southern India," has an interesting chapter on "omens, evil eye, charms, animal superstitions, sorcery, votive offerings, etc." First he mentions the omens of dreams. Some auspicious dreams are, riding on a cow, bull or elephant, entering a temple or palace, a golden horse, climbing a mountain or a tree, wearing white cloths or jewels set with precious stones. To dream of being bitten by a snake or stung by a scorpion, are evil dreams.

Very particular are the Hindus about auspicious occasions. They must catch sight of some conspicuous object on special occasions, otherwise they may not do the necessary action till the omens are favourable. For instance, they must see a good object on New Year's day. In Malabar, on New Year's eve, a room is decorated with flowers, silk or white cloths, jewels, gold coins, sweets, &c.; the doors are closed and early next morning the first thing the members of the family do is to walk, with eyes closed, straight from their beds to this room, so that a happy New Year may be insured to them. Even on the mornings of ordinary days, it is a happy sign if a man sees a good omen, such as his wife's face, the face of a rich man, the tail of a black cow, the face of a black monkey.

We are told in the Ramayana that one of Sita's duties was to rise early in the morning, bathe, dress and deck herself with jewels and present herself to her lord as soon as he wakes up. When starting on a journey or a special errand, a man must meet favourable objects, such as a married woman, or two Brahmins, a cow, an elephant, cooked food, even a corpse, dog, and so on. Things like a widow, or smoky fire, or a dog barking on a house-top are dangerous. When a student starts for the examination hall, he will, if he sees a widow or only one Brahman, retrace his steps and start again. Again, if, when a person is leaving the house, the head or feet strike accidentally on the threshold, he should not go out.

There are again good or bad days. For starting on a journey, for doing a special deed, for even driving out, good days must be chosen. For instance, Sunday before noon is a bad time to start westward. Wednesday and Friday are propitious days. Inauspicious days for starting on a journey are called *vara-sulai*, or days on which Siva's trident is kept on the ground.

Animals are credited with causing good or bad omens. If a dog approaches a person with a bit of shoe-leather, success is sure to follow; if, with a meaty bone, good luck, if, with a dry bone, death. If a jackal cries towards the south, some one will be hung; if towards the west, some one will be drowned. A cat is a very unlucky sight on an early morning, or when you are leaving the house. The value of a horse or ox depends on signs and hair-marks on the body. An animal with unlucky marks is seldom kept. The sight of a Brahmini kite on a Sunday morning is very auspicious.

The different parts of the body are also credited with good or bad omens. We read in the drama of Sakuntala, how Dushyanta's marriage was indicated to him by the quivering of his right arm. The throbbing of Sakuntala's right eye also predicted good fortune. There are good and bad actions and mannerisms also. Sneezing once is a good sign, twice a bad sign. When a child sneezes, the word 'Deergayas' (Long life) is uttered; when an adult sneezes, the name of some God, usually 'Srimadrangam.' When a man yawns, he snaps his fingers. While eating, we should face different sides, according to one's desire for long life, fame, glory, or truth. Even in chewing betel-nut, omens are sometimes observed.

The births of children are also attended with omens. The birth of a male child on the day of the constellation Rohini portends evil to the maternal uncle. If a girl is born under Moolam, she is supposed to carry misery with her to her husband's house.

There are many bazaar superstitions. Arrack vendors consider it unlucky to set their measures upside down. A bazaar man, who deals in colours will not sell white paint after lighting the lamps. In the same way, a cloth dealer refuses to sell black cloth, and a betel-vine cultivator objects to entering his garden or plucking a leaf at this special time.

There are superstitions about words even. In learning the alphabet, children are taught to repeat the letter *ca* twice, as it means 'die.' In Telugu, the number *Yedu* (cry) is unlucky. *Labha* means gain, and so is used, instead of *one*, when counting.

So much for omens. There is great belief also in the evil eye, and many precautions are taken against this. Mr. Thurston says that the indecent carvings on temple cars are introduced thereon to avert the evil eye. When a garden of vegetables, or an orchard of fruit trees are growing well, a bogey of some sort must be set up to draw away the evil or covetous eye to itself. When a house is being built, the evil eye must be averted. When a cow gives milk, a conch shell is tied to her horns, or a string of hair twisted round her neck to avert evil looks. On occasions of auspicious ceremonies, coloured water or balls of rice are waved in front of the parties concerned. In weddings, turmeric water, rice-cakes, charcoal, rice, betel, salt, fruit and flowers, are used on different occasions to ensure luck. The sudden illness of a child is ascribed to the evil eye. There are many remedies for this; for instance, a few sticks from a new broom are set fire to, waved round the child and placed in a corner. If the broom burns without any noise, the evil eye is supposed to be very bad. Sometimes chillies, salt, human hair, nail-cuttings, and finely powdered earth from the pit of the door-post, are mixed together, waved three times in front of the child and thrown in the fire. Sometimes a piece of burning camphor is waved in front of the child. It is the custom also not to express admiration for anything belonging to another.

This childish belief in omens and superstitions inspires pity and contempt in the on-looker. Often it points to ignorance. The lower a person is in education, the more superstitious is he supposed to be. But what about those persons, who, though well-educated, still give in to omens and superstitions?

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

SHAKESPEARE.

## Englishwomen in India.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.



**A** SHORT time ago, I paid my first visit to Pundita Ramabai and she talked to us of many things—her own life, her faith, her beliefs and of the many hundred daughters in her Mission to whom she is indeed both a spiritual and a human mother. Finally fixing on us those wonderful eyes which none may forget who have once fallen under their spell, she spoke in this strain:—

“India must know the Gospel, therein lies her salvation, let every Christian woman in India go forth and preach; you to whom I talk, begin from henceforth to give Christ’s Message to the Indian people.” Her words remained with me and I pondered them and the possibility of their practical application. I know that not many, save missionaries specially called and fitted to teach the Bible and the Christian religion, will be able to literally “preach the Gospel” as Ramabai wished. But I feel sure that every Englishwoman in India, can, if she chooses, give the message that the West has for the East, and help to bring about a better understanding between England and the people of her Indian Empire. I cannot help asking myself—what Gospel are we Englishwomen giving to our Indian brethren? Are we, the wives and daughters of the Englishmen who so ungrudgingly give their lives and energies to India, doing our share? If I am to speak honestly, I feel constrained to say that we are, without a doubt, shirking our duty. It is time for us all to awaken, for very few Englishwomen in India are even aware that any sort of responsibility rests on their shoulders.

Some writers have said that Anglo-Indian social life is frivolous and shallow, and that the women are light-minded and inveterate pleasure-seekers. There has been much exaggeration, but somewhat of truth remains. The defenders of our social life say—“I think we are not more frivolous and empty-headed than our relatives in provincial centres at home. We notice the frivolity here because society is more concentrated and public.” Perhaps the argument may be true, though it is a poor one—but the answer to this defence of Anglo-Indian social life is, that we are not at home and *therefore* we are not free to live lightly and thoughtlessly, for the dark inscrutable eyes of India are looking at us. Those beautiful dark eyes, so subtle and myste-

rious, ponder on what they see, and the mind behind the eyes examines and judges—often wrongfully—for though much is revealed to them, much is also hidden.

Whenever an Englishwoman lands for the first time in India, I wish a sage of dominant and all persuasive eloquence would come to her and speak of the great work that is waiting for her to do, and plead with her to begin it without delay. Is there such a sage and teacher abroad to-day in the land of India? Ah! in truth, there is,—I hear his voice pleading and admonishing even now. It is the Incarnate Spirit of India itself and his urgent voice speaks in this wise:—

“Oh Englishwomen,” he says, “you who have travelled so far from a land, where shines the light of civilization and the glory of a religion that teaches love and compassion to all, without distinction of class, creed, or sex, what message have you brought to the East? Have you thought of your sad-eyed sisters living in a prison, shut behind the stern immovable bars of tradition? Do you mean to learn her language and visit her? Do you mean to live a life so fragrant, so pure, that like the scent of a rose the beauty of your life shall go forth into all the land, a witness to your high civilization and your glorious tradition?”

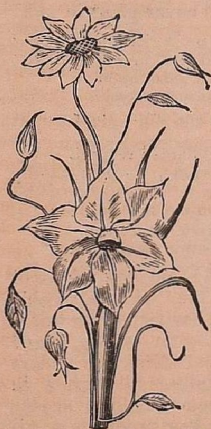
“I ask self-denial of you. I ask you to take into your life something of the old puritan spirit. What does little harm at home among the people who understand your standards and aims does much harm out here. Remember a multitude of alien eyes are fixed upon you, alien lips are criticising you. Take on an added touch of dignity and quietness in your demeanour, give no occasion to the wicked to blaspheme. Dear new-come Englishwomen, our women here have need of you. At times an Englishwoman arises and sends great succour to the sick and the means of learning to our daughters—but it is not the woman who arises at times we need so much, as that every Englishwoman in India should feel responsible towards her Indian sister. Let a sense of Empire and responsibility possess you, as it possesses your husbands and brothers. India is England’s adopted child. You, no more than men of your family, can escape the responsibility which that parentage gives you. Try and escape from the responsibility and you do a great wrong. You have been taught by your religion that life is real and earnest, so do not spend your whole time in playing and dancing, materialising the teaching. It is *your* work to help India, the privilege is wonderful, the call is urgent, lose no time—remember India has need of you.”

To few, very few, such a spirit speaks, but to those who open their hearts to this voice, and obey, a great reward comes.

When I say that few hear the voice of the pleading spirit, I mean few among the gay pleasure-seekers, for though these too often turn a deaf ear, the Englishwomen's message to India is being delivered to-day in no uncertain voice. In every hospital, in every educational and missionary establishment, you may see them at work. No need to admonish these Englishwomen not to spend too much time in play. One asks oneself, do they ever play, have they enough to brighten their lives, apart from the joy and satisfaction that come from work? We instinctively honour the workers, but we might go further and try to bring some light and merriment into their lives.

However, I am taking Emerson's text "All needed by each one" and I feel solemnly assured that the deepest good will result, if every Englishwoman in India were to consent to have, even one friend among the ladies of India.

### Shakespeare's Cordelia.



CORDELIA, the beautiful heroine of Shakespeare's *King Lear*, is a lovely creature, lovely in mind as well as in appearance. And yet, because no human being can be perfect, there is a fault even in her. Indeed,—if we are to judge by results,—it is a big fault, for it cannot be denied that it is the cause of the great tragedy, which is afterwards enacted. But the blame lies not so much with Cordelia as with her environment. She is, we may say, almost forced by her surroundings, by the

atmosphere in which she finds herself, to act as she does. And, where her action is the result of her character, the fact that it is so is more to her credit than otherwise. Cordelia, when we first meet her, is a mere girl—a girl, with all a girl's fancies and idle thoughts, dreamy, introspective, careless sometimes and immature and inexperienced, and yet with all the high ardour of ideals in her, and—this must be remembered—intolerant and impatient, with the intolerance for the impure world of a pure spirit, which yet is not pure enough to merge and lose its pride—the pride of young purity—in the all-embracing tolerance and unmeasured pity, which learns to love, even where it is conscious of imperfection. Cordelia is yet too

young to make allowances for human weakness. Yet she is high-souled and full of high ideals. She has her heroes and heroines, and, I think, her father, King Lear, is her highest hero. But King Lear, what of him? He is growing very old, very infirm, and, in his feebleness, surrounded as he is by courtiers and sycophants, he has learnt to look for, and love, flattery. He has lost that keenness of vision, that fineness of temper, which once enabled him to distinguish, with unerring exactitude, between good and evil. Cordelia has seen this. Cordelia is afraid that her adored father's character is getting deteriorated. She determines to make a great effort to pull him up again to her ideal. And hence, her intolerant contempt for the odious flattery of her sisters, and her abrupt unsatisfying answers to her father's anxious questions. In one way, Cordelia may be considered right. Why should she try to flatter her father? Why should she imitate her sisters? Why should she lean towards sentimental cant? She loves her father well. It is a fact which he ought to know. She has but just now expressed it to him, though not in the glowing terms he is waiting for. Why then should she try to dress up her love in glittering apparel? and yet do we not feel that Cordelia may have been kinder? She knows Lear's weakness; she knows that he is not quite responsible for his actions. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says the Bible. But, where is Cordelia's soft answer?

There is another reason, besides the intolerance of purity, for Cordelia to be so reticent about her affection. This lies in her character. She is a passive-natured woman. She takes things as they come. I think she believes in Fate. In this, she reminds me of the Hindu heroine, Damayanti, the wife of King Nala. Calmly, quietly Damayanti took everything as it came. The coming of the swans into her garden began her love for Nala. This was Fate, the gods sent the swans; the *Swayamvara*, or husband-choosing ceremony, by which she was enabled to choose the man of her choice, this also was Fate; the troubles which come after her marriage, these also were due to Fate, and so was her husband's unselfish desertion of her, and so again, her re-union with him. So also with Cordelia. The trial of the court of love, as we may call it, the questions asked of her by her father, her answers to it, all come as they should come. She speaks the words as they come into her mouth. She does not make any effort to save herself. Her nature is of the passive kind, yet with latent germs of strong character in it, as we shall hereafter see. Therefore, we see that Cordelia cannot act otherwise than as she does.

But why do those particular words come into Cordelia's mouth? There is yet another reason

for her reticence. And this, I think, may be found in her nature—in her silent, reserved, undemonstrative nature. She is unable to speak out her thoughts. There are some natures who find it impossible to be demonstrative. The reserve in which they are wrapped in is agony to them; they long to express themselves; their souls crave for speech; and yet the result is a few cold words, a few passionless phrases, which incites the resentment of the beholders and wraps the victims round in the chill atmosphere of a glacier. Cordelia is conscious of it herself. "What shall Cordelia do?" she says, "Love and be silent." "My love's more richer than my tongue"; "Unhappy that I am I cannot heave my heart into my mouth." Other people say the same thing of her. The King of France attributes to her, "a tardiness in nature, which often leaves the history unspeak that it intends to do;" and Kent says, "Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound reverbs no hollow-ness."

And Cordelia is sincere. She just says what she thinks. She is not afraid of the results. She thinks it wrong to flatter, when she hates flattery: "Love is not love," says France, "when it is mingled with regards that stand aloof from the entire point." Kent remarks, "To plainness honour is bound, when majesty stoops to folly." Cordelia is called "a maid, that justly thinkest and hast more rightly said." Why should we blame her then? She herself says that she is true. There is pride in this assertion; but it is the pride of great purity. The great point is that she is true.

And still another reason for this reserve on Cordelia's part seems to me to be this;—conscious though she is of her father's weakness, of his subservience to flattery, I think she never for a moment thinks that her father will repudiate her, merely because she does not flatter him. She half means her words as a jest. It is as if she is saying, "Do you not know, father, that I love you? Why should you ask me? To satisfy you, I shall just mention the fact. You will understand the rest. You know I cannot talk much." Wittily, jestingly, happily, she answers her father. Even her asides may be taken to be said in jest. And once she has spoken, she cannot draw back; and, even if she did, her father with his strange change of heart would not believe her.

What is her surprise then when her father takes her as he does? After all, she has done nothing wrong. She has been true to herself. The only fault is that she has been thoughtless. But her father is in deadly earnest. He had meant to lean his feebleness on her young strength. He had meant to shield himself in her young innocence. He calls her his "joy."

She had been "his best object, the argument of his praise, balm of his age, most best, most dearest." He had thought to show off this treasure to his people, to boast himself in her. Then, what a shock her cold words must have been to him! Monomaniac as he has become, steeped as he is in this one idea of judgment by love, he is now utterly disappointed. His whole strength is gone, his very heart is broken.

And so the tragedy goes on. Cordelia's story is something like the story of Sakuntala. Just as the latter is forgotten by her husband, so is Cordelia forgotten by her father, not Cordelia in body, but Cordelia in spirit. Her very nature is lost sight of by the old man. In cruel words he repudiates her. He bids her lovers, the Duke of Burgundy and the King of France, to choose her for herself, dowerless as he had made her, and without her father's blessing. Burgundy draws back from his proposal. But the King of France is firm. He loves Cordelia for herself. It is pleasant to see what a high opinion he has of his future wife. He says that for him to believe anything wrong of her must be a faith "that reason without miracle could never plant in me."

"Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;  
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st  
neglect,  
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my  
chance,  
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:  
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy  
Can buy this unprired precious maid of me."

Thus to Cordelia is held out the pleasant prospect of a happy married life. It is noticeable that, once she has answered her father, no words escape from her lips again. She is too dazed to speak. More than that, I think, she suffers too much to speak. She endures all taunts in silence. Only, when her generous lover speaks well of her, only when he has proclaimed his trust in her, is her mouth opened. She is in truth, a gentle, timid shrinking girl, opening at a kind touch, closing up at a rough word. Her nature is very responsive. Only, when it is encouraged, does she answer. Only then does her passive nature take flame. It is pleasant also to think that Cordelia has a high sense of her wifely duties. She has told her father already that

"When I shall wed,  
That lord, whose hand must take my plight,  
shall carry  
Half my love with him, half my care and duty."

This was when she was a girl. But now she is a girl no longer. In one half-hour, she has grown to a woman. Quietly, calmly, she bids farewell to her old home; she bids farewell

to her sisters. Her heart must have been very bitter against them. But she represses herself. There are a few words of condemnation, of scorn; but these, I think, are natural under the circumstances:

"Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;  
And like a sister am most loath to call  
Your faults as they are named.  
Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides:  
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides."

Her last care is for her father: "To your  
professed bosoms I commit him." How  
reluctantly she leaves him! But Lear is obstinate;

"We have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again," he says.

Cordelia, however, does not resent his injustice, for the last impression that she leaves on our minds is that she will ever be waiting for his word to go to him, that she will ever be ready to help him, if he but calls for her. Waiting—patiently, kindly, strongly, waiting!—this is how we picture Cordelia in her happy French home.

But, poor Lear! What does he not endure? He is scorned and thrust out by his daughters. His kingdom is taken from him, he is shelterless and homeless and he feels himself going mad. It is then that he feels regret for his injustice, his heart turns longingly to his dear daughter:

"O most small fault,  
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!"

But, just because she is Cordelia, is her fault so strenuously taken. From any other woman, less may be accepted.

Meanwhile, ugly things are happening in the kingdom. Edmund, the illegitimate son of the Earl of Gloucester, prejudices his father's mind against the legitimate son, Edgar, who is a really good man. King Lear, exasperated by Goneril's behaviour, leaves her court and proceeds to his second daughter, Regan. But her mind has already been poisoned by her sister's letters sent in haste before Lear's arrival. The Earl of Kent, who is sent as a messenger by the King, quarrels with Goneril's steward Oswald, is found guilty of offence and put in the stocks. Meanwhile, Lear arrives, and is surprised at the base treatment of his friend. His surprise becomes high wrath and despair at the contemptuous treatment which Regan accords to himself. He goes away to the open heath, where he is joined by his friend, Kent, by the faithful, if ridiculous, fool, and by Edgar, who has escaped from Gloucester and is disguised as a madman. However, the Earl of Gloucester is, vacillating though his nature is, incensed at the heartless behaviour of Lear's two daughters. With a torch in his hand, he seeks out the King, who, he knows, is out shelterless in the terrible storm which is then raging. He finds that Lear has

become quite mad, and, with the help of the other faithful friends, has him conveyed to an adjoining farm-house. But even there he is in danger, and is removed to Dover. Lear hereafter is safe, but poor Gloucester's case is a hard one. Regan and her husband, the Duke of Cornwall, punish him for his treachery by putting out both his eyes. One of Gloucester's servants, however, who cannot bear this dastardly treatment of his master, fights with Cornwall, and gives him a wound, of which later on Cornwall dies. Gloucester escapes and is joined by his true son, Edgar, whom he does not recognise. In the meanwhile, Goneril's army under the Duke of Albany, has amalgamated with Regan's army under Edmund, who is now Duke of Gloucester. The two armies proceed against France, who has invaded their kingdom. Cordelia, as we see from letters received by Kent, has not forgotten her father. She is waiting to help him. When the time is ripe, she persuades her husband to take action. But the King of France has to go back to France on urgent business. However, Cordelia, who is determined to find her father, is left behind with a remnant of the army. She finds her father, and has him attended to by doctors. She is, however, unfortunate herself, and her small army is defeated, and Cordelia and Lear are taken prisoners. But there is contention in the victorious armies. Goneril and Regan are jealous of each other, and the object of their jealousy is Edmund of Gloucester. Goneril plots with Edmund to have her husband killed; but Albany quarrels with Edmund and has him arrested on the charge of capital treason. A champion is summoned by a herald to fight against Edmund. Edgar appears and Edmund is wounded. Edgar discovers his wife's plot to Albany; Edmund's eyes are opened and all three become friends. But there is trouble ahead. Goneril poisons Regan, who dies; and she, herself, desperate at being discovered by her husband, kills herself. Thus the enemy's field is cleared, and Cordelia and Lear may have been happy; but the tragedy continues. Edmund had, before his reconciliation with Edgar, given secret orders that Cordelia is to be hung in prison. He tries to recall the order, but it is too late. The fair Cordelia is killed and the great tragedy closes with the death of Lear himself, over the dead body of his beloved daughter.

Let us just touch for a moment on some of the characteristics of Cordelia. We have seen that she is sincere and true, and that her heart is in what she says; she is quiet, retiring, reserved. We have seen that she is not of a demonstrative nature, that she speaks very little. We have seen that she has a passive nature; but a passive nature does not necessarily imply in-

anity or helplessness. She is full of energy, full of character. She is indeed a perfect woman, a gracious lady. She is a beautiful creature. She is accomplished and witty. Before her trouble, she must have been a joyous, gay, young girl. She does not care for rank or position, as we see, when, even at the penalty of being left dowderless, she keeps to her word. She has an outspoken nature, for she does not hesitate to say what she thinks. She has great contempt for insincerity, as we see when she reproves Burgundy for his seeking after her fortune. She has a high sense of her duty as a wife. She has a strict sense of justice; she is called a woman, who thought justly. She appreciates honour more than everything. She is also a woman with common-sense, a matter-of-fact, exact-natured woman, hating exaggeration. She is a practical woman, clear-headed, resourceful. She sees at once what is necessary and acts upon it, as when she stays behind when France goes away, and rescues her father. She has passionate feelings, but has great self-control. We see this from the account which is given to Kent of her reception of the unhappy news about her father.

"And now and then an ample tear thrill'd down  
Her delicate cheek;"

"Patience and sorrow strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have seen  
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears  
Were like a better way: those happy smiles,  
That played on her ripe lip, seemed not to know  
What guests were in her eyes; which parted  
thence,

As pearls from diamond dropped. In brief,  
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,  
If all could so become it."

Is not this a charming description of the sweet Cordelia? No wonder she is loved by her friends and attendants.

She is also a brave woman, energetic, perseverant. She can lead an army, she can command authority. She takes things calmly, with no moans or cries; as we see by her reception of her great trouble, and also by the way in which she meets her father after such a long separation and when he is so ill. With all these strong characteristics, Cordelia is also a very woman, gentle, shrinking, needing love, as the ivy needs the oak to twine around. If it were not for her lover, the King of France, I doubt if she could have lived after being repudiated by her father. She is also a true woman in that she listens to good advice and smilingly gives way to the opinions of others, as we see in her treatment of the doctors. She has tact and good-breeding. She knows how to please people, as we see by her answer of "Be it so, my good lord," to Kent's refusal of her gratitude. Other woman might have persisted in their thankfulness, but Cordelia

understood Kent. She is a patient woman. She is a woman with gratitude:

"O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,  
To match thy goodness." My life will be too  
short,  
And every measure fail me,"

she says to her friend.

She is a woman with high thoughts and ideals. She is religious. She is unselfish and thinks not of herself, as we see when she perseveres in the search for her father, even at great risk to herself. She harbours no resentment against her enemies. There is no cause she says with tears, for her to feel offence against her father. Her heart is full of divine mercy; she could be merciful even to dogs. She is called 'kind and dear Princess.' With all this adulation however, she is not proud. She kneels to her father for a blessing. Finally, she is a charming woman, full of kindness and courtesy. We can imagine what a beautiful and a beloved queen she must have been in France. Queenly, agreeable, amiable, and accomplished, she must have been a dear companion to her husband. Yet her heart was sad. She was waiting for her father. One may feel inclined to be angry with her for not coming back to her father when he was in such misery. But I think Cordelia was afraid to go to him. She thought herself hated. Why should she thrust forward her hateful presence?

The last scenes in which Cordelia appears are heart-stirring. How she yearns over her father, how she longs to make him well. When she does find him, how she controls herself, knowing that she must not excite her father:

"O my dear father! Restoration hang  
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made!"

When Lear wakes up from his swoon, Cordelia's calmness is very noticeable. She does not lose her head, but just does the necessary actions. She pleads for his blessing,

"O look upon me, Sir,  
And hold your hands in benediction over me."

She feels no resentment against him. "No cause, no cause," she cries, and weeps gentle tears, but even here, in this supreme scene, it is noticeable how little she shows her feelings. Then again, at once, she is the practical, clear-headed, protecting woman: "Will it please your highness walk." It is the practical women, who are most useful in life, not the emotional temperaments. But, when both common-sense and sentiment are joined together, what an admirable combination there is!

When father and daughter are taken prisoners, Cordelia's fears are not for herself. She takes this trouble also calmly.



KING LEAR AND CORDELIA.  
(From a well-known Picture).



THE LATE MR. RAVI VARMA, THE TALENTED INDIAN ARTIST.  
(See Editorial Note).

"We are not the first  
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the  
worst.  
For thee, oppressed King, am I cast down;  
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's  
frown."

Some resentment there is against her sisters :

"Shall we not see these daughters and these  
sisters !"

But, is it not natural ? Her heart is yearning  
over her poor old father. She is longing to have  
him in safety and comfort. She has almost  
achieved her purpose, when this reverse happens.  
They are taken prisoners, not by strangers, but  
by their inhuman relations. Her heart must  
have been swelling with bitterness. Who could  
blame her for her words, the last words that we  
hear from her ?

But, prison or no prison, father and daughter  
are happy in their reunion. Lear goes over  
his daughter, and I am sure she, in her quiet  
way, rejoices mightily over him.

And then, the last pitiful scene, when Lear  
enters with Cordelia dead in his arms ! Ah !  
how our hearts bleed over the sacrifice. Tremblingly,  
the old man holds a mirror to her lips to  
see if she breathes. But all is in vain.

"Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little,"

"Thou'lt come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never."

What can we do against death ?

And so Lear dies, and, as Kent said,

"He hates him much

That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer."

But, what about Cordelia, the innocent victim ?  
Is it a punishment on her for her cold words to  
her father at the beginning ? Perhaps it is ; per-  
haps it is not. In any case, it is but the fulfil-  
ment of Nature's laws. A great tragedy was set in  
motion. It took its course, it had its last sad  
terrible end. And, we know that in the great  
issues of life, the innocent as well as the guilty  
suffer. Nature knows no discrimination in such  
things. The storm comes, the actors are swept  
down ; and, side by side with the guilty sinner,  
is often seen, the innocent victim.

Thus we take our farewell of Cordelia—the  
great woman, the large-hearted woman, the  
woman with the strong character, who could be  
implicitly trusted in, who could be relied upon  
to the uttermost. Patient, calm and gentle, she  
passes away from us ; and the sweetest memory  
of her that remains to us is her voice : for it

"Was ever soft,  
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

K. SATHIANADHAN.

## India, Past and Present.

BY LADY BENSON.



It has been said that "the tiniest bits  
of opinion sown in the minds of  
children in private life, afterwards  
issue forth to the world and become  
public opinion ; for nations are  
gathered out of nurseries, and they who hold  
the leading strings of children may even exercise  
a greater power than those who hold the reins  
of Government." If this is true it renders it very  
important that the women of India should, in  
these days of political unrest and discontent, be  
conversant with some of the actual historical  
facts about India, both past and present, in order  
that they may implant what is true and accu-  
rate in the minds of their children for, as Sir  
Madhava Row once said :—

"What is not true is not Patriotic."

This is of even greater importance with women  
than with men, because their education and  
opportunities of reading and learning history  
are so very limited. They are brought up  
on the substance of legends and poems, on  
myths and supernatural exaggerations more  
monstrous and absurd than would be tolerated  
in the most extravagant European fairy tale.  
Their poet Valmiki makes the city Ayodhya, 96  
miles long and 80 broad, "adorned with moun-  
tain-like palaces, glittering with gems, filled  
with sporting places for females." The majority  
believe these fables to be actually true, and  
so generation succeeds generation holding dis-  
torted and untrue impressions of the facts of  
their country's past history. This inaccuracy  
as to the past possibly explains why the prepos-  
terously inaccurate statements of present day  
agitators obtain such ready credence.

The epic poems of the Mahabharata and  
Ramayana are constantly read and listened to in  
the majority of cultivated Indian homes, and  
from these poems they gather that in the good  
old days of yore India was ruled in peace and  
plenty by Emperors who reigned at Ayodhya,  
aided by a Council, and that under this Govern-  
ment the people were more free, and less heavily  
taxed than they are now, and that there was  
little or no oppression of the people by corrupt  
officials. But if, as will be shown, this state of  
affairs existed only in the poet's brain, that it  
was a poetical myth, *not* based on fact, is it  
not absurd that such things should continue to  
be looked upon as true to fact, and be allowed  
to warp the minds of the people with distorted  
views ? Let the poems be enjoyed as beautiful  
poetry by all means, but a broad line should be  
drawn between fact and fiction, between myths,

legends and historical realities. It should be known and realized in this 20th century that the Empire of Rama, of Asoka, and of Vikramaditya over the whole of India never existed, except in the fancy and imagination of the poets. With a little thought the mere physical impossibility of such a thing might be realized by considering only two, out of many, proofs, *i.e.*, the non-existence in those days of a common language, and the non-existence of roads and communications.

There are still dozens of different languages in India, as distinct from each other as Latin, Greek, Spanish, German, Italian, and Portuguese; and, even in Madras, Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, and Marathi ladies are unable to converse with each other at an afternoon party; still the idea of social and political intercourse from end to end of the vast continent is not inconceivable to them, because within the last twenty or thirty years, the English language has supplied the varied nations of India with a common tongue. But where was this one language in the days of Rama and Asoka? Also Indian ladies are now familiar with the easy method of travelling from Bombay to Calcutta and from Madras to Benares by train, in practically absolute safety and comfort; but in the days of Asoka it would have taken two years for members from S. India to attend the council at Ayodhya, at a time when there were no roads, and travellers were murdered and robbed with impunity by thugs and dacoits; members of such a council would have had to take with them an army to protect them, and on their arrival at Ayodhya they could not have made themselves understood by the inhabitants! How is it that these simple facts are not realized by the people of India? It must be because the races of India are wanting in the historic faculty, and are credulous beyond measure. They have very few ancient chronicles of contemporaneous events of any *historical* value. They have no autobiographic, no historical novels to guide them as to the condition of their country in past days, and their minds are filled from early childhood with extravagant poetical myths, which they credulously absorb as solid facts, so that their minds are warped, and (judging from the inflated speeches of their popular leaders and the extraordinary statements in their newspaper writings) sound judgment as to the beneficent condition of their country at the present time seems to become impossible. Take the time of Asoka (roughly B. C. 250) and see how far it is possible to prove him an "Emperor of India." He himself proves the contrary, for when he wanted to spread Buddhism far and wide over India he mentions in his edicts the names of contemporary neighbouring Indian sovereigns, showing how limited his own kingdom was. Also in the 9th year of his reign he declares in his 13th

edict that he will make no more conquests south of Kalinga, which lay to the immediate south of Bengal, and himself declared that during the war in which he conquered Kalinga 150,000 souls were carried off as slaves, 100,000 were slain, and many times that number died. He deeply repented of all this terrific slaughter and suffering, and never again attempted a war of conquest. Where then was his universal Empire of India, since he spilt all this blood to get no further than the south of Bengal?

Would the ladies of India like to have back the good old days of such an Emperor? if not, why teach their children the fictitious glories of his reign? Even Mr. Manomohun Ghose said in Calcutta that—"An undue and exaggerated veneration for the past was doing a great deal of mischief. It was quite sickening to hear the remark made at almost every public meeting that the ancient civilization of India was superior far to that which Europe ever had." After Asoka, the whole of upper India was overrun by the invasion of Tartar and Scythian tribes: centuries later, in the time of the Cholas and Pandiyas, history leaves no trace of any chief who claimed to be head over all the rest. The countries of Southern India waged perpetual war against each other; these were the Cholas, Pallavas, Pandiyas, Keralas, and Cheras. In the North the same strife was carried on, race warred against race, nation fell before nation in bewildering confusion, till the whole of that country fell under the sway of the invading Mahomedans. They, in time, split up into five separate sovereignties, only uniting in 1565 to crush for ever the last great Hindu kingdom of the south, that of Vijayanagar, which by that time had itself destroyed all the other Hindu dynasties. So, for the first time in *history* (not poetry or fable), we come to a period when India may possibly be said to have fallen under one rule. But this was not so in reality, for separate sovereignties were set up by the Mahomedan chiefs, each one warring against the other. Their rule too was an *alien*, not a Hindu rule. There has *never* been in all *history* amongst the Hindus anything but a perpetual warfare of races, king against king, and tribe against tribe. How would the women and children of India like those days of bloodshed and insecurity to return? You may say—"But though this is history, still it is *ancient* history, and the world is very different now." Yet it was only in the middle of the 18th century that, in 23 years, six inroads, on a large scale, took place from Afghanistan.—"This meant not merely a host of from 20 to 100,000 Afghans on the march, paying for nothing, and eating up every town, cottage and farm-yard, burning and slaughtering on the slightest provocation. It usually also meant a grand final sack and

massacre at the capital of the invaded country." It was the same on the North-East Frontiers—"the history of Assam is one long narrative of invasion and extermination. A long time ago, Assam was a powerful Hindu kingdom, but was devastated like the rest of Eastern Bengal, by Mahomedan invaders in the 15th century. Pierce aboriginal races from the north and east followed, and these again were being exterminated by the Burmese from the south, when they implored the English to interfere. During the last century large tracts of Assam were depopulated, and throughout that province and Eastern Bengal 30,000 square miles of fertile frontier districts lay waste. Until 25 years ago the Government spent more money in rewards for killing wild animals in the now prosperous districts of Goalpara than the whole sum realized by the land revenue, but now more than 13,000 square miles of border district have been reclaimed, and yield, each year, at the lowest estimate, 18 millions sterling worth of produce, or more than the average normal cost of the Indian Army, and the whole defence of the Indian Empire!" The Pax Britannica has given the peoples of India so many years of safety and security that they cannot apparently imagine or realize the old days of bloodshed, misery and poverty. They listen to declamations against the expenditure on a European and Native Army, but are they ever told that the present peace and security is given to the peoples of the country at a cost of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  annas monthly per head, and that, as stated above, the entire cost of this Army is covered by the value of the produce of a portion of one province reclaimed from waste? and are they reminded of the large number of native soldiers who are thus provided with a career and pension? Withdraw the English Army (which would result in the saving of  $\frac{1}{2}$  an anna per head—but, as the Native Army would then have to be increased by at least two native soldiers for every European withdrawn—where would be the saving?) and in a very short time India would re-emerge as we found her a hundred years ago, it would fly in pieces. The ancient hostilities of race and creed, none of which we have had time to extinguish, would revive at once, and life might be made interesting as of old to a certain section of the people; but, at the expense of the many incessant wars, invasions and struggles for personal ascendancy, India would become once more Asiatic. What, too, would become of the education of Indian women? Again you may say "Why this gloomy view of India without the English, when we see what Japan—an Asiatic country—is doing by itself?" That is a very general and popular question just now, but surely not a thoughtful or sensible one.

In addition to the very wide divergence in the characters of the Indian peoples to the character of the Japanese, is the fact that Japan is a country, with a language, has a religion and is inhabited by a people. India is not a country but a continent, composed of countries, languages, religious peoples, all with diverse customs, traditions, views and interests. Where Japan can work and pull together as a whole, India must fly in pieces and burst asunder. Only a strong outside power can keep the peace between India's opposing elements, and bind its component parts into one solid whole. This power is needed, and will be needed, for many years to come, to develop and ripen India for the possibility of self-government till

"Freedom slowly broadens down  
From precedent to precedent."

Time must be given to enable the peoples to reform: their social life, to educate their women, to learn the use (and not abuse) of the Press, and of freedom of speech; to develop their trade, agriculture and manufactures; to learn the lesson above all of fair dealing between race and race, and moderation and toleration between creed and creed. The present agitation about the partition of Bengal is a vivid illustration as to the paramount necessity of this last lesson. Should India ever be prematurely ruled by Indians, there is no privilege that would sooner be vetoed by them than the freedom of the press, and freedom of public meetings and speech, for when hostile criticisms, now so virulently directed against the English, were turned on to their own actions they would assuredly speedily put a stop to the offence.

England has had to build up a civilized Government in India from the very foundations. A hundred years ago there were no railways, no hospitals, court-houses, public buildings, jails and schools. All these have cost not less than £100,000,000, and yet the taxation in India is only Rs. 3 a head of the population, as compared with Rs. 36 a head in England. Also the whole cost of Government costs the population 2 pie a head, and Indians spend more a year on *goldsmiths*—than on the whole cost of the Government of the country. Since 1835, India has absorbed in gold and silver upwards of 620 crores. India never was so rich in gold and silver as she is now; or so rich in jewellery. The people are always adding to their stock. Savings from nearly all sources are disposed of in this way; the storing away of wealth in this form is the national peculiarity of the nations of India. The amount now held in jewels in India cannot be less than 300 crores. This accumulation of jewellery leads to frequent murder and robberies. The people have always—for centuries before the English came to India,—been

deeply in debt to money-lenders, that is an old evil habit—for which the English are in no way responsible. The permanent remedies for the poverty of India rests with the people themselves. Sir Madhava Row wrote: "The longer one lives and observes and thinks, the more deeply does he feel there is *no community on the face of the earth, which suffers less from political evils*, and more from self-inflicted or self-accepted, or self-created, and therefore avoidable evils, than the Hindu community" and he added "The truth must be frankly and gratefully admitted that the British Government of India is incomparably the best Government we have ever had. It is the strongest, the most righteous, and the best suited to India's diverse population and diverse interests."

There is no space in a magazine article to tell you of a hundredth part of the work that England is doing in India, *and helping the Indians to do for themselves*, but you can read much of it for yourselves in a little book called "India, Past and Present" written by Dr. John Murdoch, from which the materials for this article have been chiefly gleaned, you can buy it at the Memorial Hall, Madras, for 4 annas. This will enable you to know the truth yourselves, and to teach the truth about your country to your children, and so help you to exercise a steady and thoughtful influence on your surroundings, and to form, in the future, a broad well-balanced public opinion, free from faction, and the poison of racial bitterness. The time *will* come when the administration of India will pass more and more into the hands of the people of the country, but unless that time comes *slowly*—step by step as the people prove themselves efficient, the result will be ruin, anarchy and bloodshed.

## Some Thoughts on Teaching.



I BEGAN my work as a teacher in high spirits full of hope and joy, happy in the thought of helping others, and buoyant with hopes of success. By and by the daily drive, the usual routine work grew less interesting and more wearisome, and I began to wonder whether life would become a monotonous round of dull duties, because there was no pleasure in doing them. But the thought of the child-mind saved me from falling into the slough of despondency. It is a pleasure to deal with children; the originality so fresh and untainted, the ceaseless activity and the strong vitality of the child appeals strongly to me.

The man-in-the-street usually considers the vocation of a teacher as an uninteresting and prosaic one. "Every man and woman can teach," he says. "An ordinary intelligence coupled with some patience and enduring power are all that are necessary to make the average teacher fit for the average multitude of children." But it seems to me that the chief characteristic of the teacher should be sympathy, and that love which can enter into the feelings of the child and can understand and make itself understood.

Education urges every teacher to make a thorough study of the child-mind and child-nature. It is a difficult subject. What is the class made up of? An apt description of it was given to me by my friend—"Human various," she answered. It is made up of various human elements. The fact that they are human, that each heart string vibrates in full measure to the slightest touch, is often forgotten by the teacher. There are so many children in the class that we do not consider them as separate individuals with varying dispositions and temperaments, but fall into the error of treating them as one class. The phrase "human various" should be well remembered by every teacher. When I go every morning into class and am greeted by a ring of fresh, young faces and joyous voices, I feel that it is good to live in this beautiful world. The fair flowers enhance the beauty of nature. The fair blossoms of childhood enhance the beauty of life, for children are the compensation for all the pain and trouble in this world.

The teacher's responsibility is immense. He has to be careful in every gesture and in every movement. He is watched by pairs of eager eyes, which are taking in every detail of the deportment, manner, and behaviour of their teacher. These impressions are eagerly stored up in the child mind for good or for evil. The teacher moulds the character of the child. Apart from the discipline at home, the discipline at school has much influence on the child's nature; and so the teacher's responsibility is doubly great. He is not only an instrument for the imparting of instruction, but his direct influence, the force of his personality are important factors in education. Here we have a perfect example of life working on a life, and, therefore, every word, look and deed have a meaning and a result. In this profession, common and prosaic though it may appear to the outsider, the divine commandment of love your neighbour, live for others, love all good and bad, must be the spring of the teacher's life. It is an old old maxim, but a very true one.

The teacher's duty is to give full work to the child's mind. It is so full of activity and vitality that, when legitimate work is not given, it becomes mischievous. Since my childhood, a number of

new methods in teaching have been introduced. The sole object of these methods is to hold the child's attention by interest. Everything is made easy for the child. All difficulties must be smoothed away, so much so, that some critics have said that the teacher does all the work and the children none at all. The kindergarten system is very helpful for the infants, but in India, on account of the incapability of the teachers, it is carried on in a mechanical fashion. Fröbel, the father of kindergarten, has said 'We must live with our children.' This is a great truth, and must be practised. By means of play, by means of working with the fingers in occupations, such as, clay-modelling, mat-plaiting, paper-cutting, paper-folding, and so on, by means of games, action songs, the telling of stories, and so on, the children's powers are supposed to be developed, their sense of touch and observation exercised and strengthened, and, in fact, all the child is, as it were, brought to the threshold of the temple of Knowledge. But in many schools the child, the chief factor, is not considered. The teacher thinks only of the inspection, the results to be shown, and the methods he or she is asked to use in teaching. What is wanted is life in the teacher, life to spend and to be spent in the service of others. The teacher should place high ideals before him. He should have much courage, much hope, and faith. His is a grand service, the fashioning of minds, and the moulding of characters. Fresh and pure at times, at others tainted early by environment, the seeds of growth are placed in the teacher's hands, and his is the duty to make them fit for the warfare of life, great in thought, strong in action, happy and contented in mind, with the golden motto of the angels before him 'live for others,' in which the secret of happiness lies. The teacher must first realise his own responsibility, and strong in the strength of his spirit and courage, he must set about his work. Oft times it is very wearisome. It is not a path of roses. The thorns are very visible and often are sharp. The daily round of the same duties, the usual routine of teaching, at times, the bad results, the dulness of the children are all very discouraging; but the more dispirited the teacher gets, the worse will be the mood of the class, for it is like a mirror and faithfully reflects the passing moods and tempers of the teacher.

It is not only in school duties the sphere of the teacher lies. Outside the school-room, in the playground, in the game field, the teacher must prove himself the friend of his pupil. The feeling between the two should be one of genuine friendship and real sympathy. The pupil must feel that his master is a source of strength and will help when need be. The teacher must train his pupil to realise his individuality, and to

learn to control and guide himself in thought and action. This is character, the crown of education.

Now-a-days we hear much about the education of women in India. To further this, we should have more women-teachers, capable and kind women, women who, at the sight of children, feel the divine instinct of motherhood stirring in them, and who have taken up the vocation of teaching for the love of it. The home life of the Indian child is very unsatisfactory. This should be more than made up for by the life at school and by the influence of the teacher. Yet all teachers must be careful not to encourage a sentimental worship from the pupil. Girls at a certain age are so apt to fall into this: it should be checked, not roughly or harshly, but gently, and it should be turned into channels of strong enduring affection. In many ways the influence of the teacher tells, and hence the women who undertake that duty, must be certain of themselves. Of how many can it be said:

"She never found fault with you, never implied  
Your wrong by her Right; and yet men at her  
side

Grew nobler, girls purer.

None knelt at her feet, confessed lovers in thrall—  
They knelt more to God than they used—that  
was all!"

But what a great 'all.'

In the world there is enough of darkness, sin, pain, and ignorance. Grown-up men and women are stunted under their weary burdens. But the pathos of it is that the children are made to feel it, the little helpless things, the feeble florets lying torn and dejected in the darkness of the streets; for the sake of these little children, will not men and women rise up and work and save them from the darkness of ignorance and sin, and bring them to the light of knowledge and reverence.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell,  
That mind and soul, according well  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster."

S. R.

## Culture.

BY AN INDIAN GENTLEMAN.



CULTURE in its narrow sense may be defined as a knowledge of, and taste for, fine literature, and the refinement of feeling and manners which naturally spring from this source. It will be seen, therefore, that a man of culture is essentially concerned for

knowledge, but knowledge alone does not give culture. A man may be learned and yet lack culture, for he may be a pedant, and the characteristic of a pedant is that he has knowledge without culture. So again, a load of facts retained in the memory, a mass of reasonings got up merely for examination, these do not give culture. It is the love of knowledge, the ardour of scientific curiosity, driving us continually to absorb new facts and ideas, to make them our own and fit them into the living and growing system of our thought, and the trained faculty of doing this—it is in this that culture lies. And this kind of culture which has been summed up in one word by Matthew Arnold as "openness to ideas" is not due to the instruction that we receive in our schools and colleges, it is the result of self exertion, of cultivating intelligently the powers of observation, and of refined and cultivated surroundings.

Owing to the comparative ignorance of our women, the home influences in India do not make for culture. Those of us who have seen something of English home-life cannot help deploring the absence in our midst of the supreme influence of the home, which in England and in other western countries makes for all that is noble and elevated and refined. Who can estimate at its true value, the power and influence of an educated wife, who lives only for her husband enjoying his triumphs, sharing his anxieties, helping him in his intellectual work, and still holding ready for conversation with his friends, a lively wit, a sound commonsense, a large stock of reading, and showing taste and elegance in the arrangement of every detail in the home. The intellectual training of our women, therefore, is an absolute necessity even from a purely selfish point of view. Every attempt should be made to make the Hindu home bright, cheerful and happy, for nothing tends to cultivate the intellect and promote culture as cheerful surroundings and happy associations.

I spoke above of self-exertion as being necessary for culture. This leads me to refer to the necessity for our young men cultivating manly habits of thinking and reading. Our young men are apt to regard the cultivation of their intellect as ending with the passing of a degree examination. The text books are flung aside and the habit of reading is put a stop to. Every student should possess a library of works selected by an able and judicious guide. Read books with critical, enquiring thought. Remember that "the utility of reading depends not on the swallow but on the digestion." It has been said that we suffer from an excess of opportunities; we should, therefore, have the nerve to reject. "Books have brought some men to knowledge and some men to madness," says an old writer.

This age is remarkable for the development of periodical literature, but it has been pointed out that periodical literature has debilitated to some extent the mental fibre of the English nation, because it has encouraged thoughtless, fragmentary reading. Do not, therefore, attach too much importance to periodical literature. Whenever it is possible, go to the very source of knowledge, not to mere compendiums and "made easy series." "To read from the pricking of some cerebral itch," says Mr. Frederick Harrison, "rather than from a desire of forming judgments; to get like an Alpine stripling to the top of some unsealed pinnacle of culture; to use books as a sedative, as a means of exciting a mild intellectual titillation, instead of as a means of elevating the nature; to dribble on in a perpetual literary gossip, in order to avoid the effort of bracing the mind to think—such is our habit in an age of utterly chaotic education." Avoid books such as those of Reynolds, which chronicle filth, and putrescence and corruption, however diabolically ingenious they may be. To be addicted to the reading of such books is a positive vice.

Intellectual culture, it must also be remembered, is the outcome, to a great extent, of self-education. The school of an educated man need not necessarily be a school or a college in its technical sense. It is the place where he happens to be, and his teachers are the proper books, animals, plants, and earth round about him. "The art or skill of living intellectually does not so much consist in surrounding ourselves with what is reputed to be advantageous, as in compelling every circumstance and condition of our lives to yield us some tribute of intellectual benefit and fruit." An Englishman takes a lively interest in the facts of outward nature. The objects by which he is surrounded, the common incidents of every-day life, are made the source of much intellectual pleasure, simply because his training and the education he receives has made him cultivate the faculty of observation.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones and good in everything.

Hitherto I have been speaking of culture in a narrow sense, but there is a wider sense in which it is used and in which sense we ought to appropriate it to ourselves.

Culture in its wider and more legitimate sense does not mean merely the development of the intellect; culture, true culture, aims at more than this: it aims at nothing less than human perfection, a perfect spiritual condition, involving the harmonious expression of all the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature. Culture, therefore, is not merely the

perfection of intelligence, but also the perfection of will, the perfection of the feelings that govern the will. The acquisition of such a culture should be the aim and object of every rational being. It should be the *summum bonum* of life, for such a culture will be in harmony, not only with the scientific impulse to pure knowledge, but also with the moral and social and religious impulse. To use Matthew Arnold's expression, culture has "one great passion for sweetness and light, and one greater, for making reason and the will of God prevail." English education has no doubt done great things for us, but I am afraid it has not affected much the inner life of the nation. There is such a glaring incongruity between thoughts and deeds, between public profession and private practice. The facts, we need a warmer, a more earnest, moral and religious sentiment in India; we need the spirit of sacrifice and active benevolence; we need the spirit of true religion, which, after all, will prove to be the most powerful moral and social impulse.

We must acquire knowledge by all means, but this very knowledge ought to show us that there is something higher than knowledge that we need, to make ourselves centres of light and influence in this great land. We are marching on in the newly found power, which knowledge is said to give, towards the goal of civilization, but we must remember that civilization is something more than liberty, and the power of bearing and using that liberty. It means growing power for manliness, unselfishness, sincerity, it means the willingness, the passion, to ameliorate conditions, to raise the weak and low, and to make others share the benefits of enlightenment that are so selfishly confined to a few. Great responsibilities rest on us, for the simple reason that we are now sharing great privileges. There are two lives before us—one is a life of usefulness and another is a life of monotony and dullness; and one way or another our choice must be made. "On the dark and dangerous side are set the pride which delights in self-contemplation, the indolence which rests in unquestioned forms, the selfishness which prevents our benefiting others, a life of monotony and misguiding. And on the other side is open to our choice the life of the crowned spirit, moving as a light in creation, discovering always, illuminating always, gaining every hour in strength, yet bowed down every hour into deeper humility; sure of being right in its aim, sure of being irresistible in progress, happy in what it has securely done—happier in what, day by day, it may as securely hope—happiest at the close of life, when the right hand begins to forget its cunning, to remember that there was never a touch of the chisel or the pencil which it wielded

but has added to the knowledge and quickened the happiness of mankind."

## The Bible from a Literary point of View.



HE hundred years of British rule have not dawned upon us in vain, and the results and advantages that have arisen from the sweet influences of Victoria's sway, have been felt by Hindus, both educated and illiterate, in many ways. The deep and wide gulf that ages of custom and habit, that thought and wisdom, that diverse religious tendencies and ethical doctrines, have dug between the matter-of-fact Britisher of the Kipling school, and the pessimistic and melancholy anchorite Indian, has been bridged over; and the genial and warm sunshine of Western thought and Western civilization is opening the closed bud of Eastern wisdom into a blossom of moral and religious enlightenment, which, in invigorating the young minds of our country, is not unsuccessful, be it said to the glory of our rulers, in imbuing them with lofty ideals and infusing into them the spirit of modern science and unbiased criticism which mark the advent of the twentieth century.

Of the many influences, which have seasoned and tempered the rigid and fast rules that control the religion of the Hindu, which have brightened and sweetened the otherwise dark and gloomy work-a-day life of the poverty-stricken Indian ryot, is that exerted by the English Missionary, by his philanthropy, benevolence, and humane intentions towards mankind. It matters not, whether he is a Wesleyan, or a Methodist, a Catholic or a Jesuit; but, what he has done towards the cause of educating the masses and his efforts to ameliorate the conditions of the poor, down-trodden races and tribes, create a taste for a better and fairer understanding of everything English, in literature, in science and in religion; and his personality among the lower orders of our country parts, his kindness towards his fellow beings, notwithstanding the diversity of tongues, conflicting religious sentiments, and racial prejudices,—all conspire to make him a potent factor, a mighty guiding soul, and a signalling beacon-light, which protect and save the erring being from the many pit-falls that beset man's earthly career. A yellow-robed sanyasin, or a white threaded Brahmin, may not be alive to the many-sided advantages that arise from association with a Missionary; but

a student of English literature will bear testimony to the fresh impetus given him by the self-sacrificing worker and the incentive for his future progress of study, which have tended to smoothen his road towards the goal of Knowledge. Has not the English clergyman given us the Book of Peace, which has taught us the doctrine of human brotherhood, that doctrine of love which lays the foundation of fraternal sympathy among all mankind? And, what has it not—this Book of Peace—done to influence the life literary of an Indian student? What then is its business in literature? "To give a tone to literature, and that tone, a high one, is its business."

Every student of English knows how the literature and language of Britain began with religion, how Latin was gradually supplanted by the King's English, how the Bible, a translation by Wyclif, laid the foundation of what is called standard English, which was admired and adopted by cultured men, poets, and prose writers, by fashionable ladies who breathed in cultivated societies, by merchants, traders and speculators of the middle class. It was Wyclif who gave us the Bible, written in plain, simple and sterling English, with soft and soothing Saxon words replacing the dreary, dry, and irksome latinisms. It was welcomed by one and all, by the blood-thirsty, throat-cutting villain with the least remnant of conscience as well as by the publican, the parson, and the peer. Then the Wyclifian Bible in the time of Chaucer was, in the course of a century and a half, metamorphosed into the Bible of Tyndale, which paved the way for the literature of the Elizabethan period. This Bible, edited, and re edited, rev sed, and enlarged, added and supplemented to, by men like Coverdale, Cromwell and Cranmer, has fixed the standard English, now spoken by millions of people all over the globe. The Bible has imparted to the style of the English language simplicity, lucidity, gravity and majesty. The English of the Bible, has become, to use Joubert's expression, the *lingua franca* of kings, of statesmen, and of warriors, the language of the people, and the student, of the country and of the schools, of the sanctuary, and of the courts of law." More than this, the study of the Bible has given us unfailing pleasure, and the Bible itself brings us hours of sunshine, arouses a thousand and one divine feelings among us, enlarges the horizon, expands the mind, and causes healthy thoughts, increases our worldly happiness, and lights up the path of salvation. The student of the Bible gains a new sense of power, of command of language; his ideas flow quicker, and he expresses them better, and more clearly. He sees the world and its things in new and brighter lights and has a better grasp of

them. The high ethical standard of the Bible which is set before us, takes its share in instructing and guiding younger minds. Joubert says "the religion of the Bible is no theology, nor theosophy, it is more than all this. It is a discipline, a law, a yoke, an indissoluble engagement." His remarks on the Old and the New Testaments are equally striking and suggestive. "The Old Testament teaches the knowledge of good and evil, the Gospel, on the other hand, seems written for the predestinated: it is the book of innocence; the one is made for earth, the other seems to be made for heaven."

To every one in India, who aspires to literary fame, the study of the Bible is indispensable. The literary output of the present century, though marked with a high sense of dignity and grandeur, has yet much that is inferior, debased and insipid, which has so mingled with the refined and elegant, that it is impossible to test the true velocity of the current that flows into the vast ocean of modern literature. Mr. Renan is right when he says that "all ages have had their inferior literature, but the great danger of our time is that this inferior literature tends more and more to get the upper place." In this century of business and activity, however, we may echo the sentiments of Mr. Renan, that man has no time to bestow his thoughts on serious subjects, but is only after literary bits and scraps, which will not encroach upon the limits of his precious time and moment. To the young aspirant for journalistic fame, then, the Bible renders invaluable help and fits him for the coveted place. He may read a thousand books, but he cannot disregard the Bible. Sometime ago, Mr. Kipling referred to the mystic influence of words and ideas on a writer and their relation to each other, and it is said that even the great Lord Macaulay's style suffered very much by his failure in ideas and words in time of need. Hence, it is to be admitted, on all accounts, that the Bible furnishes literary genius and intellect with a perennial supply of lofty thoughts and high-flowing sentiments, and with a store-house of common words, which add a spicy taste to the ideas that develop in the brain. It is the usefulness of common words, that are ignored by most writers, and I agree with Joubert in saying that "the most common expressions suffice in order to express every-day ideas, and what one says in such words looks more true, for none are so clear as those which we call common words." The Bible, then, satisfies all these conditions and the expressions contained therein may be likened to those fairy nuts, in which were found diamonds, if the right person broke the shell. The true person to crack the shell and claim the kernel out of it, is the earnest seeker after knowledge. Why then do our

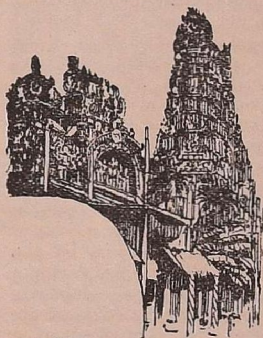
brothers hate the teaching of the Bible in Missionary schools and colleges? Apart from the religious standpoint, every student must read the Bible, study it, and ponder over it. To the Hindu, the English language is not his mother-tongue, but the medium through which the ruled can exchange views with the ruler, and hence a study of the Bible will not only make him a better man, but will also enable him to earn an honest rupee in the literary market. To remove the Bible from the schools and colleges, would be, in the opinion of Matthew Arnold, to do the rising generation an absolutely incalculable injury, by depriving them of the one great and magnificent literature, which might easily be made accessible to the very meanest and poorest little girl and boy in the country from end to end. A liberal education should be based on literature; in good Secondary public schools, it is largely based on Greek and Latin literature, as well as Biblical and English; and, as in the Elementary schools, there is neither time nor possibility of training children through classical literature nor even through English literature to any but a very limited extent, at least the one great literature which it is possible to use extensively, *viz.*, the Bible, "the divine library" as some Antique Father called it, should be zealously guarded and retained. "The Bible," says he, "is characterised by dignity, power, high seriousness, and beautiful diction. Read it then, ponder it, live with it, until its majesty and grace and natural magic strike into your very marrow." Even Matthew Arnold, against whom were hurled the epithets of atheist, infidel, and the like, had the deepest reverence for the Bible. Let me conclude with the sound advice which Mr. Julian Ralph gives to the candidates for journalism and literary life: "Read good literature, and practise it constantly. I emphasize on the necessity of reading the Bible first—*The Bible first*."—If money be lacking, books are hard to procure, be content with the Bible and Robinson Crusoe. The Bible is always the beginning of the candidate's studies. My advice is good, not only for the journalist, but for others to follow too." "*The Bible first*," always means growth, power, and success in any young life, whether its aim is necessary or not. How many young writers neglect this source of power, and how many young lives are poor and destitute, where they might be rich, because they leave out the "*Bible*." I exhort my young countrymen, scholars of the University, students of colleges and schools, enthusiasts for journalism which is yet in its infancy in India, lovers of periodical literature, amateur contributors, to follow the advice of Mr. Ralph which is, of course, merely suggestive and not compulsory, as it may be hurtful to the feelings of the various religionists.

That the Bible is a potent factor, a magnetic force, and a powerful agent, in shaping and moulding the destinies of young men, is a fact, true, uncontradicted, and unrefuted. The Bible is a revelation of that mysterious ethical tenet "Believe in God and lead a good life," and it teaches us that to know God and love Him is the highest blessedness of man and of all men alike, and hence I conclude by saying "In la sua voluntade è nostra pace."

T. M. SUNDARAM AIYAR.

## A trip to Fujiyama.

BY AN INDIAN SOJOURNER IN JAPAN.



WE were told that the ascent to the Fuji could be made at any time during July or August when the rest-houses on the mountain are open, and thousands of pilgrims visit them. So, early on the morning of a bright day in July, we

started,—a party of seven Indian young men and four Japanese school-boys,—for the Fuji or Fuji San or Sama, as the Japanese reverently call the mountain. From Uyeno to Shimbashi by tram, from Shimbashi to Gotemba, the starting point for the ascent of Fujiyama, by train, we travelled merrily. It was strange to see that, in the station of Shimbashi, the booking officers were all of the fair sex. What a difference between our Indian women and these daughters of Nippon in their simple *kimonos*, counting on the *soroban* (abacus), and bravely discharging their duty! Our thoughts wandered away to India, but the beautiful country we were journeying through soon diverted our attention. The train was now passing through tracts of fresh vegetation, green hill sides and cultivated fields. It was pleasant to see Indian corn and Indian vegetables growing in many fields. But no doubt we can expect all these in Tokyo one day. It was twelve o'clock when we reached a certain station, where the platform was filled with people selling *bentho*. For twenty sen they give two boxes, one containing rice and the other containing a few pieces of fish, flesh, and some vegetable. For ten sen only rice and fish can be had. *Ocha*, the national drink, is also sold in small earthen pots called *kyusu*, at three sen each.

This price also includes the cost of a small porcelain cup, small like a child's play-thing. At the next station another engine was attached behind to the train, for it had to ascend the heights. The journey was becoming more and more interesting, for we were now passing through regions looking like beds of green and full of mountains down whose sides constantly poured streams of water. By four o'clock, we were at Gothemba.

Gothemba is a small town on the Tokaido railway, and from there we had to begin our walk. It has its bazaars, where ordinary necessities can be had. The houses are tiny and neat. Nowhere did we see an idle person; but everybody left their work and came out to see the foreigners. All around rose pleased exclamations of "Indo-san." The old women were brought out of the houses to see the "Indo-san." The crying child was kept quiet by being shown an "Indo-san." The ordeal was not altogether unpleasant to us. Soon we passed the little town and came to the expansive and fertile valleys beyond. One thing to be mentioned during our walk from Gothemba to Subashiri is the great number of water-mills turning at every fall of water. The Japanese seem to be quite ready to take advantage of every opportunity.

We reached the village of Subashiri by six. Here we were received by the old mistress of a hotel. We spent the night here. The Japanese hotels appear very inviting with their neat appearance. The wooden floor is covered, as in every house in Japan, with soft matting called *tatami*. They are usually two or three-storeyed high and on the ground floor are the bath and other conveniences. The respectable guests are accommodated on the first floor and on the second. The obliging manners of the masters or mistresses, as the case may be, and the ready obedience of the servantmaids with their sweet expression 'Tada ima' (just now) make the visitor wish to stay longer. But the food is not palatable.

Early morning by four we were awakened by a maid already ready with our *Ocha* (a decoction of green tea with no milk or sugar). The Japs use *ocha* immediately after getting up. Rising up from bed, we could see through the window a cone of blue with a silver cap, the lower half of which was all shrouded in thick clouds. The dawn advanced into day, the sky became clear, the sun shone bright and the clouds were all dispersed. Lo! Fujiyama was rising, above its belt of green, high into the skies, now more charmingly blue, now its cap shining brighter still. We finished a hasty breakfast, had the *wafagis*, (grass slippers) tied to our shoes to prevent the soles being cut into pieces by the cinders on which we were going to walk and

started with fans in hand. We walked on a few paces and, at the extremity of the street, entered a temple. There we all took off our hats. The priest uttered some *mantram* and another priest offered us holy *Sake*, Japanese wine. Then we left the temple and marched on. We walked sometimes through open valleys, sometimes through narrow footpaths, and sometimes on burnt lava. At last the first inn displayed its flying flag. We reached it and refreshed ourselves by taking some *okashi*, the Japanese sweetmeat, and some *ocha*. When we reached the second restaurant, the keeper there showed us the lake Yamanaka at the foot of green mountains. The sight was very refreshing. At the third rest-house we halted longer. Our guides, who were bringing something for our dinner, were lagging behind. We spread a cloth on the thick grass and enjoyed our meal. At the next hut we washed our hands and purchased sticks, for Japanese cleanliness did not allow us to choose the sticks with dirty hands. Some miles on, we left the shady trees and found ourselves on a big heap of lava. What a difference to the green plains below! On we struggled; stopping at every inn to take some water or *okashi*. This is a nice arrangement. Almost at every three or four miles, there is a rest-house where we can have some eatables and some drink. As at every Japanese hotel, even here we can have bedding for the night.

Gradually our sufferings increased. Between the sixth and the next hotel the path was of hard and smooth rock. The ascent was a dangerous one. With great difficulty we reached the eighth hotel by five o'clock. This was the last hotel, where sleeping accommodation was afforded, and we spent the night there. After the sun had risen the next morning, taking a little *ocha*, we began to mount the remaining height. A few paces from the top there was a small hut, and in it we saw a heap of snow. This was a shrine dedicated to Fuji San. By 5-30 we were on the top. Just at the entrance there was a small shrine in which was an image of the goddess Fliju. Fujiyama is situated at a distance of ninety miles from Tokyo, in the two central districts of Kayi and Suruga. It can be seen from several places at great distances. It presents a beautiful sight when so seen. The great plain around, Otomitoge, is fertile and several rivers run through it. The circumference at the base is nearly ninety miles. To nearly half the height, a great belt of green grows all around. But the upper half is a huge mass of lava with a few hard rocks scattered here and there. At a distance it appears as a cone of fine blue with a white cap. The top is nearly a mile in circumference. In the four corners are four projections, the highest called

*Kingamine* (the sword peak). Leaving a margin of ten and at some places of twenty yards all around on the top, the crater in the hollow cone begins to dip itself into the mountain with its base upwards. The depth of this crater is 3,000 ft. The circumference at the bottom of this crater, when seen from its edge, is twenty or thirty yards. There is a river called Fujikawa, flowing from it, and there seem to be other rivers.

The Fuji is very sacred to the Japanese and several visit it. Several foreigners also pay a curiosity-satisfying visit to it. The first Fuji pilgrim was Sin-fu, a Chinese sage who, we read, "in the third century B.C., led a train of six hundred youths and maidens to seek for the Emperor Che-Wang-Te a panacea for immortality, to be procured only on the summit of Fujiyama." The first European made the ascent in 1860, and a foreign lady also is said to have reached the top.

Well, to finish our journey. We went round the top stopping at many places to enjoy the

beauty of objects below. The Fujikawa falling into the bay of the same name was one of the many interesting scenes. Then we began our journey below. There is not much to say about the descent. In the village of Yosida, every house had its silk-spinning and weaving industries. The domestic work in these concerns is done by women, as in India. The village maiden briskly flies the shuttle and the matron turns the spinning wheel. We got into the coach, which took us from there, but it did not move for a few minutes. The whole of the street, I believe, flocked near us. There were shouts of 'Sayonara.' We in our turn stood up and waved our hats. Some paces on, the carriage stopped on account of some irregularity. The whole crowd was seen running to us. What made them do so? They are all fond of India and its men. "Will you all come to India?" I asked. A young girl replied, "Alright; but I know you are joking."

And so we reached home, a proud and satisfied party.



## Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

### I.—ADVICE TO A HINDU WIFE.

"O woman, in whose feeble hands,  
This mighty power doth dwell,—  
To make or mar a happy home—  
See that you do it well."

**I**F a wife is not taught what her duties are, and what virtues she

should try to possess, she will do more to mar her husband's home than to make it. Many a Brahmin girl-wife is kept in ignorance of what

she is to do to make her life noble, peaceful, and pure. Her attention is drawn more to the pleasures and concerns of herself and the world, than to those of her soul and conscience. In her surroundings there is much to tempt her to seek to 'deck the flesh, the sensual slave of sin, and leave in rags the immortal guest within.' She does not know how vastly the soul differs from the body

While she was with her parents, she was the apple of their eye. She knew then little of the outside world. Her parents cared more to fondle her than to give her an idea of what kind of life and trials awaited her at her husband's house. She was, perhaps, sent to school. But she received there little that can be called education. And she was married when she did not know what marriage was. Her parents thought it unimportant to bring home to her mind what a husband and a wife are:

"He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such as she thin;  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

She is now to rule over the little kingdom of Home. Her eyes are dazzled by the costly jewels and gaudy dresses. Her head is turned by the authority she holds. But her heart is not disciplined. Her mind is not cultured. But soon weighty responsibilities devolve upon her. Distracting cares ruffle her head.

And she lies exposed to temptations, deceits, and sorrows, all unprepared for them.

Shakespeare makes the reformed shrew speak thus :—

"A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance; commits his body  
To painful labour both by sea and land,  
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—  
Too little payment for so great a debt,  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,  
Should well agree with our external parts?"  
To her husband a wife ought to be,  
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing."

This means she ought to be moderate in her own pleasures, and patient in accepting the various cares of married life. She should learn to 'suffer and be strong.' For, 'the life of women is full of woe,' and

"By woe, the soul to daring action swells;  
By woe in pliant patience it excels;  
From patience prudent, clear experience springs,  
And traces knowledge through the course of things,  
Thence hope is formed, thence fortitude, success."

A prudent wife is

"She who ne'er answers till her husband cools,  
Or if she rules him, ne'er shows she rules,  
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways."

A good wife is

"Fair without vanity, rich without pride,  
Discreet though witty, learned yet very humble,  
That has no ear for flattery, no tongue  
For scandal; one who ne'er reads romances;  
Who loves to listen better than to talk,  
And rather than be gadding would sit quiet."

And again she is

"Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild;  
Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child;  
She makes excuses where she might condemn;  
Revised by those that hate her, prays for them;  
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast;  
Not soon provoked, however stung and teased,  
And, if, perhaps, made angry, soon appeased;  
She rather waives than disputes her right,  
And makes forgiveness her delight."

The husband of such a wife,

In thickest storm of contest waxes stronger  
At momentary thought of home, of her,  
His gracious wife, and bright-faced joys.  
Love's visionary splendour steeps his life  
In hues of heaven; and which, grown open day,  
Revealing perilous falls, his steps confines  
Within the pathways to the noblest end."

A writer says, "Man is continually saying to woman, 'Why are you not more wise?' Woman is constantly saying to man, 'Why are you not more loving?' Unless each is both wise and loving, there can be no real growth."

I think the following toilet requisites are of great use to my Indian sisters:—"Self-knowledge, the enchanted mirror; Contentment, wash to smooth wrinkles; Truth, fine lip-salve; Compassion, eye-water; Wisdom, to prevent eruptions; Attention and Obedience, a pair of earrings; Neatness and Industry, a pair of bracelets; Patience, an elastic girdle; Principle, ring of tried gold; Love, diamond breast-pin; Politeness, a bandana; Piety, a diadem; and Good Temper, the universal beautifier."

There is no doubt some truth in what Emilia says of Othello. She says :—

"Tis not a year or two shows us a man:  
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;  
They eat us hungrily, and, when they are full,  
They belch us."

And Men there are who as Dian says, 'serve women till women serve them; but when men have women's roses, they barely leave them thorns to prick themselves, and mock them with their bareness.' It is on this ground that Longfellow tells us the following sad truth :—

"The life of woman is full of woe,  
Toiling on and on and on,  
With breaking heart and tearful eyes  
And silent lips, and in the soul  
The secret longings that arise,  
Which this world never satisfies.  
Some more, some less, but of the whole  
Not one quite happy, no, not one!"

Yes, man is imperious and woman is feeble. Yet, God is just. Pray to Him, and He will give you patience and hope.

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary."

"Be gentle, woman! Sweet, be patient  
Amidst stern storms of strife, and racking cares,  
Be generous. Be brave, weak woman! for  
Fate asks of thee a courage born of stern  
Necessity. Be firm, frail woman! like  
A rock on shore where Passion's breakers surge  
For evermore."

ROSE.



## II.—LINES ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND AND SENT WITH MY PICTURE.

If e'er my image faint should grow  
Upon the canvas of thy mind ;  
If e'er cruel Time his veil should throw,  
And make my features hard to find ;  
Sweet soul ! *Then* to this picture turn,  
Of one, whose heart beats time to thine ;  
In whom *thy* Light doth brightly burn,  
*Thy* Love for aye must brightly shine !

PREMA.

## III.—DEATH.

No man can escape death. Sooner or later it will come to every man on this earth ; whether it be in his childhood, when he is just beginning to understand things, to perceive the beauty and the wonder of everything around him ; whether it be in his manhood, when maybe he is in the midst of some splendid career, with a glorious field of action stretching before him ; or whether it be in his old age, when he is resting from his labours, and enjoying the fruits of his work, (whether good or bad.) Sometimes it may come suddenly, with no warning at all ; sometimes it may come slowly, when a man is quite prepared for it ; it may come to a man, when he is quite willing to welcome it ; and it may not come to him, when he is longing for it. But, whenever it may come, it is certain to come. Death is very impartial ; it does not care for wealth ; it does not cringe to power ; it has no pity for anyone ; it feels no sorrow when it destroys the hopes of a man ; it feels no remorse, when it has been keeping a man waiting for years. It was a beautiful fancy of the poet, when he compared death to a reaper, who ruthlessly cuts down everything which comes within his sickle's range, whether it be flowers, or grass, or tares, or corn. What then is this death, this conquering hero, to whom every man must bow ?

Different nations have different ideas on this subject. The Hindus and the Buddhists believe in the transmigration of souls. They think that a man, if he is perfect in his earthly life, will be absorbed into the godhead ; and if he is not quite perfect in this life, if he has done any wrong, his soul will enter the body of a beast, or some lower animal, which his wrong doings will make him equal to.

The Muhammadans think that their happiness in the next world depends on the bravery they exhibit here, and the zeal with which they convert others to their faith. They think that this happiness consists in perfect enjoyment and bliss.

The ancient Greeks had different ideas about death. The Epicureans, for instance, thought that our present actions do not in any way influence one's happiness in heaven. In fact they thought that they could do anything here without fear of punishment ; and so their name now is an epithet applied to the man, who indulges in every kind of luxury and pleases himself in every respect.

The Christians think that a man will be requited according to his deeds, in the next world ; that, if he has believed in Christ, and done everything in his power to please Him, he will live for ever with God and His angels ; that, if on the contrary, he has only striven to please himself, he will go to Hell to be tortured everlastingly by the remorse of his mind.

But no one can be quite sure about what will happen to him after death. Yet of one thing we may be sure. All the many things that have puzzled us here will be explained to us then. The many doubts, which assail man about the meaning of his life on this earth will all be cleared then. The questions about man's free will to choose between good and evil ; about the origin of evil in this world, and about many other things will be explained. Now we do not understand many of God's actions ; sometimes things happen to us, which seem to us as if they will result directly in evil ; but by and by they turn out to be good. Sometimes the pain, which a man passes through, the sufferings he may have to endure, seem quite unnecessary ; but, if we reflect well, we shall see that pain and sorrow strengthen a man's character so much, that a man of very weak character may emerge from his troubles strong and firm, and ready to meet and conquer difficulties, which before seemed quite insurmountable.

Almost every man in this world is afraid of death. This fear is to some extent natural, for it is always difficult to pass into unknown states without a shrinking of the nerves. But if a man trusts in God, if he feels that he has done all in his power to please Him, he will not be so afraid of death. No man can be perfect ; even the greatest man, sooner or later, will fall ; but every man can *try* to be good ; every man can try to please God. A man fears death most, when he knows that he has not commended himself to God. Some, however, pass on to death, for instance, criminals, who are to be executed, without flinching. This is partly the result of their knowing that they are innocent of the crimes attributed to them, partly the result of their trust in God, and partly the result of their own obstinacy.

Many people are so unselfish, so devoted to their countries, that they will die with its name

on their lips. For instance, Pitt, Nelson and Cromwell with their dying breaths called blessings on their native land. It is this patriotism, which enables people to become soldiers, to take up an occupation, which may send them any moment into the land of death.

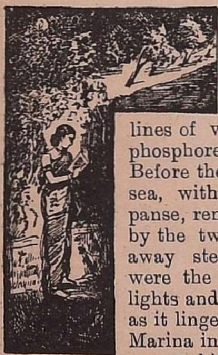
Every man has to be ready for death at all times. True, it is very hard to leave loved ones behind us; but, if God wishes it, what can we do? This is again one of the many inexplicable things, which happen in this world of ours. We may be rebelliously inclined to ask, why a man, who has done nothing but good to his country, should die; or why a man who has done nothing but evil, should not die. Only God can answer this. Only let us trust him absolutely with our lives, knowing that He will never do anything which is not good for us.

NARAYANI.

## A Brave Woman.

### AN INDIAN STORY.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.



IT was the twilight of a beautiful summer's evening. Three young Hindu men sat on the beach-sands, close to the long lines of waves, which broke in phosphorescent foam on the shore. Before them lay the shimmering sea, with its sense of infinite expanse, rendered still more infinite by the twinkling light of a far-away steamer. Behind them were the white sands and the lights and sounds of civilization, as it lingered for a while by the Marina in the fading twilight of approaching night. For the mo-

ment the young men felt as if they were in a world of their own. They chatted to one another on all sorts of topics. Their language was that mixture of English and the vernacular, which is so often used in excited moments by Indian students.

"I say, Venkata Rao," said one, "What do you think of that old missionary? Is he not getting too influential?"

Venkata Rao was silent, but the other young man answered: "influential? I do not think so. Once in six months he makes a convert, and he

has made only about six. What are they among so many?"

"They are the leaven, which leavens the whole lump, as the missionary himself says. Besides that, the educational work he is doing is giving him a great influence."

"Our education has nothing to do with Christianity."

"But, when it is given by a Christian? I think we should all leave the college."

"Not at all. Education is worth any risks."

"But not the risk of endangering our old Hindu religion. Our religion is everything."

"Everything! Nothing at all." It was Venkata Rao, who now spoke. "What is the use of the Hindu religion? Christianity is the noblest religion in the world. Christ is—." Suddenly the speaker stopped short. He seemed to be aware that he had said too much. The other two friends looked at him askance.

"He is a queer customer," they said to each other.

"You see, he will do something extraordinary yet."

They were quite right. Venkata Rao did do something extraordinary. He became a Christian.

\* \* \* \*

At the inner door of a large Hindu house, a young girl stood weeping silent tears. Her mother-in-law, sister-in-law, and the other women were bitterly reproaching her. It was all her fault. *She* had sent Venkata Rao away. Could she not have kept him back? What was the use of a wife? She had done something wrong in her last birth. She was an unfortunate woman. Better if she had died.

Gauri, the unfortunate daughter-in-law, woke up, as usual, very early the next morning, to attend to the household business. She had had the house swept; with her own pretty hands, she had drawn the intricate pattern of chalk lines before the front door. She had brought in the water herself, for cooking purposes, from the well in the shed. She had seen to the cooking vessels being cleaned. And now it was time for the milk-man to come.

Mangama, the milk-woman, who came with her husband every morning, was well-known to Gauri, who took an active interest in the affairs of her servants. They were accustomed to talk to each other like friends.

"How are you, Mangama?" she now asked, "Is all well at home?"

"Oh, yes, except that the black cow is sick. And, how are you? Is the mother-in-law still worrying you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the girl wearily.

"For shame! and you such a good daughter too. Why did you not go with your husband? Would you go now if you had the chance?"

Gauri did not answer, but hung her pretty head in silence. But the milk-woman evidently took the answer for granted, for she slipped a letter into the girl's hands.

"Here is something for you," she whispered. "Hush! do not talk, there is someone coming. Read and see, and let me know."

It was long before Gauri found time to read her precious letter. But, when she did read it, it seemed to have an unhappy effect on her. For her work after that was carelessly done, she looked nervous and *distract*, and many were the reproaches her mother-in-law heaped against her. It was her duty again in the evening to see to the milk, and this time Gauri managed to slip a letter into the milk-woman's hands. The next day, she begged permission from her mother-in-law to go to her own house for a day, which permission was, after many evasions, grudgingly granted.

Gauri's own home was a poor one. Her old father was still working as a clerk in a Government office. Her mother attended to the domestic work; her brother helped to support the little family. When Gauri arrived at the house, she was welcomed by her mother, but the girl felt that there was an undercurrent of uneasiness under all the pleasant words. Soon the cause of it was explained. It was afternoon, and the two men had gone to their office duties. The women were alone. Gauri sat with her head on her mother's lap, and the old woman fondled the dark curly tresses, which lay under her hand. Presently she sat up straighter on the mat. "Gauri," she said, "dear daughter, do not be angry with me. But you must not come so often to our house."

"Why not, mother?" asked the daughter rebelliously, "I am so unhappy there."

"I know, I know. But you must consider that they will be angry with you. We are growing old, and—and, if anything happens, there must be some one to look after you. Your husband is gone, and—"

The girl cut her short. "What will happen to you, dear mother? You will live many years yet."

"I must tell you now, Gauri. We are going away on a pilgrimage to Kasi. And then, what will you do, dear one?"

Long and bitter were the girl's tears at this announcement. "You are leaving me alone, alone, mother," she wept, "I have no one to look after me;" and then, after a while, "If I do—do anything—wrong, mother, you will forgive me and think kindly of me, will you not?"

The mother thought these were but the dis-

tracted words of heavy grief, and fondly soothed her daughter.

That night, Gauri and her mother were eating their simple meal together. The girl had served the old lady's food, had washed her hand, and was just putting it into her rice, when a low whistle was heard outside.

"Hear that!" grumbled the old woman. This is a bad locality. The streets are getting noisy." But Gauri had gone suddenly pale. She could not talk. She was trying to stand up on trembling feet.

"Where are you going child? What is the matter with you?"

"No—nothing" mumbled the trembling creature, "one minute."

She was at the door. The mother had begun her food, thinking nothing was the matter. Gauri stood a moment, regarding the dear old bent head. Then, with a wave of the hand and a stifled sob, she was gone.

The mother finished her dinner, wondered where her daughter was, got up to look for her. No Gauri anywhere! Where was she gone? Finally the father and brother were called, and a hue and cry was raised.

What was the use? Gauri had gone with her husband. This was what had happened. Gauri went at once to a portion of the wall, which was broken down a little. She did not even wait to wash her hands, she seemed to be so dazed. A head cautiously rose on the other side. A hand grasped hers, gave it a reassuring pressure and impelled her, as it were, to climb the wall with the aid of some stones, which seemed to have been placed there on purpose. Once safe on the other side, she was hurried along a narrow lane, at the end of which a palanquin was waiting. She was put inside, the doors were closed, and away the bearers trotted noiselessly, carrying her away from her home forever.

Gauri knew her husband was by her side. She knew that two or three other men also were guarding her. And once, through the chink of the door, she caught a glimpse of a white face under a European hat, beneath which glistened a close crop of grey hair. Surely, it was the venerable missionary? How good of him to come personally for her! No wonder his converts and his students adored him!

But the turmoil in Gauri's heart nearly choked her. She was going away from home. She was entering a new phase of life. What did she know of the Christians? She could not eat their food, she could not associate with casteless people. Her whole body shuddered at the thought. And then her poor old mother and her father? who was to comfort them? Gauri had not even the consolation of religion to comfort

her, for she knew hardly anything of Christianity, beyond what her husband had tried to teach her. What was she to do?

And yet it was all for her husband. She was by his side. That was enough for her. Was she not doing the duty of a wife, a *Pativrata*?

## Editorial Notes.

### The death of Mr. Ravi Varma, the Indian Artist.

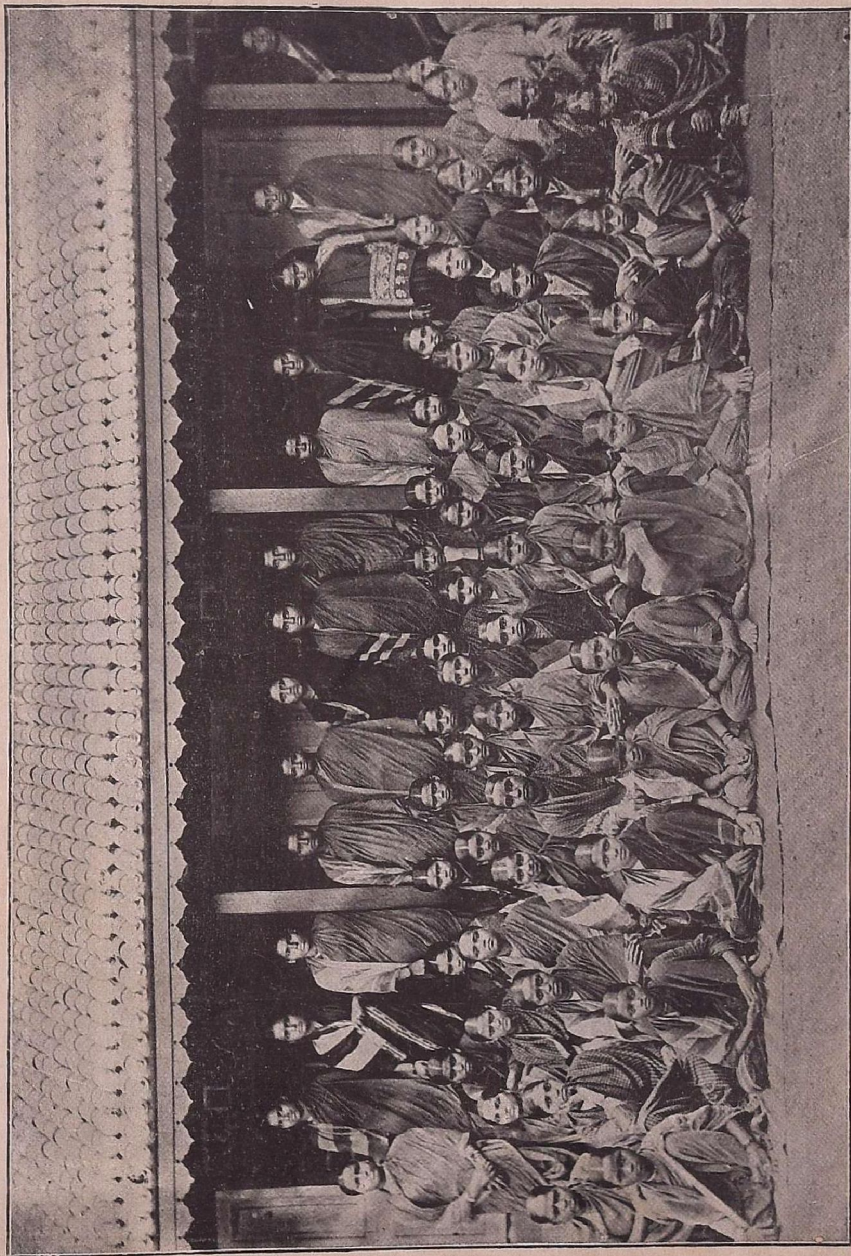
The death of this great artist will be felt almost as a personal loss by his many admirers throughout India. He was undoubtedly a man of talent, and many of his paintings were very beautiful. In one of the back-numbers of our Magazine we have given an account of his life, and of how his talent for painting grew from childhood and made itself felt in his after-life, though there was not much training for it. Ravi Varma idealised many of the mythical figures of our ancient literature, and to him many of us owe our increased interest in this beautiful literature of our land, for pictures do make life real and more vivid and there are few of us who have so much imagination as to realize to ourselves the scenes of life we read about. Painting is one of the least cultivated arts in India, and I am afraid it will be long before we or our descendants will be privileged to see such another beautifier of life, as Ravi Varma was. May his memory be long revered, and may many of the youth of our nation try to follow his great example! Ravi Varma was ever a great friend to our Magazine, in which he took a keen interest. He placed all his pictures at our disposal and they gave a typical Indian interest to the journal. And now that he is gone, we do not know where we may find such another friend and helper.

The last progress report of this most useful institution, published in the columns of the *Indian Social Reformer* of Bombay, is to a degree encouraging. The visit of Mrs. Parvatibai Athvale to Bombay has so far resulted in the collection of Rs. 600. Mr. S. R. Patvardhan, of Nagpur, has contributed Rs. 2,000 to establish a scholarship, for the maintenance of a widow inmate of the Home, in memory of his wife Shrimati Parvatibai. Several distinguished ladies and gentlemen visited the Home during the past few months,

among them being the Lord Bishop of Bombay, Mrs. Gibb and the Hon'ble Mr. G. K. Parekh—all of whom, we understand, gave substantial proofs of their sympathy. Home Institutions like the Widows' Home cannot be firmly established unless they have very large permanent and endowed funds, and it is hoped that, in this land of charity, Prof. Karve's institution at Poona will not be allowed to suffer on this account. We give, in this number, two interesting photos of the non-widow and the widow members of the Home.

The C. M. S. Sarah Tucker College, Palamcottah, occupies the foremost rank among the institutions in Southern India which are working in the field of female education. It is a residential college of the second grade, teaching up to the F. A. Standard of the Madras University. To the College are attached several useful institutions—a Training College, a High School, a Practising School, a School for Blind boys and another for Blind girls, besides a Hospital. The institutions are all well managed and have on their staff a Principal, a Vice-Principal, and as many as 37 teachers, not to speak of two writers, a matron, and a nurse. This plentiful supply of workers explains the brilliant (sometimes even phenomenal) success which has attended these institutions.

During the year ending March last, there were 409 pupils on the rolls of the central institution, 8 of whom were in the College, 63 in the High School, 123 in the Lower Secondary, 120 in the Primary, and 34 in the Training Departments and 61 in the Blind Classes. Besides these Christian pupils, there were 2,003 Hindu and Mussalman children in the Branch Schools affiliated to the College. The institutions did good work during the year, though the results in public examinations were not as good as in past years. Three girls were sent for the F. A. Examination, of whom one, Joy Rajamma, passed, and is now studying for the B. A. Degree at Trichinopoly. In the Matriculation Examination, only two passed out of the ten that went up. In the Training School Preliminary Written Test, the College did exceedingly well, only three students having failed out of the twenty-six that were sent up. For the Peter Cabor Scripture Examination of the Second Grade, thirty-two appeared, of whom twenty-nine passed and obtained certificates. The Y. W. C. A., with its missionary working parties, prayer meetings and Bible classes, and the Gleaners' Union, which had 114 members, did much towards the spiritual awakening among the girls. The babies' working party, called "the Sewers' Band," which consists of children in and below



THE WIDOW STUDENTS OF THE HINDU WIDOWS' HOME, POONA.



THE NON-WIDOW STUDENTS OF THE HINDU WIDOWS' HOME, POONA.

the fourth standard, made 180 articles—needle books, large and small bags, quilts and dolls, all of which, with the exception of quilts, were given away to the Hindu children of the Branch Schools as presents. The Tinnevely Children's Mission, whose object is to train little children to lead a godly life and to help other people, was 210 strong during the year under review. The report says that three cots are needing support at £3 a year each and that money is also wanted for a new supply of medicines. It is hoped that the required amount will soon be found. The work among the blind embraces teaching, weaving and gardening. £1,000 at least is needed for a new building for the blind children and it is suggested that the different rooms or departments may be built of £20, £30 or £50 each, in memory of different beloved relatives or friends, by those interested in the blind. The Branch Schools met with some opposition from the Roman Catholics and Mussalmans; but the institutions have shown progress on the whole. Support is needed for the Boarding Schools at Nallur and Suvisechepuram, which have been going on quite satisfactorily. The Report of the Government Inspectress is very satisfactory, and the institutions have been recommended for increased grants-in-aid.

The receipts during the year amount to Rs. 47,614-13-0, which have all been spent with for an aggregate balance of Rs. 3,552-6-3.

The Report records a pleasant incident which should always be remembered in the history of the Sarah Tucker College. We allude to the visit of Miss Mary Sarah Tucker, whose father was a cousin of the founder of the College. She was given an enthusiastic reception, an account of which from her own pen is appended in the Report before us. Miss M. S. Tucker was present at the last Prize Distribution in the beautiful black silk dress of the illustrious Miss Sarah Tucker and gave away the prizes to the successful students of the year. Mr. D. D. Murdoch, i.c.s., who presided, bore testimony to the good work that is being done at the College, which he described as "one of the greatest utility in the present and of bright hope for the future of female education"—a commendation which the Institution richly deserves.

## Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE  
*Indian Ladies' Magazine.*

DEAR MADAM,

Would it be possible to form in India a National Council of Women Workers, which could be affiliated to the International Council of Women?

The International Council of Women is a Federation of National Councils of Women belonging to all nations. These National Councils are themselves composed of National Societies and Local Councils.

The main objects of this International Council are—

(1) To promote unity, mutual understanding and trust between the women workers of all nations.

(2) To provide a centre where women workers can meet every five years, and also to promote a medium of communication between all such workers at all times.

(3) To give opportunity for the women workers of all nations to unite on certain general lines of work, such as they may decide on from time to time, and which they believe will further the application of the Golden Rule to Society, Custom, and Law all the world over.

It meets every five years when it transacts business and elects officers. It was formed at Washington in 1888, and held its second meeting at the close of the Congress of Women of all nations in Chicago, 1893.

The third meeting met in June, 1899, and the fourth was held at Berlin in June, 1904. The International Council is organized in the interests of no one propaganda and has no power over the Councils of which it is composed—therefore no National Council voting to become a Member of the International Council shall render itself liable to be interfered with in respect to its complete organic unity, independence, or methods of work, or shall be committed to any principle or method of any other Council, or to any utterance or act of the International Council, beyond compliance with its objects.

Each National Council is represented at the International Council by their President and two delegates, and the Executive of the International Council is composed of the President of each National Council together with the elected officers which are elected at each Quinquennial Meeting. The elected officers consist of a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding Secretary, a Recording Secretary and Treasurer. The Executive Committee holds two meetings each quinquennial period in addition to the business meetings which are held at the time of each Quinquennial Session.

In addition to the Executive Committee the International Council has seven Standing Committees, Finance, Press, Peace and Arbitration, Laws concerning the Legal Position of Women, Suffrage and Right of Citizenship, and State Traffic and Equal Moral Standard. These Standing Committees consist of one representative for every affiliated National Council, and are

constantly collecting statistics and information on their respective fields of work.

The most practical results of the influence of the International Council can be best traced through the work of the National Councils, which can show good proof of having been instrumental in breaking down prejudice and in promoting mutual understanding and charity between adherents of essentially different faiths, races and parties, and of providing a centre round which all who desire to labour for the good of humanity can unite for the common cause. They also have in addition—

(a) Collected and spread correct information about women's work, its needs and its opportunities.

(b) Prevented the overlapping and multiplication of organisations for kindred causes.

(c) Given women workers the opportunity of widening their knowledge and of increasing their faith and charity by interchange of views and personal touch with other workers whom they would not otherwise meet.

(d) Been instrumental in forming unions for common aims between associations which become acquainted with each other's work by means of the Council's meetings.

(e) Through their united and representative influence, they have been able to help local, municipal and legislative bodies to effect much in the reform and administration of various laws bearing on women and children and on the home. The International Council is endeavouring in its turn to do the same work on a larger scale, and to provide a common centre around which information about all that concerns women, their work, education and opportunities in all parts of the world may be gathered and tabulated ready for use, a centre, too, which will prove a rallying point where they will learn to know and trust one another, to find strength and guidance and inspiration for united effort for those causes which appeal to all humanity.

The countries which already have National Councils of Women are as follows: United States, Canada, Germany, Sweden, Great Britain and Ireland, Denmark, Netherlands, New South Wales, Tasmania, New Zealand, Italy, France, Argentine Victoria, South Australia, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Norway, and Belgium. (This list is written in order of their formation, that of the United States being the first and Belgium the last).

These National Councils, which are federated to the International Council, are usually formed at a meeting, to which representatives of all existing Societies of which women are members are invited to consider the subject which is then brought before each individual Society for approval. It will thus be seen that the National Councils are

Confederations of Societies and not of individual workers. The bases of organisation is the same for the National Councils and for the International Council, namely,

(a) To promote greater unity of thought, sympathy and purpose between women workers of all classes, parties and creeds.

(b) To further the application of the Golden Rule. (Do unto others as you would they should do unto you in Society, Custom, and Law.)

A National Council becomes federated with the International Council, by holding a general meeting at which a vote has been passed in favour of an application for federation. A formal application is then sent to the Corresponding Secretary of the International Council, for submission to the Executive together with a copy of the resolution by which the application for federation was passed and a copy of the Constitution and Rules of the National Council making such an application. After federation each National Council contributes £4 annually to the General Fund of the International Council.

I will take, as an example, of a National Council, the National Union of Women of Great Britain and Ireland.

This exists—

(1) To promote sympathy of thought and purpose among the women of Great Britain and Ireland.

(2) To promote the social, civil, moral, and religious welfare of women.

(3) To focus and redistribute information likely to be of service to women workers.

(4) To federate women's organisations and to encourage and assist the formation of local Councils and Unions of women.

All Societies nationally organized or of national importance are invited to send representatives to its Council. It has no power over the organisations which constitute it, and federated Societies incur no responsibility on account of any action taken either by the Council or by any other federated Society. The Governing Body meets once a year and elects a President, Vice-President, and Executive Committee. The Executive appoints Sectional Committees and these meet quarterly to report to the Executive on the progress of their work. These Sectional Committees consist of a Publication Committee, a Legislative Committee, an Industrial Committee, a Preventive and Rescue Committee, a Girls' Club Committee and a Central Bureau for the employment of Women's Committee.

This National Union has branches in all the chief towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland. As an example of a Branch, I will take the one in Liverpool, of which I am a Member. The objects of this Branch are—

(1) To form a common centre for all women, and associations engaged in the work of helping and caring for others and to encourage sympathy and co-operation between the workers.

(2) To consider how best to promote the religious, moral, and social life of women in general.

(3) To hear Reports of different Societies at work in Liverpool, in order to be able to focus and re-distribute information concerning them.

(4) To obviate, if possible, the multiplication of Societies, if those already in existence appear to supply the required need.

Any woman engaged in Religious, Philanthropic, or Educational work may become a Member by payment of an annual minimum subscription. The officers consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Representative Members elected by the various Societies who have agreed to join the Union.

A General Meeting is held quarterly.

In connection with this Branch is an Enquiring and Employment Bureau for Women, which gives information with regard to profession and occupation for women, and the best means of training and preparing for them. It also forms a Central Office for the various Societies which constitute the Branch, where their Reports may be referred to, and information obtained, with regard to their work. It is in possession of a Special Fund by means of which small loans may be made to those applicants, who wish to obtain work for which a definite training is required, which they have not the means of paying for. These loans are repaid in instalments as soon as employment has been obtained.

I have no doubt that similar Branches and Councils exist in India under different names, and it would be a great thing if they could all combine together to form one National Council which would send representatives to the International Council.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

N. H. BLAIR.

## Selections.

THE LATE MISS A. C. MAITLAND.

(From "the London Times.")

**N**OT only Oxford, and Somerville College, which she ruled so long with such happy success, but all people interested in women's education will feel the poorer by the death of Miss Agnes Catherine Maitland, Principal of Somerville College, which

occurred on the 19th August, at 12, Norham-road, Oxford.

Born in London on April 12, 1849, the second daughter of Mr. David John Maitland, of Chipperkyle, in Galloway, she had spent her earlier life in Scotland and in Liverpool, where her father had settled in business. There she became actively interested in public work and, particularly, in the Domestic Science Training School established there by Miss Fanny L. Calder, in 1876, and qualified herself for work as an Examiner and Writer on the subject. In Liverpool, she was Inspector of Classes in Elementary Schools for the Liverpool School of Domestic Economy. In this work, and as lecturer for many years for the National Union of Schools of Domestic Economy, she made her mark as an authority on this side of women's education. When she came to Oxford, in 1889, as Principal of Somerville Hall, her vigorous mind and fine character found a wider sphere of usefulness. The Hall had already, under its first Principal, Miss Shaw Lefevre, won for itself a secure position among Women's Colleges; but in numbers and equipment its development had only begun. The students, who were then only 35, with a resident staff of two, are now 83, with a staff of six, besides the many University lecturers who teach for the College.

This increase has been accompanied by an extension of the buildings of the Hall, which became incorporated as Somerville College in 1894. The west buildings, begun under the first Principal, were completed in 1894. The old Hall was enlarged in 1896-97, and the east and west parts of the College were connected by the building of a new library, from a design by Mr. Basil Champneys, in 1903-4. This work in brick and stone is only the outward sign of the inward growth of the College, not only in numbers, but in the academic spirit and in unity of life and purpose. It was largely due to Miss Maitland's wise policy that the staff has been more and more associated with her in the management of the College, and that the old students, by a change in the constitution, were enabled to become governors," with the right to elect members of the Council. In this and in her power of governing the College with the fewest possible rules, she showed the liberal and statesman-like qualities which were part of her character. The result was seen, not only in the academic successes of the College, but in the close hold which it has kept upon its old students. No one who was present at the opening of the library by Mr. John Morley, two years ago, could fail to see what respect and affection Miss Maitland called forth from students, both of the earlier and the later times, and what a large place she filled in the lives of the scattered members of Somerville. But, closely bound up with the College as her

life was, it had a still wider range of influence. As a member of the educational section of the National Union of Women Workers, and of the Committee of the University Association of Women Teachers, she put her wise counsel and her lucid and persuasive speech at the service of the general interests of Englishwomen's education. In this devoted service of her College and of the community at large she has spent her active years. For this she lived. A few months ago she had warning that her life was in danger; an operation was necessary, and, though at first she rallied and her friends hoped for her recovery, it was not for long. Amid much pain she always kept her courage and her keen interest in the affairs of her College and her country, and her mind was clear to the last.

Few men or women have combined in fuller measure than Miss Agnes Maitland administrative gifts of a high order with a character in which good sense and active and affectionate sympathy were equally matched. Among the many able women who have found a new field for their powers in the development of women's education, she will always hold an honoured place. With wisdom, tact, and dignity, she combined the power to command the deep affection of her students and her colleagues, and in their lives she will live long."

### A Girl's Educational Trust.

*(From the Madras Mail.)*

THE English Mail to hand brings the announcement of the death, on the 19th ultimo, of Maria Georgina, widow of the late Mr. William Grey, in her ninety-first year. This lady and her sister, the late Miss Emily Shirreff, were prominently associated for many years of their long lives with schemes for the higher education of girls by combined private effort, and more especially with the establishment of the Girls' Public Day School Trust; but, owing to the infirmities of advanced age, both ladies had, some fifteen years ago, to seek comparative retirement. The Trust has proved a greater success than they may have dared to anticipate when they succeeded in setting it on foot in 1872 with the co-operation of the Dowager Lady Stanley, of Alderley, Miss Gurney, Sir J. Kay-Shuttleworth, and others. The Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyle, is the sympathetic and active Patron of the Trust; and the late Earl Spencer, K. G., filled for several years the office of President. There are thirteen Vice-Presidents, including the Marquis of Lansdowne, a former Viceroy of India; Lord Reay, a former

Governor of Bombay; Viscount Peel, a former Speaker of the House of Commons; Viscountess Jersey; Lady Frederick Cavendish; Miss Mary Gurney; and the now deceased Mrs. Grey. And there is a Council, of which Sir William Bousfield is Chairman, with seventeen members, including Miss Gurney; Lady Digby; Lady Savory; Mrs. Crowder; Miss Grenfell; Sir Alfred Lyall, a former Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces; Canon Bell, etc. The Trust maintains High Schools at Bath, Birkenhead, Blackheath, Brighton and Hove, Bromley, Carlisle, Clapham, Dover, Dulwich, Gateshead, Highbury and Islington, Ipswich, Kensington, Liverpool, Newcastle, Norwich, Nottingham, Notting Hill and Bayswater, Oxford, Paddington and Maida Vale, Portsmouth, Putney, Sheffield, Shrewsbury, Streatham, and Brixton, Sutton, Sydenham, Tunbridge Wells, Wimbledon, and York. Licensed boarding-houses are attached to about half of these schools. The pupils now exceed 7,000 in number, and on the school staffs there are 800 ladies, most of whom have taken a degree or honours at a University. There are also numerous masters for special subjects. The Schools are periodically inspected by educational experts of the highest class, who report thereon and offer advice to the head-mistresses and to the Council.

The chief aim is to secure for girls an education of the best description at a moderate cost; and, at the same time, to form their character by moral and religious teaching, and thus to fit them for the business and duties of life. The girls are much encouraged to acquire proficiency in physical exercises and out-of-door games, during the three terms, each of about thirteen weeks in each year. The management of the Games' Clubs and the Societies of the schools is entrusted to the elder girls, who thus, it is stated, learn to carry out details of organisation with method of accuracy, and acquire the feeling of responsibility for themselves and others which is the basis of public school life and character, and the best preparation for the responsibilities of the future. Most of the schools have magazines of their own, to which the girls themselves and the mistresses are contributors. The most up-to-date methods of instruction are systematically adopted, and all kinds of subjects are taught, while domestic economy and needle-work are not neglected. Girls who have an instinctive taste for music, singing, art, or science are afforded the opportunity of developing their innate abilities. The schools are examined once a year by the joint Board of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and certificates of proficiency are given. In the year before last 111 girls

educated in schools of the Trust gained the Higher Certificates and 62 obtained other distinctions, while 21 girls won Entrance Scholarships to Women's Colleges in Oxford, Cambridge, and London. In the same year the following honours were gained by former pupils, 17 Moderations and Final Honours at Oxford; 29 Triposes at Cambridge; 26 Final Degrees at London; 5 Medical Degrees and 1 Master of Arts Degree at Aberdeen, etc. The entrance fee for a girl over seven years of age is one guinea; and the term-fee commences at £2 2s. to £3 10s. for a girl under seven; remains at £3 10s. while she is under ten; then rises to £4 10s. and there remains until she is thirteen; after which it is £5 10s.—to which charges 5s. per term is added for stationery. At only four of the schools is a public charge of 5s. per term made for physical exercises. Regarded from all points of view the Trust should, for many a year to come, prove an invaluable and worthy memorial, incidentally, of Mrs. William Grey, who is described by the *Times* as "one of the strongest and most active of those who in the seventies worked effectively for the higher education of girls," and who retained to the last her keen sympathy with "those who care for women's education." A school at Brondesbury in London is named the Maria Grey Training College for Women after her. The fees there are from £24 to £31 a year.

## What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

—The Isabella Thoburn College passed four lady students in the B.A., one passing in the first Division.

—A Hindu widow marriage has taken place at Multan. Both parties belonged to orthodox families.

—Maharani Laksmibai, widow of the late Maharajah of Darbhanga, has contributed Rs. 1,000 to the fund opened by Mr. Egerton, District Magistrate, for the relief of the destitute;

—Miss G. Fernandez, A.L.C.M., the daughter of Dr. Fernandez, who recently passed the A. L. C. M. examination very creditably, is going to Bangalore shortly to join the music class which is to be opened there by a German Professor. I may mention that Dr. Fernandez is himself a good musician and excellent violinist.

—Four hundred ladies met at Mymensingh, in the City College, on the 26th ultimo, to express their profound sorrow at the death of Mr. A. M. Bose, who, besides his other noble services, worked for the cause of female education. A committee has been formed for holding similar anniversaries and an annual fair called "Ananda-Khetra." Sreemati Sarat Kamini Devi Choudhury announced a prize of Rs. 25, for the best essay on Mr. Bose's life by any Bengali lady.

—On the 14th instant, a widow marriage was celebrated at Hughli. Babu Bhaba Tarar Banerjee of

Burdwan, whose age is 27, was married to Sreemati Nimrola Kumari Devi, whose age is 18, daughter of the late Babu Nitya Gopal Ghosal, an inhabitant of Hughli. The marriage has been registered under Act III of 1872.

—The Secretary, Widow Marriage Association, Jhansi, writes:—Two widow marriages took place here on the 2nd instant, under the auspices of the Widow Marriage Association, Jhansi—Shrimati Ramdevi, widow, Chhuttri caste, aged about 21 years, of Jhansi District, was married to Babu Nand Lal Khuttri, Secretary, Arya Samaj, Sayadwalla, District Montgomery, Punjab, aged about 27 years; and Shrimati Pran Peari Devi, widow, Brahmin caste, of Jhansi District, aged about 23 years, was married to Babu Sheolal, merchant, Jhansi city, aged about 35 years. About 300 people were present on the occasion.—*Indian Social Reformer*.

—A memorable meeting of lady Swadeshists took place recently in Baroda largely attended by cultured ladies representing the Mahratta, Gujarati, Parsee and Mahomedan societies. Extemporaneous though the whole thing was, a sort of miniature Exhibition of Swadesh goods was also held. Mrs. Samsuddin Sulemanji, (a cultured Mahomedan lady, be it noted) presided; Mrs. Herlekar, Mrs. Sharada Metha, B.A., and several other ladies made eloquent speeches avowing that *Swadeshism* would prove to be the *Salvation* of India, and that the women of this country ought to realise their responsible position as mothers, wives and sisters, and remember that the future of Aryavarta depends upon them.

—Mr. Maranna Gounden of Coimbatore has given Rs. 5,000 towards Mrs. Besant's Hindu Girls' School, Madras, which she is starting on the lines of the Central Hindu College, Benares.

—The Theosophical Society has started a Girls' School at Coimbatore under the name of "Annie Besant's Girls' School." Girls are admitted free, and as a result of this competition many of the girls are drawn away from the Government Girls' School, where they are required to pay the usual fees.

—The *Kayastha Messenger* writes: "It is gratifying to learn that arrangements have been made for the education of *Purdah* ladies in the Hindu Girls' School of Lucknow. The daughter of Babu Kunjabehari Sen, Sub-Judge, has offered her services and has consented to work five hours a day without any remuneration. It is a labour of love. The Indian people have after all begun to realize that there can be no true and real national growth without imparting sound education to the female sex."

—In memory of his wife, the late lamented Tara Bai, Mr. Wanave of the Poona Civil and Military Orphanage, has founded four scholarships of Rs. 10 each for girls studying English, 4th or 5th Standard in any school. The scholarships will be continued till they pass an Examination on condition that the scholars undertake to serve the Orphanage for three years after finishing their course. We understand that the scholarships are available in any part of India and for girls of any caste or creed.

—Miss Sarojini Das, daughter of Babu Sadayacharan Das of Sylhet, has passed the B. A. examination of the Allahabad University. She is the first lady graduate of Sylhet.

—A Sub-Committee consisting of Mr. Syed Karamat Husain, Bar-at-Law, Pundit Bhagwandin of the Meerut Arya Samaj, Miss Arundale of the Benares

Central Hindu College, one lady representative of the Church Missionary Society and two Inspectresses of Girls' Schools has been sitting at Allahabad from the 21st of September to consider the lines on which text-books for girls are to be prepared.

—We are glad to learn that the Lucknow Hindu Girls' School Committee has opened a class for *pardanashin* ladies—married young women and widows. The authorities have been fortunate in securing the honorary services of Srimati Kalawati, the widowed daughter of Babu Kurjbehari Seth, Sub-Judge, who, with his brother Babu Brijbehari Seth, is an ardent and practical advocate of female education. Srimati Kalawati under the guardianship of her aunt Mrs. Brijbehari Seth, attends daily and works for five hours in the school.

—The fourth annual report of the Kanya Pathashala of Dehra Dun for the year ending the 30th June last, states that the number of pupils on the rolls was 80 as against 60 in the previous year. The accounts are satisfactory, and the landed property of the school is now valued at over Rs. 10,000. At the request of Shri Swami Prakashanand Maharaj Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales graciously honoured the Kanya Pathashala with a visit on the 5th March. After the presentation of an address Her Royal Highness inspected the various classes, examining many of the pupils. After a visit to the Pathashala, Mr. Harvey, Inspector of Schools, United Provinces, wrote: "In no other school so far visited have I found girls staying in school so long and carrying their studies so far as in this school and I am of opinion that only under conditions such as obtain in this school would such a satisfactory result be achieved."

—The Annual Meetings for bible-women, and other Christian women of all Missions in Bombay city, were held from September 17 to 21, and were, we believe, a time of blessing to many. Every morning some sixty to eighty women assembled in the Wesleyan Church, Byculla, while in the evening the meetings were in the C.M.S. Hall, Girgaum, and were open to men also; some evenings about 200 were present.

No fixed subjects had been chosen this year, but in a remarkable way almost all the speakers seemed to have the same thought in their minds, viz., the Infilling of the Holy Spirit. This necessarily led to the conditions of receiving, and so the burden of the addresses was—repent, get right with God. The messages were given with much power, and the presence of God was very evident. The congregation seemed to come with hearts hungry for blessing, and we believe many really met with God. Prayer is asked that the work begun in hearts many continue and may result in fresh life being brought into our Indian Churches because of purer lives and more power for service.

—The prize of Rs. 100 announced by the Madras Hindu Association for the best essay on "Shastraic sanction for the marriage of Brahmin girls after puberty" has been awarded to Mr. M. B. Varad Aiyangar, Pleader, Kurnool. On the recommendation of the Committee a special prize of Rs. 25 was also given to Mr. Ganga Charan Das Gupta, B.A., of the Collegiate School, Dacca, as they were of opinion that his essay also merited approval, though no special prize was announced.

—The Anath Bhandar was inaugurated in October, 1904, with the object of providing its Orphanage

with food and shelter to Hindu male orphans, and affording relief to poor and helpless Hindu widows. There are now in its Orphanage six orphans who are being educated and trained so as to be of service to society afterwards. Besides sixteen helpless widows, two old men of humble means are at present in receipt of a monthly subsistence allowance from the Bhandar. The entire organisation is being managed by an Executive Committee, among whom there are a few eminent men of the town. The Committee, with the limited resources at its command, is trying its best to make the institution worthy of its name; but to extend its scope and usefulness, increased support and encouragement from the generous public are needed. During the half year ending 30th June, 1906, the total receipts of the Bhandar were Rs. 1,154-4-6. The total disbursements during the period were Rs. 382-4-6. The closing balance on 30th June, 1906, was Rs. 772-6-0. The Office of the Bhandar is at No. 12, Serpentine Lane, Calcutta.

—The leaven of social truth is working silently. The social reform movement as the real nationalising force, is beginning to be felt. The following may be a straw, but it shows which way the wind blows. Mr. Asadullah Husain of Tarikere in the Mysore State has sent a donation through the *Mysore Herald* to Bai Bahadur Narasimha Aiyengar, the Secretary of the Maharani's College, for the establishment of a Widows' Home which the latter gentleman has in view. Our contemporary says of the donor: "Mr. Asadullah Husain of Tarikere is an ardent advocate, not only of the education of women but also of such measures as are calculated to promote the social, moral, intellectual and material condition of the women of India. He is of opinion that there are in India millions of helpless widows who are driven by adverse circumstances to lead a life of destitution and suffer from evils which are inseparably associated with such a life. He thinks that a huge mass of human energy is wasted which, if properly utilised, would go a great way to increase the material and moral wealth of the people of India. He proposes the institution of Widows' Home in all the centres of population, homes which will provide boarding and lodging to the widows and also provide intellectual, technical and moral education to them.—I. S. R.

## News and Notes.

—The Benares public have christened Mrs. Annie Besant with the Hindu name, Basanta Bai.

—A scheme is set on foot to start a Sanskrit University at Bezwada at a cost of 4 lakhs of rupees.

—The estate of the late Lady Curzon was valued at £11,800 exclusive of £200,000 left her by her father, on the marriage settlements over which she had no power of disposition.

—The donations to the Countess of Minto's Nursing Fund now amount to Rs. 1,06,000. The Queen has given £100 and the Princess of Wales £25 to the Countess of Minto's Northern India Nurses' Fund.

—Tasmania has just elected its Parliament of 35 members. Women voted for the first time at a State General Election, and they out-numbered the men at the polling stations, especially in the urban districts.

—King Edward has ordered 40 copies to be made of Sir Luke Fildes' portrait of Queen Alexandra,

which was exhibited in the academy. He considers it the best likeness of Her Majesty in existence, and intends to present one to each of the colonial departments and to the British embassies abroad.

—The Lieutenant-Governor of Burma has presented to the Rev. Mother St. Vincent, Superiress of the Rangoon Convent, the Kaiser-i-Hind silver medal, conferred upon her by the Government of India for 34 years of faithful and devoted services in the cause of charity and education.

—It is expected that Lady Minto during her brief visit to Delhi in November will open the Victoria Memorial Hospital. Her Excellency will also lay the foundation-stone of the Zenana Hospital which is about to be built, under the auspices of the Cambridge Mission.

—Miss Jane Patterson, an English lady who can neither see nor hear nor speak, possesses uncommon mental abilities. She has "translated" a complete novel into "Braille print," her efforts being in this direction entirely for the purpose of benefiting her blind friends who write to her from different countries. She lives in London, and her age is thirty-three.

—More than 100 girls of high prominent families in Korea have just been taken to the Korean Imperial Palace, to select from among them a consort for the Crown Prince of Korea. Ten candidates will be selected first and then three will be selected next from the ten and finally one will be chosen from the three.—*Korea Daily News*, Seoul.

—In the performance of "Cynthia"—a comedy in three acts, by H. H. Davies—at Viceroyal Lodge, Simla, arranged in aid of Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Fund, Lady Eileen Elliot, the eldest daughter of their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto, played the role of "Cynthia," with brilliant success.

—Mrs. Eliza A. Massey, of Toronto, Can., is the donor of the \$2,000 organ which is to be built in the enlarged auditorium of the New York Chautauqua Assembly. The instrument will be known as the Massey memorial organ, in memory of Mrs. H. A. Massey, one of the early friends of the movement at Chautauqua and a trustee of the institution.

—"Sophie May," author of the "Little Prudy" and "Dotty Dimple" stories, and other stories dear to children, died at her home in Norridge, Me., on August 17, aged 73. Her real name was Miss Rebecca S. Clark. She lived in the old family homestead with her sister, Miss Sarah J. Clark, better known as "Pen Shirley." In 1903, "Sophie May" gave Norridge a fine library building.

—The name of Premchand Roychand, the Bombay broker, who died the other day, is associated with the blue ribbon of all the Calcutta University Fellowships. During his lifetime, he gave six lakhs to the Bombay University, built a clock tower in Bombay, gave three lakhs to the Calcutta University, and large amounts to other educational and other charitable purposes. He is said to have distributed Rs. 3,000 monthly amongst the poor.

—A class of ladies, numbering 28, in first aid to the Injured in connection with St. John's Ambulance Association having finished their course, the usual examination for certificates was held in September. Colonel Yate was the examiner. Twenty-three presented themselves and all were successful. Amongst these were Her Excellency Lady Minto, Ladies Ruby and Violet Elliot, Lady Grizel Hamilton, the Hon'ble Mrs. Adam, and Mrs. Erle Richards.

—The Russian Girl.—The average Russian girl is either very active or very lazy. Her ambition is like a spark which, if it does not fall upon something which it can set on fire, is extinguished. She reads a great deal and spends much time in playing the piano and singing various Russian songs. The tunes are mostly slow and mournful, as all real Russian national music is.—Count A. M. Jasienski in *The Lady's Realm*.

—"It is obviously too early to judge her (Mrs. Craigie's) final place among our novelists, but it may be said that, while her work never escapes a certain air of unreality, her strength lies in that literary finish which is so salient a trait of French fiction, and her weakness in the loosely knit construction of her novels....." "Love and the Soul Hunters," published in 1902, is perhaps the work in which the quality of brilliance, both of technique and of language, is most conspicuous."—*The Times* (London).

—A report recently made by a committee of the Maine Pedagogical Association, appointed to ascertain the salaries paid to school teachers in the State shows that public school teachers in Maine are a wretchedly underpaid body of women. As a result of its investigations, the committee received returns from 4,378 teachers in elementary schools, and found that a majority of the women teachers were working for from \$6 to \$9 per week, while only 575, or about one-tenth, were paid more than \$10. It was found that half the women teachers in Maine are working for less than \$200 a year.

—The Court of Appeals at Ancona has decided that women in Italy have the right to vote. The decision was given in the case of ten primary school teachers of Singaglia, who had followed the example of the daughter of Garibaldi's physician in asking to have their names placed on the registry of voters. The Court of Appeals takes the ground that there is nothing in the Law of Italy forbidding women to vote. Louisa Matteucci, wife of the Professor who distinguished himself by his self-sacrificing devotion to duty at the last eruption of Vesuvius, was the first woman to enroll herself on the list of voters.

—The Woman's Club of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has a Juvenile Court Committee, whose members have been unceasing in their efforts. They have succeeded in having a room set aside in the county jail for juvenile offenders. Through the committee two small boys have been sent to the Industrial School at Eldora to learn trades. They had done no particular wrong, but they were neglected and helpless, with no prospect of better conditions. They will now be taught a useful trade whereby they can earn good livings. Through the committee a young girl was shielded by private trial and sent to the reform school. Much good work has been done among school children.

—Madame Adelina Patti (Baroness Cederstrom) has announced her intention to bid farewell to the concert stage in December next. She has been before the public for fifty-six years, having first sung in public in New York when seven years old. There she made her debut proper at sixteen in "Lucia." She first appeared in London thirty-three years ago, when her marvellous beauty of voice won her successes which were repeated everywhere, from St. Petersburg to Buenos Ayres. It is computed that her earnings have amounted to three-quarters of a million sterling. She has been three married. She is living in almost regal style at Craig-y-nos.

—Adachi Kinnosuke in the course of his article on "The Woman of Japan" in a recent issue of "The Forum" laughs at the idea of his country-women being spoken of as the "mere play-things of men," or being "totally disqualified for intellectual companionship." He retorts that the book "Genji Monogatari," which occupies in Japanese literature a place similar to Homer in Greek, and Shakespeare in English, was the work of Murasaki Shikibu, a Court lady of rank. Another woman, Kasuganotsune, was in her time the brain of the Government. Three other names are mentioned of women scholars eminently distinguished for their Chinese culture.

—Miss Bertha A. Partridge of Stockton Springs, Me., was formerly a teacher in the Eastern State Normal School of Maine. She was fond of cats. When her health broke down from overwork it occurred to her that there might be more money in raising cats than in teaching school. Beginning in a small way with Angora cats imported from Persia, she now has quite a large farm. Here she gives the cats freedom through the day, but at night she has them all housed in her cattery. Few persons realize the amount of business and profit of a cat farm, especially one devoted to fine bred stock. No other person, it is said, carries on so extensive a business in cats as Miss Partridge.

—Diplomas certifying that the recipients are qualified to "keep house" for husbands receiving \$10 a week, were given recently to several young women at Chicago Commons. The graduates, all of whom are to be married soon, were members of a class in economical housekeeping and cooking. The graduates offered these in the way of exhibits of breakfasts, luncheons and dinners that were attractive, had cost little, and were palatable. Each dish bore a card indicating its cost. A breakfast was shown that was prepared at an expense of 19 cents, and would suffice

for four persons. Dinners ranged somewhat more expensive, one consisting of meat, two vegetables, a salad, and a pudding for four, being rated at 40 cents.

—A bridal lore has the following: A January bride will be a prudent house-keeper and very good tempered. A February one will be a humane and affectionate wife, and tender mother. A March wife will be a frivolous chatterbox somewhat given to quarrelling. An April bride will be inconsistent, not very intelligent but fairly good-looking. A May one will be handsome, amiable and likely to be happy. A June bride will be impetuous and generous. A July one will be handsome and smart, but a trifle quick-tempered. An August bride will be amiable and practical. A September one will be discreet, affable and much liked. An October bride will be pretty and loving but jealous. A November one will be liberal, kind, but of a wild disposition. A December bride will be well-proportioned, fond of novelty, entertaining, but extravagant.

—Miss Ida Tarbell lives in a handsome apartment on West Ninth Street, New York, and there does most of her work. She was born in Erie county, Pennsylvania, but came to the city when very young. Later, she went to Paris and studied at the Sorbonne and the College de France. Returning to America in the early nineties, she began her historical work. Her "Life of Lincoln," "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," and "Life of Madame Roland," are all classics. Miss Tarbell has one of the finest private collections of Lincoln material—letters, portraits, biographies, etc.,—in the world. She owns, too, a remarkable cast of Lincoln's hand, as well as the better-known life and death masks of the great President. Miss Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Trust" is generally conceded to be one of the most remarkable books ever written by an American woman.

## THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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See the article on "The Unveiling of Mrs. Brander's Portrait."