

# THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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## LIFE'S DESIRES.

Years passed—since a mother in loving embrace  
Kissed fondly the tears from her infant's face,  
And saw him grow through boyhood's years  
With hopes and blessings, smiles and tears.  
But the boy, kindled by vain desires,  
Filled with ambitions and passion's fires,  
Is prone to go to enter life,  
To be strong and great in a noble strife.  
Life lies before him grand and true,  
Like the sun bathed in the morning-dew,  
Like the Southern sky by clouds unmarred  
Like the open sea, by no barrier barred.  
A short farewell, and his soul seems free,  
And hopeful he goes to the land by sea.  
But as years pass by it will often seem  
The sunlight has left his golden dream.  
With frowning face and clutched hands  
The unshaken form of reality stands.  
Where he hoped his richest treasures to have  
There is naught but the sound of a mocking laugh.  
When he tries to catch the sun's golden ray,  
It plays on his hands—and slips away.  
And the golden fruit he tries to obtain  
In foliage green, again and again  
It tempts him and while it invites him thus  
He plucks it, and finds it contains naught but dust.  
Thus seasons have come, and seasons have gone,  
But the fire in his bosom still lingers on,  
Till at last, by the roadside weary, alone,

He lies down to rest on a cushion of stone.  
Meanwhile her silver rays eventide  
Spreads over the fields. By his side  
The flowers their drooping leaflets close,  
The world is enshrouded in calm repose.  
And the convergence of heavenly lights  
Opens up that grand drama of the nights,  
That is ever new, yet eternities old—  
Those rolling planets of fiery gold.  
Each takes its place in the grand array  
For ages and ages the same as to-day.  
And ecstasy raises his weary soul—  
“Ah could I but reach the distant goal.”  
Then like lightning those fiery flashes red  
Form the golden words, “Learn to labour and wait.”  
And the dewdrops reflect the lights below,  
Till the earth and heavens seem all aglow.  
Thus long he lingers in raptured amaze,  
Not to dream, not to think, in silence to gaze.  
And, as he rises to wander his way,  
His limbs are feeble, his hair is gray.  
He tries to reject this truth mad and wild,  
For was it not yesterday, since he was child?  
The truth stands unshaken, to try it is vain,  
Yet in his heart he's a wiser man.  
For the visions of fame and the riches of gold  
In the exchange of the grave these treasures are sold.  
Ne'er will ambition life's freedom attain,  
For, if it was precious, 'twas labour and pain.

A. CHRISTINA ALBERS,



## Edmund Spenser.



ARE you wearied with this work-day world of ours and would you forget for a moment the sufferings and griefs of the men and women that

live and toil in it, poor insignificant creatures at best? Or has familiarity with earthly joys made them already distasteful to you, longing to soar above the trifles of this world, and to find pleasure in a realm of pure unfettered imagination? Such relief and such pleasure you would find in Spenser's works. For, while he has been censured by some as being thoroughly deficient in dramatic power—"the power of conceiving and portraying character and of giving human interest to his story by rousing our sympathies with the joys and griefs, the struggles and triumphs of his heroes,"—these very critics have been constrained to admit "that the very remoteness of all he describes from real life is one of his sources of pleasure, and that his power of invention and of description, and not less the singularly sweet though somewhat monotonous melody of his versification, find their most suitable field in visions of Fairy Land, and vague allegories, the wanderings and adventures of Elfin Knights and Fairy Ladies." In fact, Spenser must not be judged by the standard of our age, which tends to be realistic and practical, but by that of his own. To appreciate Spenser we must fancy ourselves living in his time, and feeling and thinking like the people of his days. The constitution of his mind, the character of his friendships and studies, the chivalrous and romantic tendencies of his days, everything in and about him led him to ideal poetry. He was perpetually dreaming, imagining, and by a peculiar magic of his mind transforming, all that he saw about him into pictures, the most strange and fairy-like. His mind is ever full of enchanted castles, dwarfs, giants, gods and goddesses, nymphs and satyrs, wandering ladies, splendid and gorgeous shows, processions and so on. He is ever creating, ever imagining. Whatever he found beautiful and pleasant in the literature and manners both of the old pagan civilization and that of the romantic age in which he lived, he marvellously blends together and praises. His description of the beauties of Nature, on the other hand, are indeed fascinating. The marvels

of Mythology, the lofty endeavours and aspirations of chivalry, the beauties of Art and the charms of Nature, he sings, and that, in a most melodious manner. "His most genuine sentiments become fairy-like." We know we are in Fairy Land and experience a peculiar pleasure in being so.

The following quotations may serve to illustrate the fertility of his imagination and the originality of his pictures. The palace of Morpheus, the God of Sleep, is thus described:—

"Amid the bowels of the earth full steep;  
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,  
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed  
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep  
In silver dew his ever drooping head,  
Whiles sad night over him her mantle black doth spread.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling stream from high-rock tumbling down,  
And ever drizzling rain upon the left,  
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sound  
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoon.  
No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,  
As still are wont to annoy the walled town,  
Might there be heard, but careless quiet lies  
Wrapt in eternal silence far from enemies."

Again, mark how ideal and yet how beautiful is his description of Britomart, the virgin hero, and of Una, the pure and innocent. Spenser in his conception of female character sees it at its best, though his writings are not wanting in loathsome images as well.

The following is a picture of one of his heroines:—

"Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,  
But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,  
Clear as the sky, without blame or blot,  
Through goodly mixture of complexions due,  
And her cheek the vermeil red did show,  
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,  
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,  
And gazers' sense with double pleasure fed,  
Able to heal the sick and to nerve the dead.  
In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,  
Kindled above at the Heavenly Maker's Light,  
And darted fiery beams out of the same,  
So passing pleasant and so wondrous bright,  
That quite bereaved the rash beholder's sight.  
In them the blinded god his lustful fire,  
To kindle oft assuaged, but had no might;  
For with dread majesty and awful ire  
She broke his wanton darts and quenched base desire."

Lines such as the above show how keenly sensible was "our poet," of moral as well as of sensuous beauty. Compare also his appeal to the Muses, and the picture of the Lion, Lord of every beast, doing homage to the sad and forsaken Una:—

"And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay  
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;  
From her fair head her fillet she undight,  
And laid her stole aside. Her angel's face,  
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place:  
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.



It fortune'd out of the thickest wood  
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,  
Hunting full greedily after salvage blood ;  
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,  
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
To have at once devoured his tender corpse.  
But to the prey where as he drew more nigh,

His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,  
And with the sight amazed forgot his furious force  
Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet  
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue,  
As he her wronged innocence did meet.  
Oh how can beauty master the most strong  
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong ?"

Spenser, like all true poets, is full of the subject of Love and Beauty ;—thus :—

" For Love is lord of Truth and Loyalty  
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust,  
On golden plumes up to the purest sky,  
Above the reach of foathly sinful lust,  
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust  
Of his weak wings dare not to heaven fly,  
But like a mold-warpe in the earth doth lie."

How fully alive Spenser was to the beauties of nature is seen by the following lines :—

" As gentle shepherd in sweet even-tide,  
When ruddy Phoebus' gins to pale in west ;  
High on an hill his flock to view best  
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best."

" The Joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade  
Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet  
The silver sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmurs of the waterfall ;  
The waterfall with difference discreet,  
Now soft now low, unto the mind did call,  
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

" His visions of Petrarch and DuBelay are admirable dreams, in which palaces, temples of gods, splendid landscapes, sparkling rivers, marvellous birds appear alternately as in an oriental fairy tale. The train of splendours and of scenery never ends ; desolate promontories cleft with gaping chasms ; thunder-stricken and blackened masses of rocks, against which the hoarse breakers dash ; palaces sparkling with gold wherein ladies like angels, reclining carelessly on purple cushions, listen with sweet smiles to the harmony of music played by unseen hands, where groups of oaks spread their motionless shadows over tufts of virgin violets and turf which never mortal foot has trod ; and to all these beauties of art and nature he adds the marvels of mythology and describes them with as much of love and of full credence as a painter of the Renaissance or an ancient poet."

Though we know little of Spenser's uneventful life, and though he is not given to thrusting himself forward in his writings, which contain little or no allusion to his personal history, still we may read in his poems the tender, refined qualities of his soul, his sensitiveness, his loyalty, his simplicity, his sincerity, and, above all, his benevolence and tender sympathy for all, which find expression in his works. Like Shakespeare he is

wholly unconscious of his ability and greatness. He loved his subject, sympathised with it and thus has succeeded it in painting in such detail and in such lively colours. We do not behold a vague sketch, but a complete and perfect picture. The following is from Hallam's Literature of Europe. " It has been justly observed by a living writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters, that "no poet has ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful than Spenser. In Virgil and Tasso this was not less powerful ; but even they, even the latter himself, do not hang with such tenderness of delight, with such a forgetful delay, over the fair creations of their fancy. Spenser is not averse to images that jar on the mind by producing horror and disgust, and sometimes his touches are rather too strong. But it is on love and beauty, on holiness and virtue that he reposes with all the sympathy of his soul. The slowly sliding motion of his Stanza, 'with many a bout of linked sweetness long drawn out' beautifully correspond to the dreamy enchantment of his descriptions, when Una, Belphebe, or Florimel or Amoret is present to his mind. In this varied delineation of female perfectness no earlier poet had equalled him ; nor excepting Shakespeare has he had perhaps any later rival."

Milton was so impressed with the purity of his heart and sentiments, with his lofty conception of duty and of the particular virtues, that he pronounced him to be a "better teacher than Socrates or Aquinas."

Spenser's life was full of disappointments and trials ; and misfortunes pressed heavily upon him in the evening of his days. At the breaking out of the Tyrone Rebellion in 1598, Spenser, then Sheriff of Cork, fled in great haste to save his life ; but by some mischance, his child was forgotten and must have been burnt alive by the rebels, who fired his house. Spenser did not long survive this cruel blow. He died broken-hearted and now sleeps by the side of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey. How true is it that all great men are born to sorrow !

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" Love is the star, by which our course we steer,  
Love for our kind, its image glassed below ;  
And when the breeze of Hope begins to blow  
The radiance spreads of that dilated sphere  
O'er Life's dark waters, nearer and more near.  
A silver path that star appears to throw  
Toward us, and with light that plain to show  
Which shakes beneath the shock of our sweet career.  
Thus is the brightness of our heavenly home  
Itself a beacon unto those that stray !  
The beacon thus becomes the glittering way  
To all whom Hope impels her seas to roam,  
What then is Hope ?—A Faith that dares to move !  
And what is Faith ?—the happy rest of Love !"

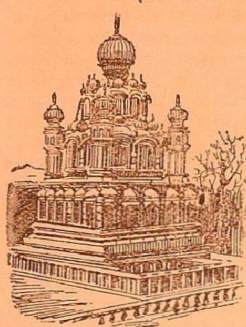
AUBREY DE VERE.



## "Brothers."

A BOOK BY H. A. VACHELL.

(By Miss Benson.)



**B**ROTHERS is the name given to the life history of two boys, Archibald and Mark Samphire. They are both clever and ambitious, and to Archie all through his life success comes easily; he is, in fact, lucky, gifted with splendid health, good looks,

and a charming manner, he always manages to swim along easily on the surface; but Mark is handicapped at every turn by a poor physique, is small and insignificant, and has a stammer. One of Mark's chief characteristics is the deep unselfish love and admiration, which he has for his successful elder brother.

At Harrow Archie excels in work and games, and that without the smallest difficulty, overwork or strain. But Mark works until he breaks down, he cripples himself at football, and has to refuse to enter the Cricket XI, because he knows that he may faint playing on a hot day, and so possibly lose a match for his school.

The heroine of the story is Betty Kirtling. Both the brothers, and their friend Jim Corrance, as schoolboys are in love with her, but all through she shows a preference for Mark. Mark worships her, and always looks upon her as the prize, which he can only obtain after making a name for himself and succeeding in the race of life.

After the school days, Mark, whose heart is set on a soldier's career, goes up for Sandhurst, but is failed by the medical board. Without a murmur, he steels himself to accept this bitter disappointment, and turns to painting as a profession, knowing that he possesses talent, and hoping to make a name for himself. But, after three years of hard work in Paris, he realizes that he will never excel in painting, so he gives it up and comes back to England, not knowing what

to turn to. At this time he becomes very intimate with David Ross, the future Bishop of Poplar, and influenced by him he devotes some time to work in the slums, eventually deciding that if he can overcome his stammer, he will take Orders. After two years he thinks he has quite mastered the stammer, and takes Orders. We are given a wonderful description of his first sermon at King's Charteris—the church filled with familiar faces, and Betty sitting in the family pew, having come down from London specially for the occasion—Mark's triumph and eloquence at first gripping the attention of every one, till suddenly the fatal lump rises in his throat and he is unable to utter another word, and he realizes that *again* he is defeated. Even in the first poignancy of this disappointment, it is only of his father that he thinks, knowing what a bitter grief his failure will be, to the old Squire; and back to the slums he goes, with the knowledge that he can never preach, will never become famous, or be able to make a name for himself, and that now Betty is farther than ever from him.

Meanwhile Archibald has been at College succeeding in everything. In the course of time he also takes Orders, and one Whitsuntide is to preach at Westchester Cathedral. Lady Randolph, Betty's Aunt, has a house-party for the occasion, and Mark and Jim Corrance are among the guests. Mark sees that Archie is depressed and uneasy for some days before the memorable Sunday, and asks him about his sermon. Archie confesses to being utterly dissatisfied with it, and Mark offers to help him by giving him one of his own sermons to preach. Archie, at first refuses, but Mark soon persuades him to accept it, arguing that he can never preach again, and showing how much he wants to be of some help to his brother.

One condition only he exacts from Archie, and that is, that he shall tell Betty that it is Mark's sermon, and not his own.

The sermon is a splendid one, and Archibald's delivery is perfection, the congregation is tremendously impressed, and Archibald on coming out of the vestry is overwhelmed with congratulations.

But alas! when Betty congratulates him, he fails to keep his promise to Mark, and takes all the honour and praise to himself.



Mark finds out during this Whitsuntide that Betty cares for him—she has always had many admirers, but none have won her, and she has even refused Archie. Now she has as much as told Mark that he, failure as he is in the world's eye, is more to her than all the world, and he is on the point of asking her to become his wife, when he discovers quite by chance that he is the victim of a mortal disease, and that marriage for him is out of the question. This indeed is the crowning of all his disappointments and sorrows. Hitherto all his efforts, although keen on work for its own sake, had been backed with the desire of making himself a worthy aspirant for Betty's hand—and now when Betty is almost his, in a moment the hope of gaining her is gone for ever.

In the first moments of agonizing realization of his fate, Mark is utterly unstrung and overcome. David Ross finds him in the depths of despair, and succeeds in gaining his confidence, comforts him and bids him not to despair but to fight for his life, and he makes him start at once for a private sanatorium up in Sutherland. Before going, Mark writes a veiled kind of letter to Betty, he cannot bring himself to tell her the truth, knowing that she will instantly offer to sacrifice herself for him, and his love for her is too great to allow him, under the circumstances, to ask her to marry him.

Betty knowing nothing of what has befallen Mark, misunderstands this letter, and thinks that after all Mark cares more for his work than for her, and she, poor girl, is rendered utterly miserable. Soon after this, Betty goes for a change to stay with Jim's mother, sweet old Mrs. Corrance, and the quiet influence of the dear old lady soothes and comforts her. Jim always comes home from Saturday to Monday and Betty and he see a great deal of one another and are very good friends. Poor old Jim had always wanted Betty, and at last one day asks her to marry him, but she gently refuses him.

About this time Archibald was commanded to preach at Windsor—and Betty who is anxious about Mark's condition of health, begs Archie to go up to Sutherland and see for himself how Mark is. Meantime the splendid open-air life which Mark has been leading, has worked wonders with him and he has quite regained his spirits, even allowing himself to dream of a future

with Betty. All his spare time is occupied in writing a novel, which promises to be a great success.

Whilst staying with Mark, Archie shows him the sermon which he intends to preach at Windsor. Mark is openly dissatisfied with it, and again offers to help Archie, which help he eagerly accepts, and Mark practically re-writes the whole sermon.

When Archie goes back to Betty and reports Mark's condition she is greatly surprised to hear of his apparently robust health, and not a little hurt that he sends her no message.

Archie is in the habit of spending all his spare time with Betty just now, and even asks her to help him with the sermon which he is to preach at Windsor. He produces the one which Mark has practically written, and they discuss it together, he allowing her to think that it is all his own, and only remarking in an off-hand way that Mark has helped him with some ideas, thus deceiving her again, as he did before with the Westchester sermon. Betty is tremendously impressed by these sermons, and filled with respect and deep admiration for the man whom she believes to be the author of them, and when at last Archie again asks her to marry him, she gives in.

Then comes a very vivid description of the effect which the news has on poor Mark. He hears it just at the moment of the completion of his novel, which he believes (and not without reason) will make his name, and will at last cause him to be recognized by the world as the great man he really is, and once more Betty seems to him to be within measurable distance.

But this blow proves too much for Mark's powers of endurance. In his despair he takes the MS. of his novel and flings it into the fire and dashes out into the sleet and snow on that late afternoon in winter, to wander on the lonely slopes of Ben. Caryl, and wrestle with the awful hatred of his brother which he feels has suddenly sprung up in him. Hitherto he has grudged Archie nothing, although he knows how little he deserves the success with which all his life he has been rewarded. But that now he should take even Betty from him—this indeed proves too much for his endurance and even shatters his faith.



When he recovers from the severe illness which follows upon this terrible night, he leaves the Church, having lost faith.

In the course of some months, Archie and Betty are married. Mark does not attend the wedding, but he cannot resist getting a glimpse of Betty before she starts on her honeymoon, so travels down from Sutherland, and they meet at Victoria station. Betty recognizes him instantly, in spite of his very changed appearance, he having now grown a beard and relinquished his clerical clothes. The sight of him arouses in Betty all her old feelings for him, and terrible indeed is it for the poor girl when she realizes that she has married the wrong man, and almost worse for Mark when he sees that Betty knows it.

Years pass, during which Mark continues to write, and his efforts are crowned with very indifferent success. Betty and Archie are apparently happy, the latter is engrossed in his work, and Mark constantly helps him with his sermons for Betty's sake; but Betty always feels a great lack in her life. She knows now that her feeling for her husband can be summed up in two words, respect and admiration, and that for a nature like hers, this is not enough. Mercifully for her she does not see through her husband, to her he is a good man; and when he preaches she is always filled with admiration, for the wonderful strength and depth of feeling, and powers of expression in his sermons—little thinking that all that touches her in them is really Mark's, and not her husband's.

Mark and Betty see much of one another from time to time. The strain on Mark's feelings is sometimes almost more than he can bear, and then he leaves her for months. Betty's feelings can best be described by quoting her own words—"Of course, I am happy, Mark," she says, "I ought to be happy, but I am a rebel . . . I ought not to tell you, but I must; it comes to this.—Archie loves me and, of course, I love him, but we—we have nothing to say to one another when we are alone."

When at length by a mere accident Betty discovers the truth about the sermons, the tumult of her feelings cannot be estimated. She goes at once to Mark, and then at last the barrier between them is broken down, and all the misunderstandings are made clear.

What then remains for them?—Either to go away together in defiance of God's laws and man's, or resolutely to turn their backs on one another, and each live out their lives apart. In their weakness they choose the former alternative, and arrange to meet the next day and go away to France together.

But, at this juncture, Mark's great friend David Ross, who has already been at his side and guided him safely through several great crises in his life, divines, not only that he is again in great danger, but also what that danger is. He comes to him and uses all his power to dissuade him from this awful step, which, as he shows Mark, will be fatal both for him and Betty. But Mark is obdurate, and David Ross leaves him, saying, that though he has through his own weakness failed to dissuade Mark, yet he feels certain that by God's help, he will succeed in preventing Mark from leaving England that night.

Meantime, Betty has gone home to make final arrangements, and when they are completed, she still has some time to spend before starting for the station. This she employs reading Archie's Windsor sermon, because reading it she would hear not Archie's voice, but Mark's. The words of the text meet her eyes. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and instantly she seems to see things in their true light, and realizes that her impurity will be a curse to Mark, and the greatness of her love for him keeps her from the fatal step. While the struggle between right and wrong is going on in her, David Ross is praying for her and Mark. And so Betty fails to meet Mark at the station.

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Betty confesses all to her husband, and when he realizes everything, his first words are, "I have lost my brother, and my wife," revealing his utter selfishness, thinking only of himself and not at all of the pain and suffering, which the woman he professes to love has endured and will endure, and all of which is mainly the consequence of his own sin.

Archibald forgives Betty—so we are told—determined for his own sake to preserve appearances, and they go on with their busy lives, he more than ever engrossed in his work, and she striving to forget herself in a round of society life.



Mark, after some miserable months spent abroad, returns to his literary life, but to Betty and Archie, he is dead.

He now takes to writing plays, and produces a tragedy called "Fenella," which an actress, Mrs. Perowne by name, accepts and agrees to stage. And now once again Mark feels that at last success and fame are about to crown his efforts, and is filled with gratitude to the woman, through whom they are to become his. Mark comes a great deal in contact with this woman; she is a clever, but a bad, woman and she is fascinated by him. At first she is piqued by his absolute indifference to her, and is determined to "catch" him, goaded on mainly by his indifference, and in this she almost succeeds, for Mark goes so far as to confide in one of his friends that he is going to ask her to marry him; fortunately however just at this time Mrs. Perowne has to go to the continent.

Archibald, meantime, has reached the apex of his ambitions. Mark reads in one of the local papers that he is about to be appointed Bishop of a diocese in North England—and in the same paper he reads that Betty is seriously ill.

The feeling that she is in danger excites him terribly. In a moment the actress becomes as remote from him as Betty had been before, and he goes straight to Betty's home, where he insists on seeing Archie, whom he has not met, since Betty's discovery of the true author of the sermons, and makes him swear to send for him, should Betty ask for him.

A terrible ten days of awful suspense follow, during which time he receives a letter from Mrs. Perowne, saying "Come to the woman you love, if you are alive"—to which he replies—"The woman I loved as a boy, as a man, the woman I love still, is dying; think what you please of me, and forget me as soon as possible." And by return of post comes his Tragedy, with the words "Take this to her, I have no use for it" written across the title-page.

So again success had slipped through Mark's fingers; but failure, at this awful time of sorrow and suspense, is nothing to him, and he realizes what his love for Betty has saved him from.

At last Mark is sent for,—Betty's life is despaired of, and she had asked for him. All through her illness she had raved of him, never once mentioning her husband and child.

The last scene between Mark and Betty is most pathetically told and must be read to be understood. We are shown that her dying wish is that Mark shall forgive Archie.

After this, Mark is struck down with brain fever and during his delirium he thinks himself back in the days of his childhood, and the great love which he then bore for his brother is revealed in all his ravings. We see what awful suffering wretched Archibald endures all through this time, feeling how utterly unworthy he has been of his brother's love. With what bitterness he realizes how little he possesses, even after gaining every thing that he has desired all through his life, and that after all he has failed to gain the love of a single human being.

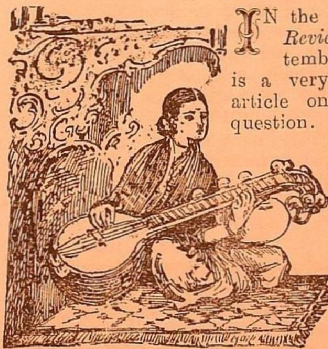
His repentance is very sincere, and after confessing everything to David Ross, he offers to resign his see. But David Ross does not advise this, and shows him that he can do more good now by continuing his work.

When Mark returns to consciousness he asks to see his brother, and he and Archibald become reconciled.

A year after we hear of Mark as Archibald's Secretary, and enjoying his life. Archibald reaps all the honour and glory still, but, to quote from the book—

"If praise be our penance here—the Bishop of Parham will wear a hair shirt till he dies."

## Women and Purity.



IN the *Westminster Review* for September, '06, there is a very interesting article on the above question. The writer makes many useful and true remarks on Marriage, which, though quite applicable to England and other foreign countries, cannot apply much to ours, inasmuch as marriage here is not an arrangement into which



personal choice enters, and because moreover our girls are in such a backward condition compared to the girls of these foreign countries. But India is fast advancing in civilization, and advanced civilization is not an unalloyed blessing. There are evils to be considered, and "to be forewarned is forearmed."

The writer begins by remarking on the high opinion which women have of themselves. "There is a theory held by a large proportion of the women of the civilized world that the guardianship of social purity has been bestowed by the Higher Powers upon themselves. Translated into more common-place language, their belief is that men are by nature prone to err, and to wander from the paths of peace and holiness; and that it is woman's prerogative and duty to guide their wandering steps." But, are women justified in holding such an opinion? Yes, they are, for women can be influential. "Brushing aside all fables and fictions, and going to the very root of the matter, it will be seen that the idea that woman must help man has sprung from the fact that woman can be an inspirer. Much of the work of creative genius the world over has been done under the inspiration given by a woman."

But there are certain necessary conditions, which women must fulfil before they can wield this influence. "Clearly the first thing is for them to know themselves sufficiently well to make sure that they are themselves pure." And purity must be in the letter as well as in the spirit. "Many women think that so long as they are faithful to the man they have married, they are absolutely chaste. But this is a terribly low ideal. And it is just because this idea does prevail that there is so much vice among us. The 'pure' marriage is one in which no other motive, or consideration than the *fire* of love is allowed to enter. But there are many women who, because they do not examine themselves closely, make compromises." What, then, are the ways in which such compromises are made, so that marriages which appear pure, are not really pure, because they are not pure in the spirit?

There are, first, many women, especially inexperienced girls, who err from ignorance. They are in love with Love, they are eager to realize an ideal. Hence, they see love in every guise. They misunderstand the ordinary courteous attempts of men into the attentiveness of love. Hence, marriages are contracted, where there is only ordinary liking and not the real true love which ought to exist between man and wife; "and many a marriage which has proved a failure has been the result of a man accepting the situation, when he has seen what was expected of him." Then, again, there are women,

who because they are afraid of "old-maidism," and to be left "out in the cold"; or because they are uncomfortable in their home life; or because they would like a home of their own; or because no monetary provision has been made for their future; or because they feel lonely; or because they find it hard to earn their own livelihood; or because they shrink from the opinion of other women, who consider that any husband is better than no husband; for some of these reasons coax themselves to believe that affection is love, and marry any man they like a little. And, after the engagement has been made, they coax themselves again to think they are really in love, and many are the misunderstandings which arise from the situation.

"This attitude regarding marriage," says our writer, "has become to be so generally recognised that for a woman to sue a man for breach of promise is not regarded as in any way ignoble. Again, there are numberless women who see nothing discreditable in allowing their relatives, when the lover lags, to push matters on their behalf. Yet see what this means! While woman's actions are on such a low level, her claim to be the guardian of purity becomes a farce to laugh at. It is because women are false to their ideals that they have in a large measure lost their own power."

But, suppose the woman has followed the right path and has married for love. What ought she to do? "Now with the power in her hands, what will she make of it? How will she use it? That will depend on, whether she is materially-minded or the reverse; whether she is selfish or unselfish; whether she is childish, petty and given to dwell on trifles, or large-hearted and large-minded. Has the man, with all the finest possibilities in him fired, to come down to her level? Has he to bring his conversation down to the gush or the giggle of the schoolroom, to the small talk of the milliner, of the nursery, or the kitchen?" There are many cases, where the poetry of an apparently happy marriage is turned to prose. Why? Because the woman has not known how to keep up the fire of love. Instead of stimulating the unhappy man who has to live with her, she saps from him any inspiration he might have in himself.

But, where the woman is able to keep up the fire of love, how happy is the home she lives in? "Where all the subtle indefinable instincts, the poetry, of womanhood have been in full play, accompanied by depth of feeling and breadth of sympathy; where the woman can give, as well as take in the mental and the deeper life. Not only is the *fire* of love kept alive, but the whole of the man is fully satisfied." The man comes face to face with





A JAPANESE GIRL.

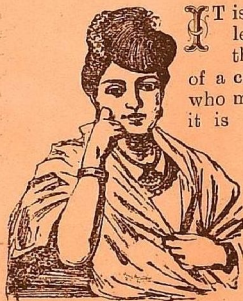


the "living soul" of the woman. As another writer says: "The glory which drew him was the glory of the angel in the woman, visible for the moment to the angel within himself."

For the sake of the children at least, such happy homes should be the rule, not the exception. "If they are to grow up true, open, and with all the best tendencies, they must grow where the atmosphere, created by the elders is clear, harmonious and stimulating. Children require what may be called moral sunshine, as much as they do physical sunshine." A home-atmosphere, which is unhappy, will stunt the growth of their spirits. "Half unconsciously, they feel the subtle influence, even when outwardly all is fair. There is something lacking, something irritating which disturbs life, and sometimes distorts them, just as life in a close, foetid air would affect and distort their bodies."

A happy marriage is generally the result, when the inclination of both the parties concerned, is considered. But many of our Indians object to such arrangements, on the ground that many are the dangers attendant on them. They like to keep their women close, sheltered, and perfectly safe from harm. But such people forget that such morality is no true morality. But the virtue, which can be left alone in the world, because by the very force of its strength, it can stand against the world, such is the character which will raise our Indians to a high level. May happy marriages occur often among us, for they will show that the ideal of the nation has been advanced and stimulated,—and better still that it is trying to get some satisfaction.

## Japanese Girls.



IT is always instructive to learn about the lives of the women and girls of a country, for it is they who make the homes and it is the home-life which determines the condition of a nation. The position of Japanese girls is very interesting, and yet, strange to say, less seems to be known about their home-life than that of the

women of any other nationality. Until within the last few years, schools for girls were unknown in Japan, though every girl-child

received instruction in certain things, such as writing, arranging flowers, making the ceremonial tea, flower-painting and such things. But now, schools have been established by the various missionary societies as well as by Government. The result is that a broader culture is given to the girls. Their minds are more fully developed, and they are more independent and self-reliant. They take very kindly to higher education, and like to learn mathematics, history, natural science, geography and languages.

The birth of a boy is hailed with more delight than that of a girl, yet the girl has a very happy time and everything is done to make her happy. Indeed, love for children seems to be a national Japanese virtue. The paper from which we get our information, says:—

"The love which is showered upon Japanese children encourages every sweet and kindly trait of character; they are never frightened into telling lies or hiding faults, for there is no scolding or punishing, no shutting them away in dull nurseries. The simple, unfettered life led by little girls in Japan forms a happy growing ground for everything sweet and maidenly, and it is almost without effort that they grow into helpful, dignified women. Notwithstanding all the love and care with which a girl is surrounded, she is made to understand from her earliest years that Duty must be her standard, and that Inclination can never be allowed to govern her conduct. I think it is this life-long teaching of self-restraint and thoughtfulness for others that is answerable for the attractive and dignified manners of the Japanese women, and even of the little girls, yet their courtesy and good manners are not entirely the result of learning, for they are born and bred in them."

On the seventh day after birth, the baby is named, not after any one in the family, but after some beautiful object in nature. Thirty days after her birth, a ceremony takes place, like the Christian christening ceremony, which places her under the protection of her patron, Duty. After this, the child's life is a very quiet one, and she goes on from year to year, in the quiet atmosphere of the simple daily rounds of home-life. Even in the wealthiest families, the girls do a great deal of house-work. There is not much to be done, but still there is a good deal to be accomplished during each day; for example, the beds to roll up and store away in the closets, mosquito nets to be taken down, rooms to be swept and aired before the breakfast, and the piazza to clean; then there is breakfast to cook and serve, dishes to be washed, and marketing to be done either at the market or from vendors who come to the doors. She has to learn to prepare the everyday dishes, especially the boiling of rice and the



preparing of various soups; she must be well instructed in the making of rice-dough, a special dish for the New Year, and in the making of *sake*, a sweet white liquid which is the fashionable drink during the Feast of Dolls.

There is always a good deal of sewing on hand, as most of the dresses have to be taken to pieces, not only when they are turned and dyed, but when they are washed.

In addition, a daughter of the house has a good deal of responsibility; she makes tea for guests, and serves it herself; she sees to the laundry-work, which differs greatly from ours. In Japan everything is washed in cold water and without soap, and instead of ironing the garments, they are hung up on bamboo poles and pulled smooth and straight while they dry.

Such are some of the duties of the Japanese girl, while her pleasures are confined to one month in the year, that of March, with its camellias, cherry-blossoms and dolls; this belongs especially to girls, and during its days they queen it right royally in the midst of their families.

We have mentioned the Feast of Dolls, and that reminds us to say that the Japanese have nearly made a science of dolls. When a girl-child is born into a family, the general custom is to purchase a pair of historical dolls for her. These dolls are kept very carefully by the little maidens themselves, who can be quite trusted with them. And when the girl marries, she takes her dolls with her. Except for one week in the year, they are kept packed away in the godown or fire-proof warehouse. For that week, which begins on the third day of the third month, the O-Hina, as they are called, are brought out with the greatest ceremony. This is on the occasion of the great Feast of Dolls. Here is a sort of description of it.

"For several days before the 'Feast of Dolls' the shops are full of the little images used for this occasion, which are only on sale first-hand at this time of the year. They vary from an inch to a foot in height, and are of a peculiar make which enables them to be recognised at a glance. The small ones are generally made of earthenware, with their clothes painted on; the larger ones are of wood, dressed in the costliest old brocades with the greatest care. These little historical dolls and their furniture are arranged on broad red-covered shelves, twenty feet or more long. Most prominent among them always are the effigies of the Emperor and Empress in antique Court costumes, seated in dignified calm each on a lacquered red dais. Near them are the figures of the five Court musicians in their robes of office, each with his instrument. These details would be dry if they did not explain the little groups of inch-high earthenware figures, sold at a huge

profit at a half-penny each, which are beginning to find their way into London toy-shops.

"The chief joy of the Japanese girl during the Feast of Dolls is to prepare feasts for the dolls, not of make-believe food at all, but of the choicest viands. Even a kind of liqueur *sake* is used. If you happen to have a model Japanese house, it is great fun arranging the tiny Emperor and Empress, their tiny musicians, their minute feasts, in a circle on the matted floor; but this is a very poor imitation of what happens in a Japanese noble's household, where they have hundreds of elaborately-dressed and costly-carved wooden images, representing not only the Emperor and his musicians and attendants, but all the chief personages in Japanese history, from the Thirty-Six Poets to the Forty-Seven Ronin. The toy furniture used for these images is worth a small fortune, for many of the articles are of silver or the rarest gold lacquer or the finest porcelain, and they are arranged in the finest room in the house. In some houses there are lacquered palanquins, lacquered bullock-carts drawn by bow-legged black bulls, which are the carriages of the great in Old Japan; tiny brass and silver fire-boxes, complete even down to the tongs and the charcoal-baskets; whole kitchens with everything required for cooking the finest of Japanese feasts, as elaborately made as if for actual use; all the necessary toilet apparatus, such as combs, mirrors and utensils for blacking the teeth, shaving the eyebrows, reddening the lips and whitening the face. Little Japanese girls go-as mad with excitement as a Japanese child can, over devoting all these exquisite little Japanese articles to their proper use. In an old picture may be seen at the top the Emperor and Empress with the five Court musicians, and an archer at each end. In front of the Empress is a travelling palanquin, one of the broad sets of Japanese bookshelves, which are also used to hold writing-boxes and the like, and a Japanese wardrobe, which is only a box whose front lets down. In front of the wardrobe is a black lacquer writing-box, while in the very foreground are two little girls carrying trays of tea, one of whom has also a tray of the bean flower sweets stamped in the shape of maple leaves. In the other half of the picture in front of the Mikado is another set of shelves, on the top of which stands a Japanese mirror in its lacquered case, and one of the boxes used for conveying letters or presents. Between the two sets of shelves are the delightful Japanese "chow boxes," used for carrying cooked food, and consisting of a quantity of trays, each of which acts as the cover of the one below it, fitted into a chased metal frame. They are on the same principle as the Japanese medicine chests, which, being small enough to go into



your waistcoat pocket, are more frequently imported than chow-boxes as big as coal-scuttles. In front of these again is one of the little square tables standing on a box, without a bottom, used for putting a tea-tray on. But the most characteristic part of the picture lies in the pair of children carrying tea-trays, and the pair of women enjoying an afternoon call at the bottom, for they, like yourself, are supposed to be spectators of this Feast of Dolls, which is in the style of the best old masters, who, in painting the Nativity or the Crucifixion, used to insert the portrait of the man who had paid for the picture and other notables of their own day."

The Japanese girl has a sweet nature. She generally never flirts. She has a sweet and an amiable temper, great power of self-control. She is bright, industrious and attractive. She is undemonstrative and is always taught reverence for great men and things. But the highest principle, which she has been taught, is obedience, and this shows that the higher part of her nature has not been much developed. She does things because she has to obey her elders, not because she ought to do the actions for the sake of the actions.

When a girl is sixteen, she is expected to marry, and, if she does not marry, she is thought a disgrace to her parents. As in India, the marriage is settled for her without her consent. She takes up her abode in her husband's home and is subject to her mother-in-law. She has no idea of companionship to her husband, and is not on terms of equality with him, but her whole thought is to give entire satisfaction to the new master and his family, especially to the mother-in-law. The marriage is arranged chiefly by go-betweens, who hold themselves responsible for the success of the marriage. The ceremony takes place at the house of the bridegroom, and is neither of a religious nor of a legal nature. The list of the household goods which are sent out to the bride's house is a comprehensive one: a bureau, a low desk or table for writing, a work box, two lacquer trays or tables on which meals are served, as well as everything required to furnish them, even to the chop-sticks, and last but not least, two or more complete sets of handsome bed furniture. Her trousseau contains clothes sufficient to last a life-time. The ceremony is neither religious nor legal; it is, in fact, quite of a private character, consisting of a formal drinking of the native wine *sake* from a two-lipped cup which is presented to the mouth of the bride and bridegroom alternately. The drinking from one cup is a symbol of the equal sharing of the joys and sorrows of married life. No one is present at the marriage but the bride and bridegroom, their go-betweens, and a young girl whose duty it is to present the cup to the lips of

the contracting parties. When this is over, the wedding guests, who have been waiting in the next room during the ceremony, join the wedding party, for whom a grand feast is prepared.

The only act required to make the marriage legal is the withdrawal of the bride's name from the list of her father's family, which has been registered by the Government, and its entry upon the register of the husband's family. Even this legal recognition of her marriage is a comparatively new thing in Japan. From this time all ties are severed between her and her girl's home, except that of affection.

After three days the newly-married people visit the bride's family laden with all sorts of presents from the man's family to that of the wife, and both wife and mother are joint hostesses on the occasion, for which great preparations have been made.

The greatest happiness a Japanese girl can know is when she becomes a mother. She is perfectly devoted to her children. "Indeed," says a lady, "nothing in the whole of Japanese life seems more beautiful than the influence of the mother over her children, who are the strongest ties, binding husband and wife together." And next to the love of children, "reverence and love for old age is quite remarkable. No one seems to mind growing old, and never hesitates to tell her age; indeed, there is a peculiar charm about the old women of Japan. Two lonely old people marrying for kindly companionship is called 'a party for making tea in old age.'"

## Love's Victory: A Fanc.

TWO goblins met in a fashionable, modern salon. They were nondescript beings; their large-sized heads seemed loosely screwed on to small thin bodies, and wiry arms and spider-like legs dangled around them. Each goblin had come forth from a thunder cloud, his favourite dwelling place, and had brought the oppressive atmosphere of such a region with him. Dispersing all cheerfulness wherever they went; changing brightness to intense gloom; joy to anger, hope to despair; their presence curiously influenced all





those with whom they came in contact, unless these former, were so armed as to resist their poisoned darts. The sun's rays, which had flooded the salon a few minutes previously, were now gone; the chrysanthemums—large contributors to the salon's former glory,—now drooped. "This is indeed a fortunate meeting" said the older goblin to the younger. "A large field of work lies before us to-day: you must closely follow up behind me, because together we are a power that few can resist." "Who shall we select for our first victim?" asked the younger. And as no reply seemed forthcoming, he looked at his congenial friend and with wondering eyes saw him lay his fingers across his lips and beat a hasty retreat under a sofa. It was not till he saw the elder's forefinger pointing towards the door, that he realized that somebody had entered the room. With palpitating heart, and confused mien, he ran helter-skelter towards his friend's place of security, and once inside it, looked up at the new-comer to ascertain the result he had produced. No traces of astonishment could he see on her face; essentially a society woman wearing a society mask, she was far too engrossed in herself to notice any of her surroundings. The goblins soon became aware of the fact, however, that she was in, what she called, "a peevish mood" to-day, and in it they saw an open sesame to the locked chambers of her heart. So, they began their work, quietly and imperceptibly. The tainted atmosphere began to make itself felt on her highly-strung nerves; her mask—which her friends designated as: "her charming manner"—relaxed by degrees. "I suppose I must be nice to her" she said half aloud "but really, what with these fatiguing rounds of Christmas visits, and all the shopping"—(the "charming smile" had disappeared)—"and giving presents and donations to everybody"—(its substitute was a sneer) "and one's income so limited, people are mad to say that Christmas is the happiest time of the year; for my part, it brings trouble and unnecessary expense, but no happiness." Alas! by the time the hostess entered, the goblins were sole possessors of her visitor's heart; the yielding heart had crowned them kings. But the mask—on which so much of the "limited" income had been spent—made a desperate effort to get the upper hand. "My dear Mrs. Box" it said, "I am charmed to see you looking so well," and it continued in this strain for some time. But the cankerworm was at the root of the tree; and the topic the hostess was now on, seemed to act as an impetus to it. "My small scheme this year is to help prisoners' wives, or . . . would you . . . could you . . . favour us with a small donation, Mrs. Fox?" "Well, really, Mrs. Box" the words proceeded from the once philanthropic corner of her heart, now

successfully embittered by the elder goblin, whose aim was to make all charitable appeals fall on deaf ears: "We have our motor to keep up, and two sons in the R. A. and daughters being educated on the continent, and then a few hundred pounds is such a limited income, besides" the younger goblin came forward now, and the mask failed miserably, in that a sneer was visible at each corner of her mouth "besides, I always think those schemes smooth-lipped Dalilabs, to which we, with Samson-like credulity, sacrifice our locks. I remember you conducted a similar campaign last year, with considerable ability; still I do not feel tempted to prosecute the subject." She seemed to find a gentle satisfaction in insinuating that *summum bonum* of feminine felicity: "I told you it would be a failure." The words drove the colour from her hostess' cheek, and, on hearing the door close and realizing she was alone, the poor victim flung herself down in a chair and buried her face in her hands. Depressed and sorrowful!—here was a golden opportunity for the goblins. A sore heart—empty, with no power to resist them, no will to thwart theirs—was so easy to take possession of. They first closed up the tear channel, because tears were dangerous, they so often brought forgiving or repentant thoughts with them; and then passed in review before her mind scenes dating from a twelvemonth back;—she saw how hopefully she launched her frail paper bark freighted with the noblest aspirations; how it was well received, and patronized. But, ere long, the goblins got ahead of it, they sowed seeds of envy in the hearts of those to whom the steering had been allotted, anger and malice crept up in the minds of those to whom it was directed; and the bark,—which, had it reached its predestinated shore, would have been a boon to many a wayfarer, and fellow-pilgrim—foundered in mid-ocean, and all that remained now, was a gaunt spectre of failure, grinning in the shrouds.

Yet the moral passed unheeded; one which would have taught her that every undertaking spells failure, when there is no Higher Power than the goblins to direct, command and control; when the hyper-sensitive mind is influenced by oppressive atmospheres, rather than by God's atmosphere of love and peace; when the heart is hardened to His gentle touch, and becomes the prey of the goblins, whose real names are Jealousy and Discontent.

The angel of love followed in the traces the goblins left, striving to heal up the wounds they had caused, and to bind up the broken spirits, lying torn and bleeding, but their work was hard to undo. Of their victims: some found relief in robe or crown, in ribbon band or jewelled star, others in gold or silver streams, which dazzle most when seen from far. The angel's balm had been refused,—except by the wise, the God



directed few—her balm of Love. Sadly she wended her way, till she came to a ragged beggar. He looked sorely in need of her rejected gift. His possessions were few ; some old rags which constituted his bed-clothes. His material wants were few too ; he satisfied them by begging, but his heart ached with a want, the dimensions of which increased day by day ; with a longing, which threatened to imperil his very existence. It was to hear a kind word, to feel a warm handclasp, to occasion a Samaritan act. He had never harmed anybody ; he cherished neither hatred nor anger in his heart towards any man ; and yet, everybody suspected him of being a thief ; the village dogs were set on him ; and—that which caused him most grief—the little children ran away from him. He was just contemplating a brushwood hard by, as a possible bed-room, when the noise of cart-wheels caused him to turn round. "Here, comrade !" a voice called out, "help us up this hill. The horse is tired, he can't drag further. Push the other wheel." This he set about to do, when he saw the owner, a strapping, young farmer making an effort to push one wheel. But the tramp's strength soon failed him "No," he said, "I know of a better plan. Let us put a stone under each back wheel." To this the farmer agreed, suggesting that the tramp should search for a stone. He had however no sooner returned with it, than he heard the farmer groaning and moaning. Overpowered, he had lost his hold of the wheel, the cart had receded and passed over his leg. "Go" he moaned "to my home, the first house in the village, and call my father." The tramp rushed headlong through the darkness, and scarcely breathed before he reached the house, and saw a faint shimmering of light through the shutters. The goblins had been in possession of both house and inmates all day, but the tramp knew nothing of this : he had the Angel of Love with him. He knocked, and kept on knocking till a sleepy man replied, "Is that you John?" Exhausted with running and half-paralyzed with fear, the beggar could not answer but continued his knocking. Finally, some one tumbled out of bed, and staggered sleepily to the window. "John?" "No! come quick to John!" "You insolent beggar! How dare you disturb my midnight sleep? Away! Away!" With these words, out flew the goblins. The tramp implored and entreated, he knocked and stamped. "Why not go away again," suggested the younger goblin to him "No, no," he cried "poor John is dying." "But after all they never treated you well here!" "Oh! leave me alone" the tramp implored "I must get him out." He renewed his thumping, but all to no avail ; at last, an idea came to him, he would carry John back to his merciless old father. So, away he went as fast as his tottering legs, and pain-racked

frame would carry him, to return some hours afterwards bearing his semiconscious load. The farmer was thoroughly awakened this time, and soon brought his son back to consciousness. "Call in my benefactor" John pleaded "call in my long lost brother." Outside a fierce struggle was taking place in the tramp's heart : they had scorned him times without number : they had almost killed him the night before : should he now accept their hospitality? But the accents of a well-known voice reached his ears : "Tom, do come and put your arms round me!"—they acted as a magnet. In he rushed ; and by that sick bed his void was satisfied, the gap was filled at last. It was Love's Victory. "Ah!" said the Angel softly to herself, "would that such a heart could learn this lesson well, that where love is a cherished guest,—no powers can disturb its peace of mind, no goblins undermine its happiness : would that it could say,

"Lord with the love wherewith thou lovest me  
Reflected on Thyself, would I love Thee."

EMILY KOFOED-GREGERSEN.

## Dugalanjali.

(A book of Tales and Verses by Mrs. Suchalata Sen and Miss Lalita Gupta.)



**W**ILD, weird stories in Bengali, melodious and powerful verses in English,—such are the contents of this book written by two sisters, the talented daughters of the Hon'ble B. L. Gupta, now Judge of the High Court at Calcutta. Mrs. Suchalata Sen, the elder

sister, gives free scope to her imagination in composing stirring little tales in Bengali ; while Miss Lalita Gupta, the younger, composes English verses which often shew a depth of thought, or sparkle with the light of fancy. The two sisters have dedicated the book to the sacred memory of their departed mother, whose lamented death, not many years ago, was noticed in Calcutta papers. And Mr. Raleindra Nath Tagore, the gifted poet of Bengal, has prefaced the book with a letter to the young authoresses, instinct with a tender regard and affection.

Mrs. Suchalata's tales have always something wild or supernatural in them. The idea of the first tale is taken from Mrs. Shelley's "Frank-



enstien" written some ninety years ago in imitation of the old German stories of the supernatural. "The False Coin and the True Coin" is the happy title of a story which tells us how a young Babu of Calcutta was the victim of a practical joke played on him by his witty sisters-in-law. The Babu nearly got into a scrape by unknowingly passing a false coin; but his adventures end happily, and he wins the true coin at last in the shape of a loving bride! "Luta, the Robber's Daughter" is a more ambitious tale. Luta proves, at last, not to be a robber's daughter at all, and escapes into honest society by the help of a man whose life she had saved from the robbers.

Six of this collection of tales are from the English, and the rest are original creations of the writer. The most powerful among these, in our judgment, is the story of "Nehal, the Musician." How the soul of a maiden was imprisoned in a musical instrument by an enchanter, and escaped into moonlight when the instrument broke, is told with a power which gives promise of greater things. For, as yet, Mrs. Suchalata is only a novice in her art; and even her Bengali prose sometimes betrays conscious effort, and traces of foreign idioms. But we rise from the perusal of her tales, impressed with her power of imagination and her skill of narration; and we shall look forward with some interest to Mrs. Suchalata's finished performances, which, we doubt not, will be a welcome addition to the romantic literature of Bengal.

Something of the same imagination and power,—which seems to run in the Gupta family,—is revealed in the English verses of Miss Lalita Gupta. It is a bold metaphor, and yet a happy one, to compare the setting sun with the setting of childhood's fancies:—

"Yes, the sun of childhood's fancies in her life is setting fast,  
And the fading beams that glimmer are for her the very last!  
All her soul is left enraptured as within some wondrous maze,  
In a soft uncertain twilight, in a deep mysterious baze,  
Waiting for the coming morrow with its omens ill or good,  
Waiting for to-morrow's sunshine,—for the dawn of womanhood!"

The same thought, the passing from girlhood to womanhood is clothed again in another metaphor:—

"And on she passed from childhood's bowers to a garden bright,  
Where flowers were in glorious bloom and breathed of fresh delight.  
In rapture glad the maiden stooped, and while her heart did beat,  
She stretched her hand to pluck the rose whose fragrance smelt so sweet!  
The prize was hers,—oh! what a prize! She pressed it to her heart;

A thorn pierced through her tender flesh, and left a cruel smart!"

And the maiden in agony turned to seek her former haunts,—but the gate that led to childhood's bowers had closed!

In a Birthday Wish, Miss Lalita Gupta happily expresses the happy thought that

"Each renewal of one's birthday  
Is a milestone on life's pathway."

And at the wedding of one of her sisters, the writer wafts her gentle wish:—

"By the glow of Love's soft light,—  
And Hope's Star, e'er shining bright,—  
May you always see afar  
Life's one and only harbour bar!"

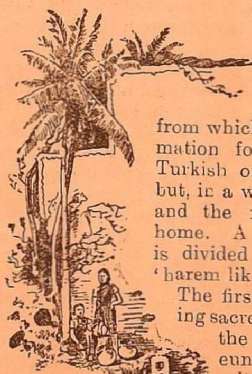
And yet life to Miss Lalita is a vision,—at least she tells us so;—but surely it is too early yet for her to long for its end:—

"And I long for the end of the vision, I long for the moment supreme,  
Which lifting the veil of the future shall end life's transcendent dream!"

But we trust and hope that the vision will last long yet, for both the sisters; and that these gifted daughters of a gifted father will live to give the world maturer specimens of that power of which we find ample evidence in this interesting little book.

ROMESH C. DUTT.

## Egyptian Women.



WHAT is the harem?

"The word,"

says the writer of the book on *New Egypt*,

from which we take our information for this article, "is a Turkish one meaning 'woman,' but, in a wider sense, the family and the fireside, in fact, the home. A Mussulman's house is divided into two parts: the 'harem lik' and the 'salem lik.'"

The first, is the private dwelling sacred in a way to the wife, the children and the eunuchs. No man is admitted here except the master of the house, who uses the other part, or 'salem lik,' to receive his friends." In Egypt the position of woman is very difficult to understand. The question is one which the Egyptian thinks is essentially private and never cares to discuss with strangers. And the





MRS. SUCHALATA SEN,  
Joint Authoress with Miss Lalita Gupta of  
"Yugalanjali."

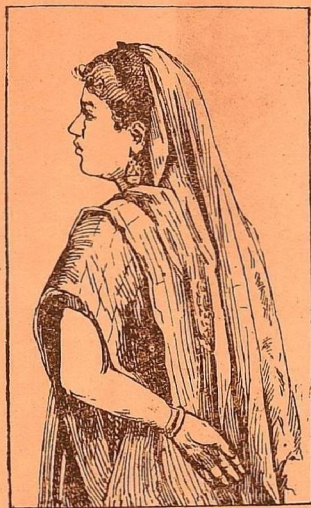




MISS LALITA GUPTA,  
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women themselves are passing through a stage of transition. The Egyptian rulers and other



AN EGYPTIAN GIRL.

men do recognise that their women need improvement, but they seem to think that the time has not yet come to give them complete freedom, and that it is wise to proceed slowly and carefully—a state of things very much indeed like the state of our own women in India. And it is also difficult to differentiate between the real Egyptian women and those who are not so. "The only true Egyptian women," says the writer, "are the peasant women, and they are so far removed from us and our civilization that the subject would lack all interest for the majority of readers. Then there is the foreign element, of which nothing special need be said. Finally, there is the pure native element. And even here there are differences, for the Princesses of the Khedival House and other such great ladies, who are at the top of the social scale, are quite different from the middle-class women." The vital differences are found in the seclusion in which they live, the ignorance in which they are kept, the insecurity of the marriage tie, and their position of absolute inferiority in regard to men. As for the grand ladies, "many of them travel regularly in Europe, speak other languages than their own, surround themselves with all the comforts and conveniences of the West." And yet, even they, after living a perfectly free life abroad, return to Egypt and take up their old life of seclusion. And, therefore, it goes without saying that here, as everywhere else, there are common features between high and low.

The Egyptian women veil themselves. High and low, all follow the habit, but the difference in social standing seems to be expressed by the thickness of the veils, the veils increasing in thickness, as the wearers go down in the social scale. This is an ancient custom, dating from the distant time, when beautiful women had to hide their beauty, to guard themselves against wicked men.

Another custom, which all Muhammadans have, is the custom of having several wives, but this custom seems to be disappearing, owing to various reasons, chief of them being the question of expense. Another custom, which is also common in India, is that of seclusion for the woman. The result is that the women, who are cooped up in such narrow confinement, are mentally much inferior to their husbands and therefore, fail to satisfy the latter. The reason for this is obvious, as an Egyptian gentleman is reported to have said, "It would be impossible to give at once complete liberty to all our women. For centuries they have lived apart, knowing nothing of life, without the necessity of defending themselves, or even of thinking for themselves: if you granted them their freedom, they would become the prey of the first man who cared to abuse their weakness."



MOTHER AND CHILD.

The question of whether Egyptian women are clean or not, seems to be a disputed question.



Some attribute to them every sort of dirt and squalor, but, as a European lady, a friend of the reigning house of Egypt, said, "all the young women I know, Princesses or otherwise, are daintiness and refinement personified. They take the greatest care of their persons, and as to their houses, with the exception of a certain untidiness very Oriental, they are perfectly clean and well-kept. Believe me, the Egyptian lady of good family does not cede a point to those of any other country, and some of those I know are the quintessence of elegance."

Among Egyptians, "old maids" are unknown, but there are divorced wives. Should one of his wives displease an Egyptian gentleman, he has only to repudiate her; and, if he wishes to make the repudiation final, he can do so by repeating three times, "Thou art divorced." But, generally, divorces are not settled so rapidly for the man must return the money his wife brought him and he must pay her a pension for three months. Marriages, are arranged, as in India, without the consent of the chief parties concerned. The ceremonies and feasts and *fetes* are many and quaint. Here is a short account of one of the marriage rites: "The husband, escorted from the mosque by friends of his own age, with lighted torches, music and uproar, is at last announced. The young bride descends from the platform, and supported by two matrons, veiled and trembling, awaits the conclusion of the final rites. The eunuchs appear, followed by the bridegroom, blind with confusion, who walks nervously towards the praying carpet prepared for him, and there prostrates himself. When he has thus publicly made his devotions, he approaches the bride, and, raising her veil, looks at her. On her breast he pins with his own hands a jewel, and, as she lifts his hand to her lips, he kisses her on the forehead: then he throws a handful of gold to the matrons."

As in India, so in Egypt, the opinion is that the Egyptians will never attain full mental and moral development, unless their women are educated and raised out of their ignorant condition. And yet, deliberation and prudence are advised. It is satisfactory, however, to notice that the entire country is beginning to understand the necessity of educating its women folk. The number of girls sent to schools is being increased, though their education has to be stopped rather quickly. And, though the Egyptian may despise his women, yet women are women throughout the world, and the Egyptian women wield great influence and are quite capable of inspiring the grand passion.

## Philosophy of Extremes.



THE most startling truths are sometimes hid in expressions which we use daily as a matter of course, without attaching any very great importance to their real significance.

How often is it during our conversation on ordinary topics, that we use the expression "*Extremes meet*;" and yet this simple phrase is not one

which can be easily understood. Why should extremes meet? Why should we try to look for some common element of similarity in two opposite phenomena? How is it that there is a general fear expressed of "over-doing a thing?" We invariably use the expressions "pulling the string tight," "shooting over the mark," &c.

My object in this paper is to point out the truth which we are so often apt to forget, *viz.*, that the difference between any two things is merely relative, and more than this, the greater the divergence, the greater is also the similarity.

One of the puzzling conceptions in Mathematics is the use that is made of the signs of addition and subtraction. We know that these signs are opposite in their significance; what we mean by addition is not the same as subtraction, and yet these signs are merely relative. What may be plus at one time may be minus at another time. We cannot fix on certain questions and say these are plus and these are minus, it is in our power to vary our definition of what we wish to consider as positive and negative.

But we need not seek for more than ordinary facts to illustrate what I may venture to call the principle of extremes. Let me just bring forward a number of instances most familiar to all as they present themselves to me, without any attempt to arrange them.

It is a well-known fact that we are hungry up to a certain point, and after that we do not feel the hunger, and sometimes can go without any nourishment till the next meal time.

When we are in a state of exhaustion after a long walk or any exercise, there are moments in which we feel highly excited and are able to do things which we can only do when not in that state.





People, who are just at the point of death, talk and act sometimes as if they were in sound bodily health. We always notice a candle burning most brilliantly just before it goes out.

It is a common complaint generally made that "doing nothing" tires one just as much as if the person had been engaged in some active labour.

There are many easily excitable persons who generally end a fit of laughter in a burst of tears, and afterwards collapse into a state in which they do not know whether to laugh or to cry. Even persons who are not highly excitable are apt to show signs of sorrow, when they hear of any very glad news, hence the expression "tears of joy."

Tyranny and democratic licentiousness seem from one point of view more entirely opposed than any other two systems of government: yet they ever go hand in hand.

To take another instance, entirely different in kind, it is a known fact that all commercial depressions invariably follow a season of great commercial activity. Very prosperous trade may be followed by a depression or even a collapse.

A man who knows most is likely to be the one who is most conscious of his limited powers. The more one is learned, the more it is said he feels he ought to learn. I may mention instances where much learning has driven several to the mad-house and the converse instance of remarkable performances by lunatics or others whom the world has called "madmen." How often is it we hear of men who have had the greatest influence in the world, spoken of as "monomaniacs." In many cases we find it difficult to draw a distinct line between high genius and want of common sense.

Let us try to trace the principle of extremes in the moral world, as it may be of greater use to us. "Man is by nature evil," is a doctrine taught by all the creeds in the world. But in him there are also germs of good. To find one absolutely good is just as impossible as it is to find one absolutely evil. It is true, the good in one and the evil in another may preponderate, but you never can find the one without the other.

How are we to measure the morality of any one individual? Is it by the power he has of avoiding evil, by the amount of success in his struggle against evil? We do not at all admire what may be called a sheepish kind of morality; as a writer well puts it—"although good never springs out of evil, it is developed to its highest by contention with evil. There are some groups of peasantry, in far-away nooks of Christian countries, who are nearly as innocent as lambs; but the morality which gives power to art is the morality of men, not of cattle."

There is such a thing as being *over-good*. Moral good qualities, if a little over-strained, become moral evils. Let us take examples:—Charity is a good thing in itself, but charity in indiscriminate excess is among the greatest of evils. Liberality is a virtue we admire, prodigality on the other hand is not far removed from being a vice. Courage is regarded as a virtue, but rashness brings worse effects than cowardice. We like friendliness, but over-complaisance we detest. A well-known writer already quoted, speaking of anger, says "I believe it to be quite one of the crowning wickedness of this age, that we have starved and chilled our faculty of indignation, and neither desire nor dare to punish crimes justly."

All virtues have their extremes, which ought to be avoided. Nor is the mean always easy to find. The boundary line of the mean and the extreme varies at different times and in different countries. To take for instance, courage: deeds undertaken during the middle-ages will be considered in these days rash and foolish. I should not wonder if the mode in which we administer relief to the poor and needy is condemned as most pernicious to the community at large, fifty years hence.

But, however difficult it may be to discover the "mean," yet the fact remains the same, that virtue consists in avoiding extremes. 'It is possible, for instance, to feel the emotions of fear, confidence, lust, anger, compassion, pleasure and pain generally, too much or too little, and in either case wrongly, but to feel them when we ought, on what occasions, towards whom, why and as we should do, is the mean, or, in other words, the best state.'

One cannot give a better description of virtue than the grand old one of Aristotle which we already possess—"Virtue is that which is concerned with feeling and actions in which the excess is wrong and the defect is blamed, but the mean is praised and goes right."

I must also mention one very striking instance of the principle of extremes. We always notice how directly opposite qualities combine together in one individual. It was said of Catiline "*aleni appetens sui profusus*!" Shakespeare has given us a striking example in Henry V. All the old chroniclers could account for the transformation of a reckless libertine into a character of majestic force and large practical wisdom only by some miraculous agency. But Shakespeare saw in him merely the change which is commonly witnessed in the life of any individual if placed in the same situation as the prince.

There is one point to which we may make a passing allusion and that is the difference between good and evil. It seems to me that we judge of actions being the one or the other ac-



ording to the effect they have on Society. No such thing as public morality will exist if each man has to live for himself: there may be such a thing as private morality, but it will be of no use, as each person will have to possess a moral code of his own. Experience has taught us that a certain set of actions leads to the greatest amount of pleasure to the community as a whole; hence there has grown a natural longing for doing such actions. Nor is this our experience complete: as the process of Evolution goes on and as society advances, we would know more about what benefits our fellow-men, and our knowledge of good and evil will also become more and more perfect.

Hence, we see that the 'principle of relativity,' (I apply the phrase in its widest sense) which is so nearly akin to what has been called the 'principle of extremes,' can also be applied to good and evil.

The question has often occurred to me, whether all persons get the same amount of enjoyment in this world. The general opinion is that some have greater enjoyments, and are far happier than others. It is true we can point to many apparent exceptions, A, for instance, who may have suffered many adversities in life, B, on the other hand, who has all the comforts and luxuries of life which A has not; this may be said to be an instance of inequality of enjoyment in life. But we forget that the degree of susceptibility to enjoyment is not the same in all individuals. If we give a book to a reading man and a glass of wine to one who is addicted to the vice of drink, each seems to be in his own element of enjoyment; but if we reverse the order, the amount of pleasure derived by each is diminished considerably.

I am far from contending that all enjoy life to the same extent, but I wish to show that no one individual has an extreme amount of happiness, or an extreme amount of misery. In fact, there seems to be a natural check placed on human capacity for happiness or misery. An intemperate man can enjoy his drink only to a certain point; after that he is insusceptible to any enjoyment; one who is extremely licentious is sure to suffer sooner or later. This is the case with every enjoyment man possesses. Let us then be more charitable to those who seem to have a far better lot in this world and enjoy life more than we do.

Also, on the other hand, there is a limit to sorrow and misery. It is impossible for us to become more and more unhappy and miserable. Nature will not allow it to be so. We gradually become reconciled to our sorrow and in some cases experience a certain luxury in our griefs.

Who has not heard of the pleasures of sorrow? Have there not been innumerable cases of individuals who have deliberately relinquished

pleasures which gave them real enjoyment and subjected themselves to miseries, as for example, the ascetics of all ages and creeds? Would they have done so if they had not preferred the latter state to the former? And yet after all which is the happier state? Surely the one which the individual voluntarily prefers to the other.

Nothing is more disgusting in these days than to notice the narrow sense in which noble words are being used. Happiness somehow has come to be applied especially to the lot of an individual who has plenty of money and all the petty enjoyments which he can purchase with it.

He does not know the true enjoyment there is in this life, who has not experienced fully the sweetness there is in sorrow. Beyond all pleasures of sense, it is in every one's power to possess the "soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy," which depend very little on external circumstances.

I have been trying lately to apply this principle of extremes which I have so imperfectly described to many questions of importance. I cannot refrain from saying a word about its application to the problem of "mind and matter," though the application may be very poor and unsatisfactory.

In all ages there have been philosophers who have thought that mind and matter were two entirely different things. They regarded them as exclusive contraries, and thus created a gulf between them which they found impossible to bridge over. Many ingenious explanations were tried; notwithstanding all these explanations, the difficulty remains insuperable if we adopt this view and consider "mind" and "matter" as "extremes" which have no element of identity. The Cartesian School brought in the assistance of a third unknown power to re-unite the two, but that was only making matters worse. Our knowledge is never increased by introducing unknown quantities. The *Deus ex machina* is a convenient but scarcely a philosophical device.

But side by side with these philosophers, there have always been others, who though fully recognising the difference between mind and matter, yet held the difference to have no meaning except in relation to their ultimate identity.

Why not then—leaving out all philosophical and even scientific arguments to prove that there is an element of similarity,—put the question as a common-place one to all common sense people and ask:—Here there are two extremes, what are they to do? Surely they ought to meet.

But science has come to help us in solving this knotty problem with its irresistible weight of proof. If there is a theory, which is not likely to remain a theory much longer, it is that of evolution. Year after year passes, and no proofs are brought forward to show the falsity of



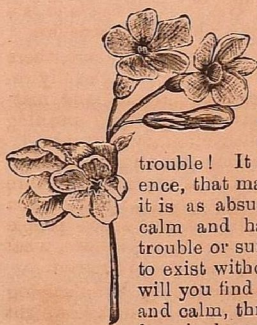
the hypothesis. It must be remembered, however, that the evolutionist never says for a moment that if his theory were established mind and matter would be identical. He allows the "eternal and immutable" difference between the two, but still the distinction has not always at all stages been absolutely the same and is not likely to remain so. There may have been a time when it would have been difficult to distinguish mind from matter, but now that we fully recognise their difference, is it not high time that we should ask whether these extremes meet or have met?

In tracing out "the principle of extremes" only the last application is the one which will not be admitted by many, but others are cases which need no proof, but only illustration.

The world after all goes right, if it follows the mean; why we should avoid extremes it is difficult to give any reason but only say that they are extremes, but we ought to follow the mean, because the mean goes on fixed principles and always holds an even course without deviating from and therefore never approximating to either extreme.

A more important and direct lesson may also be further learnt and that is *all difference is relative*. Nothing is more amusing than to see the air of superiority with which man regards his fellow-men and fellow-creatures generally. Pride has been the one vice which has had the most debasing effect on him; may it not be well to remember the truth contained in some well known words—which happily illustrate the extreme principle—"Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall."

## Suffering and Strength.



**T**HAT, a man must suffer, is one of the immutable laws of life. But what an amount of time is spent, in trying to avoid pain and

trouble! It is a decree of Providence, that man should suffer, and it is as absurd, to try to live all calm and happy, without some trouble or suffering, as it is to try to exist without breathing. Never will you find a river running quiet and calm, throughout its course; few ripples will be seen now and

then disturbing its peace, and winds ruffling its smooth flow. When people are not able to endure their troubles, and triumph over them,

they become melancholy and cynical; nothing more shows the cowardice of man than this state of things. Were it not for the cares, griefs and disappointments that fall to the lot of us all, we should become enamoured of life; and when the summons comes for us, to enter the "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns;" when we are called to pass on to "the pale realms of shade," we will shrink back appalled and beg to be "not yet cut off."

A strong character never gives in; the sad waves of time may beat very fiercely, the storms of life may gather very thick around him, fortune may refuse to smile, and the world turn cold, friends may desert and loved ones be removed from him, his youthful and his ideal modes of being useful to his neighbours may have all vanished, as they must, before the cruel beat of time; yet, he will stand and be strong. Life has its clouds, but ah! most of these clouds have their silver linings if we only watch and wait.

It is not manly to grow morose and discontented. Misanthropy is only another name for despair. As long as a man has hope, he need never be discouraged and it is well to remember that the most successful life is a life of suffering. Suffering and strength go hand in hand. A child which learns to walk must have many falls; and happy indeed is the man, who can turn back and glancing at his life say:—My life has not altogether been free from trials and sorrows.

Nothing so much leads to disappointment, as trying to do great things. Whatever work is put into our hands by Providence, must be done with all our might. Earnestness is the secret of success, and the very offspring of happiness. Our world after all is a real world, a world of real work, real success and real conflicts. We must never be so over-confident in our powers, as to look with indifference upon the difficulties before us. The dangers and trials, which we have to pass through, are by no means few: "Life hath quicksands; life hath snares." Never did full and glorious success ever crown the languid and indifferent exercises of the powers of mind and body. It requires skilful effort to push one's craft carefully in the midst of jealousy, rivalry and vice; and if we wish for success our efforts must be unrelaxing, constant and well-directed. Never let us be idle and wait for the wind of fortune to drift us to the haven of wealth and fame; in that case, we will be far more in danger of disaster than the tempest tossed mariner, his masts all gone and his little bark shattered and torn by the raging sea. Let us be in earnest and meet the difficulties which daily arise, with a determination to conquer. Let us ever be faithful, true, kind, firm and



above all earnest. If we indeed possess an unconquered will, we shall surely—

"Know how sublime a thing it is,  
To suffer and be strong."

## "Social Intercourse between Indians and Anglo-Indians"

**T**HE November number of *East and West* contains an interesting, but rather one-sided article on the subject of Social Intercourse between Indians and Anglo-Indians, by Mr. James Cassidy. The question is one which seems to have a perennial interest, and, though much has been written and said about it, the solution is as far off as ever. Few people seem able to treat the subject without any bias in either direction, but an indifferent reader might sum up the opinions expressed on both sides, as a case of "the pot calling the kettle black." English people do not necessarily always side with their fellow countrymen; in fact if any man were to believe all that Mrs. F. A. Steele, Sir H. J. S. Cotton and others of that ilk write against Anglo-Indians he would form but a poor opinion of that much-abused class. Mr. Cassidy, too, lays most of the blame and responsibility on British shoulders. He refuses to look at this vexed question from the time-honoured point of view, that the vastness of India and the number of races and languages contained in it, render social intercourse between Indians and British impossible; on the contrary he thinks that with such diverse choice we might have found some kindred spirits. The barrier, he says, is not polyglot India, but rather the spirit of the Little Englander with its want of constructive imagination and ready sympathy. The chief barriers he considers are race, language, manners and customs, and a different outlook on life, religion, and competitive examinations which place the wrong men in responsible positions. Each of these he treats in turn.

Beginning with the first barrier of race, he quotes many severe criticisms from various writers such as Sir Montague Gerard, Sir H. J. S. Cotton, and Sir F. S. Lely, shewing how British self-assertion and want of tact alienate Indians, in spite of the fact, which should draw them together, that both Indians and British belong to the great Aryan race, and are in reality distant cousins.

The examples that Mr. Cassidy quotes are very exceptional ones, and it is certainly not true in Southern India that "It is but too common an outrage to assault respectable residents of the country because when passing on the road, they

have not dismounted from their horses, in token of their inferiority." Whereas it is not so many months ago since harmless Europeans were attacked and mercilessly beaten, by the "Muslin-coated students of Bengal," with whom Sir H. J. S. Cotton seems to have so much sympathy, and there has been more than one case recently of officers being assaulted when out shooting. But Mr. Cassidy passes over this side of the picture in a few lines, admitting that tradition teaches a Hindu to look on a foreigner as an interloper. But can the blame of assuming a superior attitude be attributed only to the British? Do not many Indians consider themselves defiled by the touch or glance of a European? So long as they do so, how can there be any really friendly intercourse between the two races?

With regard to the second barrier of language, there is much truth in Mr. Cassidy's remarks. He considers the entire system of educational tests at fault, and would like every candidate to be examined by Indian gentlemen in the vernacular of the province, where his services are to be rendered. He also thinks that candidates should be able to read the language in its native characters and speak it with tolerable fluency, and not in a broken halting manner that is an offence to educated Indians to hear. As he truly says: "Many of the difficulties that arise in connection with official work between British and Indians would never occur were it incumbent on every member of the Indian Civil Service to be able to converse easily in the vernacular." Mr. Cassidy is astonished that Englishwomen do not learn the vernacular, and are content to let their children hear and speak a language of which they do not understand a word. A knowledge of the vernacular he thinks would open the door of intercourse between Indian and English ladies. But which vernacular would he suggest? Even if a lady spent years in learning Tamil to speak to Indians in Madras, she would find herself unable to converse, when moved elsewhere, with Hindustani, Telugu, Canarese and many other ladies. Would it not be more generally useful if Mr. Cassidy recommended Indian ladies to learn English, not only as a means of communicating with English people, but as a universal language by which they could converse with their own countrywomen all over India, besides opening up for them a far wider field of literature than the study of any Indian language could offer English ladies.

Mr. Cassidy, however, thinks that we, as the paramount power, should learn the languages of India and have schools in England where our children would study them just as much as they do French or German. It seems hardly likely that this suggestion will receive much support. Children already have more crowded into their



school hours than is good for them, without trying to learn the languages of a country which most of them are never likely to visit. It would be quite time enough for those, who knew they were coming to India, to study the language a year or two beforehand (provided they knew to which province they were going). For them no doubt the schools Mr. Cassidy advocates would be useful, though the number of scholars would be hardly sufficient to support such schools. Private teachers would probably be quite sufficient to meet all requirements. Why should not some of the many retired Anglo-Indians, who find time hang heavily on their hands, employ their leisure and add to their incomes, by starting classes at home for tuition in Indian languages?

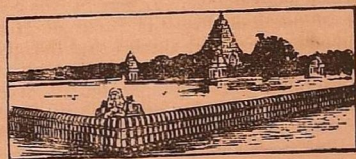
Mr. Cassidy's treatment of the barrier of manners and customs is not so one-sided as are his previous remarks. He admits that the Indians surround their homes by an impenetrable barrier by refusing to eat with Europeans or interchange ladies' society, which are the two chief features of English social intercourse. However he thinks that if Englishwomen would visit Indian ladies, each might learn much from the other's virtues. But the initiative must come from the Indians, as English ladies cannot force themselves where they are not wanted. The chief difficulty is that neither race understands the other's manners and customs, and what is politeness on the part of an Indian may be considered a grave breach of etiquette by an Englishman, and *vice versa*. There is an intense need of sympathy to bridge over this gulf. A very good suggestion by an Indian is that his countrymen should try to understand English manners and acquire that taste for games and sports which is so deep rooted in the English. He says "Englishmen, Mahomedans and Hindus of a district who meet at the Station Gymkhana get to know each other and chaff and joke in a way that no formal intercourse could secure."

The barriers of religion and outlook on life Mr. Cassidy passes over very briefly with the suggestion of broad-mindedness as the only remedy in the matter of divisions on account of creeds. Opinions are likely to differ considerably with regard to Mr. Cassidy's somewhat severe criticisms on the Indian Civil Service. There are few, if any, Indian Civililians who require to be "Strictly enjoined not to molest and insult Indians," or who are "so bloated with self-importance that they are blind to the harm they are doing to the Government and society at large." However, many people will agree with Mr. Cassidy's remarks on the evils of the present competitive system as a means of admission to the Civil Service, for as he points out, such a test is purely educational and can be

passed by hard work and cram, but it does not necessarily insure that which is most essential, that those who pass into the Civil Service should be before all things *gentlemen*. Qualifications such as breadth of mind, code of honour, *esprit de corps* and chivalry, count for nothing in Competitive Examinations, but who will deny their value when a wise and tactful ruler of men is needed? Why should not the old system of appointment by nomination be combined with Competitive Examinations, and so insure that members of the Civil Service should be, not only men with brains and educations, but gentlemen?

Mr. Cassidy also objects to promotion by seniority, instead of by merit and special aptitude for special work. By this means those whose sympathies and abilities were wider than those of their fellows, would receive definite recognition, and encouragement would be given to other members of the staff to make the good better, and thus would be evolved the best. Mr. Cassidy firmly believes that the *entente cordiale* can be brought about by a broader sympathy on both sides, a desire to learn from Indians the best they can teach, [but why, it will be asked, should not this desire be mutual?] and a hearty recognition of brotherhood, of the common wants of a common humanity, and the banishment of the spirit of inflated pride, whether of religion, race, colour or nationality by the friendly intercourse of ladies, together with the reforms with regard to language, admission to the Civil Service, and promotion, which have been already mentioned. We sincerely hope that such a *rapprochement* may not be far distant.

## Indian Epics in relation to modern thought.



WE are apt to take pride in the fact that when the rest of the world was deeply sunk in barbarity, ignorance, and primitive nakedness, the people of India enjoyed a high form of civilization, excelled in intellectual attainments and developed social rules and regulations almost to perfection. A study of the laws, customs and manners—political, social



and religious—as depicted in the Ramayana and the Mahabharatha, the great Indian epics of the Indians, will not be out of place. The one prominent idea that is found from a study of these epics which are about three or four thousand years old, is the condition in which the kingdoms, states and provinces of Northern India were in ancient times. These states were different from the states of modern times. In those times the different states of Northern India were divided from one another by different Governments; they were related to one another by a common language, religion, literature, games, and other institutions. The conditions were similar to those that existed in ancient Greece. There was a variety of kingdoms—Kuru, Panchala, Kosala, etc. There were confederation of allied states. There are evidences in the Puranas and the Upanishads as well, to show that different schools of Literature flourished in the several kingdoms. Students who had finished their course of studies in one school, went to other kingdoms for acquiring higher knowledge. Thus there was a community of feeling among the peoples of different kingdoms, and this feeling held all the kingdoms together. The most distinguished of the peoples of these various kingdoms were the Kurus and Panchalas, Kosalas and the Videhas. The wars between the two latter are related in the epic called Ramayana and those of the others in Mahabharatha.

An epic is defined broadly as an heroic poem in which real or fictitious events, usually the achievements of some distinguished hero or fabulous personage, are narrated in an elevated style. In a more restricted and popular sense, it is a great poem which embodies the manners, tales, and traditions of a nation. The Mahabharatha is not the work of a single individual, but the labour of generations. Vyasa, is known to be the writer of the Mahabharatha, but it is not possible that one could have written or composed 200,000 lines. It may be the compilation of one man like the Iliad of Homer. After the historical wars alluded to in the epics of the Brahmanas and the Upanishads took place, songs narrating the events, floated all over the country until one good man called Vyasa compiled them into one connected whole. After this compilation, the work became so popular that later generations put things (about inheritance, property, etc.), into them which have nothing to do with the subject. Interpolated with such foreign material the whole poem was put in what is known as the Anastapa metre. Thus the poem became very voluminous. Making allowance for poetical exaggerations, we find in the Ramayana what the ancients thought of an ideal king and people. We observe that

the kings ruled with the help of councils. On great occasions kings held extraordinary councils to which princes and people were invited. In this way the ancient Hindu king kept himself in touch with the people. "We are now told that the representation is a new thing for India." In one sense it is true; in the sense that modern forms of representation did not exist then; but it is a fact that some system of representation did exist. No great kings and kingdoms can exist without representation. In the Ramayana there is a significant canto in which King Dasaratha consults the people, before abdicating his throne and delegating his powers in favour of his son Sri Rama. In the Mahabharatha, too, there is evidence of this. In the Mahabharatha there are passages to show that care was taken about the education of princes. In this connection we may say that the rivalry between Karna and Arjuna is like the rivalry between Achilles and Hector. The writer of the Indian epic showed a better judgment than Homer. Karna of the Mahabharatha is as accomplished a man as his rival, but Homer represents Achilles as being inferior to Hector.

Sita and Savitri are ideal characters. Sita ungrudgingly followed her husband in exile. The story of Savitri is an allegory showing how she gives her troth to one who to her knowledge was destined to die in twelve months. The lesson we would draw from the allegory is that true woman's love survives death. Sita and Savitri are names better known to the Hindu than most modern heroes. These traditions do more for the country than the best of our modern Primary schools and other institutions.

Most of the characters of the Ramayana are ideal. Most of those of the Mahabharatha are flesh and blood characters. The characters in the latter work are life-like and distinct. It is not the object of the author of the Mahabharatha to pile up all the virtues in one character, and vices in another. In this sense we may think that the Mahabharatha is a real epic while the Ramayana is a didactic poem. But both are national property: these have lessons which are remembered in every Hindu home from one end of India to the other. These stories do influence our lives so much that we can never get rid of their influence. It is among the cultured Hindus, that these epics are losing their hold. Whatever professions we may follow there are occasions in our lives when our interests come in conflict with our sense of duty.

None who study the narratives attributed to Valmiki and Vyasa will fail to catch glimpses of the sages, which formed the ground-work of the great edifices raised by the Indian poets. It is a vexed question how far these are based on historic truth. The writers of one class strain



after the hidden historical elements in the Ramayana and Mahabharatha; those of another class ingeniously discover in these narratives merely solar myths and moral allegories. Instead of enlarging upon this topic we may only add that if it be the true function of history to disclose to us

living pictures of by-gone times, to disclose to us the social life of earlier days, and to make us acquainted with the thoughts and feelings of former generations, then the Indian epics are a solid contribution to historical literature, though they do not chronicle actual events.

V. SUNDARAM AIYAR.



### Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

I.—KUMAON.

I do not think many people know the province of Kumaon, for it is not much known or noticed, because yet the railway with its shriek and bustle has not reached there.

It may not be a place which the lover of men and things

would care for, but for those who love to live near Nature's great heart, it is as much a Paradise as this sin-worn earth can afford. It is difficult to give an adequate idea of those purple hills and cloudless azure skies, but for those who have not seen their beauty, I shall try what my poor descriptive powers can do. The place I have particularly in mind at present, is Lohabhat, a small place nestling among its tall stately trees. It was once a cantonment, but given up years ago; there is still the remains of the old band-stand where gay groups must have assembled evening after evening, and a little cemetery with its old-time graves, from which the voice of mourning and regret has long since passed away, and nothing now disturbs the stillness, but tinkling cattle bells or an occasional call. As already mentioned, there is very little society there, just a few scattered families who own

property, and pass their lives in quiet seclusion, engrossed in their own occupations and interests. But there are signs and sounds that their peaceful retirement will soon be broken into, for utility, so often a blessing wearing a thick disguise, has its eye on the fair smiling fields of Kumaon and means to turn them to advantage. As you leave the heat and bustle of the plains, grand oak forests, interspersed with green terraced fields, sweet flowering shrubs shedding their beauty and fragrances on the weary traveller, waterfalls, some coming with trickling music down the hill sides, some thundering and roaring down, meet your eye; and as you proceed further the hills you have already traversed rise tier above tier behind you, and still on and on you go, right into the heart of the mountains, which soon shut out all sound, except that of pastoral life. You feel with all their grand silent beauty around you, that you have entered another world than that of trams, cycles, and motor-cars, and as a sweet restful chime to a tired mind, come the full melodious notes of the Cuckoo or Kaepal Pakko.

The inhabitants are in a decidedly backward state of civilization, the women as far as is known having no education at all. Originally they were not Paharis, but emigrants from the plains, for their physique and dread of cold prove this. In religion they are Hindus, not of a very advanced type, but they have some very good qualities—seldom does one hear of open robberies; a house may be left open and unprotected all night, and nothing missed in times of difficulty. They are also very helpful; a Pahari will often break through stringent caste rules to render a much-needed act of service to one of a different religion, but chivalry is not one of his strong points and the women do all the hard work, except ploughing in the fields, even to the extent of carrying the heavy burdens on their travels to various places.



The man carries nothing at all, but his inseparable smoking apparatus or a little child, and if any one protests with him on his want of consideration, he says it is "dastur,"—an answer which seems to serve for any shortcoming from the most trivial to the most terrible.

In this short description I have not done justice to Kumaon, but if any one has time at their disposal, I would advise them to go and visit this, which must be one of the prettiest parts of India; and, as they see the smiling green valleys, and the changing lights and shadows on the far-off hills, ending in one glorious stretch of snow and glacier, they will feel well repaid for the long journey.

ZOI BOSE.

## II.—LIVING FOR GOD.

He or she needs no other friend who has cultivated a friendship with God. But how can we be His friends? It is by living for Him. Much depends upon the nature of our faith in Him, on the motives from which our actions proceed, and on whether we live mainly for God or for self. It is easier to discourse on the subject of making His will our only standard of life than to set an example by acting up to our wise intentions. To resign ourselves into His hands we require patience and a prudent, if not entire, indifference to our material prosperity. He or she who lives for God calls on courage to hold on the course which conscience and judgment mark out for him or her.

Self-review, repentance, and prayer greatly help us in living for God. How different would our opinion of ourselves be if we take down all that we misspeak, misthink, and misdo daily, influenced by self! Looking back upon my daily life, I feel sad to note that reason and rules stand ill against natural inclination, appetite and circumstances. I am still struggling to "give God the first and last of each day's thoughts." The wish that is referred to God, the acknowledgment of the various blessings rained upon us by Him, the repentance we say we feel for the sins and faults done in our daily lives, and the conviction that we praise Him, His matchless love, justice, wisdom, and power, all depend for their genuineness on the thoughts we think, on the words we speak, and on the acts we do from the moment we get up in the morning to the moment when we drop to sleep at night. Reason and rules are useful for external restraint and sometimes hypocrisy; but practice and true repentance make for the internal purity and the love of God. For, by practice we get nearer to perfection; and 'by penitence the Eternal's wrath is appeased.'

Calling up at night all that we thought, spoke, and did during the day, will gradually go to the forming of a resolution to act on principles. After some time, we shall find reflection making way for repentance, and repentance preparing us to begin the day with a set aim, and close it with a joy of having done much to the satisfaction of conscience.

Prayer is rendered null and void if it is not the free out-pouring of our heart. Every time I say my prayer, my mind begins to wander, and I own that 'my words fly up, my thoughts remain below.' An oblivion of self in all its sordid aspects is essential to make our soul commune with its author effectively. I set to work to lay aside my worldly troubles, but I cannot battle long with my tenacious self. It needs no small amount of self-restraint to pray with equanimity of mind. When our heart is worked up by the storm of passion, we should try our best not to let our patience and faith be wholly used up. God will remove fear and grief in time. Shocking accidents may give rise to numerous rebellious ideas in our mind; but we should work up our trust in Him every time it is ruffled by a passing yet threatening cloud of doubt, despair, or sorrow. From what I saw a devout gentleman do at a prayer meeting, I learn that I should let my heart run over with the rapture that is felt in pausing a while before I move my lips; and that when the attention is almost brought to a point, I should give utterance to the feelings of my inmost heart. Silence is often more expressive of the soul's union with God than speech. This preliminary attempt at concentration of mind increases the love for divine meditations day by day. I hope I shall be able, in process of time, to feel all through my daily life the charm of the short and sweet prayer: "God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet."

The ultimate end of prayer is to become God-fearing and God-living. Of the three precious trusts that He has committed to the keeping of each of us, the spiritual one is of vital note. Success in spiritual pursuits calls for self-respect, self-reliance, and self-denial to some extent. Endurance and an unshakable faith in Him are sure to lead us to true success in the long run. As the objects perceivable through the senses gradually bring in pain and sometimes shame and ruin, so do the things relative to God bring us up in the ways of truth and virtue.

How many of us are daily cutting off our soul's communication with Him by giving ourselves over to melancholy! I know, but cannot be consoled by, the fact that life will not go hard with one if one accepts things as the far-seeing God thinks best to bring about. Yet, there is much to give me strength to bear with resigna-



tion his will in this:—"What He delays, He does not deny. We, ignorant of ourselves, beg often our own harms, which the wise denies for our good. Be it as our God will have it."

Let us hold God as the sole object of our worship. And deaf to the cavillings of the world let us ask Him for strength to do His will. We need not fear anything, if we have made friends with Him. Though the whole world is against us, it is enough if He is on our side.

"God's love incomprehensible, springs like  
A desert well for thirsting poor astray.  
O turn to Him, and He will be  
A refuge from thy misery :  
A righteous strength will nerve thine arm,  
And courage fill thy breast;  
And thou canst bravely war on harm."

"Wait for His seasonable aid, and though it tarry,  
wait, His paternal Will regard ; if it cost thee some  
dejection, Every sigh has its reward."

"Think truly, and thy thoughts shall the world's  
famine feed ;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine shall be a fruitful  
seed ;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be a great and noble  
creed."

ROSE.

### III.—MY FATHER, A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

Reader, let me tell you a little of my father. He is the first figure in my child-life, and is ever in my memory. We loved him, my two little brothers and I. He was the unchanging anchor in our changing and growing lives, ever patient with us, ever seeking to teach new things to our developing minds. Our greatest delight used to be to gather round him after our evening meal and hear him talk to us about his old life. We would not allow him to work, though he wished to. "The magnificent selfishness of childhood," I read that somewhere, how true the phrase is ! What stories did our father tell us. Stories of his dear old father, who used to love him so much, the eccentric old man, so stern in some things, so soft-hearted in others. Father scarcely ever talked of his mother. She died when he and his brother were born, I think it was the want of her that caused the great rift in their family. Then, of his brother, his twin. They loved each other dearly at first. My father's tenderest recollections are of their poor days, when all used to be knit together in a common bond of poverty. My grandfather had been the family *guru* to a poor family. His two sons had always gone with him when he read the Pan-changams, pointed out the good days, etc.

Sometimes he had solemnised marriages, and his sons had found a constant source of pleasure and amusement in the unmeaning, but sonorous slokas that were read out as the married couple went round the fire. The old man, in his leisure hours had taught his boys Sanskrit. That was how my father had got his deep love of Sanskrit literature. "It is the grandest language in the world," he often said ; and in his leisure moments, I have often sat by him and listened to his magnificent rendering of the sonorous full-mouthed *Slokas*. He could repeat pages after pages too without looking in the book. But about my grandfather. For a long time, he had been poor, till the boys were about ten years old, and they had no money to go to a good school. My father speaks with great amusement of his Pāl-school days. Their teacher knew next to nothing himself, but kept them constantly at a loud buzz of repeating rules and slokas, which were written on pieces of dry Palmyra leaf and given to each little boy. Those were wonderful days. The teacher nodded over his torn book, the boys repeated in a loud voice, often unmeaning words, often jokes, but anything so long as they made a noise. Every now and then, the teacher would wake up, and to show his zeal give a sounding slap or whack, often to a perfectly unoffending boy. How we laughed at these recollections !

But the days of poverty soon came to an end, the days when father had to borrow two annas from a friend to buy a little book, for he was passionately fond of reading. "Take care of your books, children," he often admonished us ; "you do not know the value of them." But how I go off at a tangent ! The family to which my grandfather was guru, became rich after a time. So our family also advanced in riches, and then began the quarrels and divisions. But of that my father spoke very little. Only once he said, "Perhaps, children, you may think it was hard of me to leave my father, as I did. I confess I was too impulsive, but you do not know all the circumstances. God knows if I knew the pain I caused him, I would never have run away. I did not want his money, but I loved him. The news of his death was a shock to me. Ah me ! how things happen. It is Fate. Where the finger of Fate points, we must follow. But it was all for your mother, and that was a small drop of happiness in the bitter cup." About my mother, he spoke little, except to hold her up like a saint to us. Her death was too recent for him to speak of her without pain. "She was so sweet and good and pure, and her every thought was for others. Her memory is like a shrine. I pray and wish that you may be all like her, children." Yes, that was ever his teaching



'Always be pure and always live for others.' Then he told us of the days when they went to a larger school. Here also were many amusing recollections of the tricks they played the teachers, how when the Telugu Sastri took out his turban to cool his head, a mischievous student poured ink into it, which rained down over the unsuspecting man's face, when he put it on again; how they made fun about an eccentric English teacher, who had the mannerism of repeating unmeaning words. If he called the peon, he would keep on repeating in a sing-song monotone; "Peon, peon, peon," keeping time with a ruler on the desk. And so on. But the most interesting stories were about the cyclone, which came when they were about twelve years of age. How breathlessly we hung on father's words when he told us about that dreadful time. The heavy storm and strong wind, the sudden salt water beating against the houses, for the sea had come into the land; the rumble of falling houses, the shrieks of dying people, how, as they sat in the rafters of their house, for that was how they had saved themselves, the high-running water brought cold corpses to their touch. In the morning, the water had all receded, the sun shone again, but on what a scene of misery. The faces of many were pallid and distorted, so that their own relatives could not recognise them. There was no fresh water to be had, except at a single well, which had somehow been kept intact from the salt water. My father and his brother carried water thence themselves. How they laughed over their attempts not to spill the precious fluid, for they were so unaccustomed to these burdens. Then their buffalo came swimming and gave plenty of milk. I could go on for hours talking about this time, but I shall only weary my readers.

Father superintended our studies himself. The boys were under a private teacher; but me he taught himself. Of course, it was not the custom for girls to be taught as much as I was taught, but we had few friends and my father did not care for their criticism. The boys were at first inclined to laugh at a girl reading, but they very soon took my side. About religion, father did not teach us much. Only that God was the Father of all, that we were to obey Him always. One thing he laid special stress upon was that we should do nothing in secret, that even if men did not see us, God had His eye always on us, and, therefore, we were to do nothing, we would be ashamed of. "Never mind the world", he would say, "Do not study to please the world; but do always what you think will please God, for, if you are pure-minded, your conscience will teach you. Speak always the truth about things." "Look at nature," again he would say, "how she tries to do her

work as God set it her. To us some acts of nature's may appear unnecessary or cruel or not good; but she persists in her work; everything works for one purpose, God's good purpose, and so must we also work."

Father took us for long rambles with him; and from every flower, every leaf that met our eyes, he taught us new truths, new lessons. The mountains were ever his favourite subject. "See the grandeur of these mountains, how stern, how immovable, unscrutable they are. Man is nothing in this infinity; and yet these very mountains give us a sense of peace and of God's watchful providence; for He is as steady as the mountains themselves. He will ever watch over us: whatever happens we must trust Him." And then of flowers, "See the flowers," he would say, "God provided them for us. We often look to the usefulness of things. But flowers, in what way useful are they? Very seldom, to feed or nourish us; but without them, what would we do. The earth produces them at God's will, and they teach us innumerable lessons. How innocent they are. See the lily, how fair, 'Solomon in all his glory was never clothed like one of these.' The flowers open themselves out to God's sun, and it refreshes them. So you must open out your hearts to God's influence. Be innocent; and yet, as the flowers have natural protections against the evil forces of nature, so you must instinctively shrink from dangers. Beauty is Purity. All things pure must be beautiful, not it may be in outward texture, but in inward spirit."

One more lesson of his, I must mention. He ever taught us to be merciful to others, to try to relieve the needs of others. A beggar was never allowed to go empty-handed from our door. "Be merciful to others, and God will be merciful to you, as the Bible says. Not that I would wish you to follow virtue, in order to gain a reward. Do your duty disinterestedly. The reward may come. Even if it does not, be satisfied. Who knows how God views our actions. The love of God alone must inspire us to goodness. As Carlyle says, 'Let a man do his work. The fruit of it is the care of another than he.'" One special lesson of father has always been with me. He always wished us to be charitable to the faults of others. "Shrink from the company of evil-doers," he would say, "but do not be like the Pharisees, always imagining yourselves superior to others. Be tolerant of others' weaknesses. You will never lose by being kind to others. Who knows what temptations they had. And yet, children, you must always draw a line between the good and the evil. Your own consciences will teach you how far you can go. This remember always. As one writer said, 'It is of no avail to assert your own purity, even were true purity possible in



isolations. Whensoever you see corruption by your side, and do not strive against it, you betray your duty. Above all, never indulge in scandal-mongery.' " He was ever exhorting us to be unselfish, to give up our best to others, to work for others, to cultivate the spirit of love to all. " See how God's creatures all help one another. Every one of nature's actions is a complement to another. So you must love your fellow-creatures and ever try to do them good. Never mind your own happiness. Sacrifice it to others. Your own happiness you can try to get later, when it does not lie in the way of the welfare of others. Look at the wonderful Christ of the Christian religion, how He sacrificed himself to the world. Try to be like Him. He is one of the grandest figures I have ever read of."

I hope the reader will excuse these scrappy renderings of my father's talks to us. He, at least, practised what he preached, and if in after life we did not keep to his teaching, it was not his fault, for in his own life he ever set an example to us of the noble precepts he taught us.

## Editorial Notes.

In our Frontispiece, we give a beautiful picture of a scene in the great tragedy of Shakespeare's Hamlet. After the ghost of Hamlet's murdered father has appeared to him and told him the story of his murder and also the name of his murderer, Hamlet tries his best to convict the murderer of his sin. But he is a soft-hearted lad and by nature opposed to such deeds. And besides this, the near kinship to himself of the wicked man, who is none other than his own uncle, cripples his actions. Moreover, Hamlet is in love with Ophelia, the afir daughter of Polonius, the chief adviser of Hamlet's uncle, who is the reigning King of Denmark; and he feels that once he is embarked on his work of vengeance, he will be unable to win the innocent girl for himself. So Hamlet is inclined to be slow in his revenge, but the ghost is ever at hand to incite him to anger. His mother has become the wife of his father's murderer, and Hamlet hates to see her in this position. So, all things working towards one end, Hamlet plans out a great scheme to bring his vengeance to a conclusion. This is to act a play before the King, in which his own fell deed of

the murder of his trusting brother, is to be represented. The scheme is carried out. Before the horror-struck eyes of the Court and the guilty eyes of the stricken King, the murder is acted out. This is the scene in our picture. Hamlet fixes him with a terrible glance, but Ophelia's eyes are only for Hamlet. She cannot understand the frenzy which seems to possess him and indeed which had seemed to master his mind for many days. The Queen does not suspect anything.

The King is sure that Hamlet knows his guilt and tries to get rid of him. But Hamlet is not to be so easily disposed of. He is sent away, but returns and alas! a heavy blow awaits him. The lovely Ophelia's mind has been unhinged by the shock of her lover's seeming neglect. She is drowned in a stream and Hamlet returns in time for her funeral. In his intense agony of mind he quarrels with Laertes and they challenge each other to a duel, which is fought out later on before the King and his Court. Here the tragedy comes to a terrible close. The Queen, by mistake, drinks the poisoned wine meant by the King for Hamlet, and dies. The King is stabbed by his stepson, who at last takes his revenge. Laertes and Hamlet kill each other with a poisoned rapier, which, in the moment of excitement, they exchange. And so we come to the end of the great play, and read the requiem of Fortinbras, the Prince of Norway, who is likely to be the new King, over the fallen son of Denmark :

"Let four captains  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage,  
For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have proved most royally."

I have met with an interesting article on this subject in the December number of the *Educational Review*. The writer thinks that, though strenuous

### The Education of Hindu Girls.

efforts are being made by Government to encourage the education of Hindu girls, yet, the circumstances and the defects in the system are such that progress is not very cheering. True, we have some lady-graduates, lady-professors, doctors and so on, says the writer, but why should there not be more, or at least, why should not the general education of girls be looked after, leaving alone the technical?

Comparing Hindu girls and boys, the writer thinks that the former are more precocious than the latter. They have a better memory. "A song has to be sung to them only once and they will repeat it. Stories, be they ever so long, have to be told them only once and they are able to reproduce them. Without doubt, the mind of the Hindu girl has only to be properly opened and disciplined to make her the com-



peer of her sisters of the West." But there are defects caused by environment. "She is like an American Indian, who till his fifteenth year makes remarkable progress in his studies and then, a strange metamorphosis coming over him, he throws his books into the nearest of the streams or lakes with which his country abounds, and with his gun goes-a-hunting like his ancestors, forgetting everything that he learnt at school." The Hindu girl at the age of 13 or 14 is taken to the home of her mother-in-law, fettered with domestic cares, and hedged in by custom and prejudice. Is it a wonder then that the learning of her school days is a thing of the past? Can the school influence outweigh or outlast such influences? Apparently not, because there are defects in the system. The school-mistresses usually provided in the schools who exert no personal influence on the children. They themselves have such scanty knowledge, such little general information. They know only the text-books and nothing outside them. Their own personality is not developed enough to act on the children. Besides this, "most mistresses are Christian women and it is not possible in the nature of things to expect them to sympathise largely with their pupils, whose creed and customs and ways of thinking are so different from their own." I do not agree with the writer in this respect. A teacher, whether she is Christian or Hindu, will be able to enter into the feelings of the girls, according to the standard of her own education. If she is educated on a grand scale, she will be liberal-minded enough not to think of the differences of caste and creed. But when they themselves have a meagre education, they lose sight of the ideal of their vocation.

A word as to the writer's opinion of the curriculum to be adopted in a girls' school. It is very much the same as that taught in a boys' school. More attention ought to be paid to the encouragement of the artistic side of human nature,—drawing, music, needle-work, and hand-in-hand with this should be given education which will prove useful in the home. Also, cooking should be taken into consideration. The writer of the article is a man and his view of cooking is this:—"An exquisite dish prepared and presented by the wife to the husband will go a greater way towards endearing a wife to the husband than all the blandishments of female art." Though it is very amusing to think so, yet from observation and experience we see it is true!

Besides all this, give the girls a religious education, one which will help them in the conduct of daily life. This is a mother's duty, but provision should be made in schools for the giving of religious education and to make the girl see the

more serious side of life, take some thought of the amount of suffering there is in the world, give her an idea of the light and blessing she can be in her own sphere. Then they will become noble and true women. No amount of trouble spent in just developing the mental faculties will prove helpful towards development of character, if it is without this education.

## Selections.

### I.—THE SPEECH OF H. H. THE MAHARANI OF COOCH BEHAR AT THE INDIAN LADIES' CONFERENCE AT THE BETHUNE COLLEGE, CALCUTTA.

Her Highness said :—Beloved sisters you have done me great honour by asking me to preside at this Ladies' Conference. When the *Mahila Samiti* sent me an invitation to Baroda to preside at this meeting, my first idea was to decline the honour, as I know that there are many among you who are better qualified to preside than myself. But I felt that it was an act of kindness on your part to have sent me this invitation to the other end of India, and that it would be a poor response to your kindness if I refused your request. Therefore, dear sisters of Bengal, I have been persuaded to accept your invitation. And if I fail to discharge my duties with the ability which, I know, many of you possess, I must ask for your indulgence, as you are yourselves responsible for electing me your President!

And first let me tell you how glad and happy I feel to find myself once more among you. I have lately travelled much in distant lands,—in France and England, Italy and Greece, Germany and Austria, Switzerland and America,—and I have been much interested in the art and industries and the social and educational institutions that I have seen. But I come with different feelings to you—I came as a returned wanderer, as an exile taken back in this home again, for there is a bond of union which unites us and makes all India our home.

You received me kindly and lovingly two years ago and I feel myself as much at home in Bengal as at Baroda,—among sisters engaged in the same work and endeavours,—daughters of the same beloved Motherland.

Your *Mahila Samiti* cherishes these sentiments. One of its principal objects is to unite Indian ladies of all creeds, castes, and races. Our men are drawing closer together, year after year, by means of Congresses and various Conferences, and through common aims, aspirations and endeavours. But I think, in cementing the bonds of national union, we, women of India, have an influence not less potent than that of men. We meet each other in our homes; we learn to know and respect and love each other within the walls of the Zenana; and we strengthen those ties which hold together a nation. For although we may live a thousand miles apart and although we may speak different languages, we are united by a bond of common sentiments and common endeavours.



High or low, rich or poor, we are all proud of the same traditions of the past, inspired by the same aspirations for the future, united by the same sentiments of affection and of love. It is a happy idea therefore which has led the *Mahila Samiti* to draw and bring together ladies from all parts of India. The more we meet, the more we know each other the better shall we succeed in our common work and endeavours.

Another object of the *Mahila Samiti* is to spread a knowledge of Indian literature and history; and in this respect also I think, we women have a degree of influence perhaps more far-reaching than that of men. We shape the minds of our children in their infancy and boyhood, we can inspire them with a love and a legitimate pride in our past history, and we can create in them a taste for our modern literatures. I believe there are gifted ladies in this advanced Province who have written works which will live in the literature of the land. But all of us,—who are without such high gifts—have the power to train our children in a love of their own history and literature; and believe me, the teachings of the nursery have a more lasting and durable influence through life than is generally supposed. The manhood and the womanhood of India is our handiwork; let us mothers train the future manhood and womanhood of India to the service of our country.

Lastly to encourage the arts and industries of India is also one of the objects of the *Mahila Samiti* and I believe of this Conference I know how the ladies of Bengal have helped and supported the *Swadeshi* movement which is now spreading fast over Northern India and the Punjab, over Gujrat and the Deccan, over Madras, Mysore and Travancore everywhere over this great continent.

From all parts of India we have watched with a wondering admiration this great movement which you have boldly started, and nobly sustained until all India to-day is uniting in this great and patriotic endeavour. Indian Stores are growing up, almost spontaneously, in every Province; mills are increasing in number in the great industrial towns of Western India; handlooms have more than doubled in Bengal within the last two years; the use of Indian metalware and other articles of domestic use is rapidly extending. I am told that thousands of weavers and workers in metal, who had lost their vocations are returning to their looms and their anvils; and that in many a village home, our poor sisters,—the mothers and wives and daughters of our poor artisans,—are feeling a new hope and a new incitement to work. History, if it is a record of national progress, will record the wonderful spread of this great movement—so recent already so successful, and which the entire nation is so resolved to make durable and lasting. Let us, women of India, join whole heartedly in this movement; and in the selection of articles for our daily and domestic use, in the purchase of dress and ornaments for ourselves and our children, let us piously remember the claims of those millions of poor Indian weavers and artisans whose suffering and poverty we have the power to remove. Wherever we may dwell in this vast country, whatever be our religious creed and profession in life, let us all unite in the common aim and endeavour to advance the progress and the prosperity of our country.

New light is breaking on India with the commencement of a new century. Let us all pray to that Great Being who can help the poor, and raise the lowly that it may be the dawn of a long bright day for our beloved Motherland.

## II.—THE DETERMINED DAUGHTER.

By INNOCENT SOUSA.

It was *Paleti* or *Parsi* New Year's day. In the bungalow of a Bombay merchant who was doing well at one time there was stir and commotion. He had risen earlier than usual, was praying to the Deity to grant him a prosperous New Year, while his wife and three daughters were engaged in arranging the house and looking to the neatness of the furniture. This done, he took his seat in the verandah with a handful of copper pieces in his hand, and peered into the street, where a gang of starving mendicants were awaiting with pleasure his generosity and raising a hue and cry at each pice the charitable *Parsi* threw.

An hour later, he returned to his room, attired himself in his best, and entered the hall to welcome a friend or two whom he expected shortly. Then his wife, dressed in a gorgeous silk *saree*, came in.

"Ye," began *Manakji Jamshedji Cottonwalla*, for that was his name and he dealt in cotton, "yes, year after year slides along, and yet we see no prospect for our daughter's marriage, *Bachu*. Our girls are full grown, why, *Mithi* is past twenty-one, and *Meher* is nineteen, while *Ainai* will soon be seventeen." As the old father, who had the responsibility of three girls thrown upon him, spoke, his wife traced a cloud upon his brow.

"What a hasty custom we have amongst us," the woman put in a few minutes after. "No young man marries without some dowry—dowry not of one or two thousand, but four, six, or eight thousand. We have no money; speculation has killed us; and cotton business somehow has not paid us."

"But something must be done this year at least—something must be done to get *Mithi* married." And the last words had scarcely died upon his lips, when a back *victoria* drew up at his premises. His wife retired in a hurry. A minute more, and there alighted a *Nobed*—a priest of an inferior order—who greeted *Cottonwalla* with a smile as he entered, and shaking him by the hand, bade him a prosperous and happy New Year. The merchant returned the greeting.

"Yes," was his first word, as he looked the *Parsi* priest steadily in the face. "Yes, I am very glad to see you here." He stopped short, as though calling to mind something, while an irritating cough began to trouble him. "Can you do something for me?" he asked a few minutes later. "I want to see my eldest daughter married this year at least. *Mithi* is twenty-one. It's high time now that I get her betrothed."

The *Parsi* priest wore a look of keen surprise. He was a friend of the family and came over very often, but *Cottonwalla* had not ere this broached the subject of his daughter's engagement.

"Yes," the *Dastur* answered, shaking his head, "girls must be married. It's a scandal to keep grown-up girls at home. But the present behaviour of the



Parsi is terly deplorable: see our young men smoke! Ah! what's this! Playing with fire! Playing with a god! And see they've taken to English fashion! English in dress only, but why not English in customs, I ask?" He paused much perplexed. "These young fellows now-a-days want money. They have set their hearts on gold, and without a decent dowry nothing can be done in this matter. I know some families here who have well behaved marriageable sons, and I'll try and help you. But what are you going to offer?"

"Three thousand five hundred, Mobed," the father answered in a low voice.

"A trifling amount!" the Dastur remarked. "A small sum indeed!"

"But I can't afford anything more. Mithi is educated. She knows music; she's a good hand at needle-work. And still I give her three thousand five hundred. But I can't afford anything more; I really cannot."

"Very good," observed the Parsi priest, with the air of one who had made up his mind what to do.

"Parsi must be charitable, and I must do an act of charity on Pateti Day."

With those words, he rose from his seat, and was going to take his leave.

"But won't you have anything?" the merchant put in without a moment's hesitation.

"No, no, I've no time, Manakji, I must settle this affair. I've a family in view."

Then he shook the merchant by the hand and left. Three or four days after, he returned in the evening with good tidings. He had spoken to Mr. Pestonji Eduljee, who had a son, Framjee, a well behaved young man who was getting on in the world. But Pestonji Eduljee wanted five thousand for a dowry, and if Cottonwalla agreed to that sum, his son, Framjee had no objection to marry Mithibai.

When the Dastur had left, Mithibai, who had overheard the conversation, entered the drawing-room. She gazed into her father's face and as she did so, one could see that her complexion was far, while the roses upon her cheeks bore the unmistakable impressions of a profound blush. She was dressed in a gorgeous light green silk *saree*, diversified by white dots, a portion of which being passed over her head hid the glossy black hair from view. The *choli* was of another hue and suited well with her outer garment. But you could trace no look of cheer in her countenance. As the eye measured her from head to foot, you saw that she was tall, and that a pair of court-shoes graced the pretty feet, while the open-work stockings that encased them displayed to the curious observer short glimpses of a snow-white skin.

"Yes, *wali decri*," spoke the father, the moment his eyes met hers. "Yes, Mithi, you're engaged to-day. The Mobed was just here. How happy you must be! Framjee Eduljee will be your husband. He is a good boy, well behaved, and is getting on splendidly in the world. I've promised him five thousand for a dowry, Mithi."

"Five thousand!" reiterated the young lady, flushing still more. "Five thousand, Bavaji!"

"Why? What's wrong? Five thousand is not much, you know. The family is respectable. This *Pateti* has brought you luck."

There was silence for some time. Cottonwalla stared at his daughter, but in her countenance he read something strange to himself.

"You didn't consult me, Bavaji," she faltered a few minutes after. "You never asked me whether I wanted to marry?"

"But that's the one ambition of every young woman! Mithi. I daresay every father knows that it's so. Isn't it true?"

"True!" repeated Mithibai. "True, Bavaji! Yes—no. But you're going to buy him! Five thousand is the price you pay. Framjee Eduljee is worth five thousand rupees. But I might as well save you the bother and the trouble, Bavaji. I don't want to marry. I am educated; I know music; I'll teach and earn my living. I'll not marry Framjee Eduljee."

A dark cloud crossed the father's brow. Mr. Cottonwalla was at a loss what to say.

"No, no, Bavaji," Mithibai interrupted. "I understand everything. You buy a young man for me, and you want to marry me to him. Isn't that so, Bavaji?"

Upon this the father lost his head. He stamped his foot and walked up and down the room with the heavy step of one who was very angry. Then he cast a glance at his daughter.

"No, no, Bavaji," cried the Parsi maiden on the spur of the moment. "I don't want to marry; I'll marry one who loves me whether you give a dowry or not. I know what's love; I've read English fiction; it has made me wiser."

"But the *Mobed* will be made a liar, Mithi. My words and promises will henceforth have no weight. You must not be so rude now. I acknowledge I am in the wrong for I didn't consult you. Now will you consent, Mithi?"

At that instant the mother entered. She knew what her husband was trying to impress upon her daughter, and her duty therefore was to side with him.

"Do you know, *wali decri*, what you're saying?" the mother questioned. "What's all this trouble about then?"

"But I'll not marry Framjee Eduljee, Maiji," she replied, "I don't love him; I don't know what it is that makes me hate him."

"Don't love him!" cried the mother in the height of temper. "What are you saying, Mithi? Are you in your senses? And you won't marry him?"

"No, never, Maiji," the stubborn young lady returned peremptorily.

"Don't say so, Mithi," the father interrupted. "The *Mobed* will be made a liar by us. And you are now going to spoil the prospects of your sisters. I daresay you are aware of all these misfortunes."

"But I don't want to marry, Bavaji. I don't care for Framjee Eduljee."

Cottonwalla and his wife tried their best to change their daughter's mind, but it was all to no purpose. She was a determined character, and was bent on having her own way. To please the Parsi priest, however, the merchant had his second daughter, Meherbai, engaged to Framjee Eduljee—a young man who cared for money but did not believe in love,



### III.—THE IDEAL OF HINDU WOMANHOOD WITH PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR ITS REALISATION.

THE GAIKWAD PRIZE ESSAY.

[By Mrs. Susila Tahl Ram.]

Harmony is the law of Nature. In accordance with this divine truth, what do we find in the manifested Nature? At the appointed hour, the light of morning flushes the Eastern horizon. Upon wings of glory arises the Sun, and as its electric rays flash across the heavens, Nature, enwrapped in sleep awakens; and, praising the Creator, renews its daily course. When day declines, night sets in for peaceful rest; while, the radiant moon-light cheers the heart of many a weary toiler. Year after year, the seasons come and go in succession, with the Sun fructifying the earth. The hallowed beams of the moon nourish the vegetable kingdom, and bounteous showers descend to enrich the parched soil. Linked together by the golden chain of harmony, tranquilly the Universe moves in circles of happy concord.

The physical world did not long remain a sealed book to the deep thinkers of ancient India. The more the great Teachers searched into the great book of Nature, the more forcibly did its divine teaching become clear to their spiritual sight. In Nature they perceived that, from the minutest particle to the mightiest sphere, the manifested Universe was regulated on the principle of harmony. And if, instead of there being a just agreement, its regulated course diminished or increased, then discord and dire misery followed on its heels.

They, therefore, wisely concluded that as with the governing of the Universe, so in the perfection of mankind, to abide by the established principle of harmony was most imperative. And how essential was this, and what blessing of evil accrued from its non-observance, the Gita pointed out in a most impressive manner:—"The harmonised man attaineth to everlasting peace; while the non-harmonised remains bound."

Realising the potent power of this established law in Nature our Teachers deliberated what would heaven and harmonise the life of man, so that having performed his duties rightly, skilfully and magnanimously in this world, he might gradually gain union with the supreme Being.

Reason answered: "Knowledge." Time after time, came the answer unto them: "Knowledge is virtue. Truly, knowledge imbues man with strength and wisdom and renown. It is a friend in strange lands and under all conditions. Worship thou knowledge."

Guided by the unerring voice, the light of knowledge burned on their hearths; and enlightened, their progeny became pure and spiritual and mighty. From ages this hidden treasure, which nothing can destroy, but accompanies man, from birth to birth, has been handed down by our progenitors to their descendants. Knowledge is our birth-right—the birth-right of the rich and the poor; the high-born and the humble.

This valuable legacy was bequeathed to man as well as to woman, for both are created to serve their peculiar purposes in this world; and, consequently,

both have responsible duties to fulfil in the course of their lives. Composed of the same elements as man, and dignified with reason and a soul, "indestructible and eternal," the allwise Providence designed woman to be his help-meet. Moreover, it is evident that "woman is possessed of the same affections, the same desires, the same motives, the same inclinations, the same passions and the same appetites as man." Hence, which united by the sacred union of Matrimony, she becomes his *ardhangini*, the better-half. As a chariot rolls along smoothly on two wheels and would come to grief if drawn on one, so the glorious purposes of the domestic life are regulated and realized by the joint efforts of husband and wife.

"Everywhere

Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,

Two in tangled business of the world,

Two in the liberal offices of life,

Two plummetts dropt for one to sound the abyss

Of science, and the secrets of the mind."

"Man's part in the social economy is that of the bread-winner, the defender of the living generation; woman's part is that of the preserver and improver of the coming generation," and while man goes forth into the world to provide for those who depend on him, the duty of woman is centred in her home.

The home is a small but an important world in itself, redolent of happiness or full of perpetual bickering. It is the nursery, "where the infant mind is trained to the exercise of its powers, where the child is taught its duties to the different members of the family, where early lessons of piety are instilled into its mind, where its ideas are acquired and its affections formed, where principles of virtue are first implanted, in short where begins the laying of that foundation upon which will depend the superstructure of future happiness."

Within the little circle of its wall, woman presides, and the inmates, both young and old, bend to her sway; while, the influence she exercises around her is of no small degree, and pregnant with inestimable good, or fraught with the most serious mischief. Our ancestors recognised her importance in society, and that in her tender palms rested the destiny of the whole human race. They judged rightly, that according to her condition, woman would become the guiding star of the household or turn into a disturbing spirit.

Knowledge is power, and it was given to man in order to develop his physical, moral and intellectual faculties in such wise as to surround him with the perfect harmony of life and of true happiness. To educate man and to leave woman in ignorance, was to have about one, a constant jarring element, and a millstone that would surely drag one down to degradation; for "As the seed so the fruit; as mother, so daughter."

But, on the other hand, if woman, with a sensible amount of freedom, was cultured, according to her requirements, society at large would be the gainer. The wise mother, exhorting all the energies of her thoughts and labours, would promote the best interests of the children; and would send forth such men and women as would illumine the world by the able performance of their duties to their families, duties to the community and national duties.

The ideals of our ancestors were elevated in character and marked with inexpressible grace and



beauty. These ideals did not exist in their fancy alone, but through magnanimous principles consistently carried out, they became embodied in flesh and blood; and helped to build the marvellous civilization of our country. They saw that human elevation is dependant on the cultivation of the mind; and being convinced that it is as necessary and indispensable for woman as it is for man to be educated, both boys and girls were tended with equal love and equal prudence. Each of them received instruction in those subjects which enable them to perform their manifold obligations rightly.

Since it is in the family-circle that the child receives those deep impressions which colour the whole of her after-life, for good or for evil, the intelligent mother, while nourishing the babe tenderly, moulded the infant mind and heart; and excited her to the practice of integrity and right-living.

Good example is a "living rule which instructs mankind without any trouble." It carries with it unspeakable benefits, and has such powerful influence over the young in particular, that it forms them into the same disposition, as those with whom they associate. Even in the common transactions of life, the prudent mother exercised judgment by being most careful of her speech and of her acts in the presence of her child. Being her constant companion, it was but natural that the girl should imbibed the thoughts, the morals and manners of her beloved parent.

In those enlightened days, religion was not a mere observance of certain ceremonies, but permeating the life of the Hindu people, it showed forth in their daily actions. Thus, it came to be that the basis of education was solid and firm, for the principles of religion formed the foundation. Around this great light, stood subservient the secular subjects, while the principles of self control, which were instilled in the children from an early age, helped to check all that is evil, from the training of the restless mind and making it subject to the will, to the restraining of thoughtless speech and hasty acts. Days of childhood were not passed in pouring over dry and heavy studies, but these were interspersed with instructions in music and singing, painting and embroidery.

At a reasonable age, when the understandings had been enlightened, and the judgment informed, the accomplished maiden, glowing with youth and health, chose by the *Sacayamar* ceremony her partner in life. The infant, now bloomed into womanhood, had perceived from infancy, as she nestled in her mother's arms, the deep reverence and unbounded love, that existed between her parents; and how when smitten with sudden calamity, the weaker became the stay of the stronger, and healed the wounded heart with words of prudence and comfort. The husband indeed found in his help-meet all what Vyasaji enjoins in the Mahabharat:

"A wife is half the man, his trust friend,  
A loving wife is a perpetual spring,  
Of virtue, pleasure, wealth; a faithful wife  
Is his best aid in seeking heavenly bliss;  
A sweet speaking wife is companion  
In solitude, a father in advice,  
A mother in all seasons of distress,  
A rest in passing through life's wilderness.

The devotion, the love and harmony that had pervaded her mother's family circle, the intelligent bride introduced these benign influences into her

new home, by endeavouring 'to live up to the noble pictures enshrined in her heart. United by the strong feelings of genuine attachment, she regarded her husband her very deity, through whom would arise unending bliss that would enrich the whole field of her life; while, kind attention accompanied by soft speech, and the electric touch of sympathy bound her lovingly to the elders of his family.

Nor was the newly-made bride tardy in her attention to household duties. Having received a careful training under her mother, they passed through her hands easily. Our ancestors had no fancy for heavy furniture, nor cared they for the numerous bric-a-brac of modern times. Soft breezes wafted the sweet scent of the tulsi-plant through the spacious halls. Their scrupulous neatness combined with simplicity, gave a peculiar charm to the ancient homes, while the burnished pots and pans, with everything adjusted in its proper place revealed the purity and regulated mind of the *grihani*.—

"Strong in all manual work, and strong  
To comfort, cherish, help and pray,  
The hours past peacefully along,  
And rippling bright, day followed day."

Our ancestors firmly believed that "woman above all educators educates humanity. Man is the brain, but woman is the heart of humanity; he its judgment, she its feelings; he its strength, she its grace, ornament and solace." Honouring her as one through whom unbounded blessings would arise in their homes, and spreading through the community permeate the Hindu race, they assigned to her an exalted status in society. And this honourable position they helped her to keep sacred by means of a cultured mind. Religion and right discernment formed her bulwarks which guarded her against temptations; while, as a bee extracts the nectar from a blossom, thus drew they out the sunny-side of her nature through a "septen of trust," and a liberal education.

And in those pearly days, it was not man alone who had learned to prize knowledge, but woman had as well come to understand its power and held it dearer than all the treasures of this world. When Yajnavalkya was about to become a Sanyasi, he called his two wives and told them to divide his riches between themselves. But Maitreyi fell at the sage's feet saying, "Dear heart! of what avail is this wealth to me? You who are so wise and learned, grant me wisdom—the knowledge of immortality,"—and her request was granted.

In these times, when the light of knowledge has paled considerably, we are not even the shadow of the shadow of our forefathers; nevertheless, our vision, fortunately, has not become so dimmed as to make us insensible to the great pictures depicted in our literature. Some of them are so dear unto us that we bring them down constantly among us, and by reading their wonderful exploits and wise instructions, try to cure our infirmities through them.

Year after year, in the month of Kartik, the sage Bhishma is represented in a clay-figure of immense proportions. Fasting for five days, both men and women offer their homage to the saint, who, as of old, comforts, counsels, and helps to bring the desires of his devotees to a right conclusion.

And none the less is Savitri—the fair, sweet Savitri, who by her constancy and devotion won her husband



from the grasp of Death—beloved and worshipped by the people.

"As for Savitri, to this day  
Her name is named when couples wed ;  
And to the bride the parents say,  
Be thou like her in heart and head."

Truly "where women are honoured, there do the gods dwell ;" while, "the harmonised man attaineth to everlasting peace."

(To be continued.)

## What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

**LADIES AT THE MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.**—Sixteen Parsi ladies have passed the Matriculation Examination of the Bombay University. They are Miss Dhunbai Behramji Bharucha, Miss Avabai Dorabji Kanga, Miss Seroshbanoo Jijibhoy Kharegat, Miss Meherbai Dhunjibhoy Mehta, Miss Piroja Hormusji Mehta, Miss Jerbanoo Jehangir Master, Miss Sirin Bapooji Patel, Miss Peroja Jamsedji Paowalla, Miss Jerbai Sorabji Sethua, Miss Dinbai Hormusji Wadia, Miss Maneebai Framji Wadia, Miss Aimai Rustomji Catpitia, Miss Freni Cooverji Contractor, Miss Heerabai Temulji Jungallwalla, Miss Navajbai Cawji Merchant, and Miss Aimai Dinshaw Ginwalla.

**A NEW PARSİ LADY DOCTOR.**—Among new Parsi Doctors is to be noticed the name of Miss Piroja Jamsedji Bhadrurji.

The Parsi says:—My congratulations to the Bombay Girls' High Schools Athletic Association on its having survived the critical period of the first two years. So few of our Girls' Schools have joined the Association that its first report will inform most of the Parsi families for the first time that there has been an Association like this in our midst. Why schools like the Alexandra Institute and in the Girton High School should have remained aloof is a mystery to me. Possibly there must be some differences or misunderstandings which are not to be traced in the report for the year 1905-06. Whatever they may be, in the interest of our Parsi girls I wish such differences are soon buried and an impetus given to our girls to save themselves from the early wreckage that is to be witnessed all along now-a-days. A contract with their European sisters ought to inspire in them the exhilarating passion for sports and physical exercises on which the preservation of beauty for which our sex is naturally very anxious largely depends.

The *Arya Messenger* describes a widow re-marriage ceremony which took place according to Vedic rites under the auspices of the Widow Re-marriage Society, Punjab, on the 1st July. The bride and bridegroom belong to the Khatri Chopra class. The marriage was performed with the consent of the parents of both, and they also took part in the ceremony. The age of the bride is about 16 years. She became a widow fifteen days after her first marriage at the

age of 13. The bride's father, Lala Radha Kishen, Clerk, Manager's Office, Railway Department, gave magnificent donation to various institutions in the Punjab, and a good dowry to his daughter. The bridegroom belongs to a good family, and is 30 years of age. The special feature of the ceremony was that many women took part in the marriage. *Pan-ilachi* and sweetmeats were served to the audience, which numbered about one hundred.

**VICTORIA ZENANA HOSPITAL, DELHI.**—In various ways in different parts of their country the people of India have commemorated the reign of Queen Victoria. At Delhi the memorial has taken the form of a Medical College for women, in connexion with the Victoria Zenana Hospital, in remembrance of Her Majesty's deep interest in the sufferers amongst her Indian subjects. The object of the College is to train women doctors and nurses, and the building has been designed so as to enable patients to keep their *pardah*.

**THE LADIES' CONFERENCE.**—Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda opened the Indian Ladies' Conference held at Calcutta on the 31st ultimo. The Maharani of Mysore, Nattore, Mourbhunge, Cooch Behar, Dighapathia and a large number of other ladies of high positions and high attainments were present. The Maharani of Baroda read her presidential speech and expressed her great pleasure at being once more among her own people after long journeying abroad and prophesying a great and prosperous future for India if but its women unite to aid and further its welfare. The Maharani of Cooch Behar, Mrs. Serojani Naidu and others made speeches urging Indian women to take their place by the side of the reformers and progressionists and render their help towards the emancipation of women. Several papers were read on marriage, duties of women, the *Purdah* system, the ideal of womanhood, etc. The Conference was then resolved into a Social Gathering. Refreshments were handed round and until a late hour all the ladies enjoyed a happy exchange of ideas. We are sincerely glad that their Highnesses the Maharani of Mysore have had opportunities of mixing with the eminent ladies that graced the Conference and we look to very happy results at no distant time.

**FEMALE EDUCATION AMONG PARSI.**—A COMMENDABLE PHASE.—In the report of the Cathedral Girls' School for 1906, read at the annual distribution of prizes to the successful pupils of the school last week, it was stated that four girls presented for Matriculation last year, all of whom passed. Out of them three were Parsis. Of these three, the report stated, Miss Ghosasp Naoraji is now studying for London Matriculation, Miss Nurgis Naoraji is reading History at St. Hilda's College Oxford, and Miss Perin Naoraji is studying Music and Languages in Paris. It was further stated that Miss Meher A. D. Naoraji, a former pupil of the school, has passed her M. B. degree in Edinburgh.

**NEW LADY GRADUATES.**—Among the new graduates of the Bombay University are the following Parsi ladies : Miss Hamabai Ruttonji Colah, Miss Meherbai Jehangir Davur, Miss Jerbanoo Bomanji, Engineer, and Miss Soonabai Dinshaw, Vakil. Miss Meherbai Jehangir Wadia has also the distinction of carrying away the Ellis Scholarship.



**THE VICTORIA GIRLS' SCHOOL, PATIALA.**—The Victoria Girls' High School, Patiala, was opened on Wednesday by Lady Rivaz. Lady Rivaz arrived at 3-30 P.M., and was received at the gate and conducted to the *dais* by His Highness the Maharaja, the Council of Regency and members of the Victoria Memorial Committee. Lala Bhagwan Das, Member, Council of Regency, and Honorary Secretary of the Committee, then read an address, from which the following are extracts:—

"This school has been established in the sacred memory of that august Sovereign who was like a mother unto us, and during whose benevolent reign India has seen unparalleled peace and prosperity. It is a rare piece of good fortune for the people of Patiala that two important ceremonies connected with this institution have been graciously performed by your Ladyship. The foundation-stone of this building was laid by your Ladyship on the 4th March, 1905, and now again it has pleased God to bring your Ladyship in our midst to open this institution on its completion. The Council of Regency have decided to take over this institution, maintain it efficiently from the State funds, and place it under the supervision and management of the Education Department, Patiala; thus its permanence has been guaranteed..... To commemorate this happy occasion it has been decided to found a gold medal and a scholarship to be awarded annually to the best girl of this school. We respectfully pray that your Ladyship may be pleased to permit us to associate your Ladyship's illustrious name with the above medal and scholarship, and call them the Lady Rivaz Medal and Scholarship."

The address was enclosed in a handsome silver casket and presented to Lady Rivaz. A silver key bearing an appropriate inscription was then handed by the Maharaja to her Ladyship, who, accompanied by the teachers of the school and other ladies, walked up to the door of a class room, and opened it amidst the chanting of sacred hymns by State Singers. A number of girls then entered the room, and Lady Rivaz was met there by some Indian ladies. Shawls and sweets were distributed.

The building has been erected at a cost of Rs. 40,000, furnished and equipped at a further cost of Rs. 4,000, all of which has been locally subscribed. It was designed and constructed by Rai Bahadur Ganga Ram, C.I.E. Mrs. Hemantakumri Chawdhri, daughter of the late Babu Novinachand Rai, Principal of the Oriental College, Lahore, has been nominated for the post of Lady Superintendent.

**WONDERFUL AND PROMISING WORK.**—The work and progress of the Dev Samaj Balika Vidyalai (Girl School), Ferozepore, within such a short time has been not only astonishing in the eyes of its supporters, but it has surprised even European inspecting officers, who have had an opportunity to pay a visit to it. Recently Miss I. A. Sime, the Inspectress of Schools, Eastern Circle, Punjab, visited it and was pleased to make the following remarks dated 14th ultimo:—

"I had the pleasure of again visiting this School yesterday. The new building is all that it gave promise of being and the Managers may indeed congratulate themselves on the way in which they have in so short a time got everything both outside and in, into such thorough order. One can scarcely

realize that it was only five years ago that this great work was begun and I can think of nothing better to say than to wish the School as much success in the future as it has had in the past; and while it has so many earnest workers giving their time and energy for its good I am sure my wish can not fail to be realized.

(Sd.) I. A. SIME,

*Inspectress of Schools, E. C.*

We wish more Indian parents would avail themselves of such a beneficent training institution for their children.

**BENGAL.**—Miss Hiranmayee Sen, B.A., has, as a special case, been granted a scholarship of Rs. 25 for a period of eighteen months from 1st July, 1906, subject to the usual conditions of good conduct and satisfactory progress, to enable her to continue her studies for the M. A. degree. The scholarship is made tenable at the Bethune College, Calcutta. A special senior scholarship of Rs. 15 a month is also granted to Srimati Hemaprobha Bhuyan tenable for two years from the 1st June, 1906, at the Bethune College, Calcutta, on the usual condition of good conduct and satisfactory progress.

The Begum of Bhopal has presented a pair of artistic gold 'pahanchis' to a Mahomedan girl who received a gold medal last year from the female Section of the Mahomedan Educational Conference at Algarh, in recognition of her beautiful hand-writing.

#### MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU ON SOCIAL REFORM.

Under the auspices of the local Hindu Social Reform Association, a meeting was held in the Mahboob College Hall, Secunderabad, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu presided and Mrs. Idafaye Levering, M.D., delivered an address on "The Condition of Indian Women."

The meeting was well attended and properly represented by all communities of Secunderabad and Hyderabad. Special accommodation was provided for Zenana ladies. Mrs. Naidu introduced the lecturer in a few chosen words and dwelt on the appropriateness or otherwise of an American lady speaking on the condition of Indian women. She came to the conclusion that she was best fitted for the task on account of the experience she possessed of women of various classes of this country.

Mrs. Levering during the course of her address, said that *infant* marriage is a great evil, and that it brings on evils in its train. The first of which is early motherhood resulting in loss of life or health. If the bridegroom happens to be an old man, which is not rare, the second evil is early widowhood. As the gentlemen present who were mostly Hindus knew very well what the horrors of child-widowhood were, she refrained from expatiating on them. The cause of all evil is ignorance which is chiefly attributable to want of education. She compared the condition of American women with that of her Indian sisters and felt sorry for the want of education in the latter. Swami Abhedananda who stayed and travelled in America, bore strong testimony as reported in a recent issue of the *Indian Social Reformer* to the culture and virtues of American women. The American girl enjoys complete liberty. By liberty she meant not destruction but construction. As a child she is fond of her dolls, and as she approaches girlhood she aspires



to the acquisition of knowledge. She moves freely with her brothers and their friends, commanding respect from all of them, keeping a strong check or hold on her own self and preserving in tact her honour and self-respect. The thought of marriage does not occur to her as it does to an Indian girl from her infancy. Until she attains the age of 16 or 18 and can stand on her own legs, she does not marry. A Society cannot be progressive unless men and women are equally educated. She does not mean that women should usurp the functions of man and man of women, but that education should be diffused broadcast in order that the faculties of men and women may be developed side by side with profit and pleasure to the whole community. It is impossible for a man to realise the pleasure one feels in the company of an educated wife when he has not tasted the fruits thereof. She mentioned a few instances of melancholy interest showing the depths of ignorance and superstition into which some Indian women are steeped. If it could be possible to mould public opinion in the direction of educating the women of India, immense good would result. India could hold her own against any civilised nation of the world. Opportunities given, the women of India can successfully compete with her sisters elsewhere in any walk of life. The lady that presided at the meeting is an example. She next dwelt on the healthy influences of educated parents over their children, and other matters, and exhorted those present to give due consideration to what she had said, and to do something to ameliorate the condition of the women of India.

Mrs. Naidu's speech was, as usual, stirring. The castigation she inflicted was rather severe to sensitive persons. But the evils that are eating the vitals of society and the support and refuge which the community in general lends to them, make it impossible for any sensible man to think of the severity of the chastisement, nay, it would rather seem that no goading, however painful it may be, can be considered too much even by orthodox persons in respect of certain evil customs, such as *infant marriage*, *Varasulkam*, *Kanyasulkam*, Nautches, extravagant expenditure on social and religious occasions and glaring disparity of age in marriages, etc. It seems, she heard that her remarks on Social Reform questions on past occasions offended the leaders of Secunderabad, and she would give expression to the same remarks at the risk of offending them if they happened to be present. Every place of any importance in India has a Social Reform Association. But what they have done! The word *to-day* is powerless to be found in our dictionary. *To-morrow* is the watchword. There is anxiety shown everywhere for the introduction of Social Reforms into the families of others but not in one's own family. When the point is urged home some plea or other comes in for procrastination. A graphical comparison of the past and present of India was made. In days of yore, India possessed real men who hono red women and spared no pains to raise them to their level and make their helpmates. Ancient women of India recognised the worth of men and were prepared to make any sacrifice for their sake. Men of those days had sufficient worth in them and if women performed *sati* they did it out of love and regret for their men. But do men of our days deserve *sati*? What sort of men do we find now? They are not men at all. They can be called the degenerate descendants of ancient heroes.

Mr. P. Raja Bahadur Pillai, B.A., B.L., the Assistant Secretary of the said Association, rose and said in a touching manner that while every one would like to have in their homes cultured ladies like the two that honoured the platform, very few move even their little finger to the attainment of the end in view. As an instance, he referred to the local Girls' Pathasala, the up-keep of which institution is a very humble ambition. And yet the plethora of accumulated arrears of subscriptions due by certain members has a very sad tale to tell. If the Social Reform Association can awaken in the minds of the gentry of this place an active interest by way of loosening the purse strings for the proper maintenance of the Girls' Pathasala on progressive line, and if it rouses in the minds of the members and sympathisers a spirit to do one's utmost for imparting education to women whom one can control, it can justify its existence. He proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the two ladies on the platform for their kindness, and to the ladies and gentlemen for responding to the invitation in such large numbers.

In connection with the Students' Weekly Service Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the poetess, delivered an address on the Personal Element in Spiritual Life, at the Prayer Hall of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj on the 3rd January. Pandit S. N. Sastri, who presided, introduced the speaker in a few words. Mrs. Naidu spoke as follows:—

It is to you the young in this audience, that my remarks are chiefly addressed, for, even as it is your privilege to be the heirs of the glorious yesterdays of the world it is even more your privilege and responsibility to be the stewards and trustees of to-morrow. You are the inheritors of unfulfilled greatness, and we look to you to complete worthily the work that your fathers have begun.

At this great moment, when there is abroad so much enthusiasm and when all the best energies and ambitions of the people of India are directed towards the re-establishing of the social and political ideals of the country, it is well for us to remember that no results are of any lasting value that are not obtained by the light of the spirit. But the advancing hope for the salvation of India lies in this magnificent fact, that our civilisation in the past was highly spiritual and the powers of spirit, though they may be dimmed, can never die. I want you to realise that each of you is an indispensable spark in the rekindling of the fire of national life. Turn where you will, to the scriptures of the Hindus, or the Mandates of Zoroaster, the Koran of the Mahomedans, to the teachings of Christ or of Lord Buddha, you will find this great point of unity among them that in all these religions the greatest emphasis is laid on essential points—first, that terrible, individual responsibility on every human being for his own actions and for his own destiny and, secondly the unique and incommunicable personal relationship between the human spirit and

The divine life of the spirit is not a thing that we can attain, but it is interwoven like a golden thread through the very fabric of our existence. I want you to realise that even so there is a state of divinity which it is possible, nay, it is necessary, that we must develop up to its full power of godhead. There is no one among you so weak or so small that is not necessary to the divine scheme of eternal life. There is no one among you so small, so frail, so insignificant, that he



cannot contribute to the divinity of the world. If he should fail let him fail. Does success or failure count in the life of the spirit? No, it is endeavour that is the very soul of India to whom I speak to-day, know that you are responsible for the call upon you for ennobled lives, not merely for the glory and prosperity of your country, but for the higher patriotism that says, "The world is my country and all men are my brothers." You must ask for the larger vision that looks beyond to-day and knows that the destiny of the soul lies in immortality and eternity.

The evening service was conducted by Babu Umesh-chandra Dutt. He related in brief the Puranic story of the "Self-sacrifice of *Dadhichi Muni*" who died cheerfully to serve the gods, and urged the necessity of such living sacrifices on our part at the present day for the salvation of India, our own fallen motherland.

Our good singers, Babus Bhabashindhoo Dutt, Kunjabehari Bramhabrata, and Hemchandra Sen edited the worshippers as well as the outside audience by singing sweet hymns and *Sankirtan* jointly or separately throughout the day. The proceedings ended with light refreshments.

The late Mohendra Babu's three sons, grandsons, and relatives did in their power to make the arrangements for the *utsava* complete success.

## News and Notes.

Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes calls young women who spend £200,000 a year on dress, "moral paupers."

—CONCERNING WOMEN.—Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth has brought out a beautiful volume of "Twilight Fairy Tales."

—Fraulein Alice Solomon and Fraulein Helene Saitzeff have been capped Doctors of Philosophy at Berne and Heidelberg respectively.

—The only Catholic College for women in New York State is St. Angela at New Rochelle. It is under the care of the Ursuline nuns.

—Eleanora Duse offered a prize of 10,000 lire a year ago for the best Italian drama. Now the Judges announce that among the 800 works submitted they have not found one worthy to receive the award.

—Mrs. Ida H. Harper contributes to the December issue of *The World To-Day* (Chicago) a valuable article on *The Present Status of Woman Suffrage*, fortified with many statistics.

—Mrs. Pauline Carrington Bouve of Boston is the only woman asked to contribute to the new encyclopedic history of American manufactures. She is to furnish the chapters on pottery, glass and porcelains.

—Miss Fannie Wilson, daughter of Hon. W. B. Wilson, of Rock Hill, S. C., has opened a law office in Washington, D. C., and will practise her profession in that city. She is a graduate of the law department of the Pennsylvania University.

—Mme. Curie, associated with her husband, the late Professor Pierre Curie, in the discovery of radium, has been appointed to succeed him as professor at the college of the Sorbonne of the University of Paris, and has entered upon her duties. Her lectures will be on radio activity.

—Miss Martha McCaulley, of Wellesley, has been appointed dean of women at the University of Colorado.

Miss McCaulley was a student of Oxford (Eng.) University for several years, and took her M. A. at Wellesley, where she was associate professor of history.

—Marchioness Isabella Lucini of Pavia has left £3,000 to a local comic paper to which she had been a life-long subscriber. Her will directed that £300 in addition should be spent on a sumptuous banquet to the staff of the paper, "in recognition of the many pleasant hours spent in perusing its humorous columns."

—Dr. Lydia Rabinowitsch-Kemper has been appointed a corresponding member of the Societe Centrale de Medecine Veterinaire in Paris, on account of her researches in veterinary science. There are several women veterinary surgeons in America holding good appointments, but this is said to be the first case in Europe.

—Mrs. Alicia Adelaide Needham, the composer, was one of the presidents at the last annual Fisteddof, the great musical festival in Wales. One of her best-known songs is "The Fairy's Lullaby." In 1902 her coronation march song won the \$300 prize offered by the Earl of Mar for a musical composition in honor of King Edward's Coronation.

—Lillian A. Field was elected County Superintendent of Schools for Arapahoe Co. (Denver) on the Republican pocket. Mrs. Gertrude A. Lee was the candidate on the Democratic and Labor tickets. Oddly enough, the only parties in Denver that nominated men for this office were the Prohibitionists and Socialists. A number of other Colorado counties besides Denver also elected women superintendents.

—Miss Frances Zerby, of Pottsville, has been admitted to practise law in all the courts of Pennsylvania, including the supreme court. In the preliminary examination, Miss Zerby's general average was six points ahead of the next highest applicant. She is the daughter of Joseph H. Zerby, editor and proprietor of the Pottsville Daily Republican, and is a young woman of social prominence.

—A Woman at Brondesbury, England, has lately died, aged ninety. *Woman and Progress* (London) says: "Mrs. Grey was one of the earliest advocates of the higher education of women, and took a prominent part in founding the National Union for Improving the Education of Women, an organization out of which the Girls' Public Day School Company developed. Mrs. Grey was also a well-known supporter of the women's suffrage movement."

—Miss Harriet Johnston, a teacher of the public schools of Toronto, has been elected a member of the Advisory Council to the Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario. Hon. James L. Hughes, Inspector of Schools for Toronto, writes: "Miss Johnston received over 800 votes more than any other candidate for the position. Miss Johnston has twice been president of the Teachers' Association of the city of Toronto."

—Miss Marshall Saunders of Halifax, N. S., has won the hundred-dollar prize offered by the American Humane Education Society for the best essay on the question, "What is the cause of and the best plan for stopping the increased growth of crime in our country?" Miss Saunders is the author of "Beautiful Joe," which won a prize of \$200 offered by the Humane Education Society a few years ago, and which has had a wide circulation.



—"Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Roumania, has taken the unusual step of sending to the Neue Freie Presse of Vienna a letter concerning the health of King Carol. She signs herself "Dr. Carmen Sylva, house physician and qualified nurse." She praises the king's patience under suffering, and reports that he is getting better. The days are passed in reading, all his tables being covered with books. "As I have the gift of being able to read aloud for many hours consecutively," the queen says, "we have an interesting life. I zealously insist on sharing no part of his nursing with anyone else, and I never had a better patient."

—Miss Florence Nightingale, who lately entered on her eighty-seventh year, received scores of congratulations on her birthday. She is feeble physically, but bright in mind, and she still interests herself in the Nightingale Nurses' Training Home. It is not generally known that Miss Nightingale in her youth had a great wish to study medicine, a profession then closed to women. When Elizabeth Blackwell was pursuing her medical studies in London, Miss Nightingale used often to come and sit with her in her stuffy little bedroom, and talk over their common aspirations for woman's welfare. Miss Nightingale has been a life-long advocate of suffrage for women.

When asked her reasons, she answered, "I have no reasons. It seems to me almost self-evident, an axiom, that every householder and taxpayer should have a voice in the expenditure of the money we pay, including, as this does, interests the most vital to a human being."

The question as to whether political or social reform should have precedence in India is a question that is often discussed. It may be of interest to some of our readers to know how the matter presented itself to an English radical of the radicals. Last month there died in Edinburgh in her ninety-first year a sister of the famous statesman John Bright, Mrs. Priscilla MacLaren, who to the day of her death took a keen interest in politics and sympathised with all popular movements that made for what she regarded as the welfare of the community. We well remember visiting her, now a good many years ago, and as we were about to return to India the conversation naturally turned upon the subject of the young men of India and their aspirations. We shall never forget the keenness with which the old lady turned to us and said to tell the educated young men of India that they need expect no sympathy with their political aspirations until they did justice to their wives and sisters.

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