

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. VI.

APRIL, 1907.

No. 10.

A CHILD'S EYES.

A CHILD's deep eyes were upon me,
And held me as with a spell,
But why, thought I, should I wonder and pause
At a sight I know so well?

So I turned away, yet musing
On their secret of strange control, [still
For those eyes seemed searching and shining
Like stars in the dark of my soul.

"Heaven's blue gleamed forth from his eyelids
As he lifted his face in play,
And his laughter rippled like chiming bells,"
Said I, "but why should I stay?"

"There lurks some message of wonder
In the graver glance of his eyes ;
Yet, a common child that plays in the street—
Shall he move me to surprise?"

Then I paused, for a thought crept o'er me
As I tarried with doubtful feet ;
God's holy angels are keeping watch
O'er these children in the street.

And then, as that deep gaze held me,
New meanings opened to view,
For, there from the eyes of a little child,
God was searching me through and through.

Keats's Isabella.



THE poetry of Keats has been censured as being entirely devoid of all proper treatment of "human nature." He is said to have been so completely absorbed in the contemplation of the mere external beauties of Nature, that in his poetry is seen a certain degree of coldness towards those

prime objects of true poet's regard—love and women. Whatever truth there may be in this criticism, there can be no doubt that Keats, before the eve of his withdrawal from this world, became aware of the great debt which poetry owes to humanity—for he, in one of his letters, writes "scenery is fine, but human nature is finer," and in the poem called 'Sleep and Poetry' he says he should bid farewell to the joys of youth and pass to a nobler life,

"Where he may find the agonies, the strife
Of human hearts."

Yes, Keats 'found' this 'strife of human hearts,' and experienced the "pang of love" to such a degree that he may be said to have died of hopeless love; and the poem of 'Isabella,' though begun before Keats came in contact with the woman who became the idol of his heart and the all-absorbing interest of life, yet completed after he became acquainted with her, is permeated with this "stir of heart," this "sick longing," this hopeless "malady." Keats, in conjunction with his friend Hamilton and Reynolds, versified certain tales from the Decameron of Boccaccio; and to Keats's lot fell the tale which the "renowned wight of Italy" called the 'Pot of Basil.' In the original version the tale—a short one told in an unsentimental and unemotional strain—makes the love of Lorenzo for Isabella a mean underhand trick and justifies to some extent the cruel murder on the ground of family honour. But the English poet took this simple story and "enriched it with tones of sentiment and colours of romance, brooding over every image of beauty or passion as he calls it up." Keats has so infused the story with passion and pathos that it is now one of his most popular poems; and "justly so" adds Mr. Rossetti, "for it is tender, touching, and picturesque."

At the time when the city-republics of Italy were vying with each other to obtain the entire monopoly of the trade of the East, and thus acquire as much wealth for themselves as possible, there lived in the city of Florence two "merchant brothers," who had grown rich from

ancestral merchandise and whose sole aim in life was to make their "pile more complete" by any means foul or fair. With these Florentines self-retired in hungry pride and "gainful cowardice," lived the "fair simple Isabel," their sister. As it usually happens in this world—a fact most unaccountable—that while the brothers were men eaten to the core with selfishness, pride and avarice, the sister was an "unselfish, innocent, pure-minded thing" who moved in an ideal world of her own creation, in which she was oblivious to the sordid meanness of her surroundings. In the employ of these merchants there was a youth called Lorenzo who was their chief clerk or accountant. The innocent and simple-hearted Isabel, quite unmindful of the fact that Lorenzo was only a clerk under her brothers, began to conceive a deep and tender passion for the youth, and he in his turn responded to her love, so that

"With every morn their love grew tenderer
With every eve deeper and tenderer still."

But each waited for the other to declare the love, and they went on in this sad plight for a whole long month of May till at last,

"Sweet Isabella's untouched cheek
Felt sick within the rose's just domain,
Felt then as a young mother's who doth seek
By every rill to cool her infant's pain."

Lorenzo, seeing how ill the girl looked, and knowing too well the cause of her illness, determined more than once to declare his passion for her, and thus "drink her tears and startle off her cares"; but the fear that "his high conceit of such a bride" should be considered presumptuous, kept him away from his purpose and drove away his resolution. So would they have gone on spending dreary nights of love and misery, had not Isabella, one quiet evening lisped tenderly "Lorenzo,"

"Here she ceased her timid quest
But in her tone and look he read the rest."

Lorenzo, emboldened by the slight encouragement given by the girl, found heart to declare his love and poured into her willing ears the torrent of his passion for her, and they sealed their newly-found joy by a true lover's kiss. The great load of undeclared love which was oppressing them was now rolled off, and their hearts were light as the air. They seemed like twin roses blown apart by the wind, only to meet again more close to share the fragrance of each other's heart. She retired to her chamber singing a "ditty fair" of delicious love and Cupid's honeyed dust; he with light-steps and brighter heart went to the fields and there "joyed his fill." Even nature appeared to them to rejoice at their pure love; the song of the birds sounded sweeter; the light of the day shone brighter; the face of the earth seemed smiling and radiant

with joy. Every evening, when that sublime quietness reigns over nature, when the subdued effulgence of the starlight tries to pierce through the "soft mellowness" of the vanishing twilight, the lovers used to meet, unknown of any, in a retired bower of hyacinth and musk, and there pour out their hearts to each other. "Were they unhappy then?" asks the poet. Why should they be?

* * * But alas! How short was their bliss! How cruelly were they severed! The "world," yes the world with its conventionalities, its formalities and its prejudices is always jealous of true, pure love. *It will come in between two young hearts, and will sever them with no heed whatever to the after-consequences.* The brothers of Isabel—these money-bags as Keats calls them—when they found out how the passionate love which their sister entertained for Lorenzo thwarted their plan of marrying her

'To some high noble and his olive trees,'

became well-nigh mad with rage. They at once began to concert measures to remove Lorenzo out of her sight; and one fair morning when the sun rose with a genial warmth the merchants, with pleasant faces, came to Lorenzo, who from the garden-terrace was contemplating the glory of the sun-rise, and told him to get ready to go with them towards the Appenines, where they had some business of great and immediate importance. Lorenzo, as was his wont, courteously bowed to his masters and hastened to get himself in readiness. When crossing the courtyard, he paused every third step and listened of if he could hear his Isabel's matin-song, and looking up he saw her through a lattice-window smiling lovingly upon him. He told her of his errand and how his heart was heavy within him on account of "a poor three hours' absence" and bade her good-bye. Poor souls! did they think that that was their last parting on earth? that that was the last time they were to set their loving eyes on each other . . .

The "world" had intervened between them . . .

The merchants with Lorenzo rode out of Florence and in a sequestered corner of a thick forest murdered the undefended man in cold blood and buried him there.

"There in the forest did his great love cease" so sings the poet; but no; love never ceases, it ever increases; love is never lost "for it is too precious to be lost." "And not a grain of it shall be spilt." Through myriad cycles of existence it will roll on till the two hearts which were bound together on earth by true and sincere affection shall find complete union in each other and be fused into one essence.

The brothers, when they returned home, told

their sister how with sudden speed Lorenzo had taken ship for foreign lands, because of some business of great importance which required trusty hands.

Poor girl! With what hopes she waited for her lover's return. When the time of his return was delayed, her hope began to turn into anxiety and anxiety into misery. Her nights were one long sleepless wretchedness, and to her couch she murmured low "where oh where!"

"So sweet Isabel

By gradual delay from beauty fell,
Because Lorenzo came not,"

And so she would have died in her miserable ignorance, had not one night Lorenzo, with all the horrid gloom of the grave attaching to him, appeared to her in a vision and told her of the cruel cold-blooded murder, and how in a place where the red whortle-berries grew thick and beeches and high chestnuts shed their leaves, he was secretly interred; and requested her, if she still loved him,

To go and shed one tear upon his heather-bloom
And it would comfort him within his tomb.

He then told her of his present state of existence, how her beauty grew upon him and how he still felt a greater and greater love for her steal through his essence. The spirit then mourned a sad 'adieu' and dissolved into thin air. Ah poor Isabel! Did she still love him? . . .

When the sepulchral form of her lover had vanished, the poor girl lay awake a long while, experiencing the tortures and agonies of an indescribable pain within her. Conmingled feelings of love, grief and shame came upon her like a great mountain wave and seemed to overwhelm and suffocate her.

She then suddenly shook herself up from her bed and determined when the morning light appeared to visit her lover's tomb. When the sun rose the next day, she devised means to steal away unperceived from the house and, taking with her an aged nurse to whom she confided her secret, she hastened to the dismal forest. After a long and weary search, at last, when the golden breath of sunset was misting in the West, they found Lorenzo's earthy-bed where the whortle-berries grew thick over his head. *Isabella then knelt by Lorenzo's grave.* As one lost in a deep trance, she for a long time gazed into the fresh-thrown mound and seemed to grow upon the murderous spot "like to a native lily of the dell." Then she suddenly drew a knife from her bosom and began to dig and "dig more fervently" says the poet "than misers can." Soon she turned up a soiled glove which she had presented to him when he was alive; she took it up, kissed it, and hid it deep in her bosom. Then she began to work again and did not stop her painful task for three hours till she felt the kernel of the

grave. She then stooped into the grave and cut off her lover's head from the mangled trunk and kissed it.

" 'Twas love, indeed, cold-dead, but not dethroned,
For love never dies but lives immortal lord."

She then secretly took the head to her house and there smoothing its wild hair with a golden comb and embalming it in sweet scent, wrapped it in a silken scarf and hid it in a garden-pot, wherein she planted a sweet Basil which she kept wet with her ever-flowing tears.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, the sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees

She had no knowledge when the day was done
And the new moon she saw not; but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore
And moisten'd it with her tears unto the love.

Her watch by the Basil pot was so constant and continuous that she soon lost the lustre of her youth and beauty and

" began to wither like a palm
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm."

This excited the suspicion of her brothers and they wondered why she sat drooping by the Basil green, and how "such a very nothing" should have power to wean her from the pleasures of youth, even from the remembrance of her lover's long delay. Therefore they watched for an opportunity to unravel the secret of the Basil-pot, and "long they watched in vain."

For seldom did she go to chapel shrift
And seldom felt the any hunger pain;
And when she left, she hurried back as swift
As bird on wing to breast its eggs again;
And patient as a henbird sat her there
Beside her basil weeping through her hair.

At last, however, the brothers contrived to steal the Basil pot and examine its secret; there they found the vile thing with green and livid spots; but they at once recognised the face of their murdered man Lorenzo. Now the "proudly-unselfish" brothers who wanted to see their sister "get on in the world" (to use a phrase common now-a-days in the mouth of educated parents), by marrying her to some high noble, obtained the guerdon of their murder, and in a moment's space they left Florence never to return again.

Poor Isabel! when she found that the last stay of her love was taken away from her, she lost her senses and began to talk to "dead and senseless things," asking them for her basil pot. With a sadly-melodious voice, which grew thinner and thinner every day, she complained

"It is cruelty

To steal the basil pot away from me,"

till at last she thus pined away and died forlorn, asking to the very last for her Basil pot, in which she had secreted her lover's head.

It has been repeatedly asserted that Keats's attempts at the delineation of women and love have been almost always thorough failures; and his "female characters" are said to be "superficial and unworthy." This criticism is certainly true to a great extent, but one who has carefully read the "Pot of Basil" is inclined to ask, "Is Keats's 'Isabella' an unworthy treatment of a female character?" Is the passion portrayed in the poem a merely superficial one? It is true that Isabella is not possessed of that high refinement and overflowing "poetry of soul" which (as Mrs. Jameson says) pervaded the nature of Juliet; it is true that the heroine of Keats's poem is not endowed with that feminine delicacy and sweet charm which distinguished Elaine the Fair, the Lily Maid of Astolat; but Isabella possesses certain traits of character, which enlist our sympathy and admiration for her and make us compare her not unworthily with the heroine of Shakespeare's great Italian tragedy. And, if in Isabella we do not find a delicately feminine character, if we fail to recognise in her that deep yet subtle passion, which enkindled the soul of the heroine of "Romeo and Juliet," we must remember that Keats was only a youth of 19 years of age when he wrote his *Isabella*, and cannot therefore be compared with Shakespeare when he wrote his "Romeo and Juliet." But is not Isabella worthy of our love and admiration? Though by birth she belonged to a noble family, yet the atmosphere in which she moved and the environments amidst which she lived were anything but noble and elevating. Her brothers, though members of one of the noblest families of Florence, were mere merchant men, who were actuated by no other motive than that of "piling gold on gold." Their house was turned into a "house of merchandise," where everything was made to subserve one purpose only, *viz.*, the amassing of money. In the midst of this mean and sordid surroundings, Isabella kept herself free from all taint. She, in the purity of her soul and the beauty of her person, seemed to grow like a snow-white lily that flourishes by a dunghill. When she grew up to womanhood, is it to be wondered at that the pure soul of Isabella longed for companionship and union, that her untainted spirit sought for its kindred spirit that would love, support and cherish her? Goethe somewhere says "that the first propensities to love in uncorrupted and unblemished souls almost always take a spiritual direction." Thus Isabella found her kindred spirit in Lorenzo and she loved him tenderly and passionately. It is the depth of her love for Lorenzo and the ardent constancy with which she was attached to him even after his death, that draws forth our admiration and excites our sympathy for her.

"Love is stronger than death"; and to Isabella's sincere affection death was no barrier. "Sweet simple Isabel" as the poet repeatedly calls her, a pure, innocent but deep-natured girl, dies for sincere love. The circumstances in which the girl at times is placed are not always becoming and the gruesomeness of certain details of the story makes us shudder, but amidst all this Isabella keeps her sweet simplicity by the constancy and ardour of her affection and the unaffected depth of her nature. Isabella is sweet because she is true. What can be more beautiful on earth than a pure-souled woman who is animated by sincere love?

J. N. V.

Body and Mind: Their Relationship and Connection.



THE nature of the strange ties connecting Body and Mind, presents one of the most difficult and interesting problems known to man. Actual truth concerning them we can never hope to attain, but with the help of the physiologist, much light may be thrown upon the subject.

That Body and Mind have a strong influence, the one over the other, no one can deny. They are indissolubly connected; the ill-health of the Body affects the mind, and when the latter is starved, or cramped, excited or worried or otherwise maltreated, the functions of the body become deranged.

The Mind is the seat of Thought; of the Intellect and the Emotions. The more complex the body, the higher the mind. The two grow together. In the lowest forms of life, there is only enough mind, to guide the functions of the body; the latter is then extremely simple. No margin is left for any thing beyond self preservation and reproduction. The brain is the organ of the body through which we are able to classify and distinguish the outside world. This is presented to us through our senses, but without the brain all would be incomprehensible chaos.

Conversely, supposing a man to be deprived of his senses—to be born deaf, blind, and dumb, tasteless, and without the power of smell—he would still live, and be guided by instinct to eat and sleep and perform the natural functions of life. He would live, however, alone and

apart, possibly in a world of order and sense of his own making; strange and wonderful thoughts might even be his, for ever hid from us. His life would be the exact reverse of his brainless, sense-perfect brother. So closely are body and mind interwoven! Are the Brain and the Mind synonymous? In other words, is there an outside agent, who makes himself known through the medium of the brain; or is all life as we know it, merely the result of that aggregation of nerve tissue, muscle, blood and bone, that makes up man? Both views are held; the exponents of the former are known as Dualists; of the latter as Materialists. Certain unexplained phenomena fall in with both theories, but the majority are in favour of Dualism.

Supposing the materialistic theory to be true, all thought originates in, and is produced by, the Brain. We are thus each widely separated from our fellow. We can only communicate through speech. Thought loses all that elastic, infectious quality with which it is credited by Non-Materialists. The influence of mind upon mind is unaccounted for; correlations of thought are strange coincidences. Each must live and work; to and for himself alone. The brain produces thought, as muscle and nerve-tissue are produced by some chemical and mechanical agency known to the physiologist. Everything is, as we see it, and we are but parts of a great whole. With death comes the end of life, as life. Mind dies with the body. There are two observed conclusions that appear to fall in with and uphold the theory of materialism. They are (1) That any injury to the brain affects the mind, and (2) that thought seems to be equivalent to a certain force, and when this force is exercised by the body it is drawn away from the mind. Thus, after a heavy meal, we cannot think as clearly and forcibly as we can, when the process of digestion is not going on. In the same way, professional athletes are remarkable for a low average of brain power. These facts fall in with the theory that each individual is complete in himself and possesses a fixed amount of energy, no more, no less, the undue absorption of which by one part leads to a diminished supply for the rest. Were there an outside unseen force, acting through the brain, and not born of it, would not thought continue in its own plane, independently of the wear and tear of bodily organs?

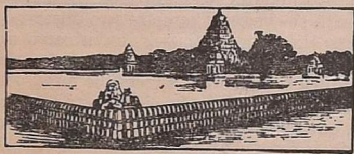
The dualist theory is far more expansive. The brain is not limited to a thought-producing function only, it is also believed to be capable of transmissive or permissive functions. As the prism transmits light, sifting and refracting it, so the brain may transmit thought. As the hammer when it strikes a mass of rock scatters it in fragments, thereby exercising a releasing or

permissive power, so the brain may act as a releasing medium for thought. But naturally when the brain is tired or injured, its function is diminished or impaired. The brain is a barrier, a break-water, a sieve, through which thought filters. The destruction of the organ does not entail the destruction of the medium which plays upon it. This theory explains those sudden glows of feeling, those streams of lucidity and spaces of inspiration, when all knowledge seems almost within our grasp. Then the break-water is at the lowest and the stream of thought is flowing fast and strong. At other times, thought stagnates and the mind is clouded, then the brain barrier is highest and the activity of the mind is at its lowest.

There are times when we seem to watch our own thought and action, to stand aside and be a spectator of ourselves; the watcher is unable to interfere; he can only mock, condemn, approve or criticise, on a pedestal apart. These moments are transient. Do not they point to the Duality of Man?

M. C. SIDGWICK.

An Island Home.



ARISTOTLE somewhere describes man as "a social animal," and his description has been very generally accepted. Now it would seem that the chief pleasure, the chief value, in fact the essence of social intercourse consists in the exchange of familiar ideas for new ones. Without some such commerce of thought, there could be no intercourse. On the other hand, it is not always easy to receive and appropriate the impressions of others at second-hand; and for this reason the attempt to exchange ideas with persons or peoples who are not expected to show receptiveness is too often discouraged. It is common to find racial and even geographical boundaries assuming in the minds of some a breadth which refuses to be traversed. But no wider gulf has ever been fixed by human perversity than that which is said to lie between the East and the West. On the one side lies the East, tranquil, self-sufficing, rich in sacred memories of a past that is mellow like old gold

enjoying a present in which the contemplative life has more votaries than the life of action. This at least is how the Western sees it—a distorted vision, perhaps, but alluring. And on the other side lies the West, the home of tireless—some say purposeless—activities; where Progress and Enlightenment are "household words"; where Wealth is the Juggernaut, under whose car we writhe or endure patiently, according to our nature and our posture; where Time, the indispensable, is husbanded like a dying fire.

But which is more fundamental—this contingency, temporary contract, or the eternal similitude of man with man which transcends all boundaries, or rather makes them non-existent and impossible? The Stoic philosophers delighted to talk of "world-citizenships," they were untroubled by the phantom barriers which the modern world thinks so solid; and yet they had excuse enough when half the world were slaves and half were free men. But these are abstract thoughts and as such may fail to convince. More cogent proof, if any be needed, will be derived from experiment.

Such an experiment is the object of this article, written, as it is, by an islander who has never set foot upon a continent, for you, a mainland people, who had a history before the English race, as such, existed. Its purpose is to show you some of the feelings which impress themselves upon the heart of an islander, who is fully conscious, and perhaps a little proud, of his "insularity." And first of all, this word, insularity, demands some consideration. It is used, generally, in an invidious sense, and denotes the wrong kind of self-sufficiency, which comes to those who have no experience of wide horizons. But it is just such a sense which will be deprecated in this article. We shall not seek to condone our insularity, but to contrast it with a cosmopolitanism which we condemn—but this is to anticipate.

First of all let us assume the ideal of world citizenship to be a good one; then if we find that insularity, or, to substitute a less invidious word, "homeliness," is a bar to the realization of that ideal we must prepare ourselves to sacrifice it for wider interests. If we are indeed citizens of the whole world it might seem a plain duty to become familiar with the whole of our inheritance; to renounce the narrower patriotism for single states and nations, in order to win the realisation of the widest interests and the furthest reaching activities of which we are individually capable. With such a view we shall not be over-zealous for the increased welfare or enhanced prestige of the country of our birth, provided that by surrendering them we promote the betterment of human society at large. Incidental to such a policy would be the voluntary

disarmament of the great powers, and the chief of its results, if it were successful, would be the denationalisation of the life of the individual.

There is about this attitude towards the world of our fellow-men an air of noble high-mindedness, which has won for it very general approbation. But, before accepting it unconditionally, it is well to consider carefully all that it implies in theory and all that it involves in fact. Set over against it, we find an attitude of thought which expresses itself insistently in popular language:—"Charity (that is, love, in the widest sense, begins at home," is a proverb which has won at least theoretical assent throughout the English-speaking world. "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*" is the poetic expression of a feeling that has prevailed in all times and in all places, where brave men have lived devoted to an inspiring cause. The "mother-land" or the "father-land" is a never-failing object of apostrophe in the prose and verse of the western hemisphere. Can we reconcile the ideal expressed in these popular utterances with that wider ideal of world federation? And if we can, is it to be done?

In one way at least it has been often attempted. It is admitted that patriotism has small beginnings. The love of home, we are told, the home which is each man's "castle"—leads to the love of the native village or town, and this to the love of the native country. But why, it is urged, should patriotism stop here? Let it still advance to include whole continents, until at last the very world is not too vast to be the object of patriotic devotion. Now, although we cannot condemn as irrational such a conception of the "world feeling" thus evolved, we can assert, with emphasis if necessary, that the result, whatever it may be, is not patriotism. If I love my country, it is because I have been taught to regard it as, in a special sense, *mine*; because there are other communities who do not and who shall not share it with me. But when the world has become my "country," I have no longer a country that is mine. For even if I were convinced that there were other worlds peopled by human beings, they could never be the means of exciting me to patriotism, for they must always be remote and inaccessible, and patriotism as we have seen rests in the sense of isolation, not individual but collective—within a larger whole. It is clear then that what we have called the "world feeling" cannot be patriotism and the question now arises, what would it be if we had it, and what would be its value for us?

For reasons which will presently appear, we may take our second question first. One answer readily suggests itself: the world-feeling would carry with it a stronger sense of universal brotherhood, altruism would become the normal atti-

tude of man to man. And now we shall find that our first question can only have one answer, and that answer is already supplied: the world-feeling can mean nothing more, or, at any rate, nothing higher than this universal brotherhood, and this is very different from patriotism.

Our present object is to combat one view, already stated, of the means by which this end should be attained, an end which we first assumed and now see to be in itself good. We heard how some have suggested its attainment by the gradual widening of the sphere of patriotic feeling till it shall finally become all-inclusive. And although we have pointed out that its nature will change in the culmination of the process, we have not shown the process itself to be faulty. It is this, then, that remains to be done, and it will not prove a very arduous task.

So far as our human interests are concerned, we are wont to regard the world of human beings as a *whole*, but we may not perhaps feel quite certain as to what we mean by a whole. But one thing at least will be clear after a little consideration: that every whole must have parts. It has further been urged by one of the greatest of modern philosophers that the whole is a more perfect unity in proportion as the parts are more distinctly differentiated. If this is so—and indeed we can see if we examine the conception of whole and parts that it must be so—then its bearing on our present subject is of great importance. Every man is a part of the race to which he belongs or of the community in which he lives. But the community or race are themselves parts of a larger whole, and this, it is urged, is the really important consideration. How then can we best do our duty to the whole? Clearly, by promoting the perfection of the parts. That is to say, the world-feeling, or the sensation that we each belong to a wider whole, can best be inspired and realised by patriotism to the community—patriotism in what we have shown to be the only accurate sense of that word. It is the intensification, rather than the expansion of the patriotic feeling, which is required to promote the consciousness of world-citizenship: we shall be more truly citizens of the world in proportion as we are more truly citizens of our own city. It is in the concentration, not in the dissipation of our activities, that the world ideal which we have discussed will find its only true embodiment.

So far we have considered one or two main principles only, but their application may convince us that there is something to be said for insularity, and we may pass on to the more congenial subject of actual thoughts and feelings. Henceforward we shall be more concerned to describe than to justify.

A man has several distinct kinds of environment

even though he live on a small island like England; but two are most important. First, there is his social environment characterised possibly by unique habits of thought and action; he is said to "feel at home" when he has made himself altogether familiar with these characteristics, while if he be a native of the country in which he lives, he has probably always enjoyed such familiarity. And since complete adaptation to his environment is one of the first conditions of the individual's successful activity, it ought to be more than a passing whim that should induce him to change it. We must of course admit that circumstances may often conspire to justify voluntary expatriation. It may happen that a man's native country cannot afford scope for the fulfilment of his individual purposes or for the complete development of his highest and most characteristic faculties. Or again, the interests of the community may demand the occupation of new territory in foreign parts, so that colonisation becomes not only justifiable but necessary. Many instances might be quoted in which such a course proves no less than a duty. The desire to "see the world" on the other hand is not always an adequate excuse for the restless wanderings it so often involves. But as these considerations are obvious and little likely to be overlooked, we may be excused from passing to the second kind of environment which is generally ignored or treated as unimportant, namely, physical environment, by which we shall mean the physical characteristics of the native country, that is, in the present case, of the British Islands.

It may seem perhaps unjustifiable to emphasize this aspect of the individual's life in view of the fact, noticed in the beginning, that "man is a social animal." But it is perhaps of greater interest as it involves the breaking of comparatively new ground, and in view of the object of this article, which, as we said, was to offer for what they are worth some of the thoughts and feelings of the present writer. There are some who are more strongly influenced by their natural than by their social surroundings, who are more interested by the scenery in which they live than by the transient activities of their fellows. No attempt will be made either to justify or to condemn such an attitude; to describe it in its connection with life on a small group of islands in a northern sea is the only task which will be undertaken. The journey from London to Edinburgh occupies no longer time than the journey from London to Paris, and yet Edinburgh seems so near and Paris so far off to the untravelling Englishman. On a clear day the coast of France is visible across the English Channel, but let the day be never so clear and to the same Englishman it remains, in thought at least, a far country. But

it may be asked, does not this prove how cramped must be the outlook of an islander who has never travelled? And the answer is, No; even such a man may have experienced, probably has experienced, the beauty of a far horizon, and in England has every opportunity of knowing the joys of remoteness. Such things must always be a matter of proportion. There are islands in the west of Scotland, and secluded creeks on its northern shore, nay, old-world towns in England itself more remote from the centres of activity than many an Italian town to the Parisian who has travelled much. It is a small country: three thousand feet is the height of some of its largest mountains; but on them we can wander from sunrise to sunset and see never a human habitation—and this within two hundred miles of London, the centre of the English world, which is no small world as every one knows. But has the scenery of Britain such an influence on Englishmen, as no other scenery can hope to rival? Yes and no. There are countries in the world, and yours is not the least, having that to offer which must amaze and delight every beholder. We have no mountains to compare in size and grandeur with many a range in the old and the new world; no plains so wide that long days of travel will not serve to cross them; no forests so luxuriant, so rich in colour, so impenetrable as the tropics can afford. But what we have is ours, we understand it; it appeals to us in tones that we cannot mistake; it rests or stimulates us in harmony with our desire. Perhaps when we have learned all that our own scenery can teach us—and it can teach us much—it may be well to go out into the world and wrest their secrets from other climates. But to do so earlier is not wisdom; it is to risk the loss of all we might have gained; to risk returning to our own land with eyes made unappreciative by satiation. Nor can we win from new surroundings such benefits as the old held in store for us, we can but exchange that which is akin to us by nature, for that which is unsympathetic because by nature unmeant for us. If this is true and if we have not exaggerated the influence of scenery—as surely we have not—it is true for every race as for the Englishman. But the latter perhaps is in a position to be more fully conscious of its truth than any other.

His home is in the smallest centre of the greatest empire. This contrast is borne in upon him from many sources. Let him visit the docks of London or Liverpool and he will see how widely his influence spreads over the world; and as he does so his island home will seem incredibly small. And let him then repair to some remote part of its long, indented coast-line, and he will find that it has room to contain him, room for his soul to expand and take in vast tracts of sea

and sky—sea and sky tinged with colours so full of meaning for him, so droll and insipid for those who know a clearer summer region of the world. If he has experienced the two kinds of greatness, one in the midst of busy harbours, the other alone, removed from sight or sign of his fellows, he will think twice of exploring the world, until at any rate he has made his in fact what is his by right.

This is but a cursory and imperfect account of what English air and English soil means to the Englishman; inadequate as a description and perhaps too intimate to be readily intelligible to those whose lives are differently placed. Nevertheless it is an attempt to express an idea familiar to the writer; and perhaps the reader has some thought to exchange for it, and is willing to enter into that commerce of which we spoke at the beginning of this article.

MICHAEL WELDON.

The Dewan's Daughter.

An Indian tale of the time of Akbar the Great.

(Translated into English by R. C. DUTT, Esq.,
late I.C.S.)

CHAPTER I.

THE RANEE'S VOW.



IT was midnight. Though the day was the fourteenth of the bright moon, the sky was covered with clouds, and field, village and forest were wrapped in darkness, illumined only by myriads of fire-flies flitting among the trees. The broad expanse of the river Ichamati was covered with waves as the night wind swept over it. The sound of the waves and trees alone broke the stillness of the night. The world appeared to be hushed in silence.

Who is this white robed figure that comes up from the river bank after a plunge in its cold waters, on this dark and windy night? She hastily gathers some wild flowers from the banks of the

river, and then disappears into a temple close by, under the shade of a spreading fig tree.

Within the temple is a small white figure of Siva, before which a small lamp is burning. By the light of the lamp, it is possible to make out the form of the white robed worshipper. She has long passed youth, and the hair on her head is streaked with silver. But her form is erect and not devoid of elegance. Her forehead is lofty and noble, but deeply lined with care, her eyes are full of fire, and her mouth and chin betoken firmness and unconquerable will. The lady arranges the flowers at the feet of the image, and prostrating herself before the figure, she engages in worship.

The reader will have perceived that the scene of our story is laid in India, and the time is the latter half of the sixteenth century, when Queen Elizabeth was reigning in England, and Akbar, the greatest of the Great Moguls, was ruling in the East.

For a long time did her worship continue. The wind gradually increased in strength, the door of the temple began to shake, and the lamp began to flicker. But the worshipper, her whole being absorbed in her devotions, saw and heard nothing. With fixed face, closed eyes, and person wholly motionless, she remained muttering her prayers.

At length she rose from her worship, and taking the light, opened the door. As she did so, the light went out. Though the wind was strong, and the night dark, the frail worshipper walked along the village path towards her hut. The path was extremely narrow, on both sides was nothing but scrub jungle, and the great trees with their canopies of thick spreading leaves deepened the darkness. Under them were the village huts, all closed, and the inmates were all asleep.

After walking about a quarter of a mile, the lady at length stopped before a humble hut, and knocked at the door. A young girl with a light in her hand opened the door. Mahasheta—such was the name of the lady—forgot all her care and anxious thoughts as she gazed with affection on her sweet, innocent daughter.

"Sarala, is it possible that thou art keeping up for me till this late hour? Go to bed, my darling, for thou must be tired and sleepy."

"I had no idea it was so late, mother. I have been listening to our guest's stories of the Mahabharata. I could stop up all night listening to these beautiful stories."

The girl then bowed to her mother and went to her bedroom, and her mother stood for some little time still looking after her with longing eyes.

"Thou art all that is left to me now, sweet child," said she to herself. "Can it be that God has created this matchless blossom to wither in a wilderness?"

The hut in which the mother and daughter lived was a Bengal village hut of a humble type. It had a small kitchen, a cow-house, and two large rooms, in one of which the mother, daughter, and the maid-servant slept; the other served as the sitting room of the family, and was also used as the bedroom for any passing guest. All the rooms had mud plinths, and were thatched with rice straw. There were two or three cows in the cow house. In the courtyard of the hut was a barn in which grain was stored, and adjoining the yard was a little garden in which were a few fruit trees. Although the hut was of such modest proportions, any stranger could nevertheless see at a glance that its inmates were not common people. Everything inside the house was scrupulously clean and neat. And the adjoining garden showed some taste for flowers.

The mother and child had come as strangers to this village, Rudrapore, some five or six years before. The villagers guessed that Mahasheta was the widow of some Kayest Zemindar, who, having lost all her property at her husband's death, had been obliged to give up her position, and, with her daughter, had taken refuge in this village.

Mahasheta had a guest this evening. His name was Sikindin, and he was a religious disciple, and a Brahman. The hostess brought him some fruits and edible herbs, and herself took something. Then they sat on separate mats spread on the floor, and conversation began. We will listen to their tale, which lasted far into the night.

"Lady," said the Brahman, "I have come from my father Chendrashekar. He has just returned from his great pilgrimage. It is seven years ago to-day that he started on it. From the Himalayas to the banks of the Kaveri, he has for seven years been wandering about, visiting all the holy places, all great temples, all sacred rivers."

"What a noble life his is!"

"When he arrived at Bengal," continued the Brahman, "he heard that the Afghans had been crushed, and that the Hindu General, Todar Mall, had conquered the country for his master the great Akbar. Alas! he also heard of the death of Bengal's best and bravest son, the great Hindu Zemindar, Samar. And he has sent me, sister, to convey to you his sincere condolence."

"Brother," said the lady, as tears started from her eyes, "convey my humble salutations to the Holy Father. Speak not of the sorrow and misfortunes which have overtaken us. That I still survive these sorrows is for the sweet child of my bosom,—aye, and for the vow that I have vowed to



the dread god, Siva."

"Tell me of your vow, noble sister, for the Holy Father would wish to know it."

"Every evening, after my ablutions, I worship the great Siva in the words of the spell which a great Yogi has taught me. I invoke the great god to revenge our wrongs and chastise the wrong-doer. For seven years, night after night, my prayers shall ascend to him, and the spell will invoke him. If my solicitations fail, my

child will be sacrificed unto him; and I shall cast myself into the flames of the funeral pyre, and follow my lord and husband."

The two remained silent for a long period. Then the disciple again said:—

"Since I have heard of your terrible vow, sister, may I know who the wrong-doer is, and what wrong he has done?"

"Listen then, brother, to the story of our wrongs." The lady paused, as if to recall the events of the past. She then wiped her eyes, and in a low, solemn voice, began.

"My husband, Samar Sing Rai, was the head of the Bengal Zemindary. His brave services were known to the great Akbar, Emperor of Delhi, and when the Great Mogul held a Durbar at Patna after wresting the Province from the Afghans, he gave my lord the chief seat of honour, placing him above all the other Hindu Zemindars. The Moguls overran Bengal as the waves of the ocean rise higher and higher with the incoming tide. In company with Akbar's greatest General, Todar Mall, my husband pursued the retreating Afghans. From Tonda to Birbhumi, from Birbhumi to Midnapore, from Midnapore to Katak, wherever Todar Mall was, my husband was with him. The final decisive battle was fought near Katak. The Mogul army was nearly defeated, and General Manaim Khan escaped with his life from the battle-field. But Raja Todar Mall, and Raja Samar Sing did not lose heart. Said Raja Todar Mall, 'Even though Manaim Khan be fled, the battle is not lost! The Empire is in our hands, and it is secure with us.' Scarcely had the words left his lips than my husband descended into the very midst of the enemy. The Mogul soldiers took heart again at the courage displayed by the Hindu Zemindar, and returned to the fight with renewed vigour, and the Afghans were utterly defeated. Bengal was conquered by the Moguls, and peace was established with the Afghans, who retained Orissa."

"Lady," said Sikindin, "why recall these past events? Has not the fame of Raja Samar Sing spread over the whole of Bengal? What need is there for the Ranees to recall that which is known all over the land?"

"No Ranees am I now," replied the lady, with a burst of sorrow, "but a poor, neglected, forgotten widow! Listen to my tale,—it is not long. One of the ministers of the Afghans was a very clever Brahman, named Satish Chundra. When the Afghans were crushed, and their sun was set, he deserted them and put himself under Todar Mall's protection. It was in fact my husband, who first took pity on him, brought him to Todar Mall, and gave him a great deal of help. The departure of Todar Mall from Bengal gave Satish

Chundra his chance. He forged letters, proving that Raja Samar Sing was in a secret treaty with the Afghan King of Orissa. The then Governor of Bengal, a Mussalman, believed this monstrous accusation. Raja Samar Sing was accused of treason; the letters were produced—and the bravest and truest leader in Bengal was executed! The vile traitor, Satish Chundra, obtained our estates as a reward for his treachery, and is now one of the ministers of Bengal. Brother, I have no more to say. Grief has driven me out of my mind, and I have taken this vow to revenge myself on my husband's murderer."

"Is it your wish that I tell the Holy Father all that you have told me?" asked Sikindin.

"Aye," she answered, "and tell him also that the retribution of the crime is near at hand, the punishment of the murderer will not long tarry. Raja Todar Mall has come to Bengal for the third time. When all the fighting is over, the widow of Samar Sing will demand at his hands justice for the murder of her lord. Tell him also, that a bird, when her mate is killed by the hunter, dies bewailing her anguish, but the proud cobra will turn and sting the offender, even when crushed under his foot."

Mahasheta rose, and stood erect—her whole body quivering with excitement. She opened the door of the hut, and, as the daylight streamed in and fell on her face, her brow contracted with the sudden light. The trees were illuminated with the red beams of the dawn; birds twittered from every bough; and peace and gladness beamed over the quiet green village.

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUTH'S RESOLVE.

Raja Samar Sing had no truer or more faithful friend among the feudal Zemindars of Bengal than Nogendra Nath; and none deplored his unjust execution more bitterly. After the execution, Nogendra Nath searched everywhere for the widowed Ranees and the Princess, but they had succeeded in making their escape in disguise, and no one had been able to find any trace of them. Years had passed, and the Ranees and her daughter were heard of no more.

But there was one who had never lost sight of them. When Mahasheta with her daughter made her escape, Nogendra's son, young Indra Nath, left his father's house, and after searching for them many days, at length found them. Mahasheta had then taken refuge in a temple on the banks of the Ichamati river, and Indra Nath made his way there, and besought her to take up her abode in his father's house; but the proud Mahasheta would not consent. Again and again did

Indra Nath press his offer ; again and again did Mahasheta refuse it.

"The family of Raja Samar Sing," she said, "even though reduced to this plight, will not seek shelter in any house in Bengal. God alone be her shelter !"

"Our family," said the youth, "has received from your husband great assistance ; we are in his debt ; will you not let us repay this debt ? If you will not come and live in our house, in what other way can we help you ?"

"You may find for me in your father's land some retired spot where I can live unnoticed," replied the Ranees. "You may build me a little temple on a river where I can go and perform my nightly worship. Besides these two things, I want nothing else."

Nogendra Nath had a temple built on the Ichamati river, and Mahasheta and her daughter had lived by it ever since.

Often did Indra Nath go to this place in disguise ; he helped the Ranees in many ways unknown to her ; he saw the young Princess grow up from a child to youth. A feeling unknown to him had grown up in his bosom ;—and to-night he had come to bid her adieu,—for he was going to the wars.

With the second watch of the night, Mahasheta, her worship over, returned home. Indra Nath was waiting, and accosted her.

"Give me your blessing, mother, for I am setting out to-day for the West. If I have your blessing, I shall be bound to accomplish my work, and earn my reward."

"May the great God bless you and keep you, and bring to pass all that you wish to accomplish. But you are a mere boy ; beware how you deal with the crafty, cunning, and all-powerful minister, Satish Chundra."

"My endeavours will not be wanting, mother, to bring him to justice. May God help the good cause."

"Of course you shall succeed. If right does not triumph, this world will be a chaos, and men will cease to pray."

"If right always triumphed, mother, then your husband would not have been murdered, Satish Chundra would not have been made Minister of Bengal, and man would never stray from the right path."

"True, true, my son," replied the Ranees, and a tear glistened in her eye.

The two then entered the hut in quest of the Princess.

"Sarala," cried Indra Nath.

Sarala turned with a start ; she was singing a sad song, alone over her spinning wheel. She left her work and joined him in the garden.

"What calamity has befallen you, Sarala, that you sing such a sad song ?"

"Nothing has happened to me. I have had no trouble and no care. But when came you here ? And are you well ? I know that song better than any other, and that is why I have been singing it over and over again. And there is something in the words which please me in this solitude."

"Sarala," said Indra Nath, "this is perhaps the last time I shall ever see you. I depart to-night, and may not return."

Sarala's eyes filled with tears, and she said in faltering tones.

"Why are you not going to stay at Rudrapore any longer ?"

"I am leaving Rudrapore for good," said Indra Nath. "You will probably get to know the reason why afterwards."

"What has happened," said Sarala. "Has some misfortune befallen your house ? If so, will you not come and live with us. Mother will consent, I know. We live very humbly, but I know you will not mind that, and I think you will be happy with us."

"You are full of kindness, Sarala," said Indra Nath, "and there is no limit to your goodness. But I am not in any difficulty. I am forced to go elsewhere. I am leaving home for grave reasons which you will know hereafter. Shall you be sorry, Sarala, when I go away ?"

"How could I fail to be sorry," said Sarala. "Whom else have I as friend but you ?"

"Sarala, it cuts me to the heart to make you sad," said Indra Nath, "yet there is nothing left for me but to leave. Bid me goodbye, Sarala. If I am spared to carry out what I have to do, then we shall meet again ; if not, this is our last goodbye."

Sarala's eyes, which but a moment before were sparkling with gladness, dropped the slow tears of an anguish such as she had never before felt. She had loved the youth as she would her own brother, and she did not realise that with this sisterly affection any other feeling had crept into her heart.

On this night of the full moon, in the solitary garden adjoining the hut, the two stood in silence a long while, and with clasped hands they gazed into each other's faces. Then Indra Nath gently dried the tears of the young girl, and began to cheer her with words of hope.

"Sarala, I go because duty and honour call me to seek for justice. God will surely help me, as my cause is just."

Sarala was a little comforted, and she asked :

"When do you think you will come back ?"

"I will come back in six months' time," said Indra Nath. "It is full moon to-night, is it not ? On the seventh full moon from now I will come back to you. If I do not come by then, you will know that I am no longer alive."

Sarala made no reply :—but she felt friendless and solitary on earth.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEWAN'S DAUGHTER.

It was evening. The great palace of Chowberia was to be seen in its stately magnificence. It was surrounded on all sides by the two arms of a small river called the Jumna, and the water made a continuous splashing sound against its walls. In front of the palace were to be seen beautiful green meadows, as far as the eye could reach. The sun had set, but the clouds in the West were still tinged with red, the shadows of the evening crept slowly over the quiet meadows, and as they crept up, everything was hushed in the evening calm. Now and then there was borne on the evening breeze the tinkle of a temple bell from some distant hamlet, or the song of weary labourers, as they returned to their homes after a long day's work.

The view from the back of the fort was different. There was a dense plantation of mango trees, and the thickness of their foliage was such that nothing could be seen through them. Inside this plantation or garden there was a beautiful lake, and in its clear waters were reflected the trees on its bank. Fireflies glinted through the trees, and various insects and grasshoppers raised their chorus to greet the coming night.

All the upper rooms of the palace were dark, with but one exception. A lamp burned near the round window of this room, and in front of this window there was seated a beautiful young girl.

She was gazing at one bright star which was shining in the firmament. Her age was about sixteen years, and her whole appearance gave promise of a rare beauty. Her body was slender, and upright as a dart, but eminently soft and supple. Her brow was delicately curved; her eyes shone with a steady lustre, and the noble and lofty expression of her face showed her to be possessed of a pure and upright heart.

As the beautiful colour of the sky became gradually covered over with thick darkness, it seemed as if the darkness crept over the girl's heart at the same time. Her beautiful forehead showed signs of anxious care, her curved eyebrows became more and more bent, and her lustrous eyes were dimmed with some consuming anxiety.

A man came to the door of the room, and called, "Bimala."

Bimala turned round and saw her father, Satish Chundra. He was barely sixty years of age, but as one looked at him one would have thought he was over seventy. The hair on his head was white, his brow was deeply furrowed with anxiety,

his whole figure was emaciated, and in his deep eyes and on his face care seemed to have taken up a permanent abode.

When Bimala saw her father her clouded brow was cleared, and her face became radiant with filial affection. She was a little abashed that she had been so lost in thought as not to have heard her father come into the room.

"What has made you so miserable, Bimala, that you sit thus lost in sorrowful thought, alone, this evening?" asked her father.

"I am full of misgivings about your departure to-morrow, father," said Bimala. How many days will it be before I see you again?"

"How now, Bimala," said her father, "are you going to turn coward? I am bound to be back in a short while; do you think I could stay away from you longer than is absolutely necessary?"

"I know, father, how dear I am to you. No father could love his daughter better than you love me."

Then why are you so sad? Have I not to go every year on business?

"It is true that I have not felt this anxiety before, father, but I have sad forebodings this year. Dear father, stay at home; do not go away now."

Something in the pleading accents of her sweet voice made an impression on Satish Chundra; his heart misgave him in spite of himself. He was silent for a while, and then said:

"Bimala, why do you give way to these unreasonable fears? I have to go; do not make it harder for me to leave you by your groundless fears."

"Father, believe me, my fears are not groundless. I had a dream last night in which I thought I saw a shining figure—my own dead mother—descend from heaven. She looked at me lovingly, and said sweetly, 'My darling, be watchful, for a great danger threatens you.' Even now I think I see her beautiful, compassionate face, and feel her loving eyes upon me. I cannot tell what sin I committed in my previous life that my mother should be taken away from me so early, but God alone knows what other sorrows await me. Forgive me saying so, father, but I feel that if you leave me, I shall never see you again."

If Bimala had not lost control of herself she would have seen that her father's face had lost all its composure, and that he too was greatly affected by her words. Whilst she was relating her dream, forebodings of evil passed through him, and the warnings she uttered suddenly awoke sleeping memories in his heart. When the weeping Bimala came and laid her head on his breast he had no power to offer her any consolation. However, in a little while he managed

to regain control over himself, and, composing his face, said,

"Bimala, your fears are childish. You spend the whole day brooding over imaginary troubles, and you have these sad dreams at night. I have noticed that for the last few days you have been engrossed in deep thought: tell me, now, what causes you to harbour this causeless anxiety?"

Bimala answered slowly, as if she were weighing every word she uttered.

"Father, when you ask me a question like this, how can I do aught but answer you frankly. You are the cause of my deep anxiety. It is nearly a month to-day since I first noticed that you were the prey of some very grave fear or anxiety, and this has seemed to increase every day. You can eat nothing at meal times, you cannot sleep at night—or if you do sleep, you have distressing dreams. I have often been to your room without your knowing: I have always seen you absorbed in anxious thought. What is the cause of this grave anxiety—this deep anguish? The humblest Zemindar, the meanest peasant enjoys a night's rest after a hard day's work; how is it then that the Dewan and Minister of Bengal is deprived of his rest?"

Bimala was silent for a while: her father was listening to her with great attention. She began again:

"Why do so many spies continuously infest this house? Why do they come so secretly and depart by stealth? It is not seemly, perhaps, that a young girl should talk thus to her father, and if I am doing wrong, forgive me, father dear. You, who are so wise and clever, surely can see that an upright man should work in the light of the day. Why is it necessary that he, whose heart is pure, whose ends are pure, should work by tortuous methods? Father dear, listen to your child's words. Take no counsel of wicked people; keep steadfastly on the straight path of righteousness. The path of the wicked is always full of snares and pitfalls, the path of the righteous is free from danger."

Satish Chundra heard no more. He suddenly left Bimala and went to his own room. His servant came to attend on him, but Satish Chundra, dismissing him, said,

"Call Shakuni."

Satish Chundra's heart was steeped in crime; all that had been good in him had been replaced by the blackness of sin, yet in the midst of this darkness there was one clear spot,—it was his pure love for his daughter, which, like a ray of light, shone through his guilty soul. He loved his daughter with all his heart; he had brought her up with the tenderest affection, and, since his wife's death, had treated her like a friend, and sometimes consulted her. Bimala, on her side, was a very loving daughter: she had no other

wish in life than to make her father happy. As darkness flies before light, as the wicked and deceitful cannot face the pure and upright, so was Satish Chundra speechless before his simple, loving daughter.

Bimala did not know to what depths Satish Chundra had sunk, but doubts often rose in her mind at her father's strange behaviour, and she wept in secret anguish. It sometimes happens that an action, a word, a song, will unlock a secret chamber in our minds, and old memories will pour forth, inundating our hearts. The forebodings and pleadings of his loving daughter had such an effect on her father's heart. Its floodgates were opened, and it was inundated with past memories. He saw before him the image of the high-minded, the heroic Raja Samar Sing. He had been a father to his subjects—a friend and brother to all the Bengal Zemindars. He had nursed Satish Chundra into rank and power, and Satish Chundra had stung his benefactor to death! Samar Sing's last words rang in his ears:

"The punishment of this treachery will come."

Satish Chundra could not bear the thought: he extinguished the light. Poor fool! The light of memory is not so extinguished.

"Can I make no atonement for my crime? If I can, I will do so. May the Great Bhabagan, the Lord of the Universe, help me. I will act as my child suggests; I will turn back yet from this path of darkness."

Shakuni entered.

"What is this," he asked; "why are you sitting alone in the dark?"

"I could not bear the light. My heart is filled with the blackness of remorse. My life will soon be extinguished in darkness. The part I have played in the world is over."

Shakuni made no reply to this. Calling the servant, he bade him bring a light. The servant brought the light, and withdrew.

Satish Chundra spoke:

"Shakuni, all that I have done has been by your advice, and what is the result? I am surrounded by my own crimes—by dangers on all sides. Leave me to my fate: go and plot the destruction of some other ambitious fool!"

Shakuni was utterly dumb-founded as he listened to his master's despairing words. He had never before seen him in such remorse and grief. But he was equal to the occasion.

"Sir," he replied, "I had no ambition but to be a partaker in your happiness; and if it be true that you are encompassed by dangers, I have no wish but to share your fate."

"Shakuni, your words are smooth. Why has God concealed such a treacherous heart underneath such a fair exterior?"

"I know I have sinned, Master, but I have done so to serve my Master, and this is my reward."

Satish Chundra was a little softened. He said, "I know that you have done the best for my advancement, but the path of deceit is always one of danger. Shakuni, was there no other way to get on except by deceit and crime?"

"If it is a deceit and crime to serve my Master," said Shakuni, "then I have sinned. I do not know what other sin I have committed."

"Whose doing was it that Raja Samar Sing was murdered?" said Satish.

"The Governor of Bengal ordered him to be executed," replied Shakuni.

"Well," said Satish, "who has succeeded to his estates and his station?"

"The one whom the Emperor was graciously pleased to appoint Dewan of Bengal," returned Shakuni, "and who worthily upholds the interests of the Emperor."

"Shakuni," said Satish, "do not try to deceive me thus. The veil has been lifted from my eyes to-day, and I have discovered that my heart is so black, and so steeped in crime, that I cannot bear it. My dear child has held up the lamp of truth before me."

"Is it meet," said Shakuni, "that the Dewan of Bengal should take fright at the words of a girl?"

"If what the girl says be true, then her words should not be treated with contempt because she is a girl," returned Satish. "I have lived long enough to know that the way of transgressors is the way of danger."

"If my Master permits me to speak," said Shakuni, "I must confess that I do not see that you are in any danger."

"It is six years ago to-day since Raja Todar Mall first conquered the countries of Bengal and Behar for the Emperor Akbar. Raja Samar Sing helped the conquest; and after Todar Mall's departure for Delhi, Samar Sing was killed on a false charge of treason. It was you who instigated his death."

"The Emperor's Governor," said Shakuni, "the leader of the armies of Bengal and Behar, the great Manaim Khan, ordered the Samar Sing to be executed."

"True," said Satish, "but that only makes your crime worse,—you deceived Manaim Khan! Two years after, Raja Todar Mall conquered Bengal for the second time from the Afghans, and your specious falsehoods screened our crime."

"Well?" replied Shakuni.

"Well," said Satish, "Todar Mall has come to Bengal for the third time;—now as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the armies, and we shall not escape this time."

"Why should we fail now?" said Shakuni.

"The wise and far-sighted Todar Mall will not be deceived by our representations," said Satish. "You do not know Todar Mall."

"The wise and far-sighted Raja Todar Mall," said Shakuni, "did not see very far the first time."

"True," said Satish, "but he only stayed a month in Bengal at that time. Now, he comes as Governor, and will spend years. Shakuni, seek not to dissuade me, I will go to him and tell him the whole truth and ask his forgiveness. He has forgiven me once, and he can, if he will, forgive me again, and restore this estate to Samar Sing's family. Then I shall renounce this sinful world, become an ascetic, and start to try to make atonement for my heinous crimes."

"Nay," replied Shakuni, "Raja Todar Mall will make you renounce this world pretty quickly in a different fashion—by the hand of the executioner!"

These sneering words told: Satish saw that what Shakuni had said was true. It might be possible to keep the secret still concealed, but if it were once revealed there was no chance of saving his life. After reflecting for some time, he said,

"Shakuni, you are black with crime, but if you are the evil spirit incarnate I cannot choose but listen to you."

"I am not learned like my master," said Shakuni, "and cannot reason with him: but who would go to the Governor with an accusation against the Dewan of Bengal and expect to be believed? My lord, do you not see that the secret which has been kept for six years is now buried? Find out Samar Sing's family; keep them safe, and our secret is safe."

There was a long silence. Satish Chundra then said:

"Shakuni, I will trust myself to you. Is there any possibility that we shall be suddenly overwhelmed by disaster?"

"There is no possibility of our secret being found out," said Shakuni. "But even if there were, is it meet that a great man like your honour should yield at the prospect of danger? Is not your fame spread abroad over the whole of Bengal? Who is there as powerful in this land as the Dewan? Who is there so mighty? Who is there possessed of so much wealth? Is it meet for the Chief Minister of the Governor of Bengal to surrender rank, wealth, position—all that has been achieved in years—at the bidding of a young girl? Who am I to advise you? Who is there in this country fit to advise the great Dewan of Bengal? Let him decide what is best and wisest."

Satish Chundra made no reply, but thought within himself—"I must indeed be out of my mind

to be frightened at the words of a young girl.' The momentary light lit by young Bimala in her father's heart was quenched once more in darkness.

The Effect of Civilization on Poetry.



THE poetic instinct has existed in all ages. The smallest knowledge of human nature will convince any thinking man that this is the

case, and the slightest acquaintance with ancient, mediæval and modern Literature will conclusively demonstrate the fact. The poetic faculty has existed always and will ever exist; it is confined to no age, no country, no class or race of men and in all times this faculty has asserted itself in that kind of writing which we technically term "Poetry." There have been poets among the ancient Norsemen and the classic Greeks, among the learned Egyptians and the airy Italians, poets have sprung from the ranks of the learned and the humble throng of the uneducated. These facts are so universally recognised that it would be superfluous to advance proof of them. We may at once accept them as the basis on which to found a brief consideration of what has been the development of this universal poetic instinct.

No one can be in any degree conversant with the poetic writings of ancient and later days without becoming aware that, where the true poetic instinct has always existed, it has always been peculiarly open to receive the impress of the spirit of the age in which the possessor of it lived. From the nature of the case this must be so. The poet is the concrete embodiment of the highest, the most "Spirituëlle" influences of his time. His is the nature, which, from its capacity to assimilate itself to the lofty, seizes on all that is lofty, noble and exalted in the thought and feeling of his age and hence this is the being most readily and most powerfully influenced by the tone of that age. Thus we find that the poetry of one age differs from that of another in proportion to the different degree

of culture, moral, mental and even physical, which characterizes the different ages in which it is produced. If this be the case it is certain that a very powerful influence must be exerted on the poetry of succeeding ages by the progress of civilization through those ages. For let us consider a moment what it is that we mean by "civilization."

We can scarcely admit that the highest degree of civilization can exist where any side of human nature is to any extent warped or depraved or even where a depressing influence is voluntarily permitted to exercise its power. Hence, of two nations equal in wealth, learning, love of art, and all other refinements, if one should continue to uphold the practice of slavery and to countenance the pleasure of vicious and licentious practices, while the other repressed and discountenanced all such blots on the national character, the latter must certainly be held to have reached a higher stage of civilization than the former. In what then does the highest civilization consist? Surely in the highest cultivation of all the faculties of human nature, in other words, in the production of the most perfect men—perfect in their moral, mental and physical faculties.

This being our definition of civilization where shall we find the most civilized age or race? Will it be in the joyous halls of Greece or Rome, among the splendid fanes of ancient Egypt or the mighty palaces of fallen Babylon! The mental life of Greece and Rome, Egypt and Babylon truly was one of a very high degree of culture and their physical development perhaps was as great, but not so the cultivation of their moral faculties. The mythologies of these ancient races were beautiful and suggestive in the extreme, but they lack the purity which a national religion must possess, if it is to be the means of raising the moral tone of a nation to the highest pitch. This then is a fatal flaw in the civilization of all the ancient races, their moral nature was not perfectly developed. But, since it is vain to expect even in the highest conceivable type of humanity any close approach to moral perfection, we can never hope to attain to the highest possible pitch of civilization. Still, when we compare the morality of the present age with that of the palmy days of past ages we are forced to conclude that some progress has been made towards the attainment of an ideal civilization; slavery is now no longer tolerated, licentious religious festivals are things of the past, and, though still far enough from the goal of perfection we cannot help seeing in the civilization of to-day some real advance on that of former ages. This conclusion, moreover, is, what from the nature of the subtle influences which we call civilization, we should be led to expect and we may

accept it as a fact that the nineteenth century is a more civilized period than any which has preceded it in the whole history of the world. Let us therefore now consider what has been the influence of this progress on the poetic instinct of the human race as exemplified in written poetry especially in the West.

We find that the chief modes of expression in which this instinct has continually manifested itself have not greatly altered. In ancient times—and in speaking of “ancient times” we need not go further back than the literature of Greece and Rome since we can take this to be the highest expression of the thought of the centuries preceding the Christian era—we find that poets have expressed their thoughts, feelings and emotions in three different ways, the Dramatic, the Epic and the Lyric, and in later days, though variations in treatment have been introduced, the same modes of expression have constantly been resorted to; we must therefore consider what has been the influence of civilization on Dramatic, Epic, and Lyric poetry.

The influence of civilization has made itself felt in three directions. First on the style of thought and even on the nature of the poets themselves, secondly in their subjects, and thirdly in their mode of treatment of their subjects.

First then as to the writers of Poetry themselves,—taking the chief Dramatic poets of ancient and of modern days, we find ourselves confronted with the over-powering names of *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Aristophanes* and *Plautus* as compared with *Shakespeare*, *Moliere*, *Goethe*, *Browning* and *Tennyson*. Nor must we omit from the list the glorious name of the gentle author of the *Faery Queene*, for *Spenser's* great work, though it partakes of the character of *Allegory* to a greater extent perhaps than those of other modern poets, is nevertheless essentially dramatic in its nature. In Epic poetry we may select as typical poets *Homer* and *Virgil*, *Milton*, *Dante* and *Scott* while Lyric song finds representatives in such musical souls as *Ovid* and *Horace*, *Milton*, *Shelley*, *Wordsworth*, *Browning*, *Cowper*, *Mrs. Procter*, *Mrs. Browning*, and *Jean Ingelow*. Now, looking at the nature of these writers as expressed in their poems, let us inquire what has been the influence of civilization on poets.

Time and space would fail us to enter minutely into an examination of all or even of a tithe part of their productions; we can only now deal with the general moulds of thought. In the first—the dramatic class, we have to deal with the minds of ancient poets, *Æschylus*, *Euripides* and *Sophocles*; and contrasting them with those of the later dramatic poets, whom we have selected as typical, we cannot fail to see that the chief difference lies in this—that the ancients were

more Ideal—the modern more Real. In ancient drama, we find no realistic tracings of the development of men's natures such as we find in *Shakespeare's* masterpieces, no minute analysis of the gradual unfolding and forming of great and noble thoughts and lives as in *Robert Browning's* writings, none of the tender touches of *Tennyson*, none of the teaching of moral sarcasm of *Moliere*. We do not contend that gleanings of the characteristics of one age are not to be found in the other, but it is clear that the dramatic poets of ancient days were chiefly concerned to impart moral teaching by the selection of Ideal subjects, while the modern poetry, though not less general or less capable of universal application, comes more “home to the bosoms and business of men.”

Dealing next with the influence of civilization on the minds of Epic poets, what do we find. Here the case is somewhat different. *Homer* and *Virgil* deal with the lives and adventures of *Ulysses* and *Æneas*, with heroes and men, *Milton* and *Dante* with creations of their own imaginations. But yet the characteristic tone is perceptible in each class of writers. Who can read the *Paradise Lost* or the *Inferno* without feeling that the mind of the poet was working on subjects, which to him were very real for all mankind, while at least *Ulysses* and *Æneas* were but shadowy creations, impossible men, doubtless with a meaning but a meaning which the poet preferred to convey rather through the medium of myths believed by only a portion of the devotees of their day and utterly discredited by the rest of the world.

Again with Lyric poets, the Lyric is perhaps the kind of poetry which is best open to the influence of civilization. It deals with no grand themes, but rather confines itself to matters of ordinary occurrence, which, though different of course as time and place differ, are more or less the same or at least of the same nature everywhere. Indeed it is more difficult to lay hold of any strong point of contrast in the Lyric poetry of different ages than in any other kind of literature. In the matter of beauty and tender gentle expression neither ancient nor modern Lyric poets can I think claim the palm. No modern can shew a more delicate scrap than *Ovid's* “*Mors Omnibus Communis*,” no ancient a more touching poem than the “*Brothers*” of *Wordsworth*. But one feature there is about the production of Lyric poets which must not be overlooked and which shews, more clearly than any other proof, the refining power of civilization in the making of poetic souls. We mean the women poets of the day. Ancient times could produce no *Mrs. Browning*, no *Jean Ingelow*, no *Adelaide Procter*, and had civilization done no more for Lyric poetry than charming

into song the delightful muses of women poets, its influence even here would not be slight.

We therefore conclude that the influence of civilization on writers of poetry has been manifested chiefly in two ways, it has called forth writers of the finest inspiration, the most delicate perceptions from that larger half of the human race which before was mute, and it has tended to make men poets more real and less ideal in their modes of thought.

The nature and character of a poet inevitably decides, to a greater or less extent, his selection of subjects and his treatment of them and we are therefore not surprised to find that a distinct tendency exists among modern poets to make choice of concrete particular themes where the ancients use abstract and ideal subjects. *Æschylus* teaches grand and moral lessons of the weakness of mortals and the inevitable power of Fate by means of representations of mythical exploits of gods and demi-gods. *Shakespeare* writes a series of plays each one with a distinct teaching on some point of practical morality. The same tendency of realization and practicalisation is visible even in the style of poets of different ages. Into the metre, more of freedom is admitted, the regular flow of ancient verse is superseded by more broken and flexible style. Metres of new and various forms are adopted, and in language fresh fields are occupied extending the expansion of human knowledge. Similes are found to abound in all nature, and epithets applicable formerly to only one class of subjects are found to be correctly applied with beautiful shades of meaning to many others. Such we think is a very brief outline of what the influence of civilization has been on poetry. To enter fully into the subject would demand greater space but the question is one worthy of thought. Civilization has refined poetry, while making it more practical, its deeper insight into nature has enlarged the horizon of the poet and given fuller command over all the stores of nature's treasury, and this process has tended rather to increase than to detract from its force and vigour.

The United Provinces Ladies' Social Conference.

The first meeting of the above was held on March 31, 1907, at the "Anand Bhavan" (a magnificent house belonging to Pandit Moti Lal Nehru, a well-known Advocate of the High Court of the U. P.), Allahabad, under the able presidentship of Rani Pratap Bahadur Singh Sahiba of Partabgarh.

It was a large and representative gathering of ladies coming from enlightened and influential families. It was a very well conducted meeting, several ladies taking intelligent parts expressing their views in favour of reforming the social evils affecting these provinces. The papers that were read on the occasion were highly appreciated by all and were carefully kept by the Secretary, Mrs. Ladi Prasada for publication.

After the ladies had read their papers, little children, with delightful and eager faces, rose to do their parts. The following were excellently well performed by the little girls of the Crosthwaite Girls' High School, Allahabad, (the children having won the admiration of all present and received a reward in money, graciously given by the President, the Rani Sahiba of Partabgarh):—

(1) English Recitation. Bharat Mata (Lalita Gupta) recited by Shubasvi Debi.

(2) Translation in Hindi of the above with a pathetic appeal to Indians on behalf of the Motherland—Read by Basanti Debi.

(3) Hindi Bhajan—sung by Chameli Debi.

(4) Chanting of Sanskrit verses from the Ramayana—by four Hindu girls.

(5) Persian Recitation on Knowledge—by Tahara Begam.

(6) Dialogue on Drill, showing the need of physical culture for girls and removing prejudice against teaching it to girls.

Lastly six little Kashmiri girls cheered the audience with English action songs most prettily sung and acted by the little ones.

A unique feature of this meeting was that Hindi, Mohamedan and Christian ladies met together on common grounds as if bound by mutual sympathy and desire for the good of the Motherland. All were waiting with anxious expectation to hear the decisions, and many were filled with joy when the following Resolutions were passed:—

(1) On female education urging the necessity of imparting education to Indian girls.

(2) On the prevention of too early marriage advocating the raising of the marriageable age of boys and girls to 20 and 15 years respectively.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;

For the sad old earth
Must borrow its mirth;
It has trouble enough of its own.

"Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;

The echoes bound
To a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

"Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;

They want full measure
Of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe."

(3) Advocating the permissibility of the re-marriage of child-widows.

(4) Relaxing of the Purdah system as injurious to health and as hindering the cause of female education.

After the pronouncement of the above four Resolutions, the meeting was adjourned. The ladies and children were then pleasantly entertained with sweets and fruits, after which they left the house with evident joy and satisfaction at having received good tidings for their country.

It was altogether a successful affair. Should it be repeated year after year, it will no doubt produce results great and marvellous.

Thanks are due to the Rani Sahiba of Partabgarh for the keen and practical interest she takes in matters pertaining to Social Reform, especially in female education which is at the root of all such questions.

Under the able and distinguished patronage of the Rani Sahiba, the Conference is sure to make a speedy progress. It has already shown many hopeful signs. Better days have surely dawned for our Province. The rays of the sun just penetrating through the clouds will continue diffusing their glorious light, till the dense clouds of ignorance and superstition prevailing over these parts will be cleared up.

MANMOHINI CHATTERJEE.

A paper read at the U. P. Social Reform Conference.

(Miss Manmohini Chatterjee, B.A., a student of the Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, and now the Principal of the Crosthwaite Girls' High School (for high caste Hindu and Mohamedan girls) on being requested by the Committee of the U. P. Social Reform Conference to second and support the question on female education, delivered the following speech at the Mayo Hall Allahabad, on the 30th March, 1907, addressing, a large and representative gathering.)

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

As I am not experienced in dealing with social questions of such serious importance, my suggestions may be of small value. However, as I feel keenly for the good of my countrywomen, I venture to express my convictions on the point. My firm conviction is that society should be to be reformed on a purely *rational* basis without regard for the time-honoured customs and beliefs which, though recognised as harmful, are yet tolerated. I do not mean to discourage all old customs and beliefs—rather I am strongly in favour of people cherishing even with pride their national traditions and achievements—but only such customs should be cherish-

ed, as are consistent with human progress, such as may inspire people with true patriotic sentiments and set for their guidance a high Ideal of morality. A clear line of demarcation ought to be drawn between what is reasonable and what is absurd in our social customs. The privilege of education is to give *men a manly* courage to adopt openly what appeals to their advanced intellects and to discard fearlessly what they consider a hindrance to the cause of social amelioration.

It is true that educated men do see many absurdities, but yet they tolerate them, comforting themselves with the idea that *Time* will heal matters, that time has not yet come to take active steps against their removal. But if things are left to *time alone* time instead of improving matters will, I fear, only benumb our sense of duty. While I admit that Progress does come with time, yet there must be a time which ought to be considered by thoughtful leaders as the moment of supreme crisis at which matters of vital importance must be taken up with firm determination and grim earnestness.

To say that time will bring about the desired reform is to put forward a lame excuse, such an excuse only meaning that those who make the excuse want others to take the trouble, while they themselves would enjoy the benefits of the reform. Progress, it is true, is a slow process, but *time alone* has not wrought all that is considered worthy of the highest admiration in the most civilised countries of the present days. The results may be traced to a whole-hearted earnestness on the part of the reformers.

Practical, steady, keen and vigorous efforts are necessary in order to give effect to any of the resolutions that may be passed by the Conference. I am confident that the question of female education will meet with great approval, for every educated man realises that the salvation of India depends amongst other things upon the education of her womanhood. But in my humble opinion mere passing of the resolutions, though it may help us to speculate, will not result in much *Practical* good. I here venture to suggest that the leaders should now avail themselves of the grand opportunity, which they are afforded, when they are face to face with such a large and representative gathering of the enlightened and influential men of the U. P.—of impressing upon the minds of all the necessity of female education.

It is now time for all present to understand and to make others understand that it is their *bounden duty* to educate their daughters and to convince the Government that there is a real demand for female education. When the Government is convinced of this, it will surely supply adequate means to meet the demand.

Let the thoughtful leaders combine together as if by a common pledge to introduce reform in their respective homes by educating their own daughters, and thus set before the masses their practical example, so that they too may follow in the wake of their leaders.

Educated men can advance the cause of women's education in the following ways:—

(1) By delivering lectures, periodically, on a purely rational basis, in their respective spheres of influence.

(2) By taking keen interest in the institutions that already exist for imparting female education and encouraging them by sending girls there.

(3) By discussing educative questions with the ladies of their families in order to awaken their interests in matters higher than those of daily household affairs, and by supervising the education of their daughters personally, thus helping the intellectual life of the family by which posterity may benefit.

(4) By being as liberal in the education of girls as in the case of boys. The Conference might open a special fund and collect sums voluntarily offered for the purpose of encouraging and facilitating female education.

Contributions in money will serve three-fold purposes:

(1) To give pecuniary aid to the poor.

(2) To stimulate the bright and the ambitious to compete for scholarships.

(3) To impress upon the minds of all the value of female education.

You will pardon me if I conclude my speech thus, Kill ignorance and superstition. Do away with caste. Make religion strictly a matter of Private concern, a matter between man and his God.

Introduce a corporate life and aim at a harmonious co-operation for the sake of humanity. Adhere to the code of secular ethics based on the eternal laws of Nature. Have Reason as your guide, for, if you take any other guide you will not be safe. Make women your equals. Liberate them from the deadening influence of strict isolation and ignorance. Let them have all the advantages of freedom and education. If you do so they will more than repay you. You and they are the integral parts of an organised whole. What keeps them down keeps you also down. A nation of men highly cultured and well fitted to their environment, with women shut up and ignorant, is an impossibility.

"Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done."

"Indian Girls and the Last Year 1906 University Examinations."

IT must be admitted that success in University examinations is not by any means a satisfactory test of a person's intellectual capabilities; still it is a matter of great gratification to note that so many Indian girls are willing to be educated at public schools and colleges and are able to satisfy the examiners of the various subjects. If this does not signify anything else it at least indicates that there are indeed good days in store for India; for such qualifications will surely raise the young women from their present utterly dependent condition and enable them, if necessity arises, to stand shoulder to shoulder with their brothers in life's battle. And as such every true Indian's congratulations must be extended to the successful candidates for the good start they have made and the serviceable example they have set.

Looking over the Matriculation examination results of 1906 one is pleased to see that out of the 108 Indian girls who have appeared for the examination there were 4 Brahmans (3 from Mysore and one from Bangalore), 12 non-Brahman Hindus almost equal numbers from Madras, Calicut, Palghat and Trivandrum, 2 Muhammadans and one Parsee from Hyderabad and the rest 89 Christians chiefly from Madras, Calicut, Mangalore, Tinnevely and Trivandrum. Of these, one Brahman, 5 non-Brahman Hindus and 37 Indian Christians passed the examination; and this shows that a total of 43 out of 108, or 40 per cent. of those sent up were successful. When the usual low percentage of passes in the Madras University examinations is taken into account, the successful candidates of this batch deserve every praise and encouragement.

For the First-in-Arts examination, Madras sent up 4, and Tinnevely 5 Indian Christians whereas 2 non-Brahman Hindus and one Christian appeared from Trivandrum. Again it is a matter of pleasant surprise to see that 6 out of 12 were able to satisfy the examiners and of this one was a Sudra girl. It is sincerely hoped that every encouragement will be given to these young ladies to enable them to continue their studies.

Of those who sat for the B.A. degree examination, there were 2 Brahman ladies; one appeared for the second language (Marathi) alone and unfortunately failed in it; but the other lady, Kolar Subbama, who has already passed the vernacular division appeared for the optional subject (History) and passed in it. Of the others, Charlotte Pichamuthu appeared only for the language divisions and passed in Tamil being placed in the II Class, whereas Nesamoni Paul, who appeared for all the three branches, passed in languages alone (English and Tamil). The only Indian young lady who appeared for all the three divisions and succeeded in them all on the first attempt is Miss Theodora Lazarus. This young lady is the daughter of Rev. J. Lazarus and was educated in the Madras Presidency College; she took Botany for her optional subject and Latin as her second language.

Looking over the different centres of examinations we should notice that female education is very much encouraged in Trivandrum, Calicut, Tinnevely, Mangalore and Madras; and most of the successful candidates have been educated in Mission institutions. And, whatever may be said of Mission work in South India, it cannot be denied that their exertions along educational lines have been successful. And in this connection, a special word of praise must be mentioned on behalf of the Indian Christian community, which claims for itself 80 per cent. of the passes in the different examinations.

S. T. R.

"Good actions give strength to ourselves, and inspire good actions in others."—*Plato*.

"Hope on, hope ever; toil and fight
Through sultry day and frosty night;
Nor tropic heat nor polar air
Should make the immortal mind despair.
But, pilgrim, wearied though you be,
Faint not by land, sink not by sea;
Bear life's hard burden bravely on,
And yield not till the goal be won."

Hope on, hope ever.—*Anne Beale*.

Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—"LOVE ME AS OF OLD."

"You lov'd me once, but well I know
You do not love me now,
And I, as hopes still fainter grow
To your decree must bow,
Yet could you see the love supreme
That rests within my heart
I do not think that you would deem
It well that we should part,
For love like mine is rare
And comes but once—no more
It true remains
And never wanes
Till life itself be o'er."

"You lov'd me once; I do not know
Why love you should recall,
For you to me still dearer grow
And are my all-in-all.
O, say your edict does not live,
My hand in yours enfold
The past, if I have erred, forgive
And love me as of old.
For love like mine is rare
And comes but once—no more;
It true remains
And never wanes
Till life itself be o'er."
"AJIT."

II.—THREE PROPS FOR MAN.

"Man, like the generous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives."

THE first prop is gold. Gold seems to deal in things that go to give pleasure. Desire for pleasure continues to live in man as long as he lives. And what is our life but a ceaseless scheming and a severe strife to dwell in the cosy house of pleasure? All are, under different disguises, striving after gold, the giver of an outward life to man. Many say that neither high birth, nor good qualities, nor good conduct, nor nobility, nor heroism, can be of any use if there is no wealth to set them off. If a man is wanting in money, whatever may be his virtues, they go for nothing in the eyes of the world. Numberless misfortunes proceed from want. Virtue, learning, wisdom, patience, modesty, beauty, wit, are all left to rust in the possessor, who lacks wealth. Poverty brings on meanness. And the crowning misery that awaits indigence is the alienation from those of the same family

Gold seems to varnish all defects. When we are in a good mood, we lend a willing ear to Smiles, who says "every one is not only justified, but bound in duty, to aim at reaching the highest standard of character: not to become the richest in means, but in spirit; not the greatest in worldly position, but in true honour; not the most intellectual, but the most virtuous; not the most powerful and influential, but the most truthful, upright, and honest." But, when we have to do with the world, we attach importance to gold. As Shakespeare says, "Gold makes black white; foul, fair; wrong, right; old, young; base, noble; coward, valiant; knits and breaks religions; blesses the accursed; places thieves, and gives them title, race, approbation. It speaks with every tongue to every purpose. It is as good as twenty orators. It is the touch of hearts." The 'Ketaki' flower is crooked, mire-bred, hard to get at, snake-girt, fruitless, and thorny. Yet, for all this, it is made much of for the scent it gives. Thus does a single merit outweigh many defects. It rests with us whether we reckon the scent to be gold or virtue.

The second prop is woman. Though weak to look upon, yet strong is she to lean on. She is pliant in calm weather, but steady in storm. Not as a toy for man to play with at home, but as a tool of God to shape man in the world, does she claim to be regarded. If gold is mighty, she is also mighty. Man owes much to the influence of woman's beauty and love. Woman is the soul of home. What a body is without a soul, that a home is without a woman. It is she who gives it life. It is through her that the jar and fret of the reality of life are softened and sweetened into the soothing effect of sleep. The toil, the moan and groan, the fear and tear, the sigh and cry, and the plaint and taint that oppress the heart of man, are robbed of their sting by the magic wand of woman. And it is because woman is the soul of home, that 'the fainting mind repairs to it when oppressed with tumultuous cares.'

The book which teaches man of God's attributes is in woman. If he uses it well, it will 'ease and unload the mind, cheer and improve the understanding, engender good thoughts and knowledge, animate virtue and good resolutions, soothe and allay the passions, and give employment for most of the vacant hours of life.' There is poetry in woman's eye, history in her looks, philosophy in her cheeks, science in her lips, religion in her voice, and medicine in her hand. It is woman who teaches man how to apply literature to life. He is happy who has learnt the real value of this book in woman which 'guides man to truth, fills his mind with noble and graceful images, stands by him in all vicissitudes—comforter in sorrow, nurse in sickness,

companion in solitude, and friend who is the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity.'

The third and highest prop is God. To lean on Him is better than to lean on human support. There is no surer guide to follow, no safer prop to lean on, no sweeter balm for ills of mind and heart, no truer light to which we can direct our care-dimmed eyes, no purer fountain at which our weary soul can drink inspiration, no fresher honey to sweeten the bitter pill of sorrow, no firmer base to rear our individual lives upon, no higher peak to stand upon quite out of the reach of the dreadful billows of persecution, calumny, and failure than the all-kind, all-seeing, all-powerful Father of all. Unlike all earthly joys which are deluding and transitory, sure and everlasting is communion with Him. The rapturous strains of music, the thrilling inspirations of poetry, the tingling sensations of luxury, and the invigorating hand of human love are nothing when compared with the healing harmony and the lasting love that flow from God. And He is a haven for our thoughts to resort to from the tempestuous confines of self and the world, a panacea for the wounds of our mind and soul, and the strongest and never-bending stay for us all.

"Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day;

Till the space with loving work,
And therein stay.

Peer not through the sheltering bars
At to-morrow;

God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

Rose.

III.—OBSERVATION:

A SCHOOL ESSAY.

OBSERVATION is the faculty, which God has given to living beings to enable them to take notice of all the things going on around them. It is not only human beings, who possess this faculty. The lower animals also possess it, but in a less degree than human beings; for example, the dog observes the actions of its master, and obeys him as far as it is able to do so, but it cannot imitate its master as much as a man can imitate another man. There are different kinds of things around us, which we can observe. First, there are the objects of nature, which can be seen in every direction. They are not all of the same class, but many of them are quite different from others. There are the trees, the fruits they bear, and the flowers they yield, the mountains, the rivers, and we may say also, the animals and people in the world. Every

living being is a work of nature, when brought into the world, but as people develop they are influenced by other objects than those of nature, though those objects themselves may be indirectly the work of nature. So, it is better, on the whole, not to include living beings under the works of nature. We can observe the men, who live around us, about whom we hear; we can observe their actions, their daily life, etc., and, if they are good, we can try and imitate them. Then we can observe the artificial objects around us, *i.e.*, the works of man, as opposed to the works of nature—the various contrivances, which help us on in our daily life, like the steam-engine, the books we read, the games we play, etc. These are almost as instinctive as the works of nature.

The faculty of observation is distributed in different degrees to different men. Some men have the gift of observing the minutest details of anything—nothing, ever so slight, escapes their notice. It is men like these, who take up the work of detectives, who try to unearth the greatest crimes and follow the most wicked men to their hiding places. Education is said to have a greater effect upon the minds of men than even observation has. But it depends upon the temperaments of different men. Some men, for instance, are very fond of reading, and do not care to notice the things going on around them (except so far as they can know about them through books). But there are others, who do not care to read at all, but who do care to observe things. On the former, observation can have but little effect, and on the latter, education cannot work at all. Nature, which is our greatest object of observation, is the work of God, books are the work of men, and so, nature will teach us more than books can, *i.e.*, if we care to observe it.

Observation can be stimulated a great deal by other things, by travelling, for example. We cannot observe many things, if we always stay in one place, but we can do so, if we travel about the world. Again, education helps observation a good deal. An ordinary man may not observe a flower, that grows by the roadside; but a botanist, passing by that way, would at once notice it, and see many beauties in it which are lost to another. Also, if the faculty of observation has not been developed in us in early life, we are apt to lose it altogether. Our parents, or our friends in childhood must teach us to notice things around us. The surroundings of our home and the people with whom we associate have also a great effect upon our minds, and help us to properly observe life.

The advantages of observation are many. By observing the world, we gain a great deal of experience; we know what to expect when we ourselves are launched upon the great sea of

life. By observing the lives of great and good men, we may be fired to imitate them and lead good lives. Again, the more we observe, the more will our faculty of observation be sharpened.

A great deal of our actions in after-life depend on how we observe life. If we are morose, and determined to look at the dark side of life, no good can result from our observation; but if we look on the bright side of things, we shall be benefited a good deal.

KETAKI.

Friendly Talks among Ourselves.



The other day, I came across a beautiful poem, called "The Cobweb Sweeper." It is rather a long one, but I am sure my readers will like to read it through, as I liked it myself. This is the poem.

You have heard of the little old woman
Sweeping cobwebs out of the sky;
In my childhood I fancied I saw her
As the clouds gather'd up and went by.
"And she's there," I thought, "at sunset,
Sweeping with all her might;
And crimson and gold are the cobwebs
She clears away before night!"

I fancied this little old woman
Was sweeping the heavens so high,
And I called to her up in the sunset,
"Come down," I said, "from your sky,
Come, sweep down below, old woman,
Come, sweep all over the land,
For the world is covered with cobwebs!"
But she turn'd, with her broom in her hand,

And looked at me sadly, and answer'd,
"Let the old world go by!
You've nothing to do with its cobwebs,
And nothing, indeed, have I!
I am working hard at my business,
For 'tis best we should mind our own."
Just then a cloud came between us,
And so I was left alone.

Yet I watch'd her up in the sunset
Sweep with her birch broom tree,
And she heap'd up the cobwebs in the ridges
And swept them out over the sea.
"Come down, little woman," I shouted,
"There are cobwebs all over the room!"
"You must get some one else to sweep them"—
And away she went with her broom,

So I watch'd her up in the sunset.
"You selfish old woman," I said,
"There are cobwebs impeding my footsteps,
And cobwebs wrapped round my head;
One whirl with your broom would dislodge them
And turn them all into the air!"
"Then you'll never get *one* to sweep them,
They'd do nothing but mischief there!"

So I watch'd her up in the sunset.
"Come down, if you love me," I cried;
"The cobwebs are woven about me
Till my whole soul is terrified!
Come down if you have any feeling
And do a good sweeper's part,
For I am sick and faint with my sorrow—
There are cobwebs all over my heart!"

As quickly, methought, she travell'd
As the light she had left above,
And sudden she stood beside me,
"You prayed me," she said, "in my love
To visit your little homestead,
Your dusty heart to sweep.
I come—for, indeed, I love you!
And your heart—it makes me weep!"

"Cobwebs, so well you may call them,
Thick and repulsive and grey;
Sweep them away, my sister,
Sweep them, sweep them away!
None but yourself can sweep them,
But do it with all your might:
I can but teach you to sweep them—
Sweep them away to-night!"

I knew that my will was yielding,
I felt she must have her way;
How I longed to be able to tell her
The thoughts that I could not say!
I knew she was true and faithful,
I knew she was good and wise.
"Surely," I thought, "this woman
Is my Angel in disguise?"

And now the tears that gather'd
From my weary eyes fell fast.
"My heart," I said, "is breaking
With grief for my misspent past!"
And lo, the sky grew brighter,
Brighter it grew than day;
The cobwebs all were clearing,
Clearing, clearing away.

She was busy, my Guardian Angel,
Teaching my wings to fly;
She set me sweeping, sweeping
The cobwebs out of my sky!
"Not a wrongful thought must lie there
To soil this new white day;
See," said the Angel woman,
"How you're sweeping the clouds away!"

"And you find your house is golden,
That its ivory walls are white;
Oh, the joy to have cleansed this temple
And swept it out to-night!
See that the dust never gathers,
Let nothing its beauty defile,
Look well, child, *into the corners*!"—
And she vanished away with a smile.

How many lessons do we learn from this poem?
I shall just try and point out a few to my girl-friends.
The first is, I think, the great lesson, "Know thyself."
We must see ourselves in our own mirror, as it were.
We must be "our own fortune-tellers." We must put
ourselves outside ourselves and gather informations
about ourselves. What revelations we shall find!
There will be so many disappointments. Perhaps we
have thought ourselves very good, perhaps we have
thought ourselves very clever. It may be we have
often plumed ourselves on our superiority to
others. But a real examination of ourselves will
prove to us what poor creatures we are. Such an
examination will be easy enough if we put our hearts
into it. Each girl knows her own peculiarities. The
chief danger is that we may let ourselves down too
lightly; we may give nice names to objectionable
features and we may make many excuses for our-
selves. But the habit of self-examination will grow
upon us gradually, if we practise it often and many
will be the benefits that we derive from it.

And then we shall discover what nurses of imaginary
grievances we have been. I heard an old woman once
say, "She is one of the sort that can never be happy
unless she is miserable." But surely we need not
always be miserable? The remedy for this, says a
writer, is to be found in speech. It is the silent brood-
ing over a grievance that helps its growth. If a friend
has given us pain or trouble, the grievance will be
much eased, if we speak to her frankly and tell her
what has pained us. Such an act will often stop a
rift which may lead to a life—estrangement.

Then, let us ask ourselves the question, "Is it well
with me?" not only in body, but in mind and spirit.
Am I strong for present work and can I bear all the
trials and temptations that await me? It would be
indeed well with us, if, as a writer says, we can
answer: "It is well with me, for though my faults are
many, and I do not even live up to my own ideal,
yet I do desire to be the true child and servant of
God."

With this thought will come sorrow for the mis-
spent past. "Oh! that we had done better in our
lives," we think. Such a thought is indeed good, for it
is repentance that will lead to future growth. But
there is no use of always sitting in sack cloth and ashes.
We must be up and doing. Time is passing and soon
the "night cometh when no man can work."

Then we have much need for patience. It is always
hard to wait, but wait we must, if we wish to
advance.

Finally, there must be the desire for perfect
growth. Every cloud must be swept away, and care
must ever be taken that no new clouds enter in:

"See that the dust never gathers,
Let nothing the beauty defile,
Look well, child, into the corners,"
as the old cob-web sweeper said.

SONNET.

SIVARATRI AT ALWAYE.

On Sivaratri day falling in 1907 on the 11th February, corresponding with the 14th day after the full moon in the month of Makom, *i.e.*, the period intervening between the new moon in Magarom and the full moon in Khumbom, thousands of Hindus foregather on the sands at this famous bathing place in Travancore to perform *Pujabs* to, and to worship at, the shrine in the bed of the Paeyar river, which contains a Sivalingam. The Hindu who piously performs his religious ceremonies on the Sivaratri day at Alwaye obtains pardon of sin and the grace of forgiveness.—*Daily Paper*.

What seek ye here my brothers on the sands—
 Old age and youth and winsome womanhood?
 Is the quest Salvation? Stretching forth lame hands
 Upwards to high Heaven and the eternal Good?
 No men conceive that any spot of earth,
 To which they pilgrimage, will win the grace
 Of precious pardon? Nay! There is no dearth
 Of God's redeeming love! In every race
 And clime and æon, 'that' divinest gift
 E'er was, and is, sufficient! Only they
 Have understood not! Therefore do they lift
 Vain hands to nothingness—do not obey
 The Verities! Each man his way he takes
 Heedless and blind! 'Each man his prison makes.'

A. P. SMITH.

TRAVANCORE.

Home Talks.

II. HOME-NURSING.

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



NINE-TENTHS of good nursing lies in observing the patient. No symptom is too small for it not to be taken notice of, and a slight, nay, a very slight change may herald a most serious crisis in the illness of the patient. And every change that occurs in the patient should be told to the doctor.

The heat of the skin should be most carefully noticed, as this is most important, and is described as the temperature of the patient, the normal temperature being 98°40 Fahr., and, should it rise or fall ten degrees from this point, the case will probably be hopeless. Temperature remaining at two degrees above or below indicates disease.

To measure the exact temperature a medical or clinical thermometer should be used, and it is usually placed beneath the tongue, or, with children, in the arm-pit.

Posture must be observed closely by the nurse. In a very long illness, such as typhoid fever, the patient will lie quite flat, and any indication of a wish to raise the head is a good sign. In diseases when there is a difficulty in breathing and the patient has been kept propped up by pillows, any desire to lie down may be looked upon as a good sign, provided it does not mean collapse and death.

In congestion or inflammation of the lungs the patient will of his own accord lie on the most affected side, as that lessens the difficulty in breathing.

In cases of long illness, do not let the patient lie continuously on his back, as this produces a tendency to congestion of the lungs. The nurse should change the patient's position, and let him lie on his side.

Shivering fits or rigor often occur in feverish attacks. The patient feels intensely cold. He should be covered up warmly, with a hot-water bottle placed at his feet, and it is usually a safe thing to give him some hot milk; never brandy and whisky without the advice of a medical man. Shivering fits should always be attended to at once.

Sleep is most important, and when the patient drops into a sound natural sleep it is often a sign

that the crisis of an illness is passed. The nurse should note the time when the patient fell asleep, and the exact length of the sleep, and whether he is quiet, or muttering and restless, as if dreaming. Never give narcotics unless the doctor especially orders them.

The tongue is the index to the digestive organs. In fever it is often dark coloured, cracked and swollen, often furred in gastric diseases. The tongue ought to be looked at before the patient is given his food, and any changes in it should be noted and reported to the doctor.

I think that I have said enough to show that every nurse, to be worthy of the name, should cultivate habits of observation, so that nothing may escape her notice.

* * * *

Poultices and fomentations mean that a moist heat is applied locally to lessen pain by reducing the tension of the tissues. They also check the spread of inflammation, and they help to draw matter to the surface, thus cleansing wounds.

When any part of the body becomes inflamed, a swelling is caused by the accumulation of fluid and blood corpuscles in the tissues. The pain is caused by the products of inflammation pressing on the nerves in their immediate neighbourhood, and the throbbing is caused by the heart, as each beat sends more blood into the inflamed part, thus increasing the blood pressure on the nerve fibres in that part.

Poultices can be made of linseed, mustard, bread, starch, bran and charcoal. They may be spread on flannel, cotton wool, tow or old linen.

Poultices to do good must be changed frequently, or instead of being hot and moist they will become hard and dry. Whatever material is used to spread the poultice on, it must be at least two inches wider all round than the poultice, and this two inches should be doubled down over the poultice all the way round; this will not only make it tidier, but it will be far easier to put on and to take off.

Before making the poultice, have the patient ready for it to be put on, and if poultices have to be changed, take off the cold one, wash the spot with warm water, dry it with a soft towel, and cover with cotton wool. Then make the fresh poultice, which should be applied as hot as the patient can possibly bear it. In applying a poultice, place it in the palm of the hand, put the lower end against the patient first, then quickly turn it up into its proper position. Be most careful when applying a poultice to a child's skin, as it is so tender. In removing a poultice, begin with the upper end, rolling over the poultice so as to leave nothing sticking to the skin. After poultices are taken off the patient and no more are to be applied, cover the affected spot with cotton wool

for two or three days to prevent any danger of the invalid catching cold.

To make a linseed poultice, scald out a basin and stand it in a larger basin containing boiling water. Warm two plates and the flannel on which to spread the poultice when made. It is better to use the crushed linseed, as that contains the most oil. Pour boiling water, and be sure that it is really boiling, into the basin, and quickly dredge in the linseed, stirring it with a warmed knife; when it cuts clean it is stiff enough. Spread it quickly on the warmed flannel about half an inch thick, and do not forget to leave a margin to turn down all round. Dip the knife into a little warmed olive oil, and very quickly spread it over the poultice; this will prevent it sticking to the skin. Place it between the two hot plates to carry it to the bedside, and apply.

A linseed poultice may be made like porridge in a saucepan, or the meal can be warmed and the boiling water poured on to it, but the way described above has been proved by experience to be the best.

Mustard Poultice.—In a mustard poultice four times the quantity of linseed is used to the quantity of mustard. It should be made as the linseed poultice described above, and a piece of muslin should be placed between the poultice and the skin, or the mustard will probably cause a blister. A mustard plaster is made of mustard and water, and is placed between muslin; it is very strong. Mustard leaves are dipped into water, the back dried, and then the leaf is held a minute between the hands to take off the chill before applying. Mustard must always be used with caution; never for babies, nor for a patient who is constantly poulticed, unless by the doctor's orders.

Bread Poultice. Heat a basin, put a piece of muslin into it; on the muslin place some bread-crums or a slice of the crumb. Pour boiling water over it, cover the basin with a plate, and stand it on the oven for a few minutes. Then take it out of the oven, gather up the ends of the muslin and squeeze the water out of the bread; spread the poultice on a piece of warmed flannel or linen, and apply. A bread poultice may be made with boiling milk if liked.

* * * *

Fomentations have very much the same action as poultices, and are often used alternately with them. They consist of a flannel wrung out in boiling water, and applied to the affected part as hot as possible. Take a large basin, and have ready a fomentation cloth. This is in reality a small round towel two feet long, and one and a half feet wide; there should be one in every household. Place this cloth across the

basin with the flannel in the centre, and run two smooth sticks through the ends of the cloth. Pour boiling water over the flannel until it is covered, then with the sticks wring the moisture out of it by twisting the cloth.

Shake the flannel, fold and apply, putting the fomentation next to the skin, covering it with a piece of oiled silk, and then with either cotton wool or flannel. If the pain be very acute, a few drops of turpentine may be sprinkled on the flannel; the fomentation is then called a "turpentine stupe."

Dry heat is applied when warmth is required without moisture. Hot flannels, bran, sand and salt put into flannel bags and heated in the oven are all excellent to use. A brick heated and wrapped in flannel retains the heat for hours; hot-water bottles are known in every household, and camomile flowers heated and put into flannel are also most useful, as they are so light, and retain the heat well.

Our Needlework Column.

KNITTING.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN KNITTING.

- K.—Knit plain.
P.—Purl, or seam.
N.—Narrow.
K 2 to.—Knit two together.
th o or o.—Throw the thread over the needle.
sl.—Slip a stitch from the left needle to the right needle without knitting it.
sl. and b.—Slip and bind. Slip one stitch, knit the next; pass the slipped stitch over the knit stitch.
To bind or cast off.—Either slip or knit the first stitch; knit the next; pass the first or slipped stitch over the second, and repeat as far as directed.
Row.—Knitting once across the work when but two needles are used.
Round.—Knitting once around the work when four or more needles are used.
* Star or asterisk means, that the details given below them are to be repeated as many times as directed before going on with those details which follow the next star.

INFANTS' KNITTED SHIRT.

No. 2.—This little garment is made of wool and silk, and is knitted in two sections that are afterward sewed together.

For One-Half of the Shirt.—Cast on 78 stitches for the lower edge.

First row.—K 2, * th o, k 1, th o, k 3; narrow twice, k 2, th o, k 1, th o, k 3, narrow twice, k 2, and repeat from * across the work.

Second row.—Purl across the work.

Third row.—N, k 1, * th o, k 1, th o, k 3, n twice, k 2, and repeat from * across the work.

Fourth row.—Narrow. once and knit the rest plain, to reverse the pattern.

Fifth row.—P 2 together, p 1, * th o, p 1. th o, p 3, p 2 together twice (to narrow twice), p 2, and repeat from *.

Sixth row.—Narrow once and knit the rest plain, to reverse the pattern.

Seventh row.—N, k 1, and then repeat first row from first * for rest of row.

Eighth to Twelfth rows.—Same as from 2nd to 6th rows.

Continue the details given until there are thirty-two holes, one directly over the other, and then set the stitches for the ribs, as follows :

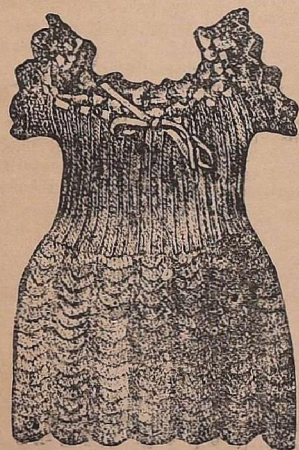
K 2, p 2, k 2, p 2 across the needle. Knit in this manner until there are 45 ribbed rows; then knit once across plain, and purl once across

To make the Holes for the Ribbon.—K 4, * th o, n, k 3, and repeat from * across the row.

Knit back plain, and then knit 6 times across as follows : P 1 row, k 1 row, alternately to the end of the 6 rows, and bind off. This completes one-half of the shirt. Make the other half to correspond.

For the Sleeves.—Cast on 68 stitches, and work the same as for the lower part of the shirt until the strip is 3 holes deep. Then knit across plain and purl back, until there are 5 rows; but in the third row, after knitting 17 stitches, make holes the same as in the top of the shirt, for the ribbon. Then bind off and sew the ends of the sleeves together.

Sew the two halves of the shirt together within an inch and a-half of the top, and then sew in the sleeves. Now crochet a shell-scollop about the neck, making 6 double crochets for each shell, and catching the latter down by a



single crochet. Edge these scollops with single crochets of silk.

Finish the sleeves with similar scollops, and if desired, edge them with silk to correspond with the neck.

Run ribbon in the holes as seen in the engraving, and tie it in a bow at the front.

CHILD'S KNITTED HOOD.

No. 5.—This hood is made of wool on medium-sized steel needles. Begin at the front of the hood, under the border. Cast on 115 stitches. Knit back and forth for 23 rows. Purl back in the 24th row.

Twenty-fifth row.—This begins the fancy pattern. K 1, * th o twice, k 2 together, k 1, and repeat from * across the row. Knit back plain, dropping the put-over thread. Then knit back and forth plain 4 times.

Repeat the last 6 rows 4 times more. This will make 5 fancy rows and 5 plain rows for the sides of the hood.

Now knit across once more and purl back. Next cast off 37 stitches; then k 2 together, k 1, * th o twice, k 2 together, k 1, and repeat o times more from last *. Then fasten on a thread and cast off the stitches left on the left-hand needle. Then continue knitting the pattern until there are 8 more plain stripes and 8 more fancy stripes; next, after the last plain stripe, knit across once and purl back. Then cast off the stitches. Join the crown-edges to the sides-edge by an over-and-over stitch.

To Knit the Border.—Cast on 12 stitches. Knit 1 row plain. In the next and succeeding alternate rows, k 1, wind the yarn twice around the left forefinger, pass the right needle through the next stitch on the left needle and also under the top of the 2 wind-overs; throw the yarn around the needle and draw it under the wind-overs and through the stitch as in ordinary knitting. Repeat across the row, knitting the last stitch plain. Knit the alternate rows plain. Sew the border over the plain portion of the hood.

To Make the Cape.—Make 1 double crochet at one end or lower corner of the hood, 1 chain stitch, skip 1 stitch of the knitting, 1 double in the next; repeat across the work.

Next row.—4 chain, 1 double in each double underneath, with I-chains between.

Next row.—5 chain, 1 double in the first double underneath, * 2 doubles in the next double with 1 chain between; 1 double in the next double and repeat from * across the row.

Next row.—Same as last except that each of the 2 doubles come in the space made by the 2 doubles underneath.

Next two rows.—5 chain, 1 double in the double underneath, * 4 doubles, with 1 chain between the 2nd and 3rd doubles, in the space made

by the 2 doubles underneath, 1 chain, 1 double in the next double ; repeat from * across the row.



Next row.—Like last row, except that between the 2nd and 3rd doubles make 2 chain and catch with a single crochet in top of the 2nd double to form a point, and so on across the row.

Run ribbon through the fancy stripes as seen in the picture, and also across the neck of the hood, drawing it in a trifle at the back to shape it to the head, and tying it in a bow. Sew on the ties and add a narrow lace rubbing; then line the hood with thin silk. Finish the top with a handsome bow of ribbon.

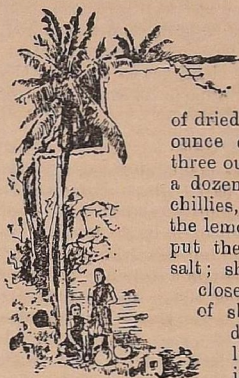
ON WISDOM.

Wisdom involves a certain amount of knowledge, especially the knowledge of men and things gained by experience, but that it is not the same as knowledge is finely expressed in the following lines by the poet Cowper—

“ Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd and squar'd and fitted to its place”.

Our Cookery Column.

LEMONS PICKLED IN OIL.



TWELVE lemons, six ounces of salt, an ounce and a half of cummin seed, one ounce of dried red chillies, half an ounce of turmeric powder, three ounces of peeled garlic, a dozen and a half of green chillies, and salad oil; cut the lemons into quarters and put them in a jar with the salt; shake well and cover close; repeat the process of shaking daily for three days; then drain off the liquid; pour the oil into a small porcelain-lined preserving pan; when boiling, the other ingredients must be added after being prepared as follows: the cummin seed and red chillies must be dried and ground through a coffee mill (kept for the purpose); peel the garlic and slit the green chillies half way up from the point; allow all these ingredients to cook together with the lemons in the boiling oil for about ten minutes, stirring, to prevent the pickle from burning; then set aside to cool, when perfectly cold, stir in a half pint of good vinegar and bottle, covering well with the oil and curry-stuff. The turmeric powder being ready prepared simply requires to be mixed in with the other ingredients.

CHILLIE PICKLE.

Fifty fresh green chillies, slit them a little at the points and soak for three days in a strong brine of salt water; drain well and place in a dry stone jar with three dozen cloves of garlic peeled; pour over the whole a pint of best boiled vinegar which has been thoroughly cooled; cover close. This pickle will be ready for use in a week.

IMITATION “NELLIE KOY” PICKLE.

Procure about three dozen green plums, stone them and throw the skins into a pickle of salt and water for three days; drain and dry them either in the sun or a cool oven until free from all moisture; then pound in a stone mortar with dried red chillies, peeled garlic and a little vinegar to moisten; where the flavour of cummin seed is approved, a tea spoonful may be added after being ground through a coffee mill.

ARROWROOT JELLY.

The peel of a half lemon, two sticks of cinnamon, three-quarters of a pint of water, boil for ten minutes; have ready in a basin two table-spoonfuls of best arrowroot, mixed smoothly with a little cold water, stir well into the boiling water with flavourings; cook for a few minutes; add a glass of lemon juice and sugar to taste; when the jelly looks clear, set to cool in jelly glasses. This tastes almost as well as meat jelly and is lighter of digestion.

SCONES.

Flour 1 lb.; two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder; sour buttermilk, half a pint. Dissolve the baking powder in the buttermilk, mix the flour with it, to the consistence of light dough; roll out half an inch thick; cut in round pieces and back on a hot frying-pan on a slow fire for ten or fifteen minutes, turning them often; they are better if first baked in the oven for ten minutes and then browned on the top; they are much like muffins, good, either hot or cold, with butter or curry for breakfast.

GUAVA PRESERVE.

Guavas, sugar, spice and water. Weigh ripe guavas with an equal quantity of sugar; pare and cut them in halves; scoop out the pulp and seeds, which boil in a little water and mash through a wire cover, throw the seeds away; make the syrup, by adding half a pint of water to every pound of sugar; boil till thick as honey; throw in guavas and pulp; simmer till it thickens again; put into jars and close when cold. Always use the best sugar which is cheaper in the end.

MANGO PRESERVE.

Half-ripe mangoes, sugar and spice. Pare and cut up the mangoes removing the seeds, put the pieces into a well-tinned vessel with sufficient water to cover them; simmer till quite soft; remove and measure; to each pint add 1½ lb. of good sugar and the spice; simmer till the pieces look transparent and the syrup is as thick as honey; put into jars, and stopper when quite cold.

CREAM CHEESE.

Boil two measures of new milk, when cold, stir in a tea-spoonful of buttermilk, let it stand for 24 hours; turn into a thick linen towel and tie it up tightly; hang it on a rod leaving a basin below to catch the drippings; after twelve hours, turn it into a basin and mix two salt-spoonfuls of salt in it thoroughly; tie it up again in a fine linen rag; put into a prune tin box (with holes perforated underneath), place a weight over the cheese and set it in the ice box, it will turn out quite firm in a couple of hours. Serve on a fresh plantain leaf.

TAMARIND SYRUP.

Pour over one pound of West India preserved tamarind, a quart of boiling vinegar and let it get quite cold; strain through a coarse sieve, mashing all the fruity substance through; dilute with another point of vinegar (boiled and cooled); add half a pound of loaf-sugar, dust and cook in a preserving pan for quarter of an hour, stirring all the while; when thoroughly cold, bottle for use. A table-spoonful in a tumbler of cold water will be found a most refreshing drink in summer; sugar may be added according to taste.

Varieties.



THE HIGHEST FORM OF NOBILITY.—The noble woman is a lady of noble rank, but, though it is not given to all to be born of illustrious parentage, every woman may become noble in the best sense of the word by entertaining noble sentiments, cultivating noble thoughts, and avoiding everything that is mean or dishonourable.

"The noblest service comes from nameless hands."

FLATTERY.—Beware of flattery, beware especially of those people who flatter you to your face, for very often they are the first to speak evil of you behind your back. Says the Psalmist, "A man that flattereth his neighbour spreadeth a net for his feet."

On seeing a snake for the first time, a little girl exclaimed, "Oh, daddy, come and look at this funny tail wagging all by itself!"

"The house is small, but human hearts are there,
And for this day at least beneath thy care;
Someone is sad—then speak a word of cheer,
Someone is lonely—make him welcome here;
Someone has failed—protect him from despair,
Someone is poor—there's something you can spare;
Thine own heart's sorrow mention but in prayer,
And carry sunshine with thee everywhere."

A CURIOUS RIDDLE.

A handless man a letter did write,
The dumb dictated it word for word;
It was read by one who had lost his sight,
And deaf was he who listened and heard.

The Answer to Above.

It was nought that the handless man did write,
 And nought was read by his dumb compeer ;
 It was nought that struck on the blind man's sight,
 And nought on the deaf man's ear.
 For one and the same, as we all well know,
 Are a cipher and nought and the letter "O,"
Professor Whewell.

NATIONAL FLORAL EMBLEMS.

England, Rose.	France, Fleur-de-lis.
Greece, Violet.	Ireland, Shamrock.
Germany, Cornflower.	Egypt, Lotus.
Scotland, Thistle.	Wales, Leek.
Italy, Lily.	Canada, the Maple.
Spain, Pomegranate.	Japan, Chrysanthemum.

WHY, INDEED !

Little girl : " I've been a good girl, haven't I, mother ? "

Mamma : " Yes, dear. "

Little girl : " And you do trust me, don't you, mother ? "

Mamma : " Yes, my darling. "

Little girl : " Then why do you still keep the jam locked up in the cupboard ? "

A RIDDLE.

Can you tell me why
 A hypocrite's eye
 Can better descry
 Than you or I
 On how many toes
 A pussy cat goes ?

The Answer.

A man of deceit
 Can best counterfeit ;
 And so, I suppose,
 Can best count her toes.

Mrs. Upstarte : " I have just received an invitation card to a party with R.S.V.P. in the corner. What does it mean ? Do you know ? "

Mrs. Knowabit (who is equally ignorant of French and Society usages) : " Let's see. Oh, yes ; it means, ' Reply Soon, Victuals Provided ! ' "

In the sixteenth century it was the fashion for the Russian ladies to enamel their teeth black, and they also used to dye the whites of their eyes the same colour. The secret of the process by which they were able to dye the whites of their eyes black without injuring their eyesight has been lost, and it is to be hoped that it will not be re-discovered.

Editorial Notes.

It was with great regret that we received the sad news of the death of Mr. Cecil M. Barrow. He was a great man, a deep scholar, a man of wide culture, a good friend, full of amiability, generosity and kindness. He was also a man of the highest energy and during his lifetime turned out an incredible amount of work, in the way of compiling or editing numerous text-books, aids to students, magazines and a great deal of educational literature.

He was at one time in the Educational Department, but it was as head of important private institutions that he did his most valuable work. He succeeded Mr. John Cook, M.A., as Principal of Doveton College, Madras, in the eighties, and after several years' work in that capacity he became Principal of Victoria College, Palghat, where he made himself universally beloved during a considerable term of service. On the death, last year, of Mr. S. P. D'Sylva he became Headmaster of Bishop Corrie's High School, Madras, then known as the Grammar School, a humble appointment for an educationist of his ability. For many years he conducted the *Journal of Education*, and more recently the *Student's Own Magazine*. It was only last month that we noticed his new venture, the *New Asiatic Review* conducted by him together with Mr. J. C. Adam. We offer our deepest sympathy to his bereaved widow.

Miss Theodora Lazarus, B.A., whose portrait we publish in this issue, is the third daughter of the Rev. J. Lazarus, B.A., a Missionary of the Danish Mission.

On her mother's side, she is descended from the late Moses Sargon, Esq., Judge of Cochin. Miss Lazarus is the only Indian Lady Graduate of this year, and it is also creditable to her that she is the first lady who has chosen General Biology and Botany for her optional subjects and she also secures the Grigg Memorial Medal for the year. Miss Lazarus has already joined the Teachers' College and is qualifying herself for the L. T. degree. She has resolved to make education her life work and also intends preparing for the M. A. degree examination. As regards her scholastic career, Miss Lazarus was educated in the Doveton Girls' School, the Presidency Training School for Mistresses and for a year in the London Mission Girls' High School, from which she matri-

culated, and two years in the Doveton Protestant College from which after successfully passing the F. A. examination, she entered the Presidency College where she spent two years. She was also a pupil of St. Andrew's Sunday School where latterly she was a teacher. Miss Lazarus also makes herself useful by writing occasionally for the Press.

Selections.

1.—LADIES' GATHERING AT SURAT.

In connection with the Provincial Social Conference at Surat a Ladies' Gathering (Mahila Parishad) was held in that city on the 30th March, 1907 in the Municipal Hall. The proceedings commenced at 3 p.m. More than 275 ladies of the European, Hindu, Parsee and Mahomedan communities were present. Among those present were Mrs. Ranade, Mrs. Chandavarkar, Mrs. Atmaram Nazar, Dr. Miss Navrange, Mrs. Kamlagavri Dhirajlal, Miss Motilal Chunilal, Mrs. Kashibai Herlekar, Mrs. Jawle, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Ranjit Kalabhai and others.

Mrs. Indira Nazar commenced the proceedings by welcoming the ladies. She said that on behalf of the ladies of Surat as well as of herself she heartily thanked the ladies who had taken the trouble to come there, and that she particularly thanked the venerable Mrs. Ramabai Ranade and the other ladies who had come from out-stations. Their arrival had added to the joy then prevalent in Surat. The large gathering of ladies showed that as men had awakened to healthy activities for their welfare, women had begun to realise their duties and this was a matter which would make every one glad. She proposed that Mrs. Ramabai Ranade should be elected president.

Mrs. Kashibai Herlekar seconded the proposal and Mrs. Kamabai supported it.

After the President had assumed the chair, some Hindu and Parsee ladies sang songs of welcome, at the end of which flowers were sprinkled.

Mrs. Ramabai Ranade in her speech said that that was their first meeting in the historic town of Surat and were thankful for the meeting to their Gujarati sisters. The Bharat Mahila Parishad had been instituted three years ago with the object that ladies from different provinces might meet, promote good feelings and consequently assist each other in discharging their duties. The object had been successful and this was the first Provincial Mahila Parishad. As women have duties towards their families, so they have duties towards their country also. In order to awaken women to a sense of those duties, the

leaders of the Social Conference had helped women and instituted the Bharat Mahila Parishad in 1904. The three gatherings held till then produced good results and this engendered the hope that the Parishad will flourish. The speaker hoped that the Parishad would be helpful in promoting moral, intellectual and industrial progress among women and thus enable them to serve their country with ever increasing capacity. The Provincial Mahila Parishad was a new feature and she congratulated the city of Surat particularly for that.

Mrs. Ranade then referred to the loss suffered by the country by the deaths of Mrs. Budrudin Tyabji, Mrs. Dhankorbai Madhawdas and Mrs. Rakhmabai Modak during the past year. She further referred to the High School for Hindu girls which a benevolent gentleman is to establish at Bombay and to the Mahila Vidyalaya instituted by Prof. Karve at Poona. She said that they must be thankful for these institutions and indicated the lines on which education ought to be given therein. In view of the fact that the education given to girls at present could be availed of in advanced life, she pointed out the necessity for imparting knowledge to married girls and women and of altering some features of the present course. Some ladies were of opinion, she said, that education in the first four primary standards must be continued as at present but that separate classes must be established for further education and that subjects of domestic utility should be taught therein. The Maharani Sahab of Baroda was of opinion that an industrial class should be attached to the High Schools. H. H. the Gaikwad has introduced free primary education in his State, and made it compulsory and as also passed a law for preventing child marriages and has introduced other reforms. His Highness is striving to promote independence of thought and patriotism among his subjects, and is also anxious to give them industrial education. The silver jubilee of his Highness had been celebrated with great enthusiasm and had been the occasion for greetings all over India. The Ladies' Gathering prayed to God that people might be able to celebrate the golden jubilee of such a benevolent Maharaja.

Mrs. Ranade then referred to the Swadeshi movement of the last two or three years and said that it would in the end do good to the country. She exhorted women also to do their duty in that direction and said that her sisters of Gujarat ought not to use for luxury showy and coloured clothes of foreign manufacture, and that if their brothers and sons observed the rule of using Swadeshi articles there was no reason why they as their sisters and mothers ought to be decked in foreign made clothes.

The speaker narrated an incident from the Mahabharat wherein a mother had given good advice to her son, and said that the responsibility of producing good, brave, and virtuous men in the country was mostly on mothers, *i.e.*, women, and they should therefore always bear that in mind and act with that high aim so that the good of women, their progeny and their country may be promoted.

The above lecture was then translated into Gujarati.

Papers were then read by the following ladies on the subjects noted against their names :

Miss Hirabai Dosabhai Cooper : "Children, how to bring them up."

Miss Alibai Modi : "Indian Women, what benevolent deeds can be undertaken by them."

Mrs. Scott : "The Christian Missions, what they have done for the education of Indian women."

Miss Iravati Thakoreram : "How to emphasise on the minds of Indian women the fact that women are the mothers of the nation."

Mrs. Kamlagavri Dhirajlal : "The effect of early marriage on women."

Mrs. Kashibai Herlekar : "Widows' Homes as a means of ameliorating the condition of widowed women."

Mrs. Kashibai Devdhar : "The evil effects of child marriages."

Mrs. Vijkorebai : "The progress of female education."

Mrs. Pirojbai Mehta : Do. do.

Mrs. Gangabai Do. do.

Mrs. Ushamati Ranjit Kalabhai : "The evil effects resulting from the various customs in Gujarat of observing mourning on occasions of death and what improvements can be made in such customs."

Miss Aimai Contractor : "The continuance of caste dinners."

Some songs were then sung.

Mrs. Kashibai then proposed that the Mahila Parishad recorded its grief at the loss it had suffered by the death of Mrs. Madhavdas Raghunathdas, the well-known lady reformer of Bombay. Dr. Rukhmabai second the proposal which was carried unanimously.

Mrs. Kashibai then proposed a vote of thanks to the President. She said she was glad she had been entrusted with the pleasant duty of thanking Mrs. Ranade for accepting the chair. It was a matter of congratulation that as her husband, the late Mrs. Justice Ranade, took an earnest part in matters of Social Reform, Mrs. Ranade also joined movements for the amelioration of women. If regular meetings were thereafter held in Surat for the welfare of women and if discussions of useful subjects were conducted, that gathering of ladies and the

trouble taken by the President in coming to Surat will be of some purpose. The speaker also thanked Dr. Rukhmabai for the great trouble she had taken for organizing that gathering.

After the proposal was adopted, the President expressed her thanks and said that she was particularly gratified to see Hindu, Parsee and Mahomedan ladies assembled together in that gathering. If there was such union in the country, the rise of the country, she was sure ; was not distant. She had been much pleased with the papers read and the songs sung at the gathering.

After a song of prayer the meeting dispersed at 6-30 p.m.

II.—THE UNITED PROVINCES SOCIAL CONFERENCE.

PROCEEDINGS AT ALLAHABAD.

(From our own correspondent.)

The Provincial Conference is holding its sittings in Allahabad and the United Provinces Social Reform Association availed itself of this opportunity to hold the First Session of the Provincial Social Conference also at the Mayo Hall on 30th March 1907. There was a pretty large gathering. Prominent among whom we noticed Pandit Motilal Nehru, Advocate of the High Court, Allahabad and President of the first Provincial Conference, Dr. Satish Chandra Bannerji, M.A., LL.D., Pt., Tej Bahadur Sapru, M.A., LL.D., Rai Bahadur Lala Baij Nath, B.A., Raja Pratap Bahadur Sinha, C. S. I. of Pratabgad (Oudh), Pt. Srikrishna Joshi, Mr. C. Y. Chintamani, B. Dargacharan Bannerji, Pt. Prithwi Nath of Cawnpore, Mr. V. Mehta, C. S., Assistant Collector and Magistrate, Allahabad, Dr. S. P. Roy, Pandit Baldeo Ram Dave, B. Iswara Saran, B. Charu Chandra Mitra, Mr. N. Gupta, editor of the *Indian People*, Dr. Ranji Sinha, Rana Piyush, Jang Bahadur of Nepal, Mr. S. Sinha, Bar-at-Law, editor of the *Hindustan Review*, B. Narayan Prasad Ashtana, Vakil of Agra, Pt. Iqbal Narain Masaldan, Bar-at-Law of Lucknow, Pt. Hari Ram Pandey of Ahnora, Babu Jugal Kishor, Vakil of Gorakhpore, Babu Gopal Lal, M.A., Vakil of Fyzabad, Miss Man Mohini Chatterji, B.A., and many more European and Indian ladies and gentlemen. Besides these there were some delegates from Benares, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, etc.

Dr. Satish Chandra Bannerji proposed Munshi Ganga Prasad Varma, editor of the *Lucknow Advocate* to the chair. Pt. Prithwi Nath of Cawnpore seconded the resolution. Both complimented Mr. Ganga Prasad for his silent and practical work.

The President rose amidst enthusiastic cheers and delivered the inaugural address.

(*This will be printed in the next issue.*)

The following resolutions were passed :—

FEMALE EDUCATION.

That considering the immense importance of the education of Indian women in determining our national welfare and the almost unspeakable backwardness of female education in these provinces—the percentage of girls attending schools to population of school-going age being 75—this Conference is of opinion that it is the duty of every man and woman in these provinces to help actively in the spreading of female education by educating his or her female wards, by establishing private schools and *maktabs* and by heartily co-operating with the officials of the Education Department to the best of his or her ability in doing the same, and requests the Government of Sir J. P. Hewett to kindly give effect to the recommendations of Rai Bahadur G. N. Chakravarti's Committee :—

(i) by establishing at least one more Normal School for the training of women teachers and locating it at Allahabad ;

(ii) by establishing model girls' schools teaching up to the secondary stage at the headquarters of all districts with suitable building, *purdah* conveyances and efficient staff ;

(iii) by developing an organization of peripatetic governesses side by side with these schools in order to carry education within the four walls of the zenana by opening small *maktabs* at the houses of influential residents, delivering magic lantern lectures, holding conversaziones, etc. ;

(iv) by forming committees of Indian gentlemen interested in the cause of female education in every district to help and advice the local officials ;

(v) by establishing more scholarships and prizes for girls whether studying in schools or at home ;

(vi) by keeping the education of girls free for the present and by directing that, as far as possible, books and materials for writing, needle-work, &c., be supplied to all the girls from public funds ;

(vii) by opening special schools for the lowest castes, similar to the Pariah schools of Madras, wherever necessary.

Mover.—Dr. Tej Bahadur Sapru, M.A. LL.D., Advocate of the High Court (Allahabad).

Second.—Miss Manmohini Chatterji, B.A., Principal, Crosthwaite Girls' School (Allahabad).

II.—EARLY MARRIAGE.

That considering the many physical, intellectual and other disadvantages which are a conse-

quence of the system of early marriage and the deterioration of the efficiency of the individual as well as of the race which inevitably follows, this Conference is strongly of opinion that the marriageable age of boys and girls should be raised to at least eighteen and thirteen, respectively.

Mover.—Dr. S. P. Roy (Allahabad).

Second.—B. Chaitanya Das, B.A. (Allahabad).

III.—CASTE.

That this Conference entirely agrees with the All-India Social Conference, held at Calcutta, on the 30th of December last, in strongly urging the desirability of bringing about a closer union between the different sub-divisions of each of the castes in Hindu Society, and recommends the fusion of these sub-divisions by inter-marriage and interdining. It further begs to suggest that a beginning may be made in these provinces by those sub-castes who interdine but do not intermarry introducing inter-marriage, and those who intermarry but do not interdine introducing interdining, among themselves, and notes with great satisfaction the practical steps which are being taken by the Kayasth community for the solution of this problem.

Mover.—Pandit Syam Krishna Dar (Agra).

Second.—Mr. S. Sinha (Allahabad).

IV.—WIDOW MARRIAGE.

That in the opinion of the Conference it is desirable to encourage the re-marriage of child-widows when their parents or guardians wish to give them in marriage according to the Hindu Shastras.

Proposer.—Mr. C. V. Chintamani (Allahabad).

Second.—P. Mohan Lal Nehru, LL. B., (Allahabad).

V.—PURDAH.

That considering the fact that the strict observance of *Purdah*, public as well as domestic, stands in the way of the education of women and is also injurious to their health, this Conference is of opinion that gradual relaxation of the rules of the system as observed at present is greatly desirable with a view to its ultimate abolition.

Proposer.—Rai Bahadur Lala Baijnath, District and Sessions Judge (Benares).

Second.—B. Joogal Kishor (Gorakhpur).

VI. This Conference suggests the opening of Widows' Homes with a view to train their inmates in some useful work.

Proposed by Mr. C. C. Mitra (Allahabad).

Seconded by Mr. Iswara Saran (Allahabad).

VII.—FOREIGN TRAVEL.

That this Conference notes with satisfaction the increasing number of men who year

year leave these provinces for foreign countries for education and other purposes, and begs to impress on the Hindu community the desirability of encouraging the movement for retaining them in their castes on their return.

Mover.—Mr. V. Mehta, C. S. (Allahabad).

Secunder.—Babu Narayan Prasad Asthana (Agra).

Supported by the Raja of Pratabgarh, C. S. I., (Oudh).

VIII.—RELIGIOUS ENDOWMENTS.

That this Conference notes with dissatisfaction and regret that the income of many religious and charitable endowments in the United Provinces is not applied to the purposes that it was intended for by the donors and that in almost all cases the managers of the institutions consider that the endowments are their private property, and respectfully calls upon the Government to enact a law for regulating the management and control of these institutions and their property, and making it incumbent upon the managers and overseers of these institutions to publish, at regular intervals, full accounts relating thereto. This Conference also urges upon the people of these provinces to organize associations like the Madras Dharm Rakshini Sabha to safeguard the interests of the endowments.

Mover.—Babu Ishwar Saran, B.A., Vakil of the High Court (Allahabad).

Secunder.—B. Jai Gopal Asthana, B.A. (Gorakhpore).

IX.—LOW CASTES.

That in the opinion of this Conference the education and social amelioration of the lowest castes is a duty which rests on all those who have the good of their country at heart, and every effort should be made to raise these classes to a position where by education and industry they may rise above the disadvantages of their condition.

Mover.—Pandit Ram Narain Misra, B.A., Deputy Inspector of Schools (Benares).

Secunder.—Rai Braj Narayan Gurtu, M.A., Vakil of the High Court (Allahabad).

X.—TEMPERANCE AND SOCIAL PURITY.

That this Conference begs to draw the attention of all Castes, Religious and Social Reform organizations in the United Provinces to the necessity of actively promoting total abstinence and discouraging Nautches.

Put from the Chair.

XI.—RE-ADMISSION OF CONVERTS.

That this Conference urges the desirability of re-admitting those who after their conversion from Hinduism to any other religion desire to return to Hinduism.

Put from the Chair.

XII.—MARRIAGE EXPENDITURE.

That this Conference notes with regret the increasing tendency of demanding large sums of money along with the girls on the occasion of marriage. As the custom has no justification in the Shastras and entails great hardship upon the parents of girls, this Conference is of opinion that it is the duty of every educated person to set his face sternly against this evil practice.

Mover.—B. Harnam Das, B.A., Headmaster, Normal School (Allahabad).

Secunder.—Pandit Ramchandra Dikshit (Allahabad).

The proceedings ended with a vote of thanks to the Chair.

Proposed by Pandit Moti Lal Nehru, Advocate, High Court, Allahabad, which was received enthusiastically and for which the President expressed his thanks. The proceedings were throughout lively and interesting and the discussion which some resolutions elicited was marked by moderation and good-will. The credit for the success of this Conference is mainly due to P. Manohar Lal Jutshi, M.A.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

THE B. G. M. GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.—The Prize distribution ceremony of the B. G. M. Girls' High School came off last evening under the presidency of Mr. Knapp. There was a large and representative gathering of ladies and gentlemen. The proceedings opened with a well rendered Piano duet. Among the items of the long programme greatly appreciated by those assembled were, drill with dumbbells and action song which were very creditably gone through. The Report on the working of the School for 1906 read by Miss Metzger, the energetic Head Mistress of the institution was a very interesting document, from which we gather that in the year under report the strength of the school—including the Elementary classes, was 270, an increase of 31 as compared with the previous year. The staff was strengthened by the addition of two qualified mistresses, and there are at present 3 male assistant teachers, of whom two are L. T's, besides a Pandit and a Drawing Master both well trained in their respective branches. In the annual examinations, we are glad to note, the school showed splendid results and of the 6 girls sent up for the last Matriculation Examination, 3 passed—a result which should be extremely gratifying both to the Head Mistress and the public. One of the best features of the High School under

Miss Metzger seems to us to be the Literary Association to which, we are glad, most of the girls in the 3 highest classes belong; and efforts are being made by the Head Mistress for strengthening the Library and starting a museum. The financial condition of the school may be seen from the following figures: total expenditure for the year ending 31st March 1906, Rs. 5,439-14-0. Income from fees Rs. 1,124-9-6; balance to be met by the Mission. Rs. 2,933-4-6. From this it will be seen that the Mission is spending a good deal annually to educate our girls and that is a thing for which we should be very grateful. After the reading of the Report several interesting items of the programme were gone through after which, the prizes, which were varied and valuable, were distributed by Mrs. Knapp to the deserving pupils.

After the prizes were given away, Mr. Knapp made an interesting speech in the course of which he said:—He could not be expected to express an expert's opinion on the working of the school, such as can be done by the officer of the Educational Department. He was there to express his sympathy and appreciation of the useful work done by the school and not to make any set speech. The report read showed good record of the work done—the strength of the school was particularly encouraging and the examination results were satisfactory. They reflect great credit to the ability, energy, and organising capacity of Miss Metzger. That a large proportion of the strength of the school consists of Indian girls shows that a great field is open for work to be done by Institutions like this for the education of girls. The late census report shows that the education of the women of the land is lamentably backward, there being only 2 or 3 per cent. among the women who can read and write. A stimulus has to be given to the education of Indian girls, and it is gratifying to know that a scheme has just been set on foot here to tackle the question on a systematic and organised basis. As Miss Metzger, had rightly pointed out in her interesting report, the fictitious importance attached to examination pass is a great evil. It may be necessary for men, since they have to enter service in offices, and examination qualification is the only effective means of testing their capacity. There is no such necessity or occasion for girls to attach undue importance to examination results, and what must be primarily aimed at in giving education to them must be such as to mould their character and make them do their duty well as sisters, wives, and mothers, and thus impart to Indian homes that tone which is the pride of European home training.

A LADIES' ASSOCIATION AT BERTHAMPORE.—The Ladies' Association, Berhampore, was started on

the 6th January, 1906, when an informal Meeting was called by the present Secretary, Mrs. Burra Bangarammah, and a proposal was made to form an Association of Hindu Women. The idea was taken up immediately by the few women present at the Meeting, and the Berhampore Ladies' Association was started. While the Association was still in its infancy, Mrs. Rhenius, Inspectress of Schools, arrived at Berhampore and gave a vigorous stimulus to it, herself consenting to be the permanent President of the Association. Mrs. Bangarammah was appointed Secretary and was helped by the valuable services of Mrs. V. V. Jogayya, the Assistant Secretary. The Association soon began to improve and the number of members to increase. The Association is indebted to Mrs. Ayling, wife of the late District Judge, Mrs. Somayazulu, wife of the District Munsiff of Sompeta, Mrs. B. Seshammah, of Cocanada, and Mrs. Digumarti Rajammah, for their active help in developing the Association. Mrs. Rajammah has been an example to other women in Berhampore. She belongs to an orthodox family, but acting true to her convictions, she came forward to further the object of the Ladies' Association, unhampered by the sneers of ignorance and jealousy. We are told by the Secretary that the Association was not able to turn out much useful work last year, but this is mere feminine modesty, for, from what I saw and heard on the Anniversary day of the Association, I glean that the Association has done all that an Association of one year's standing can do. Berhampore may well be proud of this Association of its daughters. Ganjam is not one of those Districts in the Presidency distinguished for social and material progress, and it is high time that we should begin to march abreast of the times. Men may struggle for progress and succeed in doing a little, but men without the help and co-operation of women are something like levers without fulcrums and are not able to do much work. Berhampore is mostly an Oriya town and the people here move generally in an atmosphere choked with perverted orthodox zeal and absurd sentimentalism. The Ladies' Association is a sure index of the fact that we are awakening to a life of civilised activity. We already feel that a change has come over us, and we only hope to see ourselves completely changed—of course, for the better.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN MALABAR.—The Malabar Correspondent of the *Madras Standard* writes: We have this year a brilliant record of successes by Nair ladies in the University Examinations. First of all, Srimati B. Kalyani Amma has passed the Language Branches of the B.A. Degree Examination, for which she had appeared. This is the first instance

of a Nair lady applying for and passing this high examination; and I believe, next after the Mysore ladies, this is the only instance of a Hindu lady in Southern India to come up so high. This is all the more creditable because ever since her passing her F. A. examination she was employed as a Teacher in the local Girls' College; and further when she appeared for the examination, she was already the mother of a child. I hope she will receive due encouragement at the hands of Government. In the ordinary course of things, it might not have been necessary to express any such hope. But considering the past, it cannot be said that she has received the encouragement which her academical attainments have claimed for her. For she has been getting only a monthly salary of Rs. 20, although she was the first among the Nair girls to pass the Matriculation and F. A. examinations. It is to be hoped, therefore, that better encouragement will be given her now at least.

It will be interesting, in this connection, to mention, that Srimati Kaliyani Amma is a co-edress of the *Sarada*, a Malayalam literary journal.

Another noteworthy success is that of Srimati K. Chinnamma, who has passed the recent F.A. examination. This lady also is already the mother of a child and was one of the first among Nair girls to Matriculate. She has now courageously joined the local Boys' College to study for the B. A. Degree examination and has taken up History and Political Economy as her Science Branch. I wish her all success in her efforts.

Two young girls have also passed the Matriculation examination of last year. One of these is the daughter of the late Mr. Rama Kurup, B.A., who was Malayalam Pundit in His Highness the Maharajah's College. Both these girls are continuing their studies.

BHOPAL.—Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal delivered a most remarkable speech at the annual distribution of prizes to the successful boys of the Alexandra Noble's School at Bhopal. After narrating all that the State had done for the promotion of education, Her Highness went on to say that she would not have maintained a school at an annual expenditure of Rs. 20,000, only for the education of her own son, as a single private tutor would have been sufficient for the young Prince, but that she wanted her nobles and subjects to take advantage, to the fullest extent, of the educational facilities provided by the State. She noticed, with regret, that the statistics of education were far from satisfactory and that all her "warnings and injunctions had proved futile." She was therefore compelled—Her Highness went on to say—to

adopt coercive measures. "I have at last given orders," said Her Highness, "that a part of the income of the students and their parents should be cut off if the former unreasonably absent themselves from the school and the money thus obtained may be spent towards the education and scholarship of the promising students. If even after this, the people, and, specially, the Jagirdars do not pay sufficient attention to education, I shall be compelled to adopt the same strict measures as the Emperor of Japan has done for the weal of his subjects." We trust Her Highness will continue to show the same zeal for the dissemination of education in her Principality, as she has done in the past, and we are confident that her act is most laudable.

HINDU WOMEN.—Mr. Akshaya K. Ghose, in the February number of *East and West*, draws a vivid picture of the abnormal and brutish and cruel condition of the Indian woman's life, especially of a widow's with all its unhappy consequences, and pleads straight for their full emancipation.

Hindu women live shut up in the zenana. Their dress is hardly suited for the ordinary decorum of life. It may be far better adapted to the climate and to the menial service they have to perform than the dress of European ladies; but we cannot help condemning it on the score of decency. Bereft of the advantages of reading and observation, their thoughts seldom extend beyond the walls of the zenana. They live in a state of moral insensibility. Trained under the influence of superstition and prejudice, they manifest no solicitude about being governed by principles, since as a people we are lax in moral discipline. Men, in our country, never hold conversation with women on subjects of importance that might require the exercise of effort or intelligence. They discuss with them only domestic matters; such as the merits of cookery, or the cleanliness of their houses, or their ornaments, or their dress. Every circumstance that requires a cultivated mind to appreciate is carefully eschewed. Monotony of thought is the necessary result.

Under the auspices of the Widows' Matrimonial Association, Jhansi, the marriage of Shrimati Jankidevi, widow, aged 20 years, of the Brahmin caste, of the Mow Tehsil, district Jhansi, was performed on the 3rd March, 1907, with Lala Devidyal Khuttri, mukhtarker of Rhanpur, Punjab. The ceremony was conducted according to Vedic rites.

THE AWAKENING OF INDIA'S WOMANHOOD.—
"A most noteworthy and hopeful feature of the present outlook in the sphere of social reform

is the intelligent and able co-operation of women. The women of India have unmistakably awakened to the needs of the situation and are demanding their rights with no uncertain voice. We have already noticed in our columns the speeches of the four ladies at the last Social Conference, who pleaded for the education of women in most eloquent and persuasive terms. The speech of Mrs. J. C. Bose, in welcoming Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda at the Ladies' Conference gave an emphatic expression to this spirit of earnest insistence of the improvement of the condition of women. "We feel," she said "that it is for us to speak with no uncertain voice as to our will and desire on this matter. When our own mind is known to ourselves, events and institutions must obey our will. We believe that it is for us women, above all, to keep clearly before ourselves and before our country the reasons and ideals with which we seek for a deeper and extended education; not that we may make better matches for our girls, because they are decorated with accomplishments as well as with bridal ornaments; not even that the services of the wife and the daughter-in-law may be more valuable in the home of her adoption, but because woman, like man, is first of all a mind, and only in the second place physical and a body, because life is a great spiritual experience which demands every power of the ripe and awakened heart and intellect for its true fulfilment; because true education, the highest development available in the given age, and the given place, has always been held in India to be the right of woman as truly as of man. In ancient days when Sanskrit learning and philosophy was typical of all culture had we not Gargi and Maitreyi amongst historic figures? In later days, when Astronomy and Mathematics had been added to the national learning, had we not Lilavati, the daughter of Bhaskaracharya and Khana? Amongst our Mahomedan sisters, is it not matter of history that the *ladies* of the Moghul Court—Nur Jahan and others, were amongst the most active collectors of illuminated manuscripts which the emperors loved to gather together? For we cannot but remember here that the name which shines in history is only the culminating point of a vast series of unrecorded efforts of the same kind. Thus we, Indian women, are by no means willing to admit that the men of our own land have ever been desirous of shutting out from us the typical culture of each epoch as it rose. Rather they have valued our comradeship and honoured our achievements calling us constantly to share in their highest pursuits. Even now, those who have been present, know that there is no acclamation at the universal gathering like that of the men students for the women graduates. At the present moment,

then when conceptions of culture are changing, and new modes of education must be found we feel that it is for us to consider most anxiously and discuss sincerely the problems and ideals connected with women's education."

A HINDU WIDOW MARRIAGE.—A widow marriage was solemnised on the night of Sunday the 10th March, at the house of the late Pandit Iswar Chander Bidasagar at Badoor Bagan. The bridegroom is Babu Anootap Chandra Ghose, son of the late Munsiff Gobindo Chander Ghose and the bride, the widowed daughter of Babu Jogendra Nath Das. There were many respectable people present, all friends and supporters of the cause and after the marriage ceremony was over, about one hundred persons sat down to a sumptuous dinner. All the expenses were borne by Pandit Narain Chunder Bidyaranta.

The prize distribution ceremony of the Brahmo Girls' School, Calcutta, is not without some interest for friends of female education all over India. The institution, 16 years old, does not only prepare pupils for the different departmental and the University Entrance Examinations, etc., but it also imparts religious and moral training on theistic principles and trains lady teachers. The number of students on the Roll was 131 on 31st December last, of whom 40 were children of parents who did not profess Brahmoism. It has a boarding house attached to it. One special feature is that the school is manned and managed by ladies only; Mrs. P. K. Ray is the energetic Secretary of the Ladies' Committee. The Bengal Government makes a monthly grant of Rs. 500 and gave Rs. 25,000 for the building of the Institution. Sir Andrew Fraser was simply charmed with the work that is being done there. We congratulate the workers of the Brahmo Samaj, Calcutta, on the successful working of such a grand institution.

THE NEMARA GIRLS' SCHOOL.—A correspondent writes to one of our vernacular contemporaries alleging that the Head Master of the Nemara Girls' School is submitting the two female teachers under him to a series of pin-pricks and malicious vexations. It is said that the pedagogue, who evidently has a very high opinion of his own position, has made it a point to refuse applications for leave from the two poor women. The man stands in need of a correction from the Educational authorities of the Cochin State.

COCHIN.—The distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Ernakulam Caste Girls' School took place recently in the Durbar hall, Mr. R. C. C. Carr, British Resident in Travancore and Cochin,

presided, and Mrs. Carr gave away the prizes. His Highness the Raja of Cochin and five of the Cochin Princes were present on the occasion, besides several ladies, some of the principal officials of the State, and other gentlemen. The pupils went through an interesting programme of recitations, songs and drill. After the songs and exercises, the Head Mistress read a brief report on the working and progress of the institution during 1906. Mrs. Carr then distributed the prizes, saying a kindly word to the several recipients, after which Mr. Carr addressed the meeting. After Mr. Carr's speech, one of the pupils of the Infant Class presented a bouquet to Mrs. Carr, and Mr. Carr, and His Highness the Raja were garlanded. The children then sang a verse of the National Anthem, in which the visitors joined, and the gathering dispersed.

The Prize distribution of the Mahakali Pathshala, Calcutta, was held on Tuesday last under the presidency of Sir Andrew Fraser. The institution started work with 30 girls 14 years ago and had 532 pupils on its roll on 31st December last. A plot of land with a building on it was purchased by Her Holiness Mataji Maharani for Rs. 41,000. The subscriptions raised for the building fund have not cleared the purchase money. Sir Andrew Fraser expressed his willingness to help in the matter. It is a pity that such an useful institution should suffer for want of funds.

We regret to hear of the death of Mrs. S. Tyabji, which took place a few days ago at her residence at Mount Road, Mazagon, Bombay, after a prolonged illness. The deceased lady had reached the age of 73. She was the widow of the late Mr. Shuja-ud-din Tyabji, the eldest brother of the late Mr. Justice Tyabji, and was very highly respected. She leaves behind one daughter and several grand-children. One of her grand-children is H. H. the Begum Saheba of Janjira, another is Miss Fyzee, a Government scholar studying in England, and the third, Mr. Ali Akbar, Superintending Engineer at Poona, while the younger is studying for the F. R. C. S. in London.

WIDOWS' HOME.—Mr. A. Narasimha Iyengar is making arrangements to increase the usefulness of the Widows' Home in Mysore. His highest ambition is to see that these unfortunate human beings lead a life, distinguished by religious education, spirit of self-help and high character. The movement is one, which if carried out on these lines, deserves every encouragement.

The "Weekly Chronicle" of Sylhet, learns that Miss Sarojini Das, B.A., daughter of Babu Sadag Ch. Dass, Extra Assistant Commissioner, intends leaving for England to complete her education there with a view to devote her life to the cause of education among Indian women.

Mrs. B. N. Haldar has kindly contributed Rs. 150 to the Sadharan Brabmo Samaj fund to erect an iron staircase outside the mandir. We offer our hearty thanks to the generous lady for her liberal donation.

A Parsi lady, Janki Bhai, who is well known for her sympathy with the poor *Hajees*, was introduced at Bombay to the Amir, who spoke highly of her good work and the services she had rendered to the cause of the destitute *Hajees* and desired to make her a present of money, which she refused.

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 Aligarh, in recognition of her beautiful handwriting.

News and Notes.

—CHINESE GIRLS IN AN AMERICAN COLLEGE.—Resulting from the visit of the Chinese Imperial Commission to this country last spring to make special study of the institutions of advanced learning and by direction of the Empress of China, three Chinese women are now numbered among the students at Wells College at Aurora, N. Y. The women are from the first families of China and are Mrs. Bien, who was Miss Li before her marriage and a granddaughter of Earl Li Hung Chang, who visited this country in 1879; Miss Chang, the daughter of a governor of the Province of An Lin, and Mrs. Aze, whose grandfather is now one of the prime ministers in the capital of the Celestial Empire and is connected with all the important movements in Peking. These three Oriental women are to study the English language and its literature. Their coming is the first experiment of the kind decided upon by the high authorities in China, and in a letter to Dr. George M. Ward, president of Wells, A. C. Thomas Sze of China says that it is being watched with interest and the future education of Chinese women abroad depends largely upon the success of those sent to the Aurora College.

—Agatha Troy, a sixteen-year old Sicilian girl, now living in Utica, N. Y., is a skilful assistant to her father in his work as a granite and marble cutter. She is a slip of a girl, less than five feet high, but she

can wield a five-pound hammer, and her work compares favorably in grace and delicacy with that of the young men employed in her father's shop. She does not as yet design the inscriptions on the grave-stones, but only cuts them out. The work is healthful, being carried on in the country, amid beautiful surroundings, and in a shop open on all sides to the air. Her father says that the few women who have acquired skill in this work earn \$25 a day.

—Mrs. Mary A. Hyde, of Fall River, was the only woman in the class of 90 law students admitted to the Massachusetts bar on Feb. 15. She prepared herself through four years of private study for the bar examination held some time since, which she passed among the highest. Mrs. Hyde's degree of success affords an encouraging example to married women past their youth who desire to follow intellectual pursuits. For eleven years previous to her marriage, she was a weaver in the mills of her city. Since then the duties of wife and housekeeper and of a woman prominent in social, educational and charitable affairs have claimed her attention. For twelve years she was a member of the Fall River school board. Mrs. Hyde intends to open an office in Fall River and to practise her profession, devoting herself particularly to the settlement of estates and probate work.

—Miss Alice Perry has taken up the work of her late father and as county surveyor of Galway is the first woman to hold that position in Ireland. She is well qualified and will receive a permanent appointment. It is said, however, that she will receive \$2,500 a year, which is only one-half of the salary formerly paid.

—Mrs. Wu Ting-fang, wife of the former minister from China to the United States, has just paid for building a large and fine hospital in Hong Kong.

Mme. Th. Blanc Bentzon has been appointed chevalier of the Legion of Honor on the nomination of the French Minister of Public Instruction. Since 1871 Mme. Bentzon has been actively engaged in translating into French some of the best English novels.

—Mrs. Mary A. Hunt of Beloit, Wis., who recently reached the age of 105 years, was born at Goshen, Conn., and remembers well the War of 1812. She has been a widow for fifty-four years, and her son, Daniel H. Hunt of Chicago, seventy-five years old, visits his mother yearly on the Fourth of July and the anniversary of her birth.

—Zadie Wilcox of Tulsa, Okl., is said to be the youngest girl pilot in the world. She is the daughter of O. W. Wilcox, who lives in a houseboat near the mouth of the Grand river, three miles from Fort Gibson. Mr. Wilcox owns a naphtha launch, used as a pleasure and ferry boat on the Arkansas and Grand rivers. Zadie, who is only nine years old, steers the boat, while her father tends the engine.

—Sarah Bernhardt has been appointed to the professorship of dramatic declamation at the Conservatory of Music and Declamation. It was done in order to remove the objection of the chancellery of the Legion of Honor, which declined to confirm Mme. Bernhardt's nomination for the cross of the Legion of Honor on the ground that actors could only be decorated in the quality of professors.

—Miss Marion S. Parker, a Detroit girl and a graduate of Michigan University, is a civil engineer. She has done the architect's work on several New York sky-scrapers. She designed the Board Exchange building in the Wall street section, a 28-story monster that houses 8,000 brokers, bankers and corporation officers. She built the Astoria half of the Waldorf-Astoria, the Whitehall building, and a dozen other notable structures. She did nearly all the designing alone, planning the steel work and everything from sub-basement to roof.

—Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee has received from the Japanese Government a handsome medal in recognition of the services she rendered in the Russo-Japanese war. Dr. McGee held the rank of lieutenant-in-chief of army nurses in the war with Spain.

—Mrs. E. Bonnemort was the only woman flock-keeper, or owner of sheep, among the members of the National Wool Growers' Association, which convened in Salt Lake not long since. This enterprising woman never hesitates, even in the severest weather, to make the long stage journey of 123 miles between Salt Lake and her ranch.

—Mrs. Denslow Eggleston, daughter-in-law of the president of the Pacific Express Company, will become a "prison angel," being induced to take it up because of her husband being sent to prison for ten years for counterfeiting. The unhappiness of men and women who are serving long sentences in jail having been brought home to her, she has dedicated the remainder of her life to their service.

—Mrs. Baird, who has been called "the queen of chess," has published 1,200 chess problems, and no woman has eclipsed the position which she holds in the chess world. She possesses about fifty prizes secured in open competitions. Mrs. Baird's father, mother and two brothers share her enthusiasm for chess. She has other recreations, including archery, tennis and cycling, while she has always been very fond of designing illuminations.

—Miss Elizabeth Morris, who has just died in Philadelphia at the age of 86 years, was the founder of the first association in the world for the relief of homeless and suffering animals. The work of caring for stray animals was begun in her own home. She picked up stray animals from the streets, finding homes for such as she could, but the majority, mostly cats, were chloroformed and buried in the yard in the rear of her home. Her thought and care became contagious, and many people about to close their homes in the summer asked Miss Morris for safe places at which to board their pets. To fill this need the Morris refuge was opened in 1874. The initiative of Miss Morris led to the establishment of institutions similar to hers in America, England, Ireland, France and other countries.

—The French are an ingenious people. During the boot-makers' strike at Fougères lately, in order that the workers might not starve, the strikers sent them away to be temporarily adopted by the trades unions of Paris. The trades unions had offered to care for the children as long as the strike lasted. The strikers accordingly sent a consignment of 80 little ones, to be met by a deputation of mothers, representing the Bourse du Travail, who came supplied with food and clothing. The children were given

out to their temporary mothers, one child to each family, care being taken that each child should have the company of others of its own age, that it might not be homesick.

—A young American woman has organized a new messenger service in Paris. She saw that such a service was greatly needed, and that there was a fortune in it for somebody. She organized her company, with the help of some Parisian financiers whom she knew socially, and who got her a concession from the Minister of Commerce, Industries, Post and Telegraph. The company is named "Les Petits Messagers." The boys were chosen from among the sons of the employees of the Post and Telegraph Department. They will be furnished by the company with bicycles, and be allowed to buy them on easy payments. They work only eight hours a day.

—Mrs. Samuel Leon Frank, of Baltimore, has been left in a position similar to that of Mrs. Russell Sage, only with a much lighter burden. She plans to dispose of the whole fortune of her husband, the late Dr. Leon Frank, of Baltimore, in philanthropy. Among her gifts, which now amount to \$175,000, are \$80,000 to the Jewish hospital in Baltimore for a new wing, with \$4,000 additional to endow a bed for trained nurses; \$10,000 each to the Hebrew Benevolent Society and the Hebrew Orphan Asylum; \$10,000 to the Daughters of Israel, who work among women and working girls; \$15,000 each to the Hebrew Union College, in Cincinnati, and the National Farm School, at Doylestown, Pa., and \$1,000 to the Baltimore section of the Council of Jewish Women.

—Miss Maud Clerk, an Englishwoman, living at Rapallo on the Riviera, near Genoa, has organized a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Every traveller in Italy tells us that there is no country where it is more needed. There is a law on the subject, but it is not enforced. Miss Clerk's society employs an inspector, takes cases to court and secures convictions. It is much in need of added funds to carry on its good work.

—Mrs. Kate Loofburrow is the editor of the New Madison (O.) Herald. She is a widow, with three small children. She takes care of her children herself

and does her own housework in addition to editing her paper. She is also manager of a forty-acre farm, and is engaged in the insurance business. Mrs. Loofburrow is described as an intelligent, sun-shiny, capable business woman, "a woman that knows how to do things."

—Out of the 35,666 rural mail carriers of the United States, 253 are women. Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General De Graw says: "It is the experience of the department that some of the best rural carriers in the service are women. They are usually careful, painstaking and faithful employees, with proper appreciation of their responsibilities as custodians of the mails."

—Within the last six months 75 women have graduated from one automobile school as full-fledged chauffeurs. Their diplomas state that they have passed a rigid examination, and that they have proved themselves not only skilful drivers, but expert machinists, capable of taking apart any machine and putting it together again, and of repairing damages in case of accident.

—Wilbur Nesbit, the author, was asked to answer for a symposium the question, "Who, in your estimation, was or is the greatest woman in the world?" Mr. Nesbit replied, "The unknown woman who invented apple pie. She was and is and ever will be the woman who has done more than any other to gladden the heart of man."

—Miss Grace N. Wishar, of San Jose, Cal., is said to be the only woman theatrical scene-painter in the United States. She was educated in Paris, and has painted the scenery for three New York theatres—the Fifth Avenue, Manhattan and Herald Square.

—Berlin, having just adopted the messenger boy, is putting him to a novel use. He is said to be in demand, not so much for doing errands and carrying parcels as for taking out babies in their baby-carriages or larger children for a run in the park. He is called upon to act as escort to women who do not like to go out after dark alone, and, in short, he seems to meet many long-felt wants. It is said to be cheaper to hire the boy to take the children out than to keep a nursemaid.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for March, 1907.

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
1. Miss Anand Singh, Nagpur ...	4	0	22. Mrs. Sen, Calcutta ...	4	0
2. Mrs. Burnell, America ...	4	8	23. Secretary, Vivekananda Literary Society, Salem ...	2	0
3. B. Dass, Esq., Calcutta ...	4	0	24. Mrs. Sell, Madras ...	4	0
4. Mrs. K. Dass, Calcutta ...	8	0	25. Mrs. H. J. Smith, Madras ...	4	0
5. M. S. Ganesan, Esq., Dehra Dun ...	4	0	26. V. Seshappa, Esq., Punganur ...	4	0
6. Headmistress, Training Schools for Mis- tresses, Coimbatore ...	4	0	27. Secretary, The Academy Union Reading Room, Lahore ...	2	0
7. Inspectress of Girls' Schools, Southern Circle, Madras ...	4	0	28. H. A. Sim, Esq., Madras ...	4	0
8. Mrs. Levering, Secunderabad ...	4	0	29. Mrs. Subramanian, Madras ...	4	0
9. Mrs. Mullanah, Ramkote ...	4	0	30. Secretary, Reading Room, Narasapur ...	4	0
10. K. Narain Row, Esq., Madras ...	4	0	31. Secretary, Elocution Society, Kurnool ...	4	0
11. K. Namahsvayam, Esq., Tekkali ...	4	0	32. M. Sudarasanam, Esq., Berhampore ...	4	0
12. Narasing Row, Esq., Madras ...	4	0	33. S. Sreenivasa Row, Esq., Kumbakonam..	4	0
13. G. V. Narayanaswamy, Esq., Madras ...	4	0	34. Supt., Presidency Training School, Madras	4	0
14. Principal, Lawrence Asylum Female Branch, Ootacamund ...	4	0	35. H. Velu Menon, Esq., Ernakulam ...	4	0
15. S. G. Partwardhan, Esq., Wardaghany ...	4	0	36. R. S. Visuvasum, Esq., Coimbatore ...	4	0
16. P. A. Ponnuswamy Pillay, Esq., Cochin...	4	0	37. Mrs. Viswanath Iyer, Madras ...	4	0
17. S. P. Rungachari, Esq., Tinnevely ...	4	0	38. Miss Williams, Lucknow ...	4	0
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19. N. Tirunarayanawamy, Esq., Ellore ...	4	0	40. M. Zutschi, Esq., Allahabad...	4	0
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MRS. N. C. SEN,
who contributes the interesting article, "The Zenana System," which forms
the first article in our May issue.