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MOTHER-LOVE.

Sing not of the battlefield,
Its stress and strain and glare;
When men have fought the live-long day
They dread the trumpet's blare.

For armour that seemed light at first,
When men have fought till late,
Hangs heavily on wearied limbs,
A dread and aching weight.

Some day upon the battlefield
I shall take up my part,
But now I crave a mother-hand
And tender mother-heart.

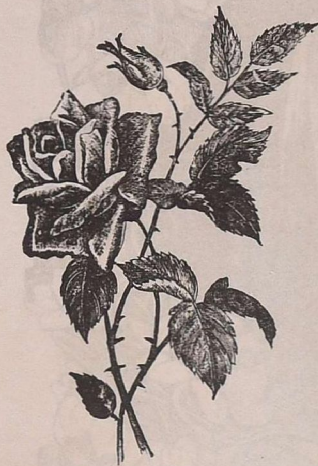
So sing the nursery lullabies
They sang us long ago,
Before we girt the armour on
Or went to meet the foe.

The soft sweet songs a mother sings
Beside a tiny bed,
Or bending low with yearning love
Above a tiny head.

The song of love that strives to hush
A helpless infant wail,
And guards the child in sheltering arms,
The love that cannot fail.

O mother-heart, O mother-love,
Perchance it yet may be
As one his mother comforteth
So God will comfort me.

Enoch Arden.



IT is a simple tale simply told; in its very plainness of language it is forcible; in its very simplicity it is tragic. No impossible situations are forced upon us, no extremes of human passions are presented to us, but the story runs on, naturally, plainly,

and yet underneath are the varying currents that stir humanity, the strong love of men's strong hearts, sorrow and longing and, above all, the highest of all virtues, conscious, voluntary self-sacrifice,—and amid the shadows thus cast by force of circumstances are the faces and voices of children making sunlight in the gloom around.

The setting is peculiarly suitable to the story. Tennyson, as is his wont, has woven pictures of nature into his pictures of human character. The poem begins with an apt description of a small fishing village. The rocky shore with its foam and yellow sands, the cluster of red-roofed cottages, a small pretty village church clad in ivy and in age, and a long narrow street which ended in "one tall towered mill—such is the stage on which the drama of three human lives was played out, one to end in lonely misery and the other two in a chastened happiness, which had behind it the misery and disappointment common to this human life, and yet which told of the patient love of a strong heart, which eventually overcame all things.

Enoch Arden and Philip Ray and Annie Lee were companions and playmates from childhood. We read of their childish loves and hates, a foreshadow of what is to come, but with this exception that their childish hate found no place in the later lives of all three. We read of the growing love the two men had for this young village maiden—"Philip loved in silence, but Enoch spoke his love." Actuated by one strong desire, that of

winning Annie, Enoch worked hard and prospered. Fortune smiled upon him and soon "he purchased his own boat, and made a home for Annie, neat and nestlike, half-way up the narrow street that clambered towards the mill." And at last on a "golden autumn eventide," as the young people went nutting in the hazel woods, the all-important word was spoken and Annie became Enoch's. Philip, who had stayed behind tending his sick father, strayed into the wood and unnoticed by them, "looking in their eyes and faces read his doom," and with a groan he turned aside to hide himself and his anguished heart in the hollows of the wood, and "there, while the rest were loud in merry-making, had his dark hour unseen, and rose and passed, bearing a life-long hunger in his heart. Thus finishes the first chapter with the merry peal of wedding bells ringing joyously in our ears, and yet the sunlight but deepens the shadow, the shadow, which here rests on one sad life and broken heart, which in manly fashion bears its hunger and weariness in silent strength.

Seven years came and went, seven years of health and happiness. Two rosy babes, a girl and a boy came to bless their lives, and then there came a change, "as all things human change" says the poet. Enoch had an accident and while he lay recovering, another babe, a sickly boy was born. Enoch's illness seemed to have thrown him out of the keen race. After his recovery, he did not prosper and his trade fell, and in his weakness, he grew despondent and miserable. At this juncture, a berth in a vessel, China bound, was offered him, and he gladly accepted it, hoping that this would retrieve his fallen fortunes, and help him to give his babes "a better bringing up" than had been his or Annie's. With this resolve, he set up a little store shop for Annie, so that she could earn a livelihood when he was away. Annie was full of doubts and fears. She had a strong presentiment that she would never more look on his face. But Enoch, with a brave heart and cheerful demeanour, lightly brushed her words aside, and caring for her only and the babes, made ready for his departure. At last the day of departure came, and having made all arrangements for his wife and little ones, and having prayed for a blessing on them, whatever came to him, he said:—

"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."

and again:—

"And fear no more for me; or if you fear,
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds,
Is He not yonder in those uttermost

Parts of the mornings ? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him ? and the sea is His,
The sea is His ; He made it."

With these brave words, he kissed his wife and children goodbye, took the curl which Annie clipt from her baby's forehead, and then hastily caught up his bundle and went his way.

Annie was thus left alone to fight her battles. But she could not. Soon her shop dwindled, and very soon her last baby drooped and died ; her children were left to run wild. She was helpless in the world's great arms. While Annie was thus sorrowing for her lost baby, Philip came in upon her solitude for the first time after Enoch's departure, and with faltering words, he asked a favour of her. His heart was wrung with her anguish, and yet, tenderly and bashfully he thus spoke to her :—

" I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband : I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man :
For, where he fixt his heart, he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely ? Not to see the world—
For pleasure ?—nay but for the wherewithal
To give his babies a better bringing up
Than his had been, or yours."

In such words he spoke and after asked the favour for which he came, namely, that Annie would allow him to put the boy and girl to school, and if she liked to consider it as a loan till Enoch came to pay it back. And she consented. Thus ten slow years passed on. No news of Enoch came. The children grew up and became very much attached to Philip, while "Enoch seemed to them uncertain as a vision or a dream, faint as a figure seen in early dawn, down at the far end of an avenue, going we know not where." But Philip seldom crossed Annie's threshold, though often enough he wished to do so, and, when they met, Annie could hardly speak to him, so full of gratitude was she for his kindness to her children. At last, one autumn evening while the children went nutting in the hazelwoods, Philip and Annie followed slowly, and Philip, after so many years of silent loving and waiting, at last asked her to be his wife, 'for I have loved you longer than you know.' Then answered Annie, and tenderly she spoke :—

' You have been as God's good angel in our house,
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice ? Can you be ever loved
As Enoch was ? What is it that you ask ?'
' I am content ' he answered ' to be loved
A little after Enoch.'

And then she pleaded for a year more to wait and see if Enoch would return, to which Philip sadly said—

Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little.

A year soon slipped by and Philip came to claim his promise, but Annie still put him off day by day, month by month, till another half-year passed away. And then these two were not left alone to play out their lives. The world began to gossip. At last Annie in sheer despair opened the Holy Book and sought for the sign and found a text "under the palm tree," which meant nothing to her. Then she dreamed a dream of Enoch sitting on a height under a palm tree in the sun. This seemed to show that he was no more and that he was in the land of the blessed. So she woke, resolved, sent for Philip and said wildly to him, 'there is no reason why we should not wed.' 'Then, for God's sake,' he answered, 'and for both our sakes, so you will wed me, let it be at once.'

So once again the wedding bells rang out, but there was no joy in Annie's heart, and for ever a shadow seemed to oppress her. But after a little time the shadow passed away and from now it was a record of happiness for Annie, Philip and the children. But what of Enoch ? His was a sad tale. His good ship made a safe voyage, outward bound, but on her homeward voyage was wrecked, and Enoch and two others, who were saved, were cast ashore on a desert island, out of the track of ships. It was a beautiful isle, luxuriant with tropical vegetation, glorious with radiant sun-light, alive with animals, birds, and insects, but oh, so lonely, and so desolate to these three wanderers. Very soon the two companions succumbed, and only Enoch was left, lord of this glorious isle, in every sense of the word, but longing to be the meanest serf in his own native land. Thus, years passed, until he forgot even his native speech. Once there seemed borne to him the merry peal of the marriage bells of his parish and a strange longing came over him and

" Had not his poor heart
Spoken with that, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude."

But at last there came a day when a ship arrived in search of water, and men from the ship met this strange creature, muttering to himself and looking wild, and yet he guided them to 'the rivulets of sweet water,' and ever as he mingled with them, his speech came back to him and he was once again a rational man. In pity and in sympathy they gathered round him as he told his pathetic tale of loneliness. Then they took him home and though the voyage was dull and full of long delays, yet

" Evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy morning breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall."

Thus Enoch was landed on his own coast, and without a word to any one he sped homeward through the drizzly rain, which seemed to harmonise with his presentiment of dull foreboding, and up the long street he strode to the little cottage, his home, but "a bill of sale gleamed through the drizzle, and neither light nor murmur," and he turned backwards with grief and despair in his heart murmuring, "dead, or dead to me." Making his way to a tavern, which he knew of old, he heard the whole story, from the very beginning and he, listening in silence and in grief, bowed down his gray head to the will of Heaven, pathetically muttering, "Cast away and lost" and again in deeper whispers, 'lost.' But, after all these long years of hungry longing for his loved ones, he yearned to look upon them once again, and one 'dull November day,' the "ruddy square of comfortable light" blazing from the rear of Philip's house allured him, and he arose and went, and leaning up close to the window, looked in and saw a happy household, Philip with his new-born babe across his knee, while near by stood Enoch's girl, now grown into a second Annie, and by the hearth sat Annie, and by her side stood Enoch's son, grown tall and strong. And

"Now when the dead man came to life beheld
His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe
Her's yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the place, the happiness
And his own children tall, and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love."

then the strong man staggered and shook and with all the self control of his strong nature could hardly suppress the "shrill and terrible cry" that rose to his lips, and which bespoke the heart-broken sorrow of a shattered life. Trembling and in utter confusion he reeled back to the waste, and there poured forth his soul in prayer to God Almighty, to help him to bear this and, above all, "not to tell her, never to let her know." Then he returned home to the inn a broken-spirited man, and soon the sorrow of his mind told upon him, and he fell ill with a mortal weakness. Just before his death, he called the landlady, Miriam Lane, one whom he had known in olden times, and told her his whole pathetic story, and asked her to let Annie know when he was dead and to return the ringlet of his babe to her, but not to allow her to come and see him, but if his children cared to look on their dead father, they might. Then the third night after this, rest and peace came to this heroic heart after its troublous time of mental and physical affliction.

And now a word about the characters of these three. First, let us take that of Annie, the simple village girl, who inspired such love in the hearts of two strong men. We imagine her to be a

delicate fair girl, 'one in whom is no guile, who led a sweet, simple life, with no eager love for excitement and admiration. She was content with her wifely and motherly duties. Put her in business and she does not know how to manage. She loved Enoch much, and was too honest to pretend that she loved Philip, so she straightforwardly told him the truth, 'Can you be loved as Enoch was;' and yet when Philip told her that he had been loving her for longer than she knew, these words kept on recurring again and again to her and first inspired pity for the man who loved so long and so faithfully. This eventually grew up into love, not that spontaneous fresh love of a young heart, but a strong and steady affection. Perhaps, people will say that she should not have married Philip before being quite sure of Enoch's death, and, in fact, this very same question was asked by Enoch, "This miller's wife that you spoke about, has she no fear that her husband lives?" Yet, she did not consent in a hurry to Philip's proposals. She kept him waiting long for her answer. She was a simple-minded woman and had not enough courage in her, or enough of independence to stand by herself. In my mind I always liken her to the clinging ivy which must have a strong support. It is usually such type of women that attract strong men. It seems as if their very weakness appeals to the strength of the latter. And, above all, the thought of the happiness of her children must have weighed a great deal with her. And thus in her weakness and in her motherly love she yielded to Philip's proposal, but there was ever a shadow across her path, the remorse that she did not keep "a clean hearth and a clear fire," for Enoch. Yet withal, she was a gentle, lovable woman, and a fond mother and with his last breath we find Enoch, "blessing her, praying for her and loving her."

And Philip, what of him? To me he appears as a tall fair man with patient blue eyes, and stern severe lips, showing the struggle and the victory that had been going on within him, a strong soul, who knew how to suffer and to bear, a man of quiet presence, who did his business thoroughly, and yet who never intruded his presence on others. He was the very soul of honour. He never crossed Annie's threshold when Enoch was away, and never did he by hint or deed seek to influence Annie's affections. He ever spoke well of Enoch. It was only when ten years had passed and it was generally believed that Enoch was dead, that he proposed to Annie, and even then, when she asked for another year's waiting, he was very patient and very humble with her. "Annie," said he, "when I spoke to you, that was your hour of weakness. I was wrong, I am always bound to you, but you are free." He was a strong, faithful soul, patient and

consistent in all that he said and did. His step-children grew very fond of him—and even Enoch on his deathbed says “tell Philip that I blest him too; he never meant us anything but good.”

As for Enoch, his was the tale of happiness and sorrow. A man of the sea, a man who had faced many physical dangers, a man of strong purpose and strong faith, he was in every sense of the word ‘a man.’ Whatever he undertook he did with heart and soul; he was one who cared for no man when he pursued the right, who had strong physical and moral courage. In the hour of his solitude in the lonely Isle, when year after year passed in endless misery, he had that strength of mind to bear him through all trials and bring him in his sane mind to the end. Long years of loneliness, inactivity and heart hunger, what must have they been to a man like Enoch? And then when he returns home strong in hope, and expecting good in everything, he finds his home broken up and deserted, his wife and his children not his—and the pity of it! As this broken-down wanderer looks upon the happy family at Philip's hearth, and realises that they might have been his but for his misfortune and outward circumstances, this strong heart breaks and, falling prone on the earth, and digging his fingers into the wet sand, he utters this prayer in his anguish:—

“Too hard to bear! Why did Thou take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle.
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children, too! must I not speak to these
They know me not, I should betray myself,
Never: no father's kin for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.”

Thus, even in his utter misery he does not lose his faith in God, and with his deep self-control he resolves upon self-sacrifice. His only aim now is not to break up the happy household, not to spoil Annie's peace, but to suffer in silence till the end and happily the end is not very far off, and soon the “strong heroic soul” passes away into rest and silence.

“There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.”

And we trust that such blessedness was the share of this brave, strong man, Enoch Arden.

AN INDIAN LADY.

“This life of ours is a wild Æolian harp of many a joyous strain;
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail,
as of souls in pain.”

Longfellow.

The Maker of Pots.



IN the Beginning, the Woman sat by the Fountain of Life, and she made pots of the soft clay at her feet. And she sang sweet songs to herself as she moulded the shapes to the thoughts that coursed through her brain; and the vessels she made were the outcome of her dreams, and they were strong and beautiful, meet for holding the Living Water.

For oft the woman wandered into the Forest and the leaves of the trees and the ripples of the brook whispered to her wild, exquisite, unutterable things—born of the spring winds and the summer sun and the dew of heaven. And she understood the song of the birds and the cries of the animals, and the many voices of the great and wonderful world. And as she walked the flowers blossomed around her feet.

And often she climbed the Mountain, and drank in the pure air as she stood in the full light of the day and saw beneath her the plains and valleys of earth, and she traced out their lineaments and marked the way that she would go. And at night the moon and the stars shone upon her and showed her strange visions, intangible, ethereal, divine.—fleeting images of the Realities, but she caught a glimpse of their forms as they floated by in the luminous mist of the sky. And there the voices were silent, but her own spirit spoke to her and she knew that it told her the Eternal Truth.

And ever and anon she wended her steps to the Ocean, and on its shores she listened to the Call of the Great Deep, and it sounded her heart's depths, and awoke in her all that there is of Love, Purity, Compassion and Hope; and she wept tears of Joy and Sorrow. Of Joy, because she knew that the Water of the Fountain of Life ever flowed into the Ocean, and thus could never be lost, for Like found its Like; and for Sorrow, for on the shore were poor, broken, cast-away things that the Ocean tossed back as unworthy of Immortality. And the Woman ever pitied the things that were despised and rejected, and tried to piece them together. But she could not.

So, as she sat making the pots, she moulded into them all that she had seen and heard and

thought; and she traced upon the surface strange, beautiful figures, the colours of the flowers, the foam of the sea waves, the green of the forest, the sparkle of the earth-gem, the flame of the fire, the blue of the sky, the rays of the star-light, the radiance of the moon and the glory of the sun. And she filled the pots up to the brim with the Water of Life and wasted none.

And her Son came and watched her as she worked and she taught him many things. And she told him of the living Flame and the undying Light, of the hidden meaning of things seen, of the beauty and sanctity of Life, and of the Spirit that moves in all storms. And she bade him listen for the voices, that whispered to her in the forest and echoed by the vast Sea's Shore, and to wait for the innermost voice on the Mountain, that brought peace to the Heart and rest to the Soul.

And the Son wondered greatly, for, to him the voices spoke not, and his eyes were as yet holden from the vision of the True.

But the Woman ever said, "My Son, one day thou wilt see and one day thou wilt hear, and thy thoughts will be as mine, and then the whole world will be changed to thee."

For the Woman was wise with the Wisdom of the Ages, and there was naught in Time that was not revealed to her, for Time and Eternity were to her both alike.

And the Son learnt of the Woman, and they twain were at peace. And the Son brought to the Woman the things that she needed, and was glad to do her bidding, for her rule was Love.

But one day the Son said to the Woman, "Give me, I pray thee, one of thy pots to play with." And because she loved him, she gave him one of her pots. And he took it away with him into the Forest.

At eventide he returned and he said, "I fell and broke the pot. To-morrow give me another." And the Woman sorrowed, for the Water of Life had been spilt.

Yet, at the dawn, she gave another pot to her Son, and he bore it away to the Hills. And at sunset he came back and his voice was changed.

"List," he said, "I threw a stone at thy pot and broke it. I like the noise thereof. To-morrow I will take many pots."

And the Woman wept, for the pots that her hands had made were as naught to her Son.

And in the morning the Son carried away the finest pots of her making. And in the evening he told her laughing that all lay broken on the shore of the limitless Sea.

And day by day the Son took the pots and brake them, and the Woman wondered that he cared not, nor yet heard the voices, nor saw the things that are real.

And one night the Son said, "To-day as I

broke the pots, a voice said to me, "They are thine, make more." Now, to-morrow be quick with thy work, for I must have many."

And the Woman sighed, for she knew that the pots could not be moulded in haste to hold the Living Water. Yet for love of her Son she worked through the long hours of the day, and she pondered greatly, for a voice that she knew not had spoken. And in the silence of the night she climbed the hills to commune with the stars, and lo! a strange thing happened.

For, as she gazed upon the brightness of the moon, between her and the light a great Shadow rose, and it was in the similitude of her Son and in his hand he held a Sword, and it was pointed at her breast and pierced it. And her own spirit said to her, "Dost thou not understand that only through thy suffering can he know the things that thou knowest and see the things that thou seest, and hear the things that thou hearest? For thou and he are One. And the Shadow passes for it is naught."

And the Woman descended the Mountain in peace, for she saw the End.

Again the Son spoke to her and said, "Stay thou here till morn. Keep thy strength for the making of thy pots." And he closed the door with bars of gold so that no more could she wander in the moonlight and weave its rays into her dreams. And he said to her, "See how I love thee." Then the Woman smiled sadly and said, "Nay, true Love never binds."

Time passed, and the Woman sat making the pots but she sang no song as she made them. Yet when she wandered in the Forest the birds still sang to her and the flowers bloomed and she was comforted.

One day her Son came to her, and she trembled as she looked on him. For his eyes flashed fire and his voice was full of scorn.

"Listen," he said, "I also have seen strange things, but they are not the things thou seest. I too have seen the living Flame and I threw a pot at it, and as it struck the ground the Flame hissed and was quenched and the Water of Life was dried up, and lo! round it the ground was bared of flowers. Thy Light and thy Flame are harmless. I take to-morrow all thy pots to play this pretty game."

And because the Woman could not make the pots quick enough to supply his demand, the son built a wall round her, so that she should no longer wander in the Forest, and he said to her, "See, how I protect thee." But the Woman shook her head, "Nay," she answered, "true Protection imprisons not."

And again he said unto her, "Thou art idle, idle! Make the pots quicker for my breaking. The voices I hear and the things I see are not thine but mine, and they please me best. Thou

shalt go no more to the sea-shore, for it is not good for thee to hear the sound of the waves. I will bring thee all thou needest. I will give thee thy food for thought, and thy dreams to weave as patterns. But go thou not forth."

And when she would have gone, he forced her back, and he said, "See how strong I am." And the Woman cried, "Nay, true Strength injures not."

And the Woman mingled her tears with the Water of Life as she filled in haste her pots of clay, for she knew that her Son could never bring her the things that she needed for the perfecting of her work, for he brought her the things of Time and they endured not. And some of the pots fell to pieces as she moulded them, and others brake in twain as she handled them, and crumbled to dust as the Son held them, and he cursed her for her carelessness, and his words pierced her heart till it seemed as dead.

Then one day her spirit rose within her, and she broke her bonds, and she fled to the sea-shore, for it was nearer than the mountains and her strength failed her. And she listened to the voices that came across the Great Deep and they sounded the dirge of a World's loss. Then at her feet she saw scattered the broken fragments of her pots, and she knew that the Ocean could not keep them, for they were unworthy of immortal Life.

And the Woman wept until her eyes were blinded; and the sound of the waves deafened her till all around was silence. And the Son missed her and came in wrath to find her. But the Woman rose and pointed to the broken pots and said, "Is this thy work or mine? See, if thou canst piece them together. For lo! I am blind and hear not and my strength has gone from me."

And she left him alone in the darkness. Then the Son tried to piece the pots, but he could not. And he cried an exceeding bitter cry. And his eyes were opened as with a great light and he heard a sound of a mighty rushing wind, and in fear he went back to the Woman.

And, as of old, the Woman sat by the Fountain of Life, but she had ceased to make the pots.

And he said to her, "Come, let me climb the Mountain with thee, for Thou and I are one."

And the Woman laughed; for the Shadow of the Sword had passed.

And they twain began to ascend the Mountain, but the Woman saw the End, and One only—bright, grand, and glorious—rose to touch the Stars.

FRANCES SWINEY.

Oral Instruction for Women.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY MRS.

SUSHILA TAHL RAM.



Oral Instruction for Women is a subject which, I fear, is not likely to draw the interest of the majority of the readers, many of whom will probably think, "What does woman want with education? Are not the pots and pans and her babies and husband enough to fill her thoughts?" These domestic duties may seem of little consequence to unthinking minds? Nevertheless, the proper management of even such trifles as the kitchen and nursery requires a capable hand. A mother moulds the character of her family, and, as for instance among the English, the mother trains her girl on a wholesome system from infancy. When the child enters a School, there, too, she is subject to certain regulations and instructions, with monthly reports on her general conduct going to her parents, who are delighted at her progress or censure her deficiencies. During the holidays, the girl is not permitted to fall into disorderly habits, but is made to observe a certain standard of deportment. She acquires good sense and good manners. Disciplined in accordance with sound principles, which are constantly put into action, the girl finds no difficulty in fulfilling the duties which afterwards devolve upon her. Likewise it is of utmost moment for Hindu girls to undergo a careful training from childhood and to receive an education which would operate as a blessing to themselves as well as to those who have a claim upon their attention.

It will be perceived that, no matter how advanced in civilization a nation may be, yet, the subject of education is a theme of constant exhortation in order to infuse nobler aims and to create greater vitality in the system. Thus, while this all-important question is freely discussed in all its bearings, and is frequently on the lips of the greatest amongst the most enlightened races, the Hindus on this point are usually inert. But in the inert mass lights glimmer here and there, and, fortunately, there are found bands of large-hearted intellectual men within its circle. Happily, brave men are assembled around us to strengthen the weak by their support, and are nobly trying to awaken the ignorant class to a better understanding of the advantages of a liberal education. To many of us the venerable shastras and histories are no

sealed works, while the illustrious deeds of our forefathers stand like beacons and tell us that India was at the zenith of its renown when learning was prized and cultivated. Yes, the spirit of our forefathers inspires us to move onward and foretells that India's future greatness rests entirely on the power which the people acquire by culture.

Nine years ago when the late Hon'ble Justice Ranade expressed his opinion as to the condition of the people of the United Provinces, he remarked in his address before the social Conference in Poona: "In the North-West Provinces, neither the Bramo Samaj nor the Arya Samaj has produced any effect. They are a very slow mass to move. The present condition of the North-West Provinces is characterised by lethargy and backwardness." What progress has the United Provinces made, particularly in furthering Female Education, since these remarks were made in 1895? Without going far, let us glance at the City of Benares teeming with life and no less great in wealth. On the one hand, there are a few men in this venerable seat of learning who regard the education of women as almost mischievous, and, on the other, the majority of them are so stolid and indifferent concerning this momentous question, that they have not even an opinion to pass; while the few, who know the value of education and would gladly open schools for the benefit of Hindu women, are inactive and lie depressed between these two deterring forces.

This aversion to learning reminds me of a story of a young prince whose ignorance was a source of grief both to his royal parent as well as the court. The teachers, who attempted to instruct him, received for their trouble a shower of arrows. In consternation they fled from the palace leaving the august prince to his indolent habits. At length a pandit of great tact arrived from Ayodhya, and seeing the Prince enjoying a game at marbles, he left the lessons alone, and to the amusement of all around joined him in his pastime. Thus, the two continued for some weeks and when the prudent man considered that he had gained sufficient influence over his refractory pupil, he casually suggested, "what do you say to the marbles being coloured and named? They being all alike, it causes no end of confusion." The idea being a noble one, consent was easily won; and each was marked with a Devanagari character. What with the bright colouring and the new mode of playing, with "ta" sending "ka" spinning to the North Pole, the matches became more frequent and during the hours of mirth the Prince unconsciously mastered all the alphabet. One evening as they strolled about the gardens, the Pandit dropped a slip of paper on which he had scribbled

a couplet. His playmate picked it up and was surprised to find that it bore the same letters as those of the marbles. He at once deciphered the letters, but being unable to understand their purport, the Pandit gave the following interpretation:—As the delicate flower of the poisonous plant, palas, is not prized owing to its being scentless, in the same manner, however much a man may have beauty and youth and even belong to a royal family, yet being illiterate, he is graceless and has no standing in the assembly of the learned." The Prince pondered over the instructive couplet and, filled with remorse and shame, he sorrowed at his having wasted so much of his precious time in frivolities. His wise companion, however, consoled him, explaining that the game of marbles had been the means by which he had learned the alphabet, and the past could be redeemed by devoting himself to study. To the joy of his royal parent the wild Prince turned over a new leaf and showed his diligence by becoming in time a noted scholar. Indeed, so fully did he appreciate learning that when he succeeded to the Throne, he established schools and encouraged men of letters in his court.

As by patience and tact the Pandit overcame the dislike of the Prince to his studies, in the same manner must the prejudices and superstitions of Hindu society be replaced by a desire for knowledge. Certainly, the obstacles which impede the progress of education are most irritating, but, facing the situation boldly, the good-will of the public should be won by proving to them that in ancient times education so leavened the life of the people, that it endowed them with the highest mental powers; and to regain our prestige education must again become the foundation upon which to build the national greatness.

And in the days of our highest glory, was learning reserved exclusively to man? Never was such injustice practised as in these days, when women remain steeped in ignorance while men enjoy the benefits of culture. So distinguished were the Aryan women that even at this date their memory rules our homes, and being enshrined in our hearts the virtuous examples which they have bequeathed to posterity help us to be upright in act and true in thought. And just observe how degraded has become the position, and how weakened the intellect of the women of the present day. Nevertheless, the high excellence and superior qualities which we admire in the ancient ideals are not extinct in them, but from neglect remain overclouded. Education alone can chasten and fill the mind with such inward light as would purify their understanding and give them a clearer judgment. How necessary is it, therefore, for man to fulfil his first and foremost duty towards women by

educating them, if not for their sake at least for his own, and that of his children's happiness and distinction. By hard labour men provide women with food and lovely jewels to adorn the body; will they then withhold from them the essential portion which adds grace and dignity—mental culture? If not from men, from whom are we women to seek this gift? If not men, who else will raise us from the degradation in which we have become engulfed by baneful restrictions?

In Benares the idea of girls attending schools is far from popular. This should not discourage us in the least. When the mountain would not oblige Mahomet, the great prophet rose and with deliberate steps ascended its very height. As surely will one's efforts prove successful in the end, and education should be carried within barred doors. Formerly, Oral Instruction was general, both in the East as well as the West, and a revival would prove of great advantage especially in those cities where the attendance at schools is regarded unfavourably. It is about 800 years since universities were gradually established over Europe and as printing was unknown at that period, there were no printed books and few manuscript works to gather knowledge from. One had, therefore, to rely chiefly on oral instruction, and people wandered about in search of knowledge, though travelling was neither as comfortable nor as rapid as it is in these happy days of railways. However, risking all perils and with their wardrobes tied on their backs, 30,000 students set out on foot, from all parts of Europe, and begging their way along the rough roads, they collected around the famous Abeldar in Paris in order to become acquainted with his doctrines. In India, Oral Instruction has been common from time immemorial, and Rathas or recitations are heard with peculiar interest even now. Retiring from the distraction of the world, the great Rishis spent the remainder of their existence in meditation and study within silent caves or in peaceful spots by the river's bank; and these resorts in time became known as the sacred places of pilgrimage, while venerable sages like Buddha and Shrishankar disseminated their tenets by itinerant preaching. Honouring them like deities, hundreds of men and women flocked to the Rishis to be instructed in various branches, from abstruse sciences to matters relating to life in general.

The love of listening to stories or events runs in the Hindu blood, whether old or young, illiterate or otherwise. Sometimes in the cool of a summer's night, I have noticed in my compound servants grouped together, and between the snatches of the hukkah they listen eagerly to hair-breadth escapes of a hero. A Hindu mother more often tells a fairy tale than sings a lullaby as she pats her darlings to

sleep. Thus, until the orthodox mind takes more kindly to girls attending schools, much useful knowledge could be conveyed to those living in the folds of the purdah through Oral Instruction. Moreover, there is this advantage in this kind of teaching, that, instead of a couple or so, all the inmates of the zenana would profit by it.

In observing Hindu society, two of its prevailing evils have more than surprised me, and education alone can remedy them and bring about a healthier tone. First, the precocity of Hindu children, and secondly, that women, even of the highest caste do not understand how to maintain their dignity.

Now, as regards the precociousness of young minds, as long as the baneful custom of early marriage continues, it is impossible to prevent boys and girls from becoming acquainted with those subjects which would far better be deferred to maturer years. This custom is bad enough, but what is still worse is that from ignorance a mother destroys the fresh bloom of innocence of her children, before they have gone far beyond the stage of baby-hood. A Hindu woman is a most affectionate mother. In fact, so indulgent is she that no matter where shegoes or who visits her, her darlings keep close to her side listening to conversations, the ideas of which should not even enter their dreams. She has common sense to forbid her delicate children to eat indigestible things, but entirely lacks judgment as to what should be said, and what should be better left unsaid in their presence, as well as how injurious the chit-chat of the elders is to growing minds. The consequence is that great uneasiness is felt in keeping an unmarried girl of 14 or 15 years, and it is made more unpleasant by the constant taunts of well-meaning dames, "Oh sister! How can you swallow a mouthful having an unmarried girl at home?"

The difference in the bringing-up of children between the Hindus and the Europeans is that a girl of seventeen years hears and knows far less of forbidden subjects than a girl of seven in our own country. Among the Europeans, children are nurtured like tender plants, which, being sheltered from hail and storm, thrive luxuriantly in a wholesome atmosphere, and not only are their studies fitted to their youth, but even the food and clothing are simple, with neither the late hours nor the exciting pleasures of the elders, but with amusements shared with boys and girls of their own age.

Secondly, women cannot keep their dignity: and this is visible both in their homes as well as out-of-doors. Stand for a moment at the Railway Station and the status of Hindu women is known at a glance. High caste dames, tinselled and sparkling with gems, are grouped together on

the bare floor, dusty or otherwise, with men comfortably lounging on benches; and when they are pushed about or thrust into the compartments, not a murmur is heard at the rough handling. But these timid women fare much the worst in places of pilgrimage and the holy of holies, where thoughts should be of the purest and deeds the gentlest. Were the Hindu women educated, would they ever bear the indignities which they are subjected to now-a-days? Certainly, for changes like the above there is no necessity of the Police nor of the Court. If to-morrow fifty educated women made a stand, that they would no longer suffer the indignities which are of daily occurrence, the men would become as chivalrous as they were in former times.

For what then is the education of Hindu women required? Merely that they may be enabled to control the household expenditure or for something deeper and more extensive? Speaking about the education of women, the moralist, Charles Kingsley, remarked, "I should have thought that the very mission of woman was to be, in the highest sense, the educator of man from infancy to old age." When such is their mission, it is very necessary that the foundation of their education should be made firm by religious and moral instruction, so that babes may begin to absorb the virtues of their mothers from the tenderest years. Yes, their education should be of such a nature as to create in them good sense, indeed, such sound judgment as to be able to discern rightly between true and false, and that they should not simply seek their own welfare but help to advance the prosperity of India—India so stricken by poverty, by disease, and by ignorance. The love of the Japanese women for their country is wonderful. From their hard labour they keep just enough for their maintenance, while the rest is given towards the defence of their beloved land. Laudable, indeed, is such devotion and this is simply one of the manifold blessings which culture carries in its train. When men find that education elevates the mind, why continue to keep us, women, in a condition so degraded and humiliating as to be looked down upon by every one? No delay now should be made in raising the Hindu women to the status they enjoyed formerly, and, if attending schools is unpleasant, Oral Instruction should be encouraged in their own homes.

It will probably be thought these are borrowed thoughts from the West. This ennobling sentiment, to value education above every thing, however runs in our blood inherited from our great ancestors. It will be found in the Satapatha Brahmana that when Yajnavalkya was about to become a sanyasi he called his two wives and told them to divide his riches between themselves.

But Maitreyi fell at the sage's feet saying, "Dear heart! Of what avail is this wealth to me? You, who are so wise and learned, grant me wisdom—the knowledge of immortality," and her request was granted.

By all means let the rarest jewels be given to our daughters,—The merry anklets for the feet; brilliants for the throat, and a chaplet of pearls to bind the hair with;—But let the auspicious nuptial mark Saubhagya-Katika be illumined by the light of learning and culture.

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.)

(Continued from our last issue.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF THE WAR.

Within a couple of months after the events narrated in the last chapter, Raja Todar Mall was walking one evening round the ramparts of the fort. Indra Nath was now high in the Raja's confidence, and was permitted to accompany him this evening. The usual guard walked a few paces behind. The Raja condescended to talk of the war and its chances with the young officer, Indra.

"Does your Highness think, then," said Indra Nath, "that if we were to emerge from the fort and fight the Afghans face to face, we should be defeated? Their ranks seem to be thinned lately."

"We should not be defeated, but we should lose too many men," replied the Raja.

"How long then, Sire," said Indra Nath, "are we to remain in this fort?"

"Not many days now," said the Raja. "See, there is a litter coming, and he who is inside will give us news that in a few days the enemy's power will be destroyed, and we shall be victorious without any fighting."

The litter had by this time come up to them, and from it alighted the great Diwan, Satish Chundra. When Indra Nath saw him, his surprise increased tenfold.

There is no need to repeat in detail the conversation of Satish Chundra and the Raja. Satish Chundra had gone as the Raja's

emissary to the Hindu Zemindars throughout Bengal. He was eminently adroit, skilful and wise. He succeeded in alienating them one by one from the enemy, and making them declare fealty to the Emperor. He told them that the great Akbar was the best friend of the Hindus, that he had studied their sacred books, that he tolerated their religion and respected their worship, that he had sent from Bengal a Hindu general to rule over them, that the Goddess of Victory followed this Emperor as if she were his shadow, that he had conquered Bengal twice, and would assuredly be victorious the third time, and then he would reward those who helped the Imperial cause.

Thus Satish Chundra persuaded the Zemindars of Bengal to take the side of the Emperor. They promised not to send any more food supplies to the enemy's camp, and the Afghans, cut off from all food supplies, would soon break up their camp. Satish Chundra had seen the Afghan leaders also, and had conveyed to them Raja Todar Mall's offer of a safe retreat.

The Raja, at the close of the conversation took leave of Satish Chundra with many marks of esteem, and then, turning to Indra Nath, said:—

"Indra Nath, has not what I said come true?"

"Sire," replied Indra Nath, "you are as skilled in statecraft as you are invincible in war. But,—"

"But what?" said the Raja.

"I do not wish to say anything against anyone," replied Indra Nath, "but a cloud hangs on yonder Diwan."

"Do you want, rash youth," said the Raja, "to teach Todar Mall statecraft?"

"Sire," replied Indra Nath, "be not offended, but it is possible that I may know more than Your Highness about Satish Chundra."

"It is possible that I may know as much as you about him, young man," said the Raja. "It is that Diwan who contrived the death of the bravest and truest of Bengal Chiefs,—Raja Samar Sing."

Indra Nath was speechless with astonishment, and cried, "Sire, forgive me. Your Highness is all-knowing!"

But the Raja replied gravely, "Indra Nath, God only is all-knowing. But, unless the Emperor's General was conversant with some things, he would scarce be able to do his duty. My hair has grown grey in war, and it has pleased God to give me some skill in State duties."

For a long time the Raja walked in silence. At last, he spoke to Indra Nath again:

"Young soldier, you have done well in this war, and the Emperor will remember your

services. Have you any special favour to ask before we leave Murger?"

"Since Your Highness is pleased with my humble endeavours," said Indra Nath, "I have but one favour to ask. Raja Samar Sing has left a widow and daughter, and Your Highness will no doubt restore to them their ancient estate."

"That is no favour," said the Raja, "justice will have its course, and Samar Sing's widow and daughter will come to their own after Samar Sing's fame has been cleared at a new trial. Have you no other favour to ask?"

"I ask, Sire," replied Indra Nath, "for Satish Chundra's pardon, if it so please you."

"Pardon," said the Raja, "for the man who murdered the truest and greatest chief of Bengal and filched his property and estates?"

"He has done all that, Sire, replied Indra Nath, "but through the advice of a deeper traitor."

"You speak of the dark-browed man, Sakuni?" asked the Raja.

Indra Nath was once more struck with the extent of the Raja's information. "Of him I speak, Sire," he said.

"Aye, so I thought too," said the Raja. "He came to me with Satish Chundra's high recommendations, but has been working, I suspect, for Satish Chundra's ruin. Double-dyed traitor is written on his face!"

"Then, I have nothing more to ask," said Indra Nath, "Your Highness knows all. That traitor has killed Raja Samar Sing, for the documents produced to prove his crime were of Sakuni's forging. And he seeks to displace Satish Chundra to step into his place! Punish the guilty, great Raja—but grant your humble servant the life of Satish Chundra. To him and to his I am much indebted."

"Aye, aye," said the Raja; "we have heard of a bright-eyed maiden who helped a warrior to escape from an Afghan prison! Bright eyes can do much, Indra Nath,—they may enthrall a warrior's heart and secure a father's pardon. We will look into this matter: to-night we part."

Indra Nath bowed and withdrew—wondering at all that the Raja knew, and all that he achieved. Within a few days the Afghan camp broke up; the Afghans retreated to their Jaigirs or to Orissa,—and Bengal submitted herself to the rule of Akbar the Great.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RAJA'S JUSTICE.

The port of Murger wore a gay appearance. Hundreds of people had swarmed from all parts of Bengal to offer allegiance to Raja Todar

Mall as the Viceroy of Bengal. Thousands had come to listen to his pronouncement in the case of Raja Samar Sing, executed seven years before as traitor. The streets were thronged with men and women, the Ganges was full of boats of all shapes and descriptions, and flags and banners floated from the ramparts proclaiming the rule of the Emperor Akbar.

Mahasweta and Sarala had come from Rudrapore on the invitation of Indra Nath. With Sarala had come her dear friend, Amala, wife of a humble trader of Rudrapore—who had loved Sarala like a sister, and teased her and kissed her, called her "young Raneer" and pinched her, and never gave her a moment with Indra Nath without popping in with her ringing laughter and her piquant jokes!

Bimala attended at the sick bed of her father. The dark Sakuni, perceiving that his game was up, had tried to make away with all the evidence against himself, had burnt documents and caused his master Satish Chundra to be waylaid by assassins. Indra Nath had appeared in time and had saved him, but Satish Chundra was still lying in a precarious condition, and was maimed for life. Bimala, with tears in her eyes, thanked the brave warrior;—but he bowed unto her and said:—

"Lady, the debt I owe unto you shall never be repaid. I have but half done my task in saving your father's life;—the dark traitor Sakuni is yet alive. But he is safe in prison, and Raja Todar Mall's justice never falters."

A religious woman, Kamala, garbed in yellow robes, had been friend of Bimala since childhood, and now helped her in tending her father. With many healing herbs and many pious prayers did this woman attend on the sick bed—and often when the old man slept, did Kamala lead the sad Bimala to the shade of an umbrageous tree, and tell her old, old tales from Hindu Scriptures, to lead her away from the world and its distractions. For there was that in Bimala's bosom of which none knew save the saintly Kamala.

The day of trial dawned at last; and tens of thousands of people gathered round the great arena. The Raja held his Court in a very large field. A great awning was erected over it. It was of the richest cloth, ornamented with gold. From this awning were hung garlands of sweet-scented flowers right down to the ground, and under it were spread magnificent Persian and Indian carpets, with designs of beautiful flowers, creepers and leaves, in every variety of colour and beautifully blended, according to the matchless taste of the East.

In the centre of the Court was a throne of silver and ivory, wonderfully decorated. Gathered round this were warriors and Zemindars, and behind stood the royal guards. On three

sides of the Court were stationed lines of infantry; and behind them were the cavalry armed, and with drawn swords, standing like so many images. The Court was thus closed in on three sides with soldiers. Opposite was an open, broad and spacious road strewn with brilliant flowers, along which the Raja was to pass, and on each side of this again were lines of soldiers. The rays of the morning sun played on the naked blades and muskets, and the early morning breeze played in and out among the lofty banners, causing them to sway backwards and forwards.

After the sun had risen, Raja Todar Mall entered the Court, and as he came, all the occupants cried with one voice, "Hail, Great Emperor! Hail, his Viceroy, Raja Todar Mall!" The soldiers took up the cry with shouts and acclamations. The mighty greeting penetrated to every part of the town, and seemed to extend beyond the town into the country which stretched all around.

With one accord a hundred instruments struck up a victorious pean as the Raja assumed his seat. And the strains awoke a thousand echoes in the clear atmosphere of the early morning dawn. The soldiers thought of a hundred battles to which they had marched to the sound of that music, they drew their swords, which glinted in the light of the sun. Expert actors from all parts of Bengal acted with inimitable skill before the delighted Court; celebrated singers from far and near charmed the ears of the listeners; dancing girls, with marvellous grace and beauty, with songs and dances stole the hearts of the onlookers; jugglers performed wonderful sleight-of-hand tricks:—and the eyes of the warriors were regaled with skilful wrestling matches and exhibitions of archery and shooting.

Finally, poets and composers of tales began to recite poems and stories. The immortal tales of the great Indian Epics, the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* were recited; and young poets pleased the audience with specimens of their own composition.

All diversions being over, a silence fell on the great assembly, and the time arrived for the pronouncement of the Raja's judgment.

The Diwan of Bengal, Satish Chundra, was brought in a litter, for he was still unable to walk. His noble daughter, stately and resplendent, but veiled from head to foot, stood by the litter, and her faithful friend, the saintly Kamala, in yellow robes, supported her. All eyes fell on them.

Mahasweta and her daughter came in another litter. The dark eyes of the old lady, the widow of the murdered Samar Sing, flashed in anger through her thin veil;—all Bengal had heard of

Samar Sing's glory, all Bengal bowed to the venerable Raneé. The witty and irrepressible Amala would scarcely stop her fun and frolic even in this august assembly, and Sarala often laughed behind her veil to hear her companion's remarks. Indra Nath stood by them, silent as a statue.

Lastly, four guards brought the deep-browed Sakuni to the place, his hands bound behind his back—still inscrutable and motionless.

Raja Todar Mall then pronounced his judgment.

"Widow of Raja Samar Sing! The broad realm of Bengal held no braver warrior, no truer servant of Delhi, no kinder ruler of his own subjects than thy lamented husband. I have seen him fight, and there are few men among the hardy northern warriors who girt the throne of the Emperor, who could acquit themselves better in the hour of battle. But treason has done its work; foul and false charges have been fabricated; and an innocent and true man has been executed. The Emperor deploras the sad mistake; and I, his humble servant, revoke the charges and the sentence, and declare him innocent—though, alas! now beyond the justice of this world. Accept the tears of an old friend of thy husband, revered lady; accept the regrets of all Bengal assembled here to-day; accept the high honour which remains to thy house, untarnished. Thy husband's estates revert to thee; and when thy daughter will be wedded to the brave warrior who stands by her side, we shall have great pleasure, by the Emperor's orders, to add a spacious Jaagir to the vast estates belonging to thy house and his.

"Satish Chundra, Diwan of Bengal—thou art Diwan no longer. Nursed into life by the kindness of the great Samar Sing, thou, miserable wretch, stung him unto death! Death, death only, is the just punishment for such a foul, such an ungrateful deed! But the sword of justice is restrained by mercy. Thou wert led blindfold into the act by a villain. Thou hast seen thy misdeeds and repented of thy action. Thou hast served the Emperor well during the past few months. Thou hast been punished by thy accomplice in crime in a way which will leave thee a cripple all through life. Lastly, thy noble daughter, unknown to thee, has rendered service to us in the recent wars—and the soldier whose life she saved has asked for thy life in return, and will accept no other reward for his valour. Live, therefore, old man, live to repent and to make thy peace with God; may He, in His mercy forgive thee for thy sins. A Jaagir, by the command of the Emperor, I bestow on thy daughter; she will support thee as long as thou livest.

"Dark traitor, Sakuni! Thy crimes are unparalleled, and thy doom is death. Thou hast forged documents, murdered Samar Sing and carried on negotiations with the Afghans and the Moghals according to the fortunes of the recent wars. Thou hast fabricated evidence, destroyed evidence, sought to murder thy master Satish Chundra, sought to force the hand of his princely daughter! Take away that double-dyed villain from this assembly!—the hangman will do the rest.

"Jaigirdars, Zemindars, Nobles, and the People of Bengal, the Great Emperor sends you greetings. You have accepted his rule; he will give you peace and security. The Great Akbar desires every man to follow his religion and perform his worship in mosque or temple without let or hindrance. The Great Akbar desires every man to enjoy his property and pursue his industry in peace. The Great Akbar desires prosperity to you—one and all!"

Loud shouts of acclamation rent the skies as the great assembly broke up.

CHAPTER X.

THE RING.

Indra Nath married Sarala. His life was, as before, devoted to the welfare of his subjects. He often went about in disguise from village to village, making himself acquainted with the condition of each of his subjects, and it was his special care to improve his estates, and make his subjects prosperous. Amala was the inseparable companion of his wife—and Amala's husband, old Nobin Das, became Indra Nath's Diwan. But the Diwan's wife never forgot her old tricks, and loved and teased her dear Sarala as in days of old!

Mahasheta's whole being had been absorbed in planning revenge on her enemy. For six years this obsession had aged her beyond her years. She had lived for this aim only; it had been the stay of her life, the support of her existence. Her task was now accomplished: her husband's fame restored: and, soon after Sarala's marriage, without any illness or disease, she passed away in peace.

And Bimala, the pure-souled, high-minded, peerless Bimala—what befel her? The world held nothing more in store for the Diwan's daughter. She hoped for nothing, longed for nothing, feared nothing. She assumed the yellow robes of religion, like her faithful friend, Kamala:—and nursed her father, and worshipped her God.

Indra Nath often pressed her to come and live in his palace, for Indra Nath never forgot the woman he had met in the Temple and the prison.

Sarala clung to her, and besought her with tears in her eyes to accede to the request. But Bimala only said: "My part in the world is played out, let me alone,—with my father, and my God."

Several months passed by. Then Sarala paid a visit to Bimala, and, knowing little of her heart, begged her once more to come and live in her palace.

Bimala, her eyes full of a deep, abiding peace, her face pure as an angel's, smiled with infinite sweetness, as she replied:

"Sarala, I appreciate your love and goodness more than I can say, but what do I need that I have not? Where in the whole world could I be more at rest than in that quiet retreat? Where could I find anyone who could love me more than my poor, decrepit father? In the time of trouble and perplexity God Himself comes to me! I shall never be unhappy if I do His Will."

The two friends passed the whole day together, talking over many things. Bimala, as she accompanied her friend to the litter, said, smiling:

"Sarala, you are now the Ranees of a great estate; will you always remember this poor dweller in the retreat?"

"Do you think that I could ever forget you, sister," said Sarala.

"Sarala," replied Bimala, "I know that good, tender heart. Nevertheless, I am going to give you a little token in remembrance of me, and you must not refuse to take it."

As she spoke, Bimala slowly took from the string of beads she wore round her neck a gold ring, and slipped it on Sarala's finger. Sarala was surprised, and said:

"What is this, sister? A gold ring! I will not take it. Do you think I could deprive you of one of the few remaining ornaments you kept of all your father gave you? It will lose all its beauty if it leaves you!"

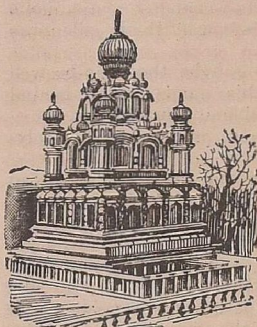
Bimala replied, with the same smiles as before:

"Sarala, this is not one of my father's gifts. I am not its real owner; it is you to whom it lawfully belongs. Wear it as long as you live, and may you be happy in the love of a noble husband."

As the shades of evening fell, the Diwan's daughter slowly returned to her own little dwelling—to her father and to her God.

(The End.)

A Trip to Mahabalipuram.



A PARTY of students and myself made up our minds to make this interesting trip from Saidapet. We started in 3 canoes. The boats, in spite of the fact that they were of the most primitive pattern, did not cause any very material inconvenience, at least, at that time of the day. One man be- hind from the shore,

with a long bamboo pole fixed to the stern of the boat, performed, and very creditably, the work of a rudder. The boats were propelled by the most curious oars I ever saw in my life, two human beings, who, by means of strong ropes tied round their loins and attached to the boats drew them along, with true Hindu patience. That the exertion must have been both trying and painful was plain enough; for they threw their almost naked bodies into the most frightful contortions and looked for all the world just like a pair of savages. The sight was unique and the three boats reminded me strongly of the three canoes which Robinson Crusoe saw coming towards him from the savage shore. Some way up the Canal we came upon a bridge and a little village. This was Papanchavadi where we were to alight and have our *chota hazri*. The whole population was out, with wonder and amusement depicted on their faces, and stood welcoming us with many a smile. Such boats and pleasure-parties were evidently rarities in these parts. A man, who was the proud owner of a little shop and, hence a person of importance in these parts brought us some bottles of soda and lemonade and proudly exhibited them to us as if he wanted to impress on us very clearly the fact that at Papanchavadi things were not what they seemed. It was evening and a very beautiful evening it was. The 'purple-faced' sun was sinking in the West amidst the crimson clouds, 'like a dying warrior amidst his sanguinary foes.' The scenery around was magnificent. In these parts Nature's bounty made up for the niggardliness of man's industry. To the East a number of cocoanut palms stood in a clump, humming in the wind and made up a most beautiful background. A cool, mild wind was blowing from the West and made soft music as it played among the leaves and branches of the

"It is in men as in soils—where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of."—Dean Swift.

palms. The towering tree-tops, suffused with the crimson rays of the departing sun, nodded their heads in the wind by way of welcome to us. The sight was too good to be lost and the party made a little excursion into the interior, through fields blooming with green vegetation. It was rather late when we began to retrace our steps. The shades of night were falling fast and by the time we reached our boats the moon was already up and her bright orb was shining like a mass of molten silver in the skies. From the fields and the open air to the confined atmosphere of the boats, what a fall! As night advanced we began to feel more and more the uneasiness of our position. We had forgotten all about the sleeping arrangements and there were as many as twenty-two men closely huddled together in one boat. The number itself was ominous as it served to re-call to our minds the famous Black Hole of Calcutta. As was only natural, under the circumstances we had a somewhat uncomfortable night. Sensitive sleep prefers silence and calm to noise and confusion.

Daybreak found us still in the Canal and with ten miles before us to Mahabalipuram. Some of us instantly got down to have a short walk by the side of the Canal and enjoy the dewy fragrance of the 'incense-breathing' morn. There was some exquisite scenery to be seen in these parts. Back to the West, on our right, stood a row of hills, their 'cloud-capped' summits looking in the morning mist as if they were covered all over with snow. At the foot of the hills slumbered in calm repose a beautiful lake, with water cormorants floating like full-blown lilies over the sun-kissed waters. The waters laughed and danced under the mellow rays of the morning sun. From the marshes could be seen every now and then long, bright streaks of light. It was exactly 1 o'clock when at last we landed at Mahabalipuram. The place, itself, bore no inviting aspect. It had a most melancholy look, but from the boats we could see those wonderful Seven Pagodas and rock-cut cave temples, that stand as monuments of India's departed greatness. Our stay at Mahabalipuram unfortunately was short. We had only a day before us to explore those ruins, those 'sermons in stones' that attract to them from year to year an endless stream of interested and inquiring visitors. Happily for myself, and, I trust for the rest of us also, we were given leave to roam over the hills alone. The rock-cut temples themselves were the grandest monuments of Indian industry and patience. A finer piece of work than these time-worn caves I have never seen elsewhere. Mahabalipuram, as the name and traditional history would have us believe, was once the capital of

the famous Mahabali who figures in the Vamana Avatar of Vishnu. The temples and the caves are decorated with numberless statues from the Brahministic pantheon, and stand as mute testimony to the skill with which those artists of a by-gone age cut into rock or carved on stone. The temples and the statues were all evidently the work of Vaishnavas. Not a trace of Saivite influence could be seen. They represented, among others the 'Ten Avatars of Vishnu' and also incidents from the Life of Sri Krishna. Beyond doubt, Mahabalipuram must once have been the capital of a powerful Vaishnavite ruler. Whether the Mahabali, that tradition speaks of, was the famous Mahabali of the Puranas or not, is of little or no account. Perhaps the tradition itself may have no further significance than is implied in the literal meaning of the word Maha-Bali, a powerful man or ruler; and undoubtedly it must have been under the auspices of an intensely religious, ambitious and powerful man that such a stupendous undertaking must have been first taken in hand. The statues in some places were crowded together without any visible connection whatever. There were gods, goddesses, saints, warriors, kings, men, women, lions, tigers, horses, monkeys, rats, bows, arrows, clubs, and numberless other things. They were in the highest degree confusing. Beyond the fact that they represented scenes from the Puranas one could deduce nothing else. There was one statue among these which I admired most. It was a wonderful piece of work—a colossal elephant, most life-like cut out of a solid block of rock. The statues were full of human interest. They spoke of religion, of war, of human life, and of the joys of home. Human life was represented there in all its manifold forms; its joys, its struggles, its hopes, its fears, all the poetry and pathos beneath it were there. The artists who could throw so much poetry into their work could have been certainly poets of no mean ability. No wonder that somebody called these truly wonderful temples 'poems in rock.' The largest cave temple had as many as eighteen pillars with a niche in front, and though, as a whole, it was rudely chiselled was very imposing. Among others, I noticed a small, solid temple, carved into rock cut out of one single piece of rock. Inside, there was an image of Ganapati. This was curious as it was about the only example of Saivite influence I could see. Surely, the image must have been a recent intruder and it bore every mark of being one. It looked quite new and the workmanship was quite different from, and inferior to, the others. There were half-legible inscriptions all over the walls in some language, presumably Pali. Huge slabs of rock were thrown around these temples and caves in

wild confusion. Some were finished images and some bore marks of unfinished workmanship. Among others, there was one huge block of rock most delicately poised on another and looking as if it would detach itself from its resting place every moment. This block of rock, as I was subsequently told by some of the Brahmins of the place, was called the Butter Stone, as it was of about the same size as the lump of butter which Bhima used to take. Certainly whatever the natives of Mahabalipuram lacked they never lacked the faculty of imagination. The 'Seven Pagodas' proper were finished pieces of art. Five of them stood a little way off from the hills and represented the five Cars of the Pandavas. There was one thing among all these statues and carvings which struck me as most curious. In spite of the proximity of the sea, I could discover among all these not a trace of a ship or an oar. Evidently, at that early date Mahabalipuram had neither a sea-faring nor a trading population.

At Mahabalipuram the beauties of nature vie with the beauties of art, although, on the whole, we are inclined to yield the palm of victory to the latter. The hills, with the tall rocks looking like giants in the evening twilight, presented a most magnificent spectacle. In the east the restless unchanging sea roared forth a loud challenge to the changing, changeable works of man near it; while behind the hills in the west the Buckingham Canal modestly crawled along, among the shady palms. Such was Mahabalipuram, otherwise known as the Seven Pagodas.

The traditional history of the place although implicitly believed in by the Brahmins over there, must be taken like all such Stories. Perhaps, there may be a germ of historical truth in the story of the Rishi Pundareeka, a Vishnu Devotee, making colossal efforts to dry up the sea as far as the 'sea of milk,' the seat of Vishnu. It may be the orthodox, religious explanation for what may have happened centuries ago, a deluge and the subsequent receding of the waters. The whole place bears marks of being once under the sea. The soil is very irregular and, for the most part, saline.

Bali, or whatever his name might have been, must have been a very powerful Vaishnavite ruler, and it is very likely that he may have been actuated by a strong desire to rival those famous Buddhist builder-kings. The influence of Buddhism on these carvings is plain enough. The whole style of architecture is Buddhistic, in spite of the fact that the figures are from the Brahmanistic pantheon. Probably the twenty architects whom, according to tradition, Mahabali once kept in captivity as prisoners of war and

who won their freedom with these exquisite carvings, may have been Buddhist architects.

Mahabalipuram has still the aspect of a town in ruins, in spite of the laudable endeavours of eminent men like Sir Grant Duff, whose name is still cherished by the Brahmins of the place with respect and gratitude, to preserve these ruins and monuments of antiquity for the instruction and edification of succeeding generations. Our stay at Mahabalipuram, as I said before, was unfortunately short. Early in the morning next day, we had to shift our camp to Tirukalikundram or the famous Pakshithirtham, nine miles west of the Seven Pagodas, and we had to travel the whole distance on foot. The morning was fresh, and the party in high spirits. Except for small green patches of paddy vegetation here and there, the country around was allowed to run wild with bushes and shrubs. On our way we came upon small hamlets, full of dirt, of miserable-looking men and women and squalid children. We took a short rest at Kuzhipanthandalam, which, in spite of its long name, was but a modest, little village half-way between the Seven Pagodas and Pakshithirtham. It boasted of a village temple and a village school of the 'New Regulation' type with what looked like a Kindergarten garden round it. The village school master, who was a person of importance in this village, informed us that there were thirty students on the rolls and spoke something to the effect that his pay was no adequate remuneration for his labours. As we neared Tirukalikundram, the country around began to assume a more pleasing aspect. We came upon fields full of vegetation, upon shady palms, smiling ponds and murmuring brooks. At about 9 o'clock, we reached the town itself. We were afforded a most cordial and indeed boisterous welcome by the village dogs andurchins, to whom the sight of so many queer travellers must have been both amazing and amusing. The whole town formed a strong contrast to the Seven Pagodas. There, it had been the terrific grandeur of Nature that impressed one most. Mahabalipuram had had a most melancholy look. This was a cosy, busy, little town (something more than a village and less than a town) with a post office, a police station, and even such a thing as a provident fund agent's office. The hill, on which was the famous temple where the sacred birds are fed, looked very imposing from a distance. One of the very first sights to attract our eyes was the group of village weaver maidens plying with truly astonishing dexterity their monotonous trade. It was quite gratifying to note that in these parts, the hand-loom had not quite died out even with the advent of Lancashire clothes.

The choultry, which was to be our resting place,

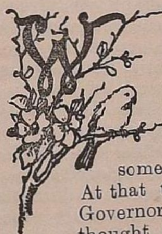
occupied one of the most beautiful sites in the town. It stood by the temple tank which afforded excellent opportunities for swimming. It was a spacious building and could literally be styled 'the abode of the winds.' At Tirukalikundram, we had two days before us to see all that was worth seeing, but unfortunately there was not much. The real place of interest was the temple at the top of the hill where the sacred birds are fed, but the birds had come and gone even before we reached the town, and so we had to postpone the ascent of the hill to the next day. In the course of the day, however, we inspected the temple at the foot of the hill. It was not interesting in any special way. It was massively built and in some parts decorated with every form of indecency. It was a Saivite temple, but curious enough, it had also in it an image of Vishnu. The natives of the place had a ready-made and ingenious explanation for it. Vishnu, said they, had once come there in person and had done homage to their god and the image was put in as a commemoration of the god's visit. The explanation was quite clear to a Saivite; but persons who were not Saivites, might well be excused if they saw in it the strong, right hand of the Vaishnava king of neighbouring Mahabalipuram. Early in the morning next day we set out in a party to ascend the mountain and have a look at the sacred birds. Nor had we to wait long. One of the birds was already there hovering round the temple. The second so came up soon and together they were fed by the 'Purohit' of the temple. Many Sudhus, Devotees, men, women and children had been waiting in eager suspense. At sight of the sacred birds, some even prostrated themselves on the ground and gave vent to their pent-up religious fervour in loud prayers; and then the solemn feeding began. The birds, we were informed by the Purohit, were originally two Rishis, who had assumed this shape owing to a curse, a curse which would leave their heads only after the expiry of this Kaliyuga. The birds were evidently of the eagle species. They were purely white with long, yellow beaks and streaks of black among the wings. They had long hair round their necks and looked, if I may be allowed to say so, quite Rishi-like. The two birds had brought with them a third bird of the same species, but he sat aloof and did not come up to the Purohit probably in the consciousness of the fact that he was not a Rishi. They all came from an adjacent hill, and it was plain there were quite a number of them over these hills. I shall not weary my readers with the many rational explanations which some in the group had to offer for the sight we saw. To me at least, the temple itself and its surroundings had far more interest than

the sacred birds. The inscriptions on the walls of the temple were, happily this time, in English, and I could make out the names of several gentlemen, both European and native, who had visited the famous temple, with the respective dates of their visits. One date among these stood as far back as 1640. It shows beyond doubt that the temple had the roots of its celebrity in the almost-forgotten past. The hill on which the temple stood was somewhat high, and standing there at the top one could get an excellent bird's-eye view of the country around. One could see even distant Mahabalipuram with the white top of its lighthouse floating like a silver bubble in the air. The name Tirukalikundram literally means 'the hill of the sacred eagles', and standing there amidst the frowning rocks and dangerous precipices one could feel that the name was not altogether inappropriate and that the hill was the fitting abode of eagles and vultures. In about an hour we returned to the choultry, and it was then decided that this should be the last day of the trip. It was decided to go to Chingleput, the nearest Railway Station in jutkas, and thence by train to Saidapet. In the night, we had the usual trouble of effecting a compromise with the jutkawallahs, who seemed to possess an inordinate share of the knowledge of common sense, political economy, and of adjusting the price of the supply according to the demand. We arrived at Chingleput late in the night. At 3-30 A.M., we got into the train and at 6 in the morning reached Saidapet, and there the party dispersed, each man carrying to his home his own impressions of the things he had seen, but all unanimous in thinking the trip a great success.

K. A. M.

Woman's Work in Ottawa.

BY MARGARET EDWARDS-COLL.



HEN the late Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee was celebrated, the women of the North-west of Canada expressed a desire to create a memorial which might take the form of some description of nursing service.

At that time Lord Aberdeen was our Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen thought that there could be no more

acceptable commemoration than the establishment of the Victorian Order of Nurses.

"Victoria the Good" will thus be forever remembered in Canada, in connection with one of the most beneficent, far-reaching organizations of the Dominion.

Lady Aberdeen showed great wisdom in forming the Society by endeavouring to interest medical men and prominent people. The services of Dr. Worchester, of Waltham, U. S., were secured to hold public meetings in large centres and explain from his own experience the best methods of training Nurses, and organizing them for effectual service.

Finally, after much adverse criticism and opposition from a member of the medical profession, the idea proved to be a "Thought of God" and has spread to every province. Headquarters were established in Ottawa by the generosity of a statesman, Senator Cox, who presented the Order, through Lady Aberdeen, with a good home, which is neatly and prettily furnished.

The main objects of the Victorian Order of Nurses are; To provide skilled nursing in sparsely settled districts; to attend the sick poor in their homes in cities, to attend cases for persons of small incomes, at a very low charge, and to attend cases when it may not be convenient or is impossible to employ a nurse by the day or week.

It is not my purpose to enlarge on the work as a whole throughout Canada, as space would forbid it, but confine myself to a general idea and one phase of the duties in the City of Ottawa, the capital of Canada. The staff here is comprised of a District Superintendent and five Nurses. During the past year 74 Doctors have employed their services and 5,750 visits have been made by the Nurses. The wife of our present Governor-General is the Honorary President. Under her are the usual officers, a Board of Management and 3 Committees, Membership and collecting, Relief and Entertainment.


The most arduous duties of the entire Executive are those of the Collecting. These are borne very cheerfully. The convener, Mrs. R. L. Borden, whose photograph we give in our frontispiece, has associated with her a most efficient worker, who is the treasurer—Mrs. C. F. Whittey and a band of thirty women whose time is given freely to the work of collecting funds for a space of seven weeks. A house-to-house canvass of the entire city is made.

Before beginning the campaign, Mrs. Borden invited her helpers to her beautiful home "Wertenberg." This residence is built in the colossal style—a massive stone structure which combines elegance and taste. A delightful home-

like air pervades the surroundings. Over the fireplace of the room where the Collectors received their books, these significant words are engraved,—“Warm Hearts, Warm Hearths, Give Good Cheer.” An enjoyable Tea followed during the pleasant hour, there was much interesting conversation regarding the aims of the organization and the most effectual way of making a success of every department.

Mrs. Borden is the wife of one of the most prominent men in the Dominion, Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the conservative party of the House of Commons. Her social duties are many and varied, but both Mr. and Mrs. Borden find time to devote their talents to various forms of good work. The secret of their devotion is this, a tenth of all they possess is given to the Lord. Men and women who recognize this blessed privilege—always live lives that bear a rich harvest here and hereafter.

My Vision.

Y dear one was passing away; my best-beloved friend lay on her couch slowly breathing away her precious life. My heart was sore and weary,—yea, even so were both body and spirit, so much so, that, as I sat, I drooped and fell asleep. And sleeping, methought, I saw a vision, and in my vision, a strong bright Angel came before me;—a great and glorious Being, and yet,—and yet—his face was troubled, the broad brow was ever and anon gathered in a quick, impatient frown,—the frank mouth drooped in despondent curves; the movements were rapid and full of energy, yet, the intervals of rest indicated the relaxed tension which comes of nervous strength. And, as he paused beside me, he murmured wearily—"I am the Angel of Life."

Yet another sound of wings,—another angelic Being stood before me! The form and figure much the same,—the face—different. That broad brow! how peaceful! Those lips, how steadfast. The brave eyes lifted to Heaven with such a look of Hope; the cheeks pale, indeed, the face wan; yet, as I

turned, the white quiet lips were saying, "Oh Grave, where is thy Victory?—Yea, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, and I am His messenger which bear them to His feet."

I turned me in my chair and woke, and my heart was soothed, for I knew now that it was "life indeed," full of light and hope and rest that awaited the one I loved so well.

E. B. DURRANT.

Aryan Girls' School Report.

The Aryan Girls' School was started in May 1904, by Babu Norendra Nath Sen and Miss A. C. Albers, at No. 33-2, Durga Churn Banerji Road (formerly known as Newgypooker East Lane). The object of the institution is to give Bengal girls moral and religious training on strictly national lines, and at the same time to give them the advantage of a good secular education, thus combining the system of the East and the West. The aim of the founders is to train the girls after the model of the ancient Hindu women, so that all the noble traits that characterised the women of olden times may be fostered and brought back in the life of the present and coming generations. Along with this, the fact must not be overlooked that our women must be educated to meet the requirements of the times in which they live, if they are ever expected to become again what once they were—the co-workers of men, a constant source of inspiration to lead men on to the higher realizations of greatness in the individual and in the nation. No nation can rise when its women are not educated enough to understand their duties and responsibilities, for they form half the race.

It is upon this principle that the founders are endeavouring to provide for Hindu girls religious and moral training, combined with a thorough secular education. This, of course, is a difficult task. Still, the work has so far been successfully carried on, and the Committee trust that they will receive the support of generous-hearted friends in this most useful work they have undertaken.

As regards the lines on which the school is conducted, it may be explained that the girls are taught an intelligent understanding of the Hindu Dharma, for which purpose the text-books, published by the Central Hindu College at

Benares, have been introduced. Pains are taken to let the girls understand the spirit that underlies the rituals and ceremonies of their religion, and grasp its fundamental teachings, particularly the ethical portion of them. The lofty character of the ancient women is held up before them as the ideal which they have to follow. They are further taught to recite Sanskrit hymns and to read and write Sanskrit. This constitutes the national part of the training.

The Western system of education has been adopted so far as the conditions of Hindu society require. A Kindergarten class has been opened for the smaller girls. This has been a great success, as judged by the large attendance. Here the little ones are instructed by those simple and playful methods, for which the Kindergarten is popular. They are taught discrimination by learning the substance, colour and size of things, their uses, origin, etc. They receive simple lessons in natural history, illustrated by pictures, and moral lessons in the shape of stories by which they are encouraged to develop kindness and tenderness, self-control in play and a desire to appear neat and tidy at school. They further learn to recite little poems, and receive their first lessons in reading and arithmetic, which latter is made particularly simple. Here usually some coloured blocks are taken, and the teacher illustrates the lesson in the following way:—

A green block and a red block make two blocks; or two red blocks and one blue block make three blocks etc. The same simple method is used in subtraction.

The children are so happy in this class that it is often difficult to promote them to a higher class when time comes.

Leaving the Kindergarten, the children enter upon the graded course, as laid down by the Government, and the books used in Government schools have been introduced to a great extent. At present the school teaches up to the Sixth Standard. Special attention is paid to the teaching of needlework, in which the girls receive daily lessons.

No fees of any kind are charged, the founders maintaining that education should be given entirely free. The school employs at present five teachers—three of whom are Brahmin Pandits and two women. Two maidservants are employed to conduct the children to school and home again. The number of pupils on the roll, which was about fifteen when the school opened, has rapidly risen, and the school counts now no less than 154.

The school has been kept up at much sacrifice, the contributions received not having been sufficient to defray the expenses. We are, however, indebted for assistance to the following problemen and gentlemen: His Highness the

Maharajah of Cooch Behar, His Highness the Maharajah of Mourbhunj, the late Babu Lady Mohun Ghose, Mr. J. F. Madan, Mr. Neel Comul Mukerji and Maung Khezari.

For assistance in the Prize distribution, we are indebted to the following ladies and gentlemen, *viz.*, Her Highness the Maharani of Cooch Behar, Her Highness the Maharani of Mourbhunj, Babu Hirendra Nath Dutt, Babu Prya Nath Mukerjee, Babu Girish Chunder Dutt and Babu Purnendra Narain Singh of Bankipore.

Statement showing the financial position of the School during the three years of its existence.

RECEIPTS.

	Rs.
His Highness the Maharajah of Mourbhunj	450
Babu Lady Mohun Ghose	100
His Highness the Maharajah of Mourbhunj	100
Mr. J. F. Madan	120
Benefit Night, Corinthian Theatre	450
His Highness the Maharajah of Mourbhunj	100
His Highness the Maharajah of Cooch Behar	250
Benefit Night, Corinthian Theatre	300
Municipal Grant for 1907 and 1908	135
Miss A. Christina Albers	875
Total	2,880

DISBURSEMENTS.

	Rs.
Average monthly expenditure Rs. 80, for three years at the above rate	2,880
Total	2,880

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

PRESIDENT :

BABU NORENDRO NATH SEN.

MAHAMAHAPADHYA SATISH CHUNDER VIDYABHUSAN, M.A.

BABU NEEL COMUL MUKERJI, BANIAN TO MESSRS. GRAHAM & Co., MERCHANTS.

MAUNG KHEZARI, MERCHANT AND AGENT. MR. J. F. MADAN.

BABU HIRENDRA NATH DUTT, M.A., B.L.

„ GIRISH CHUNDER DUTT, B.A., DEPUTY MAGISTRATE.

„ PRYANATH MUKERJI, M.A., SECRETARY TO THE CORPORATION OF CALCUTTA.

PANDIT NRISINGHA CHUNDER MUKERJI, M.A., B.L.

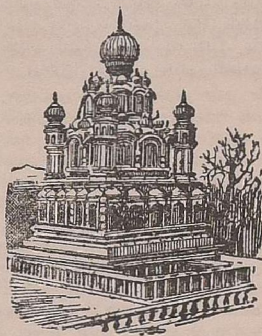
PROF. BENOVEDRANATH SEN, M.A.

MISS A. CHRISTINA ALBERS.

Members.

Friendly Chats among Ourselves.

A SELF-SERMON.



SEE you are filled with shame at the thought of how uncharitable you have been to the weaknesses of others and how forgetful of your own foibles. You seem to be convinced that you have been making subtle attempts at teaching to others what you yourself have yet to learn.

You have been thinking too much of yourself. You are unkind. Your love for others is scarred and marred by subtle selfishness. Call to mind how many times you were moved to anger when others hinted at your folly. Not until you had vented your rage in some way or other, were you many a time free from ill-humour. The very fact that you cannot bear to be convinced of your folly is proof enough to show that you are unwise in thinking that others will bear with you if you attribute motives to their actions and look down upon them. Each wants to be reckoned as he or she is in his or her own fond estimation. Though foolish in many respects, you cannot brook even the thought of being held as unwise by others. Even so are others. Each is justified in thinking himself or herself as wise and loving, as none is without some qualities of wisdom and love in him or her. Born as you are in imperfection, you should do your best to progress in human wisdom and love, and to get at God's wisdom and love as much as possible. Try to become more wise and more loving.

Wisdom is 'to know how little can be known, to see all others' faults, and to feel your own' Do not entertain an over-weening opinion of your qualifications. By making much of your accomplishments you will change your seeming virtues into sure vices. The more you compare your thoughts, feelings, and conduct, with those of the great and good, the more will you know of the emptiness of your learning. Read not to criticise but to be taught. Admire the excellences of all with whom you come in contact through study. Meditate upon your thought-world, and converse with God every day secretly, whole-heartedly, earnestly, and submissively, and He will teach you how ignorant you are.

To be wise, 'rest securely upon your inward virtue.' Look within you. There is a world which you have to conquer, regulate, purify, and adjust to God's laws. Let meekness, patience, faith, love, and hope hold sway over your internal kingdom. Let God be present in your heart. Let spirituality strengthen your heart with true power, true peace, and true wisdom. Let observation, attention, perseverance, industry and courage teach you how to win your goal, despite many failures. Worldly experience cannot be had without your being taught it. It is when you are put to the test that your faith in Him and your love for Him are seen in their true colours. You will learn that to conceal your disgust is prudent when the fault is obstinate and its cure beyond your reach. You will be convinced that many love you for their own ends, for the earthly grandeur you are clothed in, for your apparent virtues that can flatter them in the belief of their superiority to you; and you will learn to hold modest doubt as your beacon.

If you want to be foolish, be querulous and grumbling; for the wise 'work and wait, and look and think.' Worry-less work and patient resignation, looking into your heart and into the world, and independent, comprehensive thinking can perform what God wills us to do, to be, and to have. Avoiding hurry and flurry, do your loving work with unabating assiduity. Resigning the consequences to His will, wait prayerfully, and He will uphold you in every emergency. By correct-looking and deep-thinking, your insight into men and things will ripen into practical wisdom, which will enable you to take everybody's censure calmly, and to reserve your judgment nobly. Loving all, but trusting a few, growing in independence of thought and action, but yielding to the reasonable admonition of the experienced and the truly educated, doing His will but distinguishing between the dictates of reason and of passion, living for God but also living for others, persevere in adding inward virtue to exterior grace, in making for the true luxury of your soul through the judicious enjoyment of bodily luxuries, in holding the mean between tyranny and slavery, and in making the best of every seeming evil.

As the source of wisdom is in God, it is indispensably necessary in trying circumstances to 'appeal with confidence to Him, to heed his inspirations and to adhere to them.' You need not be told that you are not superior to your circumstances, and that your trust in Him is not absolute, unconditioned and sincere. In your hours of reflection, dwell more upon His mercy and wisdom than on the unkindness and weakness of others. Tutor yourself to voluntary submission to His discipline. Forget self, and foster truth, and wisdom will come. But, above

all, be meek. Simplicity is the badge of wisdom as brevity is the soul of wit. It is not easy to draw a distinct line between wisdom and folly. To think that you are wise leads to folly, and to think that you are foolish leads to wisdom. What a world of complexity lies in your very thinking! You think you are doing God's will, but He knows how you are made to do His will. It is not being obedient to Him to pray for a change of the condition in which he asks you to be. It is to request Him to give you the power to rest in content in the sphere His mercy and wisdom have given you. If you have not made up your mind to be led by faith rather than by sight, your wailing and waiting, petitioning and prostrating before God cannot make you feel easy, strong, devout, and loving at heart. Tutor your heart more to obeying than to asking. In his presence, no counterfeit can be of any avail. Be conscientious, and practice silent, individual and ceaseless prayer. "Let your soul retire and recollect. In the prayer of silence, the surrendered spirit lays itself, as it were, motionless and inarticulate before God with the single and exclusive desire that His will may be done and His glory achieved in it. Look up to Him and labour in secret with more deliberate exercises of surrender and of faith.

Be patient, persevere, seek for solace, wisdom, and strength in God. Be always mindful of Him, and He will charm you into silence and hope and love, and will teach you to be grateful for the discipline He puts you to through the medium of your sisters and brothers.

Rose.

Who says that in this lovely world no creature she can find

To care for her or cherish her or ease her weary mind?

Who says that in this fair, wide earth, or yonder heaven above

There's nothing that will cheer her grief or win her soul to love?

Oh, let her look around, and learn how many a heart beats high

At every kindly-spoken word and every generous sigh;

How many an eye that shrinks and weeps beneath a look of scorn

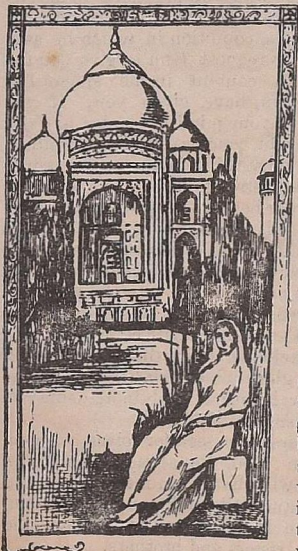
Will brighten at her pleasant smile like earth at glance of morn.—*Anne Beale.*

Home Talks.

IV.—HOME-NURSING.

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

CUTS, SPRAINS, AND BRUISES.



THE great danger of cuts lies in the bleeding that arises from them. This hæmorrhage or bleeding is caused by the blood-vessels near the cut being ruptured, and the bleeding may be either arterial, venous or capillary. Capillary bleeding is not of dangerous nature; it is generally caused by a graze or scratch, and very little blood is lost. Bathing the affected part with cold water

will, as a rule, stop the bleeding, but if the graze be a bad one, place a pad of lint soaked in cold water over the spot, and keep it in its place by a triangular bandage.

Venous bleeding is of a more serious character; it can be recognised by the blood being of a very dark red colour, as it comes welling up from the wound. A pad of lint soaked in very cold water should be applied at once, pressing it against the wound; it should be kept in its place by a bandage. If the bleeding continues in spite of the pad of lint soaked in cold water, put a bandage round the limb very tightly on the side of the cut furthest away from the heart. Do not let the limb hang down, as that would aggravate the bleeding, and the patient should keep quiet until the bleeding stops.

Arterial bleeding is the most dangerous of all, and can be easily distinguished as the blood is bright-red in colour and it spurts out in jets from the wound with every beat of the heart. Unless quickly stopped, the patient may bleed to death. To stop arterial bleeding, pressure must at once be applied to the wound. This is generally done in the first instance by pressing with thumb or fingers, and a pad of lint firmly tied on to the

spot may be used. Bind the limb tightly between the heart and the wound, either using a bandage fastened with a clove hitch knot or a tourniquet. A tourniquet is made by tying a knot in the middle of a triangular bandage; the knot is placed on the artery, and the ends of the bandage are tied round the limb. If the knot does not afford enough pressure, put a stick under the bandage and twist it until it is sufficiently tight, bind the stick to the limb to keep it in place, for, if the pressure were relaxed, the bleeding would recommence. The bandage must not be tight enough to cause severe pain, but only tight enough to stop the bleeding.

Guard against shock by giving the patient some stimulant, such as coffee or milk, and keep him absolutely quiet until the arrival of the doctor.

Never try to stop bleeding by putting tobacco or cobwebs on the wound, as they might be the cause of blood-poisoning.

For ordinary cuts wash the wound in clean warm water, without using any soap, and should the cut be caused by a broken piece of glass or a jagged tin, squeeze it to make it bleed freely; this will remove any foreign matter. Then draw the edges of the cut together to try to prevent a scar. Have ready some strips of sticking plaster, and fasten the edges of the cut securely with them. The strips of plaster must be in accordance with the size of the cut. Snipping the edges of the plaster will make it stick more firmly. If the cut be a severe one, have several strips of the plaster, and arrange them in a star, so that the strips cross each other where the wound is most severe and the cut deepest.

The sticking plasters most in use at the present time, are diachylon, which is a lead plaster spread on linen; gold beater's skin, which is prepared from the large intestine of the ox; court plaster which is a paste spread on silk; and the cleanest plaster of all to use is isinglass plaster.

Bruises are caused by a blow or a fall. In a slight bruise the capillaries are injured, in a severe one the larger blood-vessels suffer. For a slight bruise, bathe the affected part with cold water and apply a two-inch roller bandage very smoothly. If bandaged at once, there will probably be no discoloration and very little swelling. For a child rub on a little lard, pure vaseline, or lanoline. For a severe bruise use either hot fomentations or cold water bandages; either will relieve the pain and lessen the swelling. Keep the patient very quiet and guard against shock, especially with a child.

Sprains are caused by the sudden twisting, stretching and wrenching of ligaments between the bones. They cause intense pain, swelling, and discoloration. The best treatment is absolute rest with the injured limb placed in as easy a position as possible. Bathe round the affected

part, when the injury is discovered with hot water. If the ankle be sprained, raise the foot by the back of the heel and sponge for ten or fifteen minutes with very hot water. If a bruise comes out, soft linen wrung out in vinegar, and cold water will give great relief. Do not try to bandage a severe sprain before the doctor comes, as splints are often required, and the medical man must judge if they are necessary.

For a sprained knee send at once for the doctor, and until he arrives the patient should lie down. Place a pillow beneath the injured knee, and keep the limb as comfortable as is possible: the pain will be very severe. A sprained knee, as a rule, requires splints, which must be put on by the doctor. For simple sprains of wrist and ankle, the two-inch roller bandage is used.

A roller bandage can be made of any material giving sufficient strength, lightness, and softness. Unbleached calico with the selvedge torn off is very generally used. The length of a roller bandage varies from four to six yards, and the width varies from three-quarters of an inch to four and a half inches. It is used to give support to keep on splints, to keep dressings in place and sometimes as a foot sling.

Our Needlework Column.

EMBROIDERY STITCHES.

The first stitch is *Stem-stitch*, and is the most useful for work done in the hand. Work from left to right. Draw the thread to the surface of the material. Keep the needle above the thread and take a stitch about one-eighth of an inch along the line, bringing the needle back to the starting point. The next stitch must be taken the same size, but as the needle is again at the starting-point, the stitch on the surface will be larger than the one at the back. Keep all the stitches the same size, and always bring the needle right back into the same point made by the end of the previous stitch.

Thus;—bring the needle to the surface at A; take a stitch along the line from B to A; then another stitch from C to B; then another one from D to C; and so on.

A B C D E

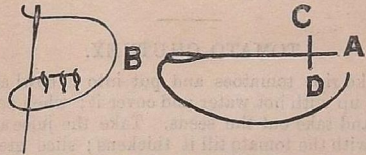
This stitch, which is often called "hand stitch," is one of the most useful of all embroidery stitches. With it may be interpreted the stems and stalks of flowers, the outlining of many different shapes which require accentuation, and flat bands or lines of any kind. This stitch

should always trend in the same direction. The lines of stitches should not be worked up and down, backward and forward, but always from base to top, from right to left. There is a "lie" in the grain of all embroidering materials, which may be easily determined by feeling the threaded strand lightly with the fingers. It is always wrong to work against this "lie" of the fibres.



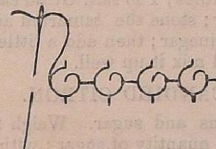
Satin-stitch is apparently the most simple of stitches, but is really one of the hardest to do well. It consists in taking the needle each time back again almost to the spot from which it started; but I think the diagram will explain quite well what I mean. The same amount of thread remains on both back and front of the work.

Coral-stitch. Work from right to left. Hold the thread along the line, looping it round to the right. Take a small upright stitch above and below the line and draw the thread.



Thus,—bring the thread up at surface A. Hold the thread from A to B. Take a stitch from C to D; looping the thread round to A, and drawing the needle through the thread.

Tied-coral. Work from right to left as in coral. Bring the needle up at the right hand end of line, and take a small stitch from top to bottom of line. The stitch made will be slanting. Loop the thread to the left and pass the needle through the slanting stitch, so that it makes a tie; repeat this tie and the stitch will be firmly knotted in the middle.



Buttonhole-stitch. I think every girl must know without it being explained; but perhaps

not many know how easily and effectively it may be applied with a slight alteration.

Cross-buttonhole. Take an ordinary buttonhole-stitch on to the line about a quarter of an inch in depth. Loop the thread to the right and take a slanting stitch from left to right across the buttonhole-stitch.



If my girl readers will take a small piece of material and practise these stitches, next month I will give them a pretty direction to which they can apply them. But, before I close, let me give one very valuable hint. Always use an embroidery needle and take care that the thread will pass quite easily through the eye of the needle without any trouble. If only girls should act on this hint, I am certain that a great many pieces of work would be finished and used to adorn our homes that are otherwise thrown away in disgust because they "won't come right."

Our Cookery Column.

TOMATO CHUTNEY.

Take ripe tomatoes and put into a bowl and fill it up with hot water and cover it; when soft, peel and take out the seeds. Take the juice and boil with the tomato till it thickens; slice green ginger; green chillies; garlic, onions and salt; add to the tomato and boil till it becomes a paste; put a good quantity of ghee into another pan with a few sliced onion's and fry; when well fried, pour the other ingredients into the ghee pan and keep stirring; when done enough, the ghee will float to the top, then take off the fire and put into bottles.

BENGAL CHUTNEY.

Five lb raisins; 5 lb tamarind; 5 lb moist sugar; 5 lb dates; $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb green ginger; $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb garlic; 1 lb chillies; 1 lb salt. Grind each ingredient separately; stone the tamarind and grind it with a little vinegar; then add a little vinegar to the whole and mix it up well.

CANDIED CITRON.

Take citrons and sugar. Weigh the citrons with an equal quantity of sugar; with a nutmeg grater, grate off the thin yellow part of the rind, this removes a great deal of the bitter; quarter

them and take out the inside; boil the rind in water till soft enough to be pierced with a broomstick; drain off the water; make the sugar into syrup, by adding half a pint of water to every pound of sugar; when thick, put in the citron rinds and simmer for quarter of an hour, remove from the fire and leave on the same vessel till the next day; examine it on the following day; if the syrup will admit of another boiling, simmer for another quarter of an hour; if too thick add a small quantity of thinner syrup; remove and leave for another day. Repeat the simmering and keep again. On the fourth day, the pieces will be crusted over with sugar; take them out one by one and put on a flat dish; sprinkle with good sugar and put in the sun to dry; repeat this daily; turn the pieces and sprinkle fresh sugar on them till dry. Pack in canisters with paper between.

Varieties.

EAST AND WEST.

Over the bridge came Morning,
Wrapt in a trailing cloak
Which fell o'er the hills, adorning
The sky, when Morning broke.

Over the bridge, the mid-day sun
Burnt with unceasing glare;
The quivering shadows, one by one,
Thrill'd up to the silent air.

Over the bridge went Evening;
The sun slept out in the West;
Thank God for the cool of the evening,
And one day nearer Rest.

"GREAT men are always exceptional men; and greatness itself is but comparative. Indeed, the range of most men in life is so limited that very few have the opportunity of being great. But each man can act his part honestly and honourably, and to the best of his ability. He can use his gifts and not abuse them. He can strive to make the best of life. He can be true, just, honest, and faithful even in small things. In a word, he can do his duty in that sphere in which Providence has placed him."

CORONATIONS are costly affairs. The Coronation of Queen Victoria cost £70,000. But the Christening of a Royal Baby is even more costly. When our present King Edward VII. was Christened, he wore a lace robe that cost £700, and the entire ceremony, including the great State banquet, cost no less than £200,000.



H. H. THE JUNIOR RANEE OF TRAVANCORE.

JAPANESE children have the most wonderful dolls' houses, which are furnished throughout in every detail. They even contain little bookcases for holding books no larger than a postage stamp, and instead of cages for singing-birds, they have tiny cages for crickets and other chirruping insects.

THE following was the character that a master gave his servant:—

"The first year, a good servant.
The second year, a kind master.
The third year, an intolerable tyrant."

THE Queen of Siam is said to have the smallest foot of any royal personage. Her size in boots is 1½.

Indian poetry, profane literature and popular mind hold four divisions of women—the gazelle, the mare, the elephant, and the pig.

The gazelle is the type of grace, charm and loveliness—the ever-vanishing ideal. She is often known as the "Lotus Lady" *Padmini*—one of ten millions. She is Lakshmi, Parvati, Sarasvati—all goddesses combined in human form. She walks as the swan swims. The bee follows thinking her a flower. Her skin is pure gold, soft to the touch as the trunk of the young elephant. She is Spirituality incarnate.

The next is man's companion, the "Horse-woman," light, fleet, gay, loving pleasure, flowers, ornaments, faithful and devoted to her husband—Love incarnate—but without the poetry of *Padmini*.

The "Elephant-woman" is dark and rich and sensual. She braids men's hearts in her thick black hair and "could make blush a farm hand." She is Passion incarnate.

The unfortunate "Pig-woman," her face distorted with quarrelling and rage, is—Vice incarnate.

The last picture seems drawn to complete the gamut, for she is mostly to be found in the English slums and rarely to be seen in India, even in the lowest classes.

The grace and charm of the Indian woman cling to the memory as the perfume of the lotus.



Editorial Notes.

We publish here a short account of the marriage ceremony of the Junior Rance of Travancore, which was celebrated in the end of April. We give also the photo of Her Highness. Last year some two or three days before the marriage of H.H. the Senior Rance, the Chowlam ceremony of Her Highness the Junior Rance was celebrated with the usual rites. This is done preliminary to the marriage. According to the custom in the Travancore Royal family, the marriage of a princess should be celebrated before her 12th year of age; and so His Highness the Maharaja in consultation with the greatest astrologers of the place, fixed the date of the marriage of H.H. the Junior Rance for the 25th April, 1907. Orders were then issued by His Highness to the Dewan and other officers of the state to make the necessary preparations for the marriage. Huge Pandals were erected in the Thevarathu Koikal Palace and decorated. Invitations were sent to all the neighbouring Rajas, Coil Tampurans, Sthana Pottis and others who are in one way or another connected with the Royal house. Arrangements were made to receive them properly and accommodate them in the various Palaces in the capital.

Early on the morning of the auspicious day the Junior Rance accompanied by all the Palace Officials and escorted by the troopers of the body guard of H.H. the Maharaja, the Nair Brigade Sepoys with the Band, went to all the temples in and outside the fort for worship. In the evening at about 5 P.M. was the Mappilapurappad or the Procession of the Bridegroom. (The bridegroom was Mr. Ravi Varma Coil Tampuran, B.A., nephew of the late Ravi Varma the artist).

At about 4-30 P.M. the Bridegroom was taken to a temporary shed on the eastern side of the Sreekantaswaram temple; and from there after certain religious ceremonies and Ayani-onnu, the procession commenced. The Bridegroom was dressed purely in the native fashion. He had a laced silk cloth round his waist and also a head dress made of silk. He had also a neck ornament called *Pathakkam* set with rubies and diamonds, which hung majestically on his breast. At 5 P.M. he was mounted on a big Tusker, decorated with frontlets, howdah, &c., and the procession began. All the Hindu officers of the State, including Mr. Gopalachari the Dewan, were in

attendance. The procession was escorted by the troopers of the Bodyguard of His Highness the Maharaja, the Nair Brigade Sepoys with Band, the Police force, and so on. Starting from Sreekanthaswaram, the procession moved slowly through the Northern Road outside the fort and then by the Palavangady Road, &c., entered the Fort by Vettimuricha Fort Gate and reached the Palace of the Rani by 8 p.m. From Palavangady the procession moved with torch lights. When the procession reached Thevarathu Koikal Palace, the Bridegroom got down from the elephant and was received by His Highness the Maharaja and conducted inside the Palace. Then after some religious ceremonies and Guru-Dakshina, (presents to teachers or guru), both H.H. the Maharaja and the Bridegroom went to bathe in the Palace Tank. After the bath the Bridegroom's hand and feet were washed first with milk and then with water, and he was taken to the adjoining Homapure (a hall where pujas, sacrifices, &c., are made) where the Kathirmandapam was built in which the marriage was to take place. H.H. the Maharaja took his seat in the Mandapam and the Junior Ranees were brought there veiled. After certain religious ceremonies and Danams (gift to Brahmins) the veil was removed and the marriage proper was performed—a Thali being tied round the neck of the Ranees. At this auspicious time the Nair Brigade fired a salute and the artillery outside the Fort fired a salute of 21 guns. The religious part of the ceremony was thus over by 9-30 p.m. After meals His Highness left Thevarathu Koikal Palace. There was nautch and music that night.

The next day at about 10 a.m., the Variers—a class of people attached to the temple—started from the Palace of the Ranees to Ponnakkal in procession accompanied by most of the Hindu officers with music, to bring an areca-nut tree to plant as a flagstaff in front of the Palace (just as is done in temples on Ootsavam festivals). They uprooted a tree, and brought it on their shoulders (without allowing it to touch the ground) to the Portico of the Palace. Here they decorated it with flags, and planted it in front of the Palace. Then they danced round the flagstaff several times and ended the ceremony of the day by 2 p.m. The Shaom Poojas, &c., continued for 6 days.

At about 1 p.m. some addresses of congratulations were presented to Her Highness the Junior Ranees, to which Her Highness herself gave suitable replies.

In the evening there was Sastra-kali or Yathrakali. The Sastra-kali Potti came in procession to the Palace of the Ranees and they were received by His Highness at the Palace gate. His Highness witnessed their performance for a few

minutes and then retired after giving them rich presents. Their performances are really amusing.

On the 4th day of a Hindu marriage saffron water is sprinkled on the cloths of the relatives of the bridegroom after meals. There is a similar function in the Royal house too. On the evening of the 4th day, the Vanjipuza Chief sprinkled saffron water on His Highness the Maharaja, the two Ranees, Kerala Varma Valia Coil Tampuran, Rama Varma, the consort of the senior Ranees, and other members of the Royal family.

All the items in the programme of the remaining days also were gone through satisfactorily. During the seven days of the marriage, there were rope-dancing, Thullall nautch and music both day and night, native dramas, conjuring tricks, music and nautch dances. All classes of people were given sumptuous feasts. Several learned Brahmins, who had come from various parts, were given rich presents. All the officers of the State were given a grand dinner at the Dewan's quarters.

On the evening of the 6th day of the marriage, the Kakkattu Potti was taken in procession in a palanquin to Sreevarham tank, from which he took water in a silver pot and took it to the palace of the Ranees to be used for certain religious ceremonies inside the palace.

The marriage procession—the last and the most important function of the marriage—was on the seventh day. At about 5-30 p.m. it commenced. The Bride was dressed in a cloth of gold and was seated in a palanquin. The Bridegroom was seated on a big tusker as on the 1st day. The procession was headed by the troopers of His Highness the Maharaja's Bodyguard, followed by the Nayar Brigade Sepoys with Band. The Hindu officers of the State followed them next. Then came the spearmen, swordsmen, palace barikars, police men &c. Then came the native pipers, drummers, the dancing girls, &c. Then came a bevy of Nair maidens, quaintly dressed. These were intended, so they say, to ward off the evil eye. Then came the palanquin containing the Ranees, followed by the elephant with the consort. It moved on to Sreekanthaswaram where the Ranees had to bathe in a particular tank and worship the god. The procession then went on and reached the Palace of His Highness the Maharaja at about 8-30 p.m. The Royal couple alighted and paid their respects to His Highness, who took them upstairs and they witnessed a display of fireworks on the maiden in front. This over, the procession was formed again and it reached the Palace of the Ranees at about 9-30 p.m. According to the old *mamool* there is a practice that the Vanji

puza Pandarathil should give a ring to the Raneer after the procession. This was done, and he was given a rich present in return. Thus, the marriage ceremony ended.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

THE V. M. GIRLS' SCHOOL, CHERPULCHERRY.—(From a Correspondent). The Prize Distribution of the Victoria Mary Girls' School, Cherpulcherry, took place in the School hall on Friday, the 10th instant. Brahmarsi Olappamma Manakkal Parameswaran Nambudiripad who presided on the occasion, arrived at 2 o'clock and was greeted with songs by a few girls. He was received by Mr. K. Govinda Menon, B.A., the proprietor of the School, and conducted to the dais. There were present nearly a hundred guests, including Messrs. P. Madhavan Nair, B.A., B.L., K. P. K. Kartha, B.A., B.L., P. Balakrishna Menon, B.A., B.L., T. M. Kadingi Nedungadi, B.A., A. Sankunni Menon N. V. Gopala Menon, K. Koru Nair, and Dr. K. G. T. Menon, L. M. & S.

The proceedings began with the Chairman's introductory speech, which was followed by the reading of the Report by Mr. K. P. Gopala Menon, the Manager of the School. There are 60 pupils on the rolls; of whom 49 are girls. There has been a slight decrease in the strength since the beginning of the year which may be explained by the fall in the number of pupils belonging to the poorer classes on account of the levying of a fee, nominal though it is. The School seems to be a successful one, and Mr. K. Govinda Menon and Mr. K. P. Gopala Menon are to be congratulated on the maintenance of such an institution in a rural tract in Malabar.

After the Report was read, the girls entertained the audience by Kolattam, action songs, etc., which were greatly appreciated.

Mr. N. V. Gopala Menon then delivered a lecture on Female Education. This was followed by the giving away of prizes. Besides special prizes awarded by numerous gentlemen—in the selection of which a few of the donors have hardly used their discretion—consolation prizes were given to all the girls at the expense of Mr. K. Govinda Menon. Several special prizes went to the girls of the enlightened Kizhiapat family.

The Chairman wound up the proceedings with an exhortation on female education and expressed his hope that the institution will continue to flourish. Mr. Govinda Menon then thanked the Nambudiripad for presiding on the occasion, which was responded by the audience with three cheers. The gathering then dispersed.

Miss Battiwalla, the well-known Parsi lady of Bombay, who has been giving a series of lectures on religious and social subjects here before the Parsi public, will deliver her last lecture at the Zoroastrian Club on Sunday, at 6 P. M., on "Zoroaster our Prophet".

The lecture will commence precisely at 6 o'clock, after the "Jassan" ceremony which takes place at 5 P. M. All Zoroastrians are cordially invited to attend.

HINDU GIRLS' SCHOOL, MUTHIALPET, MADRAS.—PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.—The annual distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Hindu Girls' School, Muthialpet, George-town, was held yesterday evening in the premises of the Muthialpet High School, where were assembled a number of the residents of this part of the city. Miss Arnold, Inspector of Girls' School, Central Circle, presided and gave away the prizes. A programme of music, action songs and dumb-bells drill was gone through by the pupils, who received Miss Arnold on arrival with a song of welcome.

Mr. Manikkam Chetty, on behalf of Mr. P. Chinnaasawmy Chettiar, the Manager, read the Report for 1906 on the work of the school.

The school has been in existence in this part of the town for over two decades, having been originally founded by two Indian residents of Muthialpet and subsequently managed by the late Maharajah of Vizianagram up to the time of his death. Since 1898 it has been maintained through public subscriptions and with the help of an annual grant from Government. Up to 1905 it was managed by the late Mr. B. Venkatasawmy Iyer, and on his death that year, the present Manager, Mr. Chinnaasawmy Chettiar undertook to manage this useful institution which works as an Upper Primary school. The number on the roll in December, 1906, was 125. The Inspection Report for the last year recorded the results to be good. The total expenditure during the year was Rs. 943, and the total income, including a permanent Government grant of Rs. 300, was Rs. 611, and the deficit was met by Mr. Chinnaasawmy Chettiar. If the residents of the Petta come to his help, he promises to still further raise the standard of the school.

At the conclusion of the distribution of prizes, an Indian gentleman interested in the school addressed the meeting in Tamil and emphasised the importance of educating their women. He also pointed out the necessity for differentiating, in some particulars, the curricula of studies for boys' schools from those for the girls' schools.

Miss Arnold made a short and effective speech in excellent Tamil, giving words of advice to the little children and encouragement to the teachers. She was listened to with interest by the little ones, to whom Miss Arnold's words appealed with special force, as they were spoken in their mother tongue.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to Miss Arnold for presiding and distributing the prizes.

LADY Minto has kindly undertaken to send to the Australian Exhibition the picture—"Sakunta"—recently exhibited at the Indian Industrial Exhibition by Sreemati Grindra Mohini Dassee—a well known Bengalee authoress.

THE MAHOMEDAN GIRLS' SCHOOL, COIMBATORE.—A correspondent writes:—On Monday, the distribution of prizes took place at the Mahomedan Government Girls' School, Coimbatore. The programme opened with an Address in Hindustani, read by the Headmistress, followed by some Hindustani action

songs and drills. The prizes were then distributed by Mrs. Moss, and Miss Lynch, the Inspectress of Girls' Schools, Southern Circle, addressed the pupils and parents. She gave a short history of the school, which, though in its infancy, has already given promise of a great future. She earnestly exhorted the parents and friends to second the efforts Government were making for the spread of Mahomedan female education by their co-operation, both by sending their children regularly to school and also by their confidence in the staff of teachers. She reminded those present that Government was willing to encourage the education of widows by granting them scholarships. The evening was then brought to a close by the distribution of rose-water and *pau-supari*.

VICTORIA GOSHA HOSPITAL—ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.—The Annual Meeting of the members of the Governing Body of the Victoria Caste and Gosha Hospital was held at the Hospital, Chepauk, yesterday evening, when the following gentlemen were present:—The Hon'ble Sir V. Bhashyam Iyengar, Dewan Bahadur V. Krishnamachariar, and Mr. G. Narayanaswamy Chetty.

The Report of the Hospital was received from the Managing Committee of the Countess of Dufferin Fund, and adopted. It was resolved to forward this Report to the Chief Secretary to the Government. We take the following extracts:—

An aggregate of 17,827 patients were treated in 1906 as compared with 16,773 during the previous year, showing an increase of 1,054. There was a slight falling off in the number of in-patients treated, due to the number of maternity cases admitted being less than last year. It also became necessary consequent on the loss sustained by the Hospital owing to the failure of Messrs. Arbuthnot and Co. to close ten beds temporarily from the 1st November and to refuse admission to all but very urgent cases. It will, however, be noticed that the daily average has gone up to 70.13 as against 64.61. The special wards upstairs are as popular as ever. Many patients from up-country have been admitted during the year.

The total number of beds in the Hospital is 75. The septic wards require to be built on more modern principles. The growth in the numbers attending Hospital is steadily increasing, but owing to want of accommodation and funds must now reach its maximum, unless both these wants are supplied. The staff has also reached its working limit, and, if a larger number of patients are to be admitted, the question of adding to the executive staff must also be seriously considered.

The Committee records with pleasure the excellent work done during the year by the Superintendent, Mrs. Winkler King, and the way in which Mrs. Thomas, the Matron, has carried out her duties. The Nurses have also done well, and are daily becoming more efficient.

The ladies on the Visiting Committee continue to be of much help, and by their regular weekly visits they have been the means of keeping up a general interest in the institution and in communication with the Superintendent, keeping the Honorary Secretary and Committee more in touch with the interior economy and general working of the institution.

Estimates for receipts and disbursements were sanctioned for the current year, after which the Meeting terminated.

The sixth anniversary of H. H. the Nawab Sultan Jahan Begum's accession to the *Masnad* was celebrated by all sections of the people in Bhopal. On the anniversary day the school children assembled in the Jahangira High School and offered prayers for Her Highness' long life, and sent a deputation to carry their congratulations to Her Highness. Next morning, the boys of the schools went in a body to the palace where tea and refreshments were served. Her Highness gave them an audience, and addressed them.

A most interesting marriage took place recently at Dacca. Eastern Bengal is taking the lead in all kinds of social innovations. Nobody ever dreamt that a Bengali lady would be given away in marriage to a Japanese gentleman. But this is what has actually happened at Dacca. Kumari Har-praya Mallik, daughter of Babu Shashibhushan Malik, Brahmo Missionary, was recently married to Mr. Omen Takada, of Nagajao, Japan, the expert of the Boolbool Soap Factory, Dacca. The ceremony was performed according to Brahmo rites, and some prominent persons were present. Our brethren of the Brahmo Samaj have every reason to be proud of this marriage.

FEMALE EDUCATION AT ALIGARH.—The *Aligarh Institute Gazette*, the weekly Urdu organ of the M.A.O. College, gives publicity to the following:—The Moslem Zenana Normal Girls' School at Aligarh is making satisfactory progress, and Government has been asked to give a grant towards its upkeep. The Inspectress of Schools visited it, and expressed the following favourable opinion: "This is a new school, but it has already proved its usefulness. Moslem gentlemen of high social status are trying to make the school a success. I have had the pleasure of meeting the two Moslem ladies who are the guardians of the institution. Girls come for instruction in *doolies*, and are mostly of tender age. Sheikh Abdullah and Dr. Zia-ud-din tell me that land has been purchased as a site for the school which is ultimately intended to become a Boarding Institution. Classes for training female teachers will be opened and a Kindergarten section will be established, Urdu books on Kindergarten are being got ready. Just in the beginning it is not possible to get a Moslem lady who could become Principal, and hence it has been decided to engage a European lady on a salary of Rs. 200. So far only Rs. 13,000 have been raised for the school."

FEMALE EDUCATION IN LUCKNOW.—Quietly and without fuss much work is being done for the spread of education among females by the Hindu Girls' School of this city. The annual meeting of this useful Institution was held on Sunday last. From the report for the year that ended 31st March, 1907, we learn there were 142 pupils on the rolls, while the session began with 98 in July last. Besides the eleven ordinary classes in the Hindi and Bengali Departments, there are a class for *pardashin* ladies and another for training lady teachers. These two innovations—very neces-

sary in the interest of female education—were rather in an experimental stage last year. The success that followed has emboldened the Committee of the School to make a better arrangement for carrying on these two items of work. While whole-time teachers are required to make instruction in these classes thorough, some sort of stipends is also necessary to induce widows to place themselves under training in order to become qualified teachers. For the ordinary classes as well as these new departures the School stands in need of more teachers, extended accommodation, additional hands to ply the hand carts. During the last year the expenditure came up to more than Rs. 3,000. The budget for the current estimates an expenditure of about Rs. 4,500. The Lucknow Municipal Board has, in recognition of the good work done, raised its grant from Rs. 15 to Rs. 100 from April last. This is indeed encouragement in the best style. The Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway gives only the paltry sum of Rs. 10 a month. For an Institution where the conveyance charges alone exceed the fee-income the need for generous help from private persons and public bodies cannot be sufficiently emphasised. From the actuals of last year it is estimated that grants and fees may contribute about Rs. 1,895 towards the probable cost. The rest, that is more than Rs. 2,500, has to come from the generous public in the form of monthly subscriptions and occasional donations. Are there not friends of the sacred cause of female education who will save the Committee from begging from door-to-door by sending in cheques to help in the good work?

* * *

A GREAT HINDU WOMAN. DEATH OF MATAJI MAHARANI.—It is announced that Mataji Maharani Tapswini, well-known throughout Bengal as the foundress and head of the Mahakali Pathshala, died early on Saturday morning at Manikarnica Ghat, Benares, retaining consciousness to the last.

One of the most remarkable and one of the most widely revered women in India, Mataji Maharani occupied a place apart. She came of a royal family in Southern India. No one seemed to have an idea as to her age, and her lineage was known to very few in this part of India. It was believed, however, that a reputation for saintliness had belonged to her from childhood, that her family had built a temple for her in early womanhood and that her influence, beginning in her own part of Southern India, had grown with the years until there was no Province or State where her name was not known. It was believed, further, that she had spent many years in severe spiritual discipline and in visits to all the great shrines of Hinduism. Finally, she settled in Calcutta, and established the Mahakali Pathshala, the largest and most distinctive school for Hindu girls on this side of India.

This Institution, which has now been established for thirteen years, was formed for the purpose of regenerating Hindu Society "by educating Hindu girls in Hindu ways and upon strictly orthodox principles." It was recognised that the school could take Hindu girls only up to the age of eleven or twelve, and consequently no English education is attempted. The first principle is "the strict observance of the Shastri injunctions in matters of domestic life." The education, therefore, is religious, literary, and domestic—including the elements of Indian history and literature

so much of Sanskrit as is needed to interpret the household worship, and all the domestic knowledge regarded as proper to the Hindu wife and mother. The Mahakali Pathshala has been remarkably successful. Besides the central school, in Suka's Street which has more than 500 pupils, there are now sixteen branches, including one at Benares and another as far away as Rawalpindi. These have all been supported by the foundress, and it was only within the last few months of her life, when she felt the approach of death, that Mataji Maharani agreed to the vesting of the property in trustees. The deed was formally executed last year, and provision has been made so far as is possible for the continuance of the work upon the lines so strictly laid down.

About a year ago Mataji Maharani realised the nature of the illness from which she was suffering, and she went to Benares prepared for the end. But, to the amazement of her friends, she returned partially restored, having founded a new branch of the Pathshala in the holy city. A few months ago she visited Southern India, and finally returned to Benares to die.

Such a life as that of Her Holiness Mataji Maharani Tapswini would be impossible in any country other than India. Those who had no personal knowledge of her personality and work would find it difficult to realise the nature and extent of her influence. Her house was a place of pilgrimage, and pious visitors from every part of India came to do her homage. Her power over the orthodox Hindu community was unrivalled, and it would be true to say that she wielded it with a single purpose—to further the cause of what she conceived to be the national righteousness.

* * *

HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION, POONA.—MONTHLY REPORT FOR APRIL, 1907.—1. Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale worked at Gwalior till the end of the third week. A public meeting was held at the Victoria College under the presidency of Shrimant Sirdar Appasaheb Shitole. Over Rs. 400 were collected at the place.

2. Mrs. Venubai Namjoshi attended the Jain conference at Phaltan and addressed the gentlemen's conference and the Jain ladies' meeting on the subject of female education.

3. A general meeting of the members of the Association was held at the house of Prof. R. P. Paranjpye to confirm the resolution passed at the last general meeting that unspecified contributions under Rs. 100 should go to the Current Fund.

A meeting of the managing committee was also held at the same place to transact routine business.

4. Mrs. Ramabai Paranjpye of Rajkot kindly sent 75 copies of "Ashram and Ashram-Dharma," a useful pamphlet in Marathi for distribution among the inmates of the Home.

5. At the end of the month, the Widows' Home school was closed for summer vacation after the Terminal Examination conducted by some members of the Managing Committee and some other friends. Dr. Bhandarkar and R. P. S. V. Patwardhan paid an inspection visit. Before starting for their native places, most of the inmates of the Home were taken

to see the Reay Paper Mill at Mundhwa near Poona. Thence the party went directly to Karla Station on their way to the Karla Caves. After spending a day there, they returned to the Karla station from which they took trains to their respective native places. Sir B. K. Bhatavadekar rendered great help in this Karla Caves trip. He arranged for lodging and boarding for this party of over sixty persons at the village near the Caves.

6. The following contributions deserve special mention: Rs. 200 from Shrimant Sardar Appasaheb Shitole of Gwalior, Rs. 190 from the Savantwadi Durbar, Rs. 100 from Shrimati Soubhagyavati Savitribai Saheb Bansode, of Indore, and Rs. 100 from Mr. Balaji Narayan Joshi of Jamnagar.

7. There were 70 visitors during the month. Of these, 20 were ladies, 42 gentlemen and 8 students. Among these, 28 came from Poona, 12 from Bombay, 12 from S. M. States, 9 from Central India, 5 from Gujrat, 2 from the Nizam's Dominions and 2 from Konkan.

8. The total number of contributors during the month was 471 and their contributions amounted to Rs. 1,971.

14th May, 1907.

KASHIBAI DEVDHAR,
Secretary.

* * *

INDIAN LADIES GOING ABROAD FOR EDUCATION.—It is gratifying to note that it is not Indian young men only who are going abroad for education in larger numbers, but the number of ladies also who venture to go to foreign countries for education is increasing markedly. One of the pioneers in this direction was the well-known poetess, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. Last year, two ladies from Bengal—Mrs. Sarala Mitra and Miss S. Das, the adopted daughter of Mr. Madhusudan Das of Cuttack and a Mahomedan lady from Bombay—went to England to be trained as teachers. We are glad to learn that Miss Sarojini Das, B.A., daughter of our friend Mr. Sadayacharan Das, who since her graduation was working as a teacher in the Brahmoo Girls' School, has just proceeded to England for completing her education. Sadayacharan Das has set an excellent example in determining to give his daughter the very highest possible education at a cost which for one in his position, is by no means very easy; and it is still more brave of him to send his only child to a distant land for education.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN ANCIENT INDIA.—Presiding at the prize distribution of the Peary Charan Girls' School, Sir Gurudas Banerjee spoke earnestly in support of Female Education. He said: "It is the women of the land that make the generation that is to be. It is the mothers who educate boys as well as girls, and if they be illiterate, how can we expect the nation to rise." He pointed out to the high standard of learning prevalent among women in ancient India and in substantiation of his statement, besides referring to the well-known instances of Gargi and Maitreyi, mentioned a very interesting fact, which is not generally known. The learned speaker stated that the Mitakshara, one of the best and most elaborate legal work, which regulates the law of inheritance of a large section of our countrymen, was

written by a Hindu lady. A recent number of the Bengali monthly magazine, the *Bharati* has an excellent article enumerating some of the women of ancient India who were famous for their learning, which we very much wish, should be published in a pamphlet form and distributed broadcast. Beginning at the Vedic times, it names some of the women who were among the writers of the Vedic Mantras. The 28th Shukla of the 5th Mandala of the Rig Veda was written by a woman whose name was Biswabara. Another woman contributor to the Rig Veda was Lopamudra, the wife of Agastya. The 19th Shukla was written by her. Similarly, the 125th Shukla of the tenth Mandala of the Rig Veda was written by a woman, Bak; she was the daughter of Ambrina. Coming to the times of the Upanishads there are the glorious examples of Maitreyi and Gargi. There was another learned woman at this period, the daughter of a Manu, Debahuti. From her childhood upwards her thirst for knowledge was so great, that though the daughter of a king, she chose a poor Rishi for her husband. Debahuti renounced the wealth and opulence of her father's palace to follow her husband in the forest and there in the solitary cottage spent her days imbibing all the learning of her husband. This Debahuti was the mother of Kapila, the founder of the Sankhya philosophy. Debahuti herself educated her son and moulded his thought, and much of the glory of the son is to be attributed to the mother. Buddhism, as is well-known, gave a great impetus to female education in India, and many were the women who rose to eminence in culture and spirituality during the Buddhist period. Among the missionaries whom Buddhism sent abroad were many women, of whom the name of Sangamita, the daughter of Emperor Asoka, is well-known. The name of another great woman emerges out of the darkness which shrouds Indian history at the epoch when Sankaracharya was formulating his philosophy. Sankaracharya had a great controversy with a famous contemporary theologian, named Mandan Misra. It was stipulated between them that whoever would be defeated would accept the discipleship of the other; and for the Judge they elected Bharati, the wife of Mandan Misra. At the close of the controversy Bharati declared in favour of Sankaracharya and Mandan Misra true to his word accepted the discipleship of Sankaracharya. The depth of the learning of the woman, who was elected to preside over the controversy of Sankaracharya and Mandana Misra can easily be imagined. And the way in which Bharati adjudicated between the competitors, giving the verdict impartially, even when it went against her husband proves conclusively the greatness of the woman. Bharati followed her husband in the discipleship of Sankar and rendered valuable services to him in his great work. Then there is the more widely known name of Lilabati, the mathematician. Lilabati was the daughter of Bhaskaracharya, and became a widow at an early age, whereupon Bhaskaracharya determined to give her a liberal education; she is reported to have grown to be an extraordinary mathematician. Similarly, there were Bhanumati, famous in the art of necromancy and Khana in astronomy. It is said that Khana learnt astronomy from the Non-Aryans; if it be so, she is all the more to be admired. Of course, this list is not exhaustive; but as it is, it recalls a glorious picture of a great past, and serves to prove beyond

doubt that the present ignorance and illiteracy of the Indian women is the disgraceful legacy of a later dark age. Those of our countrywomen of our own times, who have aspired to attain a high standard of culture and learning, in spite of the derisions and insinuations of the vulgar scribes and satirists and the opposition of the reactionaries, are introducing no innovation, but are only trying to revive the ancient traditions of India's womanhood. Those who object to higher education of women are ignorant of the history of ancient India.

News and Notes.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN CHINA.—That there has been a real awakening in China and the nation is determined to rise has been manifest for some time. It might yet be doubted whether, under the present regime and circumstances, any national regeneration would be possible. But the way in which the Chinese have begun work is encouraging, indeed. There are signs of true statesmanship and real wisdom directing the affairs of China. Much has been heard recently of the reorganisation of the army in China; but other reforms have been undertaken to which we attach greater importance. A tremendous step forward in the modernisation of China is involved in the regulations prepared by the Ministry of Education for the establishment of girls' schools, normal and primary, throughout the Empire. The scheme has received Imperial sanction. It provides for universal primary schools, while normal schools are to be founded first in the provincial capitals, then in the prefectural cities and finally in the country cities. As a rule, the schools will be Government schools, though private schools are to be encouraged, subject to official inspection. Foreign as well as native lady teachers are permitted. Very sensible regulations, evidently modelled on the example of Japan, forbid to the pupils the use of silks, satins, cosmetics and jewellery, and enjoin a simple mode of dress. The 'cruel and injurious practice of foot-binding is strongly discountenanced, while gymnasiums, exercise grounds, physical culture and general attention to health are provided for. Already a number of excellent girls' schools, with a large proportion of Japanese lady teachers, have been started in Peking and other capitals. The Chinese Government have thus proved that they understand what is meant by first things must come first. Social reform must form a prominent factor in any scheme of national regeneration.

THE CREATION OF WOMEN.—The following is taken from the *Yad-i-Baiz*, an Urdu monthly, published at Sikanderabad; "An ancient poet gives the following version of the creation of women:—The Almighty collected every kind of matter in one place, and out of its fermentation produced the souls of women. He made ten different kinds of feminine souls (1) those allied to pigs who are always dirty; (2) those allied to foxes, whose characteristic is cleverness; (3) those resembling female dogs, who are active but bark constantly; (4) those who partake of the nature of mud, and are

lazy spirited; (5) those resembling the sea, uncertain of mood and capricious in action; (6) those resembling the she-ass, who though lazy and stubborn do their appointed work through the stimulus of a husband; (7) catlike women, who try to flee from their husbands and are prone to hypocrisy and theft; (8) mule-like women, whose peculiarity is their external smartness (these are excellent toys for big folks, but a plague to ordinary husbands); (9) those related to tailless monkeys, who are totally vile and ugly; (10) those allied to honey bees, whose lords are truly lucky."

CHINESE GIRLS IN AN AMERICAN COLLEGE.—Resulting from the visit of the Chinese Imperial Commission to this country as a 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, the daughter of the Governor of the Province of An Lim, 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 Aze, of China, says that it is being watched women abroad depends largely upon the success of those sent to the Aurora College.

—Within the last six months 75 women have graduated from one automobile school as full-fledged chauffeurs. Their diplomas state 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, author, "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."

—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 longfelt wants. It is said to be cheaper to hire the boy to take the children out than to keep a nursemaid.

Mrs. Mildred D. Peters, of Wisconsin, is described as a natural mechanical genius. She has been working for more than three years in the Rice Lake Iron works, a foundry and machine shop owned by her husband. Mrs. Peters seems to have a natural talent for doing the various kinds of work required in a machine shop. She is a competent worker among

engines, familiar with all their intricacies, and can manufacture as well as run them. She has special skill in turning out clean castings, doing all the handling of the hot metal herself, and can even make her own patterns. Her husband says, "My wife is capable of taking entire charge of the business in case I should die. She can do anything that I can do in the shop."

Dr. Mary Stone, now visiting this country, is the only woman member of the Chinese Medical Association. She is one of the very few native Chinese women who have taken a medical degree in America. She graduated at Ann Arbor ten years ago, and has ever since had charge of the Danforth Memorial Hospital at Kiu-Kiang, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, about 500 miles from Shanghai. This hospital, endowed by Dr. Danforth of Chicago is well equipped, and treats about 14,000 patients annually. Dr. Stone's father was one of the earliest Christian converts, and perished during the Boxer troubles. His name was Shih which means stone, and his daughter adopted Stone as her name.

Miss Martha Berry, of Rome, Ga., is one of the most notable women in the South. Her father left her a comfortable fortune, with the bulk of which she established near Rome an industrial school for poor country boys. Beginning upon a small scale, she has interested other persons of wealth and philanthropy, not only throughout Georgia but in various parts of the country, until now her institution is developing into one of the greatest places of learning in the South.

Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch has been elected Justice of the Peace in Evanston, Ill.

Miss Jessie Mackay is considered the best woman poet of New Zealand.

Mrs. Deneen, wife of the Governor of Illinois, gave a reception to the suffragists who came from different parts of the State to attend the legislative hearing at Springfield last week.

Twenty-six women have just graduated from the law school of the University of New York.

Dr. Ella Mead has been appointed city physician for Greeley, Colorado. Dr. Mead is a graduate of Denver University Medical College and by competitive examination was at the Denver County Hospital.

Miss Margaret H. Maher, of Dalton, Mass., for some time past clerk in the office of Clerk of Courts, Cande, has been appointed assistant clerk of courts, to succeed the late Charles W. Strong, and has entered on her duties. Mr. Cande said "I am confident that the bar and the public will be served by Miss Maher with courtesy and efficiency."

Miss Hilda Smith, a reporter, while at work in the County Court at Denver on January 31, was suddenly summoned to serve on the jury in two divorce cases. She is reported to have said that she enjoyed the experience. It is certainly fitting that women should be on the jury in all cases in which women are involved. In Colorado women may demand to have

women jurors on their cases, and at any time the right which is in abeyance may be maintained.

The first lady engineer in Europe is Miss Cecile Butticar, a young Swiss lady who has recently passed sixth at Lausanne University in a list of twenty-four students in engineering.

One of the new students of the Woman's Medical College at Philadelphia is Miss Honoria Acosta, a native of the Philippines. In company with a friend she has spent the last two years in the Drexel Institute. Both girls won Government scholarships, Miss Acosta ranking first and Miss Sison third in the competitive examination in which all the rest of the 310 contestants were boys. They will spend three years more in study in this country and are pledged to then spend five years in the Government service.

Mrs. Florence Duley, of Des Moines, Iowa, was one of the first women to fit herself to be a funeral director. She made a special study of anatomy while teaching school, and when, shortly after her marriage her husband was required to take a State examination in that subject in order to secure a license. Mrs. Duley not only coached him most successfully, but secured a license herself, and now assists her husband by specially caring for women and children.

Mrs. Linda Jeal Julian, of Havana, Illinois, makes a specialty of training circus-riders and their horses, having herself been in the circus business for more than thirty years.

The Margaret Morrison Carnegie School for Women in Pittsburgh, is named for Andrew Carnegie's mother. Its chief aim is the technical training of housekeepers and home-makers and for women who desire to become self-supporting in the trades and other occupations.

Mrs. Elizabeth Davidson, of York Harbor, Me., on the death of her husband several days ago, assumed the duties of President of the National Bank of the county.

The first woman to receive a Bachelor of Laws degree from the University of Denver was Ann Hunt in 1894 and in the same year the University of Colorado conferred the degree upon Jeannette Bennett Dunham. These degrees pass without notice now-a-days, but these earlier honors, marking the breaking down of a great prejudice, are of historic interest.

Louisa Plympton, an eleven-year-old Boston girl, was the first to discover the danger at a recent hotel fire. She went through the corridors of the fifth floor where she was, and then of the floor above, rapping on every door and warning the inmates, until she was overcome by the smoke. She was rescued by firemen and, thanks to her courage, no lives were lost.

Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of the Nunnery of Sapwell, near St. Albans, England, was the author of the first book on anling in the English language, printed in 1496. She gave a list of twelve flies, and now, after a lapse of four centuries, artificial flies, constructed after her formulas, would prove as successful as any of the up-to-date creations, so says Country Life in America.

Miss Jennie W. Burbier, of Lynn, Mass., is said to be the only blind librarian in the world. She has been blind from childhood, but has made herself an accomplished musician, has translated books into Braille, and taught twelve blind persons to read and write Braille and other systems. In her native town are 90 adults totally blind, who only three years ago had no way of making themselves useful, but through the generosity and thoughtfulness of the late Elihu B. Hayes, a large room in the public library of Lynn is equipped with books for the blind, and Miss Burbier is its librarian.

The Empress of Japan has been reading some European plays, and does not approve of them. She is shocked by the freedom with which women in them express their sentiments in public, revealing their emotions, and even putting their handkerchiefs to their eyes and weeping before people.

Women physicians are employed in the Ohio State hospitals at Toledo, Cleveland and Dayton, and at the institution for epileptics at Gallipolis. The appointments are made by the Governor.

Twenty women were lately elected on ward school boards in Philadelphia. But Jane Campbell says that under the new system the ward school boards have very little power, and that this is one reason why it is easy to elect women to them.

Mlle. Le Clerc, a venerable French teacher in New York city, has left a legacy to promote the purification of French literature.

Ellis Meredith, the brilliant Colorado writer, has just brought out through Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, a new book called "Under the Harrow."

Belgium does not let women vote but Ghent has just appointed twelve women on the police force. Germany also refuses women a vote, but Berlin has for some time employed women as uniformed police whose duty it is to lead or carry home drunken men.

Mr. Schmidlapp, the well-known Cincinnati banker, has been moved by the Thaw trial to establish a fund of \$250,000 for the benefit of poor girls in distress, who need shelter or education.

An edict against trailing skirts has been issued at Prague. The city is suffering from a typhoid fever epidemic, due to an impure water supply, and it is held that trailing gowns help to spread the germs.

In each of two recent shorthand contests, one in this country and the other in France, a woman won. A Boston woman wrote 225 words a minute for 15 minutes, and another won the championship in typewriting. In the contest in Paris, a woman won over 150 competitors by writing 16,500 words in four hours.

Belgium was the first country to organize domestic training schools. The earliest was started there in 1889.

AMERICAN GIRLS IN TUNIS.

Miss Harriet May Mills has written a graphic description of Tunis to the New York News-Letter. She says in part:—

On all sides are Arabs, Berbers, Turks, Jews, and Bedouins in their fantastic costumes. They are of all shades of complexion from light-brown to the black of the foreign denizens of the Soudan. They sit Turkish-fashion on the sidewalks in the sun; they move to and fro in their noiseless fashion; they drive or ride camels and donkeys: they lounge in the cafes or lie asleep in the sun. One jostles them at every turn. Imagine this evermoving throng of strange people wrapped in burnouses or cloaks of every conceivable color, from light-pink, green or yellow to deep red or blue. They wear slippers without heels, go bare-legged, and have their heads wrapped in turbans of white or color, adorned with red fezzes or covered with the hoods of their burnouses.

Beneath the cloaks, one often catches glimpses of Turkish trousers and bright jackets richly embroidered in gold. Add to all this riot of color the French soldiery with zouave costume of red and dark blue, or the even more striking one of red trousers and light blue jackets, with gold epaulettes and embroidery.

Nor have we yet included the women, who are less numerous, but strikingly picturesque. They wear white trousers and jackets of white color, covered by a mantle or straight piece of white cloth wrapped about them. There are many Jewesses, clothed in white from head to foot. They wear a high-pointed dress of gilt, from which their mantles of white silk are hung. They are very fat, and are fed on a certain seed with honey to increase their size.

Mohammedan law forbids women to be seen abroad. It is only those who are driven out by dire necessity that one meets. Their faces are thickly-covered with two pieces of black veiling, between which is a little opening for the eyes. They also wear white, but have no head-dress under their cloaks. This style of dress has the advantage of never going out of fashion. It must involve a great deal of washing, as the white cloaks and trousers always look clean. Except for the head covering, the dress of men and women is much the same in style. But the lords of creation display more gorgeous costumes in public than the women.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN.

The Mohammedan religion makes no recognition of women as individuals or even human beings. Their position here is the one in which anti-suffrage principles if carried to their logical conclusion, would keep all women. No doubt the majority of these women are quite content.

The women are absolutely ruled by the men, having only the status of children from birth to death. They are denied all education. The schools are for boys only. They are not allowed to worship in the mosques. Men only have communion with God. They do not see the man they are to marry until the ceremony is performed.

While there are exceptions to these rules, they are the prevailing ones and seldom violated by the rich and influential Mohammedans.

ARAB HOMES.

We had the opportunity, rarely granted to foreigners, of seeing the Arab homes in Tunis. Our French teacher, a Parisian lady who has lived in Tunis nine years, was our cicerone. She took us first to the residence of a wealthy Arab who has a high official position among his people, serving as Governor of a district. He lived beyond one of the old city gates in the Arab quarter, which is a net-work of narrow, winding streets, bounded by walls.

The entrance door was ajar on this sunny afternoon. Within we could see the master of the place reclining on his long settee in a small room off the entrance hall. It was hung with yellow of a bright shade. This little chamber was the only room on the ground floor. The family life is usually on the upper floors removed from the street, entered only through thick doors of solid wood. The stables were next the hall in this house. Our host led us up a handsome flight of marble stairs. Above was a large central room with a skylight. A table stood in the centre, and against the wall was a cabinet containing some china and brass coffee pots. These people do not sit in chairs, but squat on their knees on the floor. They do not have much furniture in their houses, or any pictures on the walls. Off this main room, which had beautiful walls of faience, opened the bed rooms, small apartments without windows or doors. Curtains hung at the openings into the central room. Beautiful inlaid bedsteads, and couches covered with rugs or matting, were the furniture. Everything was scrupulously neat. Across the stairway landing was another room without a roof. It was very beautiful, with its marble floor white as snow and the blue sky for its ceiling. More windowless chambers opened from this room. This is the typical Arab house, with no windows, no doors, little furniture, and the main rooms open at the top. Such a style would only be possible in a warm and sunny country.

The most interesting part of the house was the few inmates who were permitted to see. The cook was in the dark kitchen, preparing vegetables, without chair or table, squatting on the floor. The wives were no doubt in an innercourt beyond those we saw. The man called to his daughter from the stairway. In a moment a stout, overgrown girl of about sixteen appeared. She wore white trousers and a short jacket, with white stockings with heelless slippers. Around her neck was a long gold chain. Her face was pleasant, but unintelligent. She

seemed like a child of six or eight. We may have been the first strangers she had seen. She was so delighted to see us that it seemed pitiful. She opened our jackets, looked at everything we had on, and felt of our fur collars. In a little while this child will be given by her father to her husband, who will keep her the rest of her days behind his four walls. She will simply be transferred from one prison to another. We could not talk with her or her father, but the host explained through our guide that the house was in some disorder, as he was preparing for the feast of the mutton, which would take place that week.

Madame then escorted us to another less pretentious home. A boy of about twelve appeared in response to our knock. An Arab woman does not even have the satisfaction of opening the street door! We had to bow our heads to enter the dark room, through which we passed, and then under another low beam into the court with its skylight. The family could only afford one floor, but its rooms were well removed from the street.

The boy spoke French. His mother was scrubbing the marble floor of the court. The father was dead. An elder brother, not at home, was the head of the house. In his absence this small boy was the lord and master. His mother continued to scrub. He showed us the rooms, bedrooms, and kitchen, all windowless and lighted from the court. Then he called his sister, a girl of about sixteen. She sat with us in a little room where there was a sofa, and her brother acted as interpreter. He also showed us some of his sister's clothes. He brought out some trousers of blue and white striped silk, a blouse to match and a purple velvet jacket embroidered in gold. This was the costume his sister was to wear at the feast of the mutton the next Thursday. She looked on and smiled while he showed it to us. Before we left, we were taken into a room with a table which, the boy told us, was the dining room of his brother. No woman is allowed to eat with her husband. In this family, no woman, nor even the young brother, could eat with the elder brother, who was the head. The poor overworked mother, having finished scrubbing, crouched on the floor of a small room, with an older woman whom we inferred to be a former wife. We went to say good-bye to her, and the boy escorted us to the door. In a dark place back of the kitchen was the poor sheep who was to meet his fate on Thursday.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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THE BROKEN ROAD

BY

A. E. W. MASON.

This new story by the author of "The Four Feathers" will arouse general interest. It deals primarily with India, and Mr. Mason has spent some time in that country in order to thoroughly acquaint himself with his mis-en-scene. The theme of the story is the Road,—the new Government road to the N. W. Frontier. That and a reigning prince who was declared by his uncle secretly to have sold his country to the British, and a half-crazed priest who preached a djehad. And so the opening chapters are concerned with an attack on the fort defending the Road, which "came winding down from the passes, over slopes of shale; it was built with wooden galleries along the precipitous sides of cliffs; it snaked treacherously further and further across the rich valley of Chiltistan towards the Hindu Kush, until the people of that valley could endure it no longer." After the siege and relief of the fort we are transported from the death-bed of Luffe, the old Political Officer whose very life was bound up with the Frontier and the Road, to England and the home of Mrs. Linforth, widow of another man whose life the Road had claimed, and we see how the same Road calls his son to it. That son was educated in England with the son of the Rajah of Chiltistan, and these two men and a woman are the chief figures on Mr. Mason's Canvas. Their story is told with that rare skill which the author's already brilliant reputation has led his readers to expect. It is no feeble romance of the might-have-been, but a plain tale of to-day written simply and strongly by a man who is learned in the study of human nature.

This book will be published in the autumn in Messrs. Bell's well-known Indian and Colonial Library, in paper and cloth covers.