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“BEHOLD! I STAND AT THE DOOR, AND KNOCK.”

“THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.” BY W. HOLMAN HUNT.

*See Picture—(Frontispiece).*

WAITING without, in the dark, full long—  
Why are the bolts of the door so strong?  
Who is the dweller, imprisoned, that leaves  
One so Divine 'neath the comfortless eaves?  
He Who provided that house must stand  
Pleading—as though He could not command!

Watching and knocking, ere dawn of day;  
Through the long noon; till the shadows lay  
Slanting at eve; while the golden lines  
Glinted their smiles through the darkening pines.  
Knocking and pleading, “Sweet Soul! unbar  
Thy door to Him Who hath come from far.”

Why didst thou slight Him the livelong day?  
Other than He had been grieved away.  
See how the Angels, on bended knee,  
Wait for His bidding, Who sues to thee!  
Couldst thou but see Him, so fair to view,  
Thou, at His feet, shouldst have waited, too!

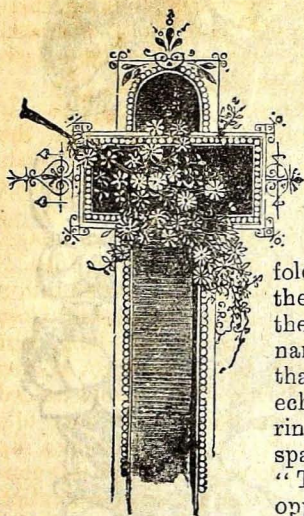
No need of banquet, where He shall sup,  
Life's true Elixir shall fill the cup.  
No need of lamp, for His smile shall light  
All the dim chambers now steeped in night.  
No need of viol nor harp, if He  
Whisper one word of His love to thee!

All unawares, it is said, to some,  
Guests, that were angels, have deigned to come.  
Honoured supremely, that homestead blest,  
Sheltering awhile such a heavenly guest.  
Say, what with this should their bliss compare  
If the Redeemer were supping there?

Then let me answer, “Dear Master mine!  
Wait Thou no longer—my heart is Thine.  
Enter my dwelling, my God! come in;  
Break the strong bolts and the bars of sin.  
Here, on my face, do I wait for Thee,  
Deign Thou for ever my guest to be.”



## The Spirit of Christmas.



IT was the hour of rest in this country below the stars. The hush of night had fallen on the city. Sleep had come to the many thousands with a darkening of the Vision and a folding of the wings of the Spirit. And yet to me the hush seemed pregnant with voices, voices that would not be stilled, echoes that seemed to ring into the limitless space beyond the Stars. "The earth is full of oppression and injustice, the arm of the

cruel falls heavier than that of the kind. The unjust flourish and the wicked are like a green bay tree. Poverty is mocked by arrogant wealth. Labour is held in contempt. Iniquity and pride stalk through the ranks. Purity is deflowered by violence. Gentleness is crushed under the relentless heel of the fierce-minded. The innocent are powerless, while the evil are triumphant." Such seemed to be the refrain that rang in my ears. Is it not all true? Is not this the meaning of life as we see it around us? Life is filled not only with the wickedness of humanity, but is also filled with sorrows, sorrows that come upon us unawares and break the spirit by their stunning vehemence, and which are relentless and like an adamant rock resisting all our feeble and unavailing efforts. Such is life in its true light. Man's heart is stirred with pity and sympathy for the sorrows of his kind. He would do something if he could, but he is tied, bound and helpless, and his heart rises in impotent fury against the injustice of it all. And then comes the question,—when man, a mere puppet, feels like this, is not the Creator moved by this injustice and oppression that fills the earth?

I seemed in despair: there was no answer that I could frame to my question. Everything seemed held in the bonds of cruelty and sorrow. In very despair I fled from the city and through the sleeping streets and ran on and on in blindness of mind and vision, till sheer weariness of aching limbs and panting breath made me throw myself on the ground; and, shutting out the vision of the serene stars that seemed to mock at my grief, I fell into

unconsciousness. But presently beneath the stars and across the shadows, came the soft chiming of bells which seemed to fall like dew upon the earth around; and voices answered these bells, the voices of the angels as they held their discussions;—and the question of their argument was the same that rang through my dulled brain. One answered in martial tones, "let there be war, let us cleanse the earth and let us beseech the Creator to create a new one." There came another, a soft silvery voice, "brother, wilt thou destroy these millions of people? Wilt thou not have pity? Will destruction bring happiness?" In response to this answered another, "I would bring more light, more knowledge, for wickedness is but folly in action and injustice is the error of the blind. Knowledge would clear doubts, would enlighten the mind and there would be more happiness. If there were more light, there would be less of sorrow. If philosophy enlightened the land, the evils of that torture of flesh would disappear." But gently came the answer, "knowledge does not secure from men weariness of the flesh. It does not relieve the mind. It does not bring happiness. It does not satisfy the craving, the yearning of the soul." "And then what does?" rang the question from many angel voices. In sweet response, in charmed accents, came the answer floating on the soft breeze. "Love, love is the only remedy. Hatred, contempt, and envy are the curse of life, the only remedy is love; the will to give and not to expect a return, to bless and not wait to be blessed." Such was the answer of a little child-angel; and all the other voices broke up the answer and the glad shout echoed far and wide. "God is Love," was the burden of the shout, the "Creator is Love," and with this I awoke and found the answer to my problem.

The dawn was just breaking in a dream of gold and scarlet, the little birds were singing, their poems of praise to their Creator. The earth was fresh with the night dew and the air rustled through the leaves in new life. All seemed at peace and there was peace in my heart. In the air was the ringing of soft chimes, the Christmas bells which spoke of peace and good will. Had not the Creator shown his love for us? The power of Love is in its sacrifice. Did not the Son of God come down to men and suffer the ingratitude and fickleness of men? Could there be a greater sacrifice? And, while we in our ignorance fight against the Divine Love of the Creator, the Universe is ruled by the love of the Creator, Whose guiding Hands lead us from darkness to light, from sorrow to real happiness, if we only will have the faith, the confidence, and the trust of a little child, entirely and wholly giving up our lives into those loving Hands. But we, in the pride of our minds, believing in the



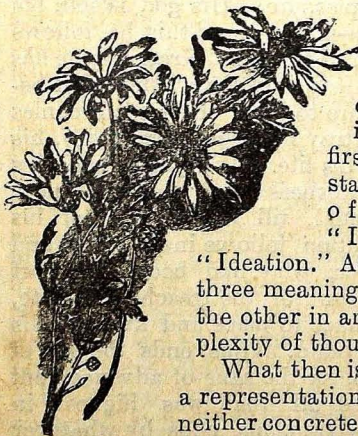
greatness of our little strength, are faithless, and trusting in ourselves. More faith and more love should be our motto in life, and peace, the Christmas angel, will always be our guest. Peace, that serene consciousness of mind and spirit, which is attained by the sacrifice of the eye, will be our portion and will teach us to reach a helping hand to our fellow-men in love and in sympathy. We must each in our own little sphere fulfil our duty. "Do thou fulfil thy work, but as yon wild fow! do—thou wilt heed no less the wailing,—yet hear through it angels singing"—such is the Spirit of Christmas, the spirit of faith and hope, which will give us fresh courage to wage war against the difficulties that beset humanity, and the spirit of love and peace, which is the crown of all happiness. May such be our portion this Christmas; may the Spirit of Him,

Who taught mankind on that first Christmas day  
What it was to be a *man*; to give, not take;  
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;  
To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live,

may that spirit fill each one of us this Christmas Season, so that in fellowship and in love we may clasp hands and greet each other with "A HAPPY CHRISTMAS."

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

## The Intuition of Things.



TO arrive at any definite conclusion regarding intuition, we must first clearly understand the meaning of the words, "Image," "Idea,"

"Ideation." As we shall see, the three meanings follow one upon the other in an ascending complexity of thought.

What then is an Image? It is a representation. In itself it is neither concrete nor tangible. It is the result of our power to bring again into the mind's horizon, sight, sounds, scent, or tastes that we have before experienced. For an image need not be an effect of visualisation only, though it is generally restricted to that meaning. As the mind's eye conjures up objects, so the mind's ear reproduces sounds, and the mind's taste, and smell, (if such expressions may be allowed) reproduces those functions. I shut my eyes and see an apple. I see the red and yellow

skin, the little marks and indentations on its surface. The light reflected from its polished contour. this is an image. I fancy myself smelling, tasting, and then dropping it. The smell, taste, and sound of the thud it makes in falling, flash through my mind and are also images.

Words do not necessarily recall images. If I simply say, "Bright Diamonds," only the words themselves appear in my mind; it needs an extra mental effort to visualise the object for which they stand.

An Idea cannot be formed without an image, though an Image can be had without an Idea.

Words are not necessary for the presentation of Ideas. They must also be distinguished from thought. We are thinking all day long, our brains are seldom still, but it does not follow that we are having Ideas. They would indeed be more frequent, if we indulged in less idle speculation and more reverie. An Idea is a dip into the Future. It is a forecast of a possible contingency, that may arise from a new combination of circumstances.

When the Ideational process takes place we have a group or series of Ideas. It is then that the mind begins its work: it can foresee consequences from past experience and modify them by present action, unlike perceptual activity, which can work only upon past experience. Ideation enables a man to work backwards from the Future, to guide his conduct by the light of events, still unenacted, but nevertheless perceived.

It is here that the grand difference between the mind of animals, and that of man comes in. An animal works only through Perceptual activity. This can only move forward from past to future, and take shape in bodily action, not mental action. An animal, it is true, can act deliberately at the call of certain circumstances, which past experience has taught it, will follow, but cannot construe, different modes of action, in the hope or certainty of getting new untried result. To man alone is this kind of work possible.

All construction to an end untried, except in the imagination, such as the shaping of tools, the invention of machines and experiments of all kinds, enables Ideation. No animal can invent. It may be argued that nest-building and other home-making instincts, show constructive power. This is a fallacy, however. The bird does not picture his nest, and then set to work to realise his idea: he is but a tool in the scheme of nature and works in obedience to instinct, without a thought of how or why.

Again, in the perceptual process, there is no means of comparison, wherewith to guide events and actions. Perceptual activity results only in action, and is strictly tied down to past experience and present circumstances.



Imagine a man and an animal, both placed in the difficult position of having to climb a tree with a slippery bark. The animal, after repeated attempts and failures, gives it up as hopeless. No other way than repeated attempts, presents itself to him. The man, on the other hand, after one or two fruitless efforts, gives up using his arms and legs and looks for assistance to his head. What is the reason of his failure? he asks himself. The slippery bark is the answer. What should it be like to render it accessible? Instantly a vision of the tree rough and notched presents itself, and he knows he must make the real like the imaginary, in order to attain his end. If he is determined and resourceful, he will pursue his train of ideas by making an instrument with which to make the tree like climbable trees. Here the man had comparison with other trees to guide him, but supposing all trees to be slippery, his intellect would still surmount the obstacle by inventing notches and footholds. There was a first bridge and a first ladder.

In Perceptual activity, the Universal is lost sight of; only the particular stands for the side issues, and consequences are not taken into account: direct cause and effect, perception and motion, are alone recognised. The Ideational mind, on the contrary, pauses and thinks, weighs, judges, and balances, shapes the future by the present, and the present by the future. To such a mind alone is the existence of a world and a personal self possible.

M. C. SIDGWICK.

## Romola—A Character Sketch.

**R**OMOLA stands out as one of the finest of George Eliot's works. To the lover of mere sensational novels, it does not appeal; to the readers of novels, who skim through the book for the sake of the plot, it will seem a weariness, but to the thoughtful reader it stands as a finished product, both in the delineation of characters and in the historical reproduction of an epoch in the history of Florence. We see in it the Florence of the middle ages, the Florence of the Medicis, and we feel that we are present at this political and religious struggle for freedom and independence of thought; we feel the fiery enthusiasm of Savonarola as he preached his stern doctrine that "Ease is the worst enemy of happiness," which was as gall to the luxury-loving Florentine. We are brought face to face

with conspiracies and treasons, with factions bitter and full of hatred towards each other. Such an environment forms the framework for the plot, and yet it does not stand apart, but is woven into the story with admirable skill and strength. We are told the same old story of love and life, old but for ever new, of "the currents that ebb and flow in human hearts, that pulsate to the same great needs, the same great loves and terrors."

Tito Melema and Romola are the two principal characters in the tale. The former is shipwrecked and finds a haven in Florence, where, by his wonderfully pleasing exterior and winning manners, he wins popularity and good fame. In course of time he is introduced to Bardo de Bardi, a well-known scholar of the time, but who, on account of his blindness and other unfortunate circumstances had fallen out of touch with society. He is carefully cherished by his daughter Romola. Tito, who by his scholarship wins the favour of Bardi, succeeds in getting the hand of Romola in marriage. At first it is a picture of youthful and ardent love. Gradually the whole tenour of Tito's character is changed for the worse. The first step in the deterioration of his character is when news is brought to him about the difficulties in which his adopted father, a man who had bestowed the wealth of his love, his genius, and his worldly goods on his adopted son, is living. Tito has some gems with him, which if sold would have been sufficient to ransom his adopted father. But he is in too luxurious a place to deny himself any pleasure. His god is self, his doctrine that of self-pleasing and this he follows with consistency and firmness. Gradually he has accustomed himself to this lower life and it becomes second nature to him. Hence it becomes easy for him to betray his friends, his party, his father-in-law and his life. And yet he schemes so well that he prospers and becomes more and more influential, till in the height of his prosperity, retribution follows in his wake, and his adopted father, who had become a sort of maniac on account of the treachery of Tito, hunts him from place to place and at last kills him with his own hand. Thus ends the life of Tito Melema, who, for the sake of advancement of self, renounced all that was highest in life, and tried to gain his ends by whatever means, however base, that came to his hand; and yet who was called before very long to answer with his life the trumpet call of Justice. "Justice" says the author, as the dead Tito is borne past, still locked in the death-grip of the human avenger—"Justice is like the kingdom of God: it is not without us as a fact; it is within us as a great yearning."

From Tito we turn to Romola—and we are taken into the presence of a noble, majestic and



queenly woman. There is no exaggeration in the portraiture of her character. In all the difficult circumstances, in which she is placed, she is perfectly natural, thoroughly noble, and of a queenly presence. She had been brought up in a peculiar way. Her father is a great scholar. When she was six years old, he had been stricken with blindness, and at the same time a great calamity befell him. His only son, a man of much promise, in whom he had centred all his hopes and his ambitions, becomes a monk and leaves the parental home. This embitters Bardi, and he shuts himself up in his home, shuns society and devotes himself entirely to his studies. His only friend during this time of darkness is Bernado del Nero, Romola's godfather. In such surroundings Romola's childhood and youth are spent; she is imbued with classic ideals; she has high aims and abhors every thing that is mean. She has entirely devoted herself to her father and has given up all the legitimate pleasures of youth. She lives in isolation and refinement. Her life is one of entire self-consecration. This early discipline we find fulfilling itself in later life. The same principle holds good, though her activities and sympathies have widened. She is first described in the book as follows:—"The one spot of bright colour in the room was made by the hair of a tall maiden of seventeen or eighteen, who was standing before a carved reading desk, such as is often seen in the choirs of Italian Churches. The hair was of a reddish gold colour, enriched by an unbroken small ripple, such as may be seen in the sunset clouds on grandest autumnal evenings." As such I always imagine her, a tall fair lily, with a statuesque grace and a grand deportment, that was a token of the grand simplicity and nobleness of her nature. Often her father fretted and bemoaned the fact that she was a woman, one who had not that fine scholarship, which, according to Bardi's belief, was man's birthright. But all weariness, despondency was checked and controlled by her as she looked at her blind father, and the woman in her asserted itself and made her path bright and her resolution steadfast. And this is what her father says of her:—Nay, Romola mia, I said not so; if I have pronounced an anathema on a degenerate and ungrateful son, I said not that I could wish thee other than the sweet daughter thou hast been to me. For what son could have tended me so gently in the frequent sickness I have had of late; and even in being thou art not contemptible. Thou hast a ready apprehension and even a wide-glancing intelligence—thou hast a man's nobility of soul; thou hast never fretted me with thy petty desires. Thou art my sweet daughter, and thy voice is as the lower notes of the flute, "*dulcis, durabilis, clara, pura,*

*secans aëra et auribus cedens.*" Such is the testimony of her father and in her life we find every word fully true.

Though Romola led such a protected life, yet we cannot speak of her as immature or undeveloped, for, in her life afterwards, we find the same essential principle. Her perception of the true and good is clear. Her aim is to live for others, even as Tito's was to live for self. Her charity is broad and gentle, yet so firm against everything that is mean and base. Everything lovable and admirable, everything bright and fair in womanhood, seems to combine together in Romola, and yet she is clothed in simplicity. She is like a nature-goddess. She is as clear-souled and pure as a child, yet she has the loveliness and sweetness of womanhood. When Tito is introduced to her as a scholar, she is taken by surprise. She had expected a gray-headed man, like all the other scholars who had come to her father. His glorious manhood, his affectionate manner towards her father, his generous, kindly acts make him an ideal in Romola's sight, and love comes to her, and with all the strength of her pure soul, with all the tenderness of her rich womanhood and with all the exquisite simplicity of her ingenious nature, she gives her love to Tito, and he is awed at the wealth that is so trustingly given to him. "He felt for the first time, without defining it to himself, that loving awe in the presence of noble womanhood, which is perhaps something like the worship paid of old to a great nature-goddess, who was not all-knowing, but whose life and power were something deeper and more primordial than knowledge;" such is the influence she exercises on Tito. To all the world though she appears cold, proud and self-controlled, yet she is as simple and as unreserved as a child in her love for Tito. Side by side with the satisfaction of her own longing heart lies the thought that she is giving her father a son to replace the one that had forsaken him. Thus ends the first part of the story. All is sunshine and love and trust. No shadow had yet threatened Tito, who was making himself secure in Florentine society, and Romola in happy confidence had given her love and her trust to Tito.

Romola's morality was learned from the classics. She did not understand the deep religious problems that were going on outside the walls of her father's home. The first time she comes in contact with them is, when her brother, the Dominican monk, sends for her when he is dying. For the first time, she sees Savonarola, whose personality exercises a strong influence on her, against which she struggles in vain. Her brother's last gift to her is a crucifix, which stirs curious thoughts in her, which are for the time however lulled by the dream of love which had come to her.



Meanwhile troubles had begun to befall Tito. The news of his adopted father was distressing, and yet he did not give heed. Gradually his life began to change. It was true that he did not do wickedly, because he loved evil deeds. His dread, at being discovered that he was a traitor to his father, generated no active malignity. He would still have been glad not to give pain to any mortal. He had simply chosen to make life easy to himself to carry his human lot, if possible in such a way that it should pinch him nowhere; and the choice had at various times landed him in unexpected positions. The question now was, not whether he should divide the common pressure of destiny with his suffering fellow-men; it was whether all the resources of lying would save him from being crushed by the consequences of that habitual choice. Romola perceives this change in Tito, not in a change towards herself, but towards her father. Yet she can make excuses for him. But, after her father's death, vague hints and rumours of the shadow of fear which haunts Tito seems to come to her. Meantime, the political parties were growing more and more bitter toward each other. Savanarola had appeared and begun his sermons against the debasing luxury and pleasure-seeking of the Florentines. Vast crowds came to hear him, and among these, was Romola, and sometimes, though vague doubts seized her mind, yet she repressed them, serene in the classic morality that her father had taught her..... But at last the conviction came borne upon her that Tito was false to her father. He had sold her father's library, the trust bestowed on him by the old man. She could not understand his faithlessness and his treason to the dead. He was not less loving to her, but this action of his betrayed his nature to her, and she stands appalled at the gulf that stretches between him and herself—the gulf that divides, as it were, truth and falsehood, heaven and hell—and this is what she asks her husband, when she learns that her library is sold. "You talk of substantial good, Tito! Are faithfulness and love and sweet grateful memories, no good?"

Is it no good that we should keep our silent promises, on which others build because they believe in our love and truth. Is it no good that a just life should be justly honoured? Or, is it good that we should harden our hearts against all the words and hopes of those who have depended on us? What good can belong to men who have such sons? To talk cleverly perhaps and find soft couches for themselves and live and die with their fair selves as their best companions. Such is the scorn of this woman against one that is ignoble; she had found her illusions gone, her dreams shattered. Part of Tito's nature is revealed, to her and she draws back in scorn.

After this, life with Tito becomes unbearable to her, her mind had never yet bowed to any obligation apart from personal love and reverence. She has no keen sense of any other human relations and all she has to obey now is the instinct to sever herself from the man she loves no longer. "Tito felt that she was hard and unforgiving, but he did not understand her nature. To Romola, the shattering of her trust in Tito, cuts the ground from under her and she is confused and blinded and is like the animal which would instinctively hide itself from its enemy. Besides this, the hard words that pass between them seem a degradation of her whole life. Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.

The end of all this is that Romola flees from her home. But not far from Florence, for an arresting voice holds her back. It is that of Savanarola, who places before her her duty: she struggles against his determination to make her go back, but she struggles in vain. "Who is so base as the debtor that thinks himself free" asks the Monk. "And you are flying from your debts, the debt of a Florentine woman; the debt of a wife;..... Of what wrongs will you complain, when you yourself are breaking the simplest law that lies at the foundation of the trust which binds man to man—faithfulness to the spoken word?" and thus Romola stands accused, judged according to her own judgment. And yet she pleads, but Savanarola is inexorable. He implores her to leave her own sorrows aside and to think of the sorrows of humanity, "and how, when the sword has pierced your soul, you say 'I will go away; I cannot bear my sorrow;' and you think nothing of the sorrow and the wrong that are within the walls of the city where you dwell: you would leave your place empty, when it ought to be filled with your pity and your labour. If there is wickedness in the streets, your steps should shine with the light of purity; if there is a cry of anguish, you, my daughter, you, because you know the meaning of the cry, should be there to still it. My beloved daughter, sorrow has come to teach you a new worship." And in answer comes the anguished cry wrung from an over-burdened heart. "My husband.....he is not.....my love is gone." Savanarola speaks to her still more about her duties and at last he holds up her country's needs to her, "My daughter, you are a child of Florence; fulfil the duties of that great inheritance. Live for Florence—for your own people, whom God is preparing to bless on the earth. Bear the anguish and the smarts. The iron is sharp, it rends the tender flesh. The draught is bitterness on the lips. But



there is rapture in the cup. Come back to your place!" ; and in a low prayerful cry the answer came, "Father, I will be guided, teach me : I will go back," and she went back to take up her cross. The appeal made to her did find response, as it was but the fulfilment of the law which she had perhaps at first unconsciously set before herself, viz., the consecration of her love for others. Thus ends the second part of the novel.

The third part deals with the growing bitterness of party-feeling. The city is plague-stricken, wasted by famine, and even by political factions. Romola's life is now the life of the people. She walks through the plague-stricken city like "the visible Madonna" blessing and blest wherever she goes. It is difficult to trace the various changes of her spiritual growths, but we see in her that she is becoming perfect through suffering. By the merest chance she discovers the existence of Tito's adopted father. Again she discovers that Tito had sinned against herself and had broken faith with her. She discovers little Teresa, an ignorant trusting little peasant girl, whom Tito had by mock ceremonies led into believing that she was married to him. Yet, under all these trying circumstances, she remains steadfast, bearing the burden of her cross without murmuring. She seeks comfort from none for herself. She bears her anguish herself. Now and again it breaks forth in appeals to Tito, appeals in which she tries to save him from his wrongdoing. All love between them is at an end, but her instinct of protective tenderness still urges her to claim him from his downward path. We cannot but help thinking that Romola does find comfort in her life of ministry to the people. "We see" says a critic, "rather by result than in operation how her path of voluntary self-consecration, of care and thought of all save self, of patient, silent, solitary endurance of her crown of thorns, is brightening more and more toward the perfect day." But now comes the climax. The foulest of all foul treasons is when Tito betrays Romola's noble old grandfather. He himself is safe, but Bernado del Nero, and a few others of his friends are condemned to die. Thus, the last ties to the past are broken. Romola tastes to the full the bitterness of life. Once again she resolves to flee, and now there is no arresting voice to call her back. She has lost faith in Savonarola, because he had forfeited his right to it. The pupil had grown stronger in faith than the teacher. The last words exchanged between the two show us the difference in their relations. "The cause of my parting," says Savonarola, "is the cause of God's kingdom." "I do not believe it" is the reply of Romola. "God's kingdom is something wider, else let me stand without it

with the being I love." These words show the difference. Her self-renunciation has become simpler, purer and greater and more entire than his. All trust now being taken away from her, she loses her hold in things for a while. With the sinking of high human trust, the dignity of life sinks too: we care to believe in our own better self since that also is part of the common nature which is degraded in our thought; and all the finer impulses of the soul are duller. Romola feels even the springs of her once active pity drying up and leaving her to barren egoistic complaining. Had not *she* had her sorrows too and few had cared for her, while she had cared for many. She had done enough; she had striven after the impossible—and was weary of this stifling crowded life. She longed for that repose in mere sensation, which she had sometimes dreamed of in the sultry afternoon of her early girlhood. This is the crisis in Romola's life. She lays down her arms in sheer weariness of body and spirit, she has no more strength left in her to struggle.

So, getting a boat from an old sailor by the shore of the blue Mediterranean, she unfurls the sails and slowly drifts away on the bosom of the ocean. "And so she lay with the soft night air breaking on her while she glided on the water and watched the deepening quiet of the sky. She was alone now; she had freed herself from all claims; she had freed herself even from that burden of choice, which presses with heavier and heavier weight when claims have left their guiding hold. Had she found anything like the dreams of her girlhood? No. memories hung upon her like the weight of broken wings that could never be lifted—memories of human sympathy which even in its power leaves a thirst that can never be quenched. Romola felt upheaved in those wide spaces of sea and sky. She read no message of love for her in that far off symbolic writing of the heavens, and with a great sob she wished that she might be gliding unto death." But it is not to be. In sheer weariness she has fallen asleep. Her waking is into new surroundings. She has landed at a spot where plague is raging, when the village people had taken up distant vantage places and had refused to help each other. Here is new work for her and a new ministry. With cheerfulness she takes up her duties. All great problems slip from her mind and she has time only to think of the present needs to relieve the present suffering. This proves her salvation. Again, we see her devoting herself to others, and patiently ministering in love and lowliness, amid poverty, danger and death. In this sphere the noble spirit once more recovers, the weary heart once more takes fresh courage and she knows that her bond to



Tito can never be broken, and she comes back to him not "in joy or in hope, but in that which is deeper than all joy and hope, in love." Her charity has become widened. For herself she still abhors everything mean and base, but she has learnt to have sympathy with those who have fallen, and she returns to take up her stand once more beside him, to help him to be his true self again. But death has solved this problem himself. Tito had fallen into the avenging hands of his adopted father and had met a cruel death. No reproach of him, no contempt of him is shown. No joy is expressed at his death. She gives away the money for which Tito had laboured. She seeks and finds Teresa and her children and succours them. She takes up her service of love and duty to humanity and she walks once more through the city as the visible Madonna.

"Of the after life little is told us, but little needed to be told. We have followed Romola thus far with dulled intelligence of mind and soul, if we cannot picture it clearly and certainly for ourselves. Love that never falters, patience that never questions, meekness that never fails, truth clear and still as the light of heaven, devotedness that knows no thought of self, a life flowing calmly as though whatever of sorrow and disappointment may remain is toward the perfect purity and blessedness of heaven. Few, we think, can carefully study the character and development of Romola del Bardo and refuse to endorse the verdict that Imagination has given us no figure more round and complete in every grace and glory of feminine loveliness." Such is the just verdict of a critic and to those who have carefully and thoughtfully read George Eliot's work, Romola will but endorse it.

H. KRISHNAMMA.

"Earth's crammed with Heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God,  
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes.  
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries,  
And daub their natural faces unaware  
More and more from the first similitude."

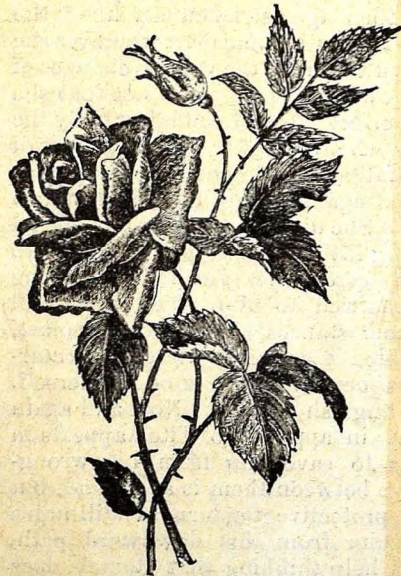


## Maxims and Mottos for Home and School Teaching.

FROM SACRED WRITINGS.  
ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

BY LADY BENSON.

III:



**D**EATH and life are in the power of the tongue. Prov. XVIII. 21.

"Do all things without murmurings and disputings."

Philippians II. 14.

"Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it."

Psalms 34. 14.

"Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good."

II Chron: XIX. 11.

"Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."

Proverbs XXIII. 21.

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

Proverbs XX. 11.

"Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of Judgment."

Matthew XII. 36.

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men, avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

Proverbs IV. 14-15.

"Envy thou not the oppressor, and choose none of his ways."

Proverbs III. 31.

"Every word of God is pure; He is a shield unto them who put their trust in him."

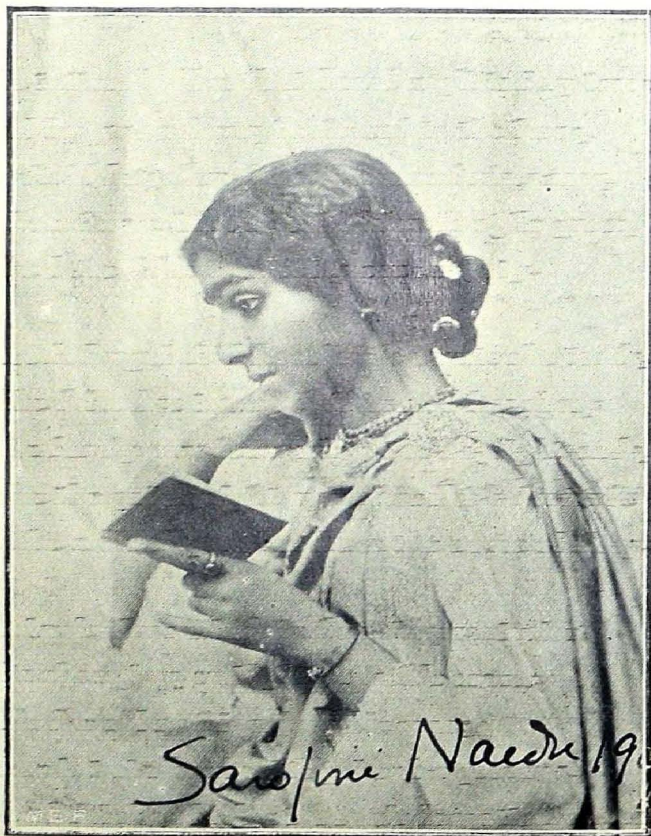
Proverbs XXX. 5.





LADY BENSON,  
An Influential European Lady of Madras.  
Who is contributing a useful series of alphabetically-arranged sacred *Maxims*  
and *Mottos* for our magazine.  
(See Editorial Note).





The latest photo of MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU.



"Flee youthful lusts, but follow righteousness, faith, charity, and peace."

II Timothy II. 22.

"Fornication, and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not be once named among you."

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Matthew XVI. 26.

"Fear God, and keep His Commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

Ecc. XII. 13.

"For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little."

"For the ways of man are before the Lord, and he pondereth all his goings."

Proverbs XII. 21.

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."

"Godliness with contentment is great gain."

I Timothy VI. 6.

"Great peace have they which love Thy law."

Ps. CXIX. 165.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise. Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

Pro. XII. 6.

"Give alms of what God has bestowed on you."

Koran, Ch. 3, v. 47.

"Honour thy father and thy mother, which is the first Commandment, with promise, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the Earth."

Prov. XIV. 17.

"He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand."

Prov. X. 4.

"He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind."

Proverbs XI. 29.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Proverbs XIII. 12.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise."

Proverbs XIII. 20.

"He that is slow to anger appeaseth strife."

Proverbs XV. 18.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Proverbs XVI. 32.

"He that hath knowledge spareth his words."

Proverbs XVII. 27.

"He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man."

Proverbs XXI. 17.

"Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them."

Colossians III. 19.

"Happy is the woman that findeth wisdom: her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Proverbs III. 13-17.

"Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king."

I Peter II. 17.

"He that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips, that they speak no guile."

I Peter III. 10.

"Humility and courtesy are acts of piety."

Traditional saying of Mahomed.

"He that loveth wine shall not be rich."

Prov. XXI. 17.

"He that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

Proverbs XIII. 24.

"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."

Prov. XXIX. 18.

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

Prov. XXVIII. 13.

"Fear the words of the wise: for it is a pleasant thing if thou keep them within thee."

Prov. XXII. 17-18.

"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Micah VI. 8.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet  
breathing."



## THE INDIAN GIPSY.

In tattered robes that hoard a glittering trace  
Of bygone colours, broidered to the knee,  
Behold her, daughter of a wandering race,  
Tameless, with the bold falcon's agile grace,  
And the lithe tiger's sinuous majesty.

With frugal skill her simple wants she tends,  
She folds her tawny heifers and her sheep  
On lonely meadows when the daylight ends,  
Ere the quick night upon her flock descends  
Like a black panther from the caves of sleep.

Time's river winds in foaming centuries  
Its changing, swift, irrevocable course  
To far off and incalculable seas;  
She is twin-born with primal mysteries,  
And drinks of life at Time's forgotten source.

*Sarojini Naidu.*



## Paul Jodrell's Experiment

By G. Q.

### A STORY.

MY friend Paul Jodrell is dead, and I can now write down freely and fully what I know of that terrible night, in which I was fated to see the passing of this strange personality. Paul Jodrell, my friend, is dead.

Although cut off in his thirty-seventh year, his was a reputation that is to this day world-wide. In every seat of learning the researches and discoveries of this young man in the field of chemistry and physiology are daily paraded before thousands of light-headed students. Yet, for all his fame, he was known to very few, and these few thought him eccentric to the verge of madness, and I, who knew him best, did not greatly wonder.

How can I adequately describe to you such a man as Jodrell? Among a thousand you would have turned to look again at him. He was tall, as thin as a rapier, sallow complexioned, clean-shaven, with a profusion of glossy black hair smoothly brushed away from a massive brow like white marble veined with blue. I can say all that, but I despair of conveying an adequate impression of this man, my friend. The distinguishing feature was his eyes. Under abnormally bushy black eyebrows, in deeply sunk caverns, these burned and glittered with a fire unnatural and weird.

Whether or not I was obsessed by a presentiment of coming ill I do not know, but the last time I saw him before the final phase I remonstrated with him with an energy which surprised me.

We were standing together in his laboratory, and Jodrell held a small phial in his hand. In this there sparkled some volatile fluid of a deep ruby colour, and as he held it up to the light there was that in his eyes which made me exclaim almost in horror:

"Paul, Paul! for God's sake, cease this cursed quest, or you will end in an asylum!"

He faced me for a moment, then, as if impressed by my emotion, he laid down the bottle carefully and said, "My dear Ridgway, what would you have me do?"

"Do!" I exclaimed, "why! send all these flasks and tubes and bottles and things to—to

Jericho, and bring out those musty fusty tomes that you say are fourteenth century Arabian manuscripts and let us have a royal blaze."

"Ah, dear friend," he said slowly, "that is almost the course I am about to take."

"Thank God!" I said, much relieved.

"But one moment, dear Ridgway, my best, my only friend. Success doesn't lie this way," and he waved his long arms round the laboratory. "The Elixir of Life of which Oman here speaks lies not in drugs and essences. But that there is a hidden force which will keep death at bay—indefinitely—I am assured, and in a few weeks or months, I, Paul Jodrell, will have prized the great secret of nature."

He spoke with intense earnestness, and I shuddered as I gazed fascinated into those snake-like eyes. He dashed the phial of ruby liquid to the floor.

"Not there, not there," he muttered, gazing at the blood-red splash. "Death is only possible, owing to the ignorance of the human mind, and the feebleness of the human will. Soon I shall lay my finger on the door of that secret chamber, and wrench that door open that all may enter."

In a moment his mood changed. He was the mad scientist no longer, but the old Paul I knew and loved. His eyes still gleamed uncannily under the incandescent lamps it is true, but the smile of the dear old Jodrell suffused the wan face. "Ridgway," he said quietly, "I am to be married in three weeks' time."

"You!" I gasped.

"And why not?" and he turned to me with a face from which every trace of colour had fled. He tried to smile, but the momentary gleam died out, and a look of unutterable anguish filled his eyes. I saw there was some appalling tragedy underlying his announcement.

"And who—who—?"

"You would ask who is the lady so fortunate. Ah, friend, I know her name. I have seen her once—only for an hour. Her name is a sweet one—Madeleine Lascelles, and her home is at the Chateau Gounod, in the forest of Versailles.

"You have seen her once, and that only for an hour?" I queried



"It was long enough for our—for my purpose, and I beg you to say no more about it."

He turned to the laboratory table again, and I took the hint. There was always a something in Paul Jodrell that said "thus far and no farther."

To say I was surprised but feebly described my feelings. Jodrell was a strange man I knew, but his strangeness had taken an unexpected turn. I could not understand it at all. I lay for nights trying to puzzle out its meaning. It could hardly be a case of love—of that I was almost certain. Good God! was it for some dark experiment? What if it should end in death, would I be an accessory before the fact? Plainly I must do something. But what to do I knew not.

And yet again, I thought, Paul Jodrell was quite master of himself. He had a morbid taste for occult studies, but it was only the bent of genius. It might be all right after all. Who was I that I should poke my nose into other people's affairs? So, I let the days slip past in the attitude of "masterly inaction."

As the days sped, bringing me no word of Jodrell, I began to wonder if, after all, it had not been a hideous nightmare. Once or twice I called at his house in Baker-street, but the reply was that he was in his laboratory and could see no one. But at length a day came when I was told that he had gone to France for a few days. The three weeks of which he had spoken had almost expired, and brought no word of Jodrell. I began to think, almost to hope, that the unnatural union would not take place.

And thus nearly six months slipped out of my life—and his—and only at rare intervals did I think of Jodrell and his romantic wedding. He had given up his rooms at Baker-street, and vague rumour had it that he had bought a charming little estate up the river some fifteen miles from the city. I could have played the part of detective had I chosen, but when a friend of mine drops a veil over his life, far be it from me to pluck it aside or try to peer within.

I sometimes heard a word or two of Jodrell from Jellicoe, a common friend, but even he, poking, inquisitive journalist that he is, had ceased to speak much of him now. But one day when the year was drawing to its close, Jellicoe burst into my consulting-room, bringing with him a fair sample of a genuine brown London fog that made artificial light necessary at noon-day.

"What's all the hurry, Jellicoe?" said I looking up, "have you fallen heir to a fortune?"

"No such luck," he said, as he flung himself down on a chair by the fire. "Poof! what beastly weather. I declare old Sol is playing a low-down game," and he coughed violently.

"Is the fog in your throat?" I quizzed.

"Throat!" he exclaimed, "it's in my very marrow! And to think we must be cooped up here and the sun shining at Teddington."

"Then go to—Teddington," I said, turning to my table.

"Pon my soul, I'll take a run down and see Jodrell, I think," he replied imperturbably. "Have you heard the news?"

"If it's about Jodrell, not a whisper," I answered with interest; "he may be dead for all I have heard."

"Dead!" Jellicoe exclaimed, "he's not that sort of new potatoes. He's all alive, and Mrs. Paul, too. They're as happy as love birds or turtle doves, cooing to one another all day long in the lanes and bosky dells around Moat House."

Jellicoe struck a dramatic attitude. He likes to surprise me.

"What do you think of that for a surprise packet?" he said.

"What have you heard?" I asked eagerly. He turned on me a look of bland, blank indifference. "Nothing, nothing; but mine eyes have seen."

"Do tell me what you know," I pressed.

Again he looked at me blankly. "Flannery, he said, 'take my word for it you'll hear from Jodrell, or at least about him, before the year is out, and this is the twenty-first. You'll hear, or my name's not Jellicoe.'"

He left me as abruptly as he had entered, but I knew his little way. Still, he had whetted my curiosity, and I did wish the fellow would come back.

Two days before Christmas I had a long telegram from Jodrell. Jellicoe's words flashed into my mind, and I trembled with a strange feeling of impending calamity as I tore open the flimsy envelope. It was quite a clear message, yet it failed to dispel my haunting fears. "Dear Flannery," it ran, "I am now ready. I want you to run down here for a few days—at least one week. We are very quiet here, but you will get a ready welcome. The crowning experiment is at hand, and I am confident of its ultimate success. But I want no witnesses yet awhile, only your dear old self. Now be sure and come to-morrow—Christmas Eve."

Friendship, curiosity, perhaps the love of adventure, decided for me that I should go. And yet my projected holiday gave me no pleasurable feelings, rather was I filled with foreboding dread—a presentment of coming calamity; and I could not shake it off, try as I might.

My mood was matched by the weather. Christmas Eve broke dull and cheerless. A thick drizzle was falling, as, well on in the afternoon, we steamed out of Paddington Station, and this followed us all the way to my destination. As



the early twilight was falling I stood on the way-side platform and absently watched the lights of the disappearing train, feeling very much as if I had burned my boats. "How far is it to Moat House, please?" I asked a passing porter.

He leisurely took off his cap and jerked the rain from the rim. "Ababt five miles, sir," he answered. "Be you a-goin to walk? It's an 'orrid night."

"Is there any trap at the station for me?" I inquired.

"Bless you, no sir," he replied; "t'new laird has no hoss as I knows on, an' nobody ababt the house, 'cept old man Jenkyns. But, sir, you be sure to get a fust-rate turn-aht at the Blue Pavilions as'll tike you there in no time. Tell 'em I recommended you, sir. Are you stayin' long, sir?" and he eyed me curiously.

To this inquisitive query I gave no answer, and half an hour later I drove off in a neat dog-cart, and the night came down upon us.

"Here is the entrance, sir," said my driver, "but no one lives in the gate-house now."

I descended to examine the iron doors, but they were fast locked and chained together. Somehow this added to the depression that hung over me, and I was almost on the point of returning to town. But I decided to proceed, and having paid my fare bade the man drive off. With a feeling of nervousness I listened to the fast dying hoof sounds, then, grasping my heavy bag, I hastened up the avenue.

It was a dark, eerie place. I could hardly see my way between the dripping trees. The ground was overgrown with grass and soft yielding moss, and I made no sound as I laboriously plodded along. I fancy fifteen minutes' walking brought me to a curve in the avenue, and I thought I saw a faint light ahead. Coming closer I perceived that I had arrived at the Moat House, a tall, gaunt mansion of sinister aspect, surrounded by an empty ditch or moat, from which doubtless it received its name.

By the gleam from the fanlight over the door, I picked my way over a narrow wooden bridge, which rang with a hollow sound under me. As I felt among the rank growing ivy for the bell handle, I heard an unsteady step in the hall, and immediately the large door creaked open, letting out a flood of light. In the dazzling glare I distinguished my host. I gave a start of surprise, for I had hardly looked to see such a change in any man. He seemed to me to have grown inches taller, but this was owing to his extreme emaciation; while the unearthly pallor of his skin made me feel as if a spectre and no man stood before me. His hair had been allowed to grow, and, raven black, hung down upon his shoulders. His glittering eyes shone like twin stars in a mirk, dark sky, and as I grasped his

skinny hand I shivered at the cold dankness of it.

"Thank God, you have come at last," he said fervently, as he led the way across the carpetless hall. He turned suddenly to the right, and ushered me into a very large room, dimly lit by one lamp in a sconce on the wall, augmented by the fitful glare of a huge log fire which cast its flecked shadows on the sombre walls. The room was very high wainscotted with carved oak, dark with age. The walls were innocent of any kind of decoration, but there was an incongruous luxury in the thick pile carpet and the divan and chairs richly upholstered. I sank down in one of these and stretched out my hands to the blaze.

"Pardon me, my dear fellow," he said, "how stupid I am. Come this way."

He led me to my bedroom, which was furnished in the same luxurious style. Near the fire there stood an old-fashioned escritoire, on which were piled many magazines and books.

"Ah, Paul," I exclaimed, "this is indeed thoughtful of you."

Jodrell left me without a word, and when I descended to the dining-room I found him seated at the fire, enveloped in a quilted and padded dressing-gown.

"Come, friend," he said, "eat, and I will tell you my plans."

He seated himself directly opposite to me and placed the lamp so that it shaded his face and shone on mine.

When I had finished, he pushed a box of cigars towards me and leaned heavily on the table. From some part of the house I heard a low hollow sound followed by the banging of a door. He looked at his watch eagerly, and muttering some words I could not catch, walked, or rather glided out of the room.

Soon he returned with a huge leather-bound folio in his arms. He laid the massive volume on the table and looked hard at me.

"I know what you would say, brother," he whispered, "but I am not mad. But, my dear Flannery, the secret which for ages has lain buried here," and he pointed to the book, "is mine, mine, mine!"

I shrank from the steely glitter of his eyes as he continued. "But Ridgway, I must tell you all from the beginning, for time presses," and again I heard that muffled hollow sound. "Death and the grave are conquered, conquered, conquered!" and he waved his long arms in his tense excitement. In another moment, by a superhuman effort, he calmed himself and resumed:

"You know that Madeleine became my wife exactly six months ago to-day. You were surprised when I told you of the coming wedding, and I do not wonder. It was no love match.



Ha, ha! not on either side. It was purely in the interests of science. She, my wife that was to be, was sore stricken by—I use the common word—by consumption. She was doomed, humanly speaking. Now you know why I chose her. As soon as we came here, the experiment began. Believe me, Flannery, I do not cry down drugs or fresh air or sunlight as a force to restore diseased tissue and arrest decay, but this is far, far more than the postponement of death. It means the death of death, Flannery; that the last enemy is at length conquered. All these six months the experiment has been going steadily on. My wife was a passive tool in my hands. She was no more to me than a complicated piece of mechanism—an organism—and I set to work. My aim from the first was not to cure, but to watch the success of my experiment in the last stages of dissolution. I callously allowed Madeleine to get weaker. I had no qualms about it, man, I even chafed at the slow progress of the malady! At last I was assured of success. At will I could banish every symptom of the disease that was slowly killing her, at will I could allow these symptoms to return. I played with death as a cat plays with a mouse. I laughed in my glee as I watched the progress of the malady. I listened with a fiendish delight to the hollow cough which came when I wanted it, and departed at a thought from me. I proved that, when she was under the influence of my will, all her functions were absolutely normal—heart, temperature, respiration, everything.”

He was working himself up to a high pitch of nervous tension, and waved his long arms as he spoke. Then he rose and sank on a cushioned fauteuil.

“But, ah! Flannery,” he groaned, “I could not foresee this appalling end to all my experimenting. As I say, she was no more to me than a cat, but within these last weeks she has become to me the light of my life, the sun of my soul. Oh, God, my very existence is bound up in that lovely form! And I am wracked with anguish intolerable. I love her, oh, I love her, and she is dying. Oh, my heart is torn, my brain is fire! Oh, Madeleine, Madeleine, come to me.”

These last words were uttered in low intense tones, as he flung himself back among the cushions. My nerves were quivering in excitement, I turned instinctively and gazed towards the door in the shadow. And oh, horror! it slowly opened, and in the faint light I saw a woman's form. Tall was she, and fairer than any earthly form, clad in a white clinging gown, high-waisted, diaphanous. Her hair, which glowed red in the faint lamp-light, was coiled on her head in thick folds. With very slow

step she walked towards the mullioned window, not deigning so much as to look at either of us, and with a sigh almost inaudible she sank down upon a chair.

Jodrell was at her feet in a moment. As he knelt, he looked up into the white, vacant face. “Madeleine, my darling, speak to me, speak to my friend, Madeleine, my life.”

Immediately she rose to her feet and looked eagerly towards me. As I took her outstretched hand, she opened her mouth to speak, but her utterance was choked in a painful hollow spasm of coughing which lasted for quite a minute.

“Oh, God!” Paul cried in agony, “I cannot bear it. Madeleine, sleep, my beloved.”

The coughing ceased at the word, and the glassy look returned to the eyes. The outstretched hand dropped listlessly to her side, and she turned away with a long quivering sigh. “You see it all now, dear friend,” he said, the beads of perspiration standing on his blue-veined brow. “At a word I can keep the fell disease at bay—indefinitely I think, though as yet I have not tried for more than forty-eight hours. To-morrow I intend to begin my final experiment. But oh! the heart torture of it all. While she is awake, she is mine, mine, but death has his loathsome hand upon her. She is mine for a week, a day, an hour. Asleep as you see her now she is mine for ever, and yet she is not mine, for she is *me*. Oh! this agony is appalling,” and he covered his face with his wasted hands and sobbed like a great wearied child.

In a few minutes he grew strangely calm. “Ridgway,” he said, “from very exhaustive research I have come to the melancholy conclusion that six days at most will witness the end—not the triumph, but the overthrow of death. At midnight we begin. I have sent for you, to witness with your own eyes the wonderful climax of years of study. I shall awake Madeleine exactly at half-past eleven, and she is in your professional hands for thirty minutes. Make a thorough examination and tell me the truth.”

I shrank from the ordeal with loathing; nevertheless some of his enthusiasm communicated itself to me, and I agreed.

At half an hour before midnight I stood with Jodrell in his bedroom. By the side of the bed had been placed a luxurious armchair with many downy cushions. A table replete with the very newest clinical instruments stood by. Jodrell strode up and down the room watch in hand, and exactly at the half hour he whispered, “Madeleine, my darling, come to me.”

I heard the sound of a soft footfall on the stair, and the tall figure entered. Her face was lit up in a radiant smile. She came straight to Paul and threw her arms round his neck.



"Oh, my love, my love," was all she said, and her voice was wondrous sweet.

He placed her in the fauteuil among the soft fleecy cushions and knelt beside her, holding her thin little hand in his. Then he rose and reverently kissed the broad forehead. She drew his head to her bosom, but just then a fit of coughing seized her.

"Madeleine, oh! quick, Flannery, I cannot bear it," he shrieked, and rushed from the room.

I need not enter into my movements during that half hour. She was dying. Of that there could be no shade of doubt. Soon Jodrell returned. He strode up to his wife. "Sleep now, my darling," he said, softly, and immediately the breathing of the dying woman became perfectly regular.

"Your opinion?" he asked.

"Two or three days will surely see the end," I answered, without hesitation.

"Ah! I know it," he answered; "but three days will see the triumph." And there was a fire in his eye that made me shudder.

"Now, Ridgway," he continued more calmly, "promise me you will not leave me till the hour of crowning triumph is over."

.....  
Faint and far came the words of the old-world chant:

"Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,  
Born is the King of Israel."

It was Christmas morn.

Once more I carefully examined the sleeping woman. I was hardly prepared for the startling results. I could find nothing wrong with the patient. I tried all means of detecting the presence of the malady from which I knew she was suffering, but everything was perfectly normal.

"Jodrell, this is wonderful," I exclaimed. "If these conditions are maintained, nature must ultimately assert itself in complete restoration."

"Ah, no, Ridgway," he answered sadly, "for long I had hoped it might be so, but the same occult force that checks the progress of the malady equally checks the healing processes of nature."

We talked far into the night, and except for an almost imperceptible movement now and then Madeleine slept on peacefully. A timid knock at the door startled me. But it was only old Jenkyns with breakfast, brought to the bedroom evidently by Jodrell's orders.

As Christmas morning was breaking, Paul proposed that I should sleep for a few hours.

"As soon as you hear the alarm bell in your room, come in haste," he said, and I stole from the room.

The sun was beginning to set when I was awakened by a bell ringing at my bedside. In a

moment I stood by Jodrell. He was sitting in bed with eyes fixed on the sleeping form on the chair. He was straining his ears to listen to her breathing. I was struck with a look of increased pallor on his face, and a well-defined circle of hectic red burned on either cheek.

After dinner, which was a silent meal, I sat down to watch. I was revolving many things in my mind and at last, as midnight sounded on a deep-toned gong in some far away room I said:

"Jodrell, I want to make an examination of you!"

"Ah!" he said in a whisper, "so you have seen it, too. Ridgway, this is what I dreaded."

He flung himself down on the bed, and the spent form was convulsed with terrible sobs.

Next night it was even more painfully apparent, that although Madeleine was in exactly the same normal condition, the dread scourge had made terrible ravages on Jodrell.

"Paul," I implored, "this is madness! See, you are dying. You have taken the malady to your own soul. Paul, Paul! awake the slumbering woman. It is your life."

"I know it, dear Ridgway," he said, feebly, "but the experiment must go on."

I entreated, I implored, but he was immovable as a rock, and foreseeing the end I ceased in despair. "Foreseeing the end," did I say? Not a thousandth part of the appalling climax of a ghastly experiment did I foresee, and to this day I had rather lost my right hand than witness what I did.

I come to that awful night. Events had moved rapidly, and the last grains of the sands of a dying year were fleetly running out. Jodrell was confined to bed now. He was too weak to speak, almost to cough. I bent over the bed and held him in my arms. He felt better so. All at once he looked at his wife. "Darling," I heard him whisper, and again, "Darling."

Again was that wasted body wracked with a paroxysm, and in the middle of it there was a gurgle. The blood spouted from his mouth and nostrils, and I knew he had passed to the land of all knowledge.

I was bending over him in the act of closing his eyes, when a piercing scream froze the marrow in my bones.

"Paul, Paul, Paul."

The girl was on her feet, and her long hands were stretched towards the ceiling. With an elrich shriek, "Paul, Paul, wait for me," she sank to the floor.

My quivering nerves were strung to breaking pitch. I knelt down beside the woman. Oh, it was horrible! I knew she was dead.

"Come, my love, come!"

I turned at the shout. Good God! Jodrell was sitting bolt upright in bed. His eyes were



glassy and dull. He swayed a moment, then sank face downward on the bloodstained coverlet.


It was enough. Not knowing what I did I rushed from the doomed house. The night was dark, but I seemed to be guided by some elfin hand. On, on, on I ran, through fields dank and sodden, through woods and copses, through streams swollen with flood, through streets deserted and silent.

I see an open door; I seem to recognize it. A maid is washing the step; I rush in, wet and bespattered and torn. Upstairs I see an open door. The room is familiar. Ah, "Jellicoe, Jellicoe!" and I fell all along the floor.

## Christmas Eve.

### A STORY.

ON the first of the Christmas Eve which I am about to describe, young Earl Beaumont was perfectly happy. He had, indeed, never supposed that such happiness could be his; it was in excess of his wildest dreams or imaginings.



In his early days there had been much bitterness and angry feeling in his beautiful home, all of which seemed to have passed away for ever. His father had married twice, and there had been one child, a son of each marriage. When Gerald, now the Earl, was a schoolboy, his eldest brother had been the gentle step-mother's terror, and the proud father's cross and shame. The boy knew only some of the elder son's misdeeds; most of them were concealed from him, and as far as possible the brothers were kept apart. This was not difficult, as Lionel was a dashing young officer when Gerald was still at school. It was impossible but that Gerald should regard the young man's wild recklessness with a certain awe-struck admiration; his mother saw that herein lay a danger, and she devoted herself to making arrangements for keeping them apart in Gerald's holidays, without wounding her husband's feelings.

So they grew up almost strangers; and Gerald felt shame rather than grief when there came to him at college news of an awful scandal; of his brother having hastily left the country in order to escape severe punishment and social disgrace; and soon after news of his sudden death.

From that moment all went well with him; he took his degree with distinction, and then came home to be his father's right hand, to fill the place of the heir, to enter eagerly into public life, and to be regarded as one of the promising young men of the day. His father, always a proud, stern man, made hard and cold by his experience with his eldest son, found in Gerald an unexpected support and comfort, a friend and companion. His death was a sudden and terrible one—from an accident in the hunting field; he died before he was lifted on to the stretcher to be carried to Beaumont Court. Gerald knelt beside him, and heard his last words.

He met a strange look from the fading eyes and leaned close over to hear what the white lips whispered. The words were startling indeed, and he could not believe he had heard aright.

"I want to warn you. I am not sure your brother is dead."

"What! father—what did you say!" ejaculated Gerald in complete amazement, and leaned close over, hoping to hear the whisper again, but though the lips moved, no sound came; the eyes were glazing fast.

The doctor, who was in the hunting field and had been brought back to the scene of the accident, now came to the dying man and examined him. In a moment all knew by the look on his face that this was not a dying man, but one already beyond recall.

Gerald could never have any explanation of these mysterious last words. In the task of comforting and supporting his mother under her grief, he almost forgot them; and in time he concluded that he must have heard wrongly what was said. His life was a successful one; a popular landlord and landowner, surrounded by friends and with the good will of his tenants and dependents and servants; a keen young politician, looked on with kind and anxious interest by the leaders of his party.

Such was his position when the Christmas Eve came which brought him the crowning happiness of his life—when he saw Violet Dalrymple for the first time, and fell in love, as a man of his true, strong nature does fall in love, once and for all, vehemently, passionately, overwhelmingly. His mother, who knew his face as one knows a well-loved book, saw a new light upon it when he met Violet, and she rejoiced. If she had been asked to choose a bride for him, she would have chosen Violet. This beautiful girl of eighteen was the only child of General Dalrymple, of Dalrymple Abbey, the nearest place to Beaumont Court. General Dalrymple had married late in life, and idolised his lovely wife and daughter. Both



had the faint shade of delicacy which is compatible with perfect health and beauty, as exotic flowers have; Mrs. Dalrymple was an Italian, one of an old and noble family. Violet was educated partly in her mother's native place, where the climate seemed to give her health, and partly in Paris. So Gerald never saw her till this Christmas Eve. All the festivity, the gaiety, all the evidences of his popularity, these things had been but the setting for the splendid new jewel which had entered into his life. He knew that, as he sat thinking over the fire in his own room long after the Court was plunged in darkness and silence; until the wintry dawn drew near he thought over the joy which had come to him. It was a true joy, one which made him a better man. As the days passed on and he felt that Violet returned his love, his nature mellowed and softened in the sense of happiness that was his.

It was a wonderful and eventful year that passed before the next Christmas Eve came, which brought to him the next most remarkable event of his whole life.

In the spring, Violet listened to his words of love, and before the roses were out in the rosery of the Court she was engaged to him. What a summer was that! How good is the Creator of this most beautiful world to give to a man even one such summer. The scent of roses brought back the passionate memory of its glory to them both, always; and when Violet, many many years after, saw the reaper at hand, she begged that roses should be strewn on her bier and planted on her grave, that the sweetness of her early life should be with her in its end.

In political affairs the young peer was singled out as one to be trusted and one to appeal to. His heart beat high when he found himself known already in the country as on the side of progress, and looked upon as having a great future before him in public life. Not even being in the House of Lords could lessen the value of his influence. Violet began to study politics and public questions in order to understand all that he was interested in. She agreed to his desire that theirs should be a winter wedding and take place just after Christmas. Surely he was favoured of fortune! But a blow of the most unexpected character was at hand; quite unexpected, in spite of the warning uttered by dying lips.

He had walked across the Park and through meadows, by a field path that he dearly loved, because Violet's feet had so often trodden it, to visit her in the afternoon. It was a cold November day, and as he came quickly back it struck him as strangely cheerless. Was it some foreboding that made the mistiness seem so full of gloom to him? He had to hurry home and

dress and go out to dinner at some distance, so that he was not disposed to pause and question himself as to the reason for the chill that had fallen on his spirits since he left Violet's warm, bright drawing-room sweet with the scent of flowers.

A hand was laid on his shoulder as he was just leaving the field path by the gate between the meadows and the Park.

He turned to see by the dim twilight a tall, shabby man, in an overcoat buttoned close over a spare figure, and the collar turned up. A shabby hat was pressed down over his eyes, little was to be seen of the handsome, sullen face. It was much changed, but Gerald recognised it. He knew the look in those cold, hard eyes. The memory of his father's whispered words at the hour of death came back to him, clear and vivid.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed.

"You don't seem very pleased to see me," said his brother. "You've been having things all your own way, haven't you? And the fates have been rather down on me. I should like to go to your dressing-room with you before meeting anyone else. Let us slip in at the side door by the library."

He passed on, leading the way. Gerald followed him, dumb with amazement and perplexity. For the time being he was stupefied.

In a very short time they had entered the Court and reached Gerald's dressing-room, without being seen by anyone.

"We're the same height, luckily," said Lionel, with his old easy, reckless laugh. "Will you lend me some clothes? The ones I have on would scarcely be accepted by any of the deserving poor on the estate."

An extraordinary scene took place a little later, when Gerald, in evening dress, went to the drawing-room where he expected to find his mother. Lionel followed him closely. He was a handsome and even distinguished man now that the travel stains had been removed. He looked round the great oak panelled hall of the Court with the owner's glance.

"Wait a moment, please," said Gerald, with his hand on the drawing-room door.

"All right," answered Lionel; he went to the great hearth and spoke to an old dog that lay stretched out on the rug in front of it. The dog lifted himself with a low growl and looked at Lionel menacingly. Just then a faint cry of distress reached their ears; the dog instantly rushed to the drawing-room door and pushed it open. Lionel followed him and saw his step-mother lying on the ground, unconscious.

"No doubt about her not being pleased to see me!" said Lionel.



In the excitement and agitation that followed, the household became aware that the real heir had come home; and that the Earl Beaumont, whom they had learned to love, was Earl Beaumont no longer.

It was a most bewildering evening. Gerald became so anxious about his mother, who passed from one fainting fit into another, that he decided not to leave her, and the groom was sent to the house where he was expected to dine, with a note of explanation. Late in the evening, when the doctor had been and gone, and all anxiety was over for the moment, the brothers sat down to dinner together. Lionel was quiet, but he took his place as master of the house without any hesitation or delay. He gave Gerald a feeling as if he were a steward who would have to give an account of his stewardship; and he made no attempt to apologise for his own absence. After dinner, over the wine, when the servants were gone, he began to talk about himself, and to relate the adventures which had kept him from his place in the world for so many years. He explained how the mistake had been made about his death, and described the events that followed. Gerald listened with a vague feeling that what he heard might be true—or might not—and with a very certain knowledge that, no matter how it had happened, here was his brother, in his rightful place.

What difference would it make to Violet?

In the morning, as soon as he had seen his mother, and found her better, and quite calm, he walked over to Dalrymple Abbey. He told his strange story first to Violet, on whom it made no impression; she was far too much in love to care whether her lover were an earl or a second son, whether he could ask her to be the mistress of Beaumont Court or not.

But it was a different matter when he had to tell it to General Dalrymple, who looked sympathetic, but grave, and would say nothing very definite. Gerald went away very much cast down. The General had said only that of course the wedding must be put off, and that it would be necessary to see what kind of career Gerald would make for himself.

As he walked away he looked back at the house and saw a little lace handkerchief fluttering at the drawing-room window.

"God bless her!" he exclaimed. "She will be true to me."

But from the hour of Lionel's return a change came over his whole life. His mother appeared downstairs in a day or two, and took everything very quietly; but she was not the same. Gerald often saw a look of fear in her eyes, and she seemed constantly apprehensive of some dreadful event. He concluded, as she said nothing as to the reason of her nervousness, that it arose sim-

ply from her knowledge of what Lionel's wild character had been in the past. It appeared to him that she was really afraid, and he left her as little alone as possible.

The business interview with the family solicitor took place, and the Earl assumed all responsibilities; Gerald and his mother played their parts in this, without showing either regret or annoyance. Alone they spoke often of what Gerald should do, but nothing was decided upon immediately. His one anxiety was whether Violet's love would stand the test of the new position of affairs. At first he was certain of this; but later on a dreadful chill of doubt came upon him. Lionel paid her a great deal of attention, and once, in Gerald's presence, spoke of her as a "sweet pretty girl." He caught his brother's glance and laughed recklessly; but after that he was more careful.

There was a house full of visitors at Dalrymple Abbey for Christmas, and on Christmas Eve a ball to which the brothers were to go. Lady Beaumont refused; she desired to be left at home in the house which would soon be her home no longer, for, after Christmas, she was to move into the dowager's house across the Park. There was to be a servant's party, and she said she would like to be present at that.

The Abbey looked its best, decorated in the old-fashioned Christmas style, with quantities of holly and mistletoe; there were numbers within, and waits without. The ball-room was a garden of flowers and beautiful women, but Violet was the fairest of all. Early in the evening she stabbed Gerald to the heart; he could only get her to let him put his name once on her programme, and he saw Lionel's initials more than once. He tried to speak to her, but she turned from him.

"She is changed," he thought bitterly. "I will release her, and leave the country. I must go into a new life and forget all this."

A worn, haggard look came on his handsome young face as he formed this resolution; and it was to him as though his youth had gone for ever when he watched Lionel and Violet dancing together, and saw how bright her eyes were and how she listened to him. He had heard of Lionel that he had a power of fascination—yet it had not seemed possible that Violet's heart could be inconstant! but surely it was so? He determined to ask her for an explanation; and he did so when at last his dance with her came. He begged her to speak plainly—to tell him the truth—did she wish to be free?

"Oh, Gerald!" she said piteously, "don't speak of it now—don't spoil this beautiful evening! Come to me to-morrow afternoon. There is so much I want to say! So much I want you to tell me."



"What can you mean?" he demanded in amazement.

"Not now—to-morrow—only believe in me and in my love."

"What shadow—what poison—has come between us?" he said passionately.

Violet turned from him. He had not insight enough to guess that she feared to break down, to burst into wild tears before her guests, that her self-control was maintained only by a great effort. Fresh guests were coming in, a party from a distant house, and Violet went to greet them. He determined to go, to leave the Abbey; he could bear it no longer. As he went down the ball-room, making his way out, he caught sight of Lionel's face with the strangest expression on it. He was looking fixedly at one of the guests who had just entered, a distinguished looking military man wearing several orders. Gerald could not interpret the expression on his brother's face, and while he paused to watch him, Lionel turned quickly and disappeared.

Gerald sought Mrs. Dalrymple, and told her that he would not leave his mother longer alone; she accepted his excuse for leaving early without much protest. Saddened and in great perplexity he left the Abbey on foot; he intended to walk home through the meadows and the park, in spite of the bitterly cold wind. The feeling of the bleak air seemed to attune with his mood. He walked quickly through the Abbey grounds and along the field path in the meadows till he reached the spot where Lionel had put his hand upon his shoulder that cold November afternoon, and by his every presence had brought a chill and dreariness into all his life.

Just as he reached the gate he felt a hand on his shoulder—could it be fancy! He turned, with a strange and awful feeling of dread upon him, to see Lionel standing beside him, just as he had stood that afternoon. Now he was in evening dress; he wore no hat or overcoat. He looked ghastly in the winter moonlight, which shone cold and clear. What was the matter—what had happened? The cold struck like ice just where Lionel's hand lay on his shoulder, as if the hand were a lump of ice. An awful spasm passed over Lionel's face, so distorting that Gerald shrank back unable to bear the sight of it. A nameless horror, an overpowering fear, took possession of him. It seemed as if a stranger stood before him, a lost soul from hell; and yet he saw his brother's face, his brother's form.

"For God's sake, Lionel, speak!" he cried out, his teeth chattering so that he could hardly pronounce the words. "Tell me what has happened?"

Lionel's only answer was to fling up both arms with a wild gesture of despair, and to stagger like a dying man. His face was so horrible that

Gerald covered his eyes. He thought rapidly as he stood like this for a moment, leaning against the post of the gate. He could only suppose that Lionel was mad with drink, though he had never seen him in that state. Would he be able to get him home? Lionel was the stronger of the two, and in this condition would have an unnatural strength.

He considered how best to manage him, dreading the possible struggle, for he was almost paralysed with cold, a cold that was more intense than that of wind or frost. While he stood thinking like this, for a brief moment, he heard Lionel's voice, very hollow and faint and as if coming from a long way off, utter the three words: "It is over."

He quickly looked up, and found that Lionel was not beside him, nor could he see him anywhere! He at once thought of his mother; if Lionel returned to the Court in this mad state, she would be greatly terrified. With an effort he controlled his shaking limbs and went through the gate and across the Park. The windows at one side of the Court were all ablaze with light, for the servants were dancing in the great hall.

He looked in every direction for Lionel, but could see nothing of him. He tried to go quickly, but found it very difficult, he was so intensely cold. It seemed to him as if he would never reach the hall door and pass through it to the warmth within. He succeeded in doing so at last, and staggered in like one benumbed. He was half blinded by the strong light and confused by the music and laughter. The old butler caught sight of him, and came quickly to take his coat.

"What has happened, sir?" he said, as he saw his white face. "Oh, Mr. Gerald, what is the matter! You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

At that moment the bell was rung, and the butler, standing just by the door, opened it at once. General Dalrymple came in, a strange look on his set face; he had evidently been hurrying, and could not speak for a moment. While they stood like this Gerald's mother drew near him, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Dear!" she said, "what is it?"

General Dalrymple turned to her, and found breath to speak.

"I have terrible news," he said, "I came myself at once to tell you, and I must go back instantly. Gerald, you must come with me. Your brother has shot himself in our conservatory."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Gerald. "He is here somewhere—he was with me only a moment ago, at the little park gate. You must be mistaken."

"It is you who are mistaken," said General Dalrymple. "He is dead."



Gerald turned to the old butler. "Roger," he said, "you were right—I have seen a ghost."

"Oh, Master Gerald!" said the man, putting out his arms to save him if he fell, "you look like death yourself."

He guided Gerald to a chair, into which he sank helplessly. The others gathered round him.

"You must come back with me," said General Dalrymple, "and I must not stay any longer."

"He *can't* be dead," said Gerald, suddenly, "you *must* be wrong. He was with me just now—only a minute before you came—I had only crossed the Park."

"He was dead when I left the Abbey—come and see for yourself. Come, rouse yourself, Gerald."

The old soldier's words made Gerald start to his feet.

"I am ready—I will come. Mother, I shall not be long. And I do not believe that Lionel is dead."

General Dalrymple strode out of the door, followed by Gerald, and the two figures hastened away to take the shortest cut to the Abbey. Roger hastily put on his overcoat and followed them muttering "I don't like Master Gerald's looks."

Carriages were driving away from the entrance to the Abbey in rapid succession; the guests were hastening to leave the house, in which so dire a tragedy had taken place. General Dalrymple went in by a side door, followed by the others, and quickly led the way up a back staircase to the conservatory. There, on the floor, lay Lionel's dead body; he had blown his brains out. Violet stood beside him, her face set and stony; she could not be induced to go away. He had spoken to her the moment before he drew his pistol. She took no notice of anyone till Gerald came; her face changed when she saw him.

"I want to repeat what he said—his message to you—you may understand it—I do not. Just as you left the ball room he came to me. My partner was looking for me—but he drew me quickly away in here, looking so strange I did not like to refuse—and said in a wild way, 'My game is up. There is a man here who knows too much. Tell Gerald for me that I have had a good time in his place, though a short one. It was a desperate game, but it was better to have a good time and end it like this than be a starving tramp to the end of my days.' I turned to leave him, and then I heard the shot! I have told you every word. Do you understand?"

"I understand," said the military man with the orders on his breast, who had been standing near. He came forward now. "Let me

explain; I think only this man's father, myself, and one other, knew him to be a murderer. He evaded justice so cleverly that we believed he was dead. He has now imitated the Japanese criminals and inflicted the death penalty upon himself. It is over. No further word need be said."

"It is over!" Gerald remembered the wild voice which had come to him in the cold moonlight, saying those sad sinister words.

Suddenly Violet burst into wild tears.

"Gerald! Gerald!" she cried, "he tried to poison my mind against you. I almost believed him sometimes—God forgive me that I almost doubted you sometimes. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, dear," said Gerald solemnly. "It is over."

In the morning light of Christmas day Lionel's body was carried across the meadows to his own home, that beautiful home which he had forfeited. And Gerald, walking beside it, shuddered in the morning air and freshness as he came to the field gate. Again, he seemed to hear the wild voice whisper "It is over," and to feel the icy touch on his shoulder.

In the afternoon he kept the appointment with Violet which had been made before Lionel's tragic death. The meeting was full of a sad sweetness—there was the sense of tragedy and sorrow, but the cloud that had come between them was lifted and gone for ever, and the joy of this consciousness was intense. Sitting in the warmth of the blazing Yule log that burned on the earth, they plighted their troth afresh, solemnly, yet in great happiness. "None shall ever come between us again—promise me that," said Gerald, "promise me that."

"I promise, for now and always," said Violet. "No one and nothing shall come between us."

As far as possible the circumstances of Lionel's death were kept quiet, and his funeral passed over without any public comment. Soon he was forgotten, and his dark life was as though it had never been lived. Gerald stepped back into his own place again, and gradually the shadow lifted from his face, youth and happiness re-asserted themselves.

The wedding was celebrated in the summer in the time of the roses—and Violet wore exquisite white rosebuds from the Abbey rosery. The happiness, after the grief and pain, was greater than ever.

AN ENGLISH LADY.



## My Reward.

## AN INDIAN STORY.

## CHAPTER I.



I was dumbfounded. I felt stunned as I stood there. My heart refused its normal office, and my parched lips could not utter a sound. The hour was two o'clock in the morning and gloomy darkness was all around me. Everywhere also was silence, except

in the room, at the door of which I stood trembling; and from this room, intensified by the silence everywhere, came the whispering and low talking of hushed voices. Inside the room was my sick father, and at the door which was slightly open, I stood—I, his daughter, an Indian girl, who had come up, in the middle of the night, to see how he was. He had seemed better in the evening, and my two cousins had promised to watch with him during the night. But I had felt weary and had come upstairs to see for myself how he was, and now, what did I see? What were they doing to him?

In the middle of the bed, propped up by pillows, sat my father, his face woefully pale and haggard. Round him, with paper and pen and ink in their hands, hovered my cousins, evil-visaged young men, though I must say it, who was their own blood-relation. Their low tense voices seemed to threaten him.

"Sign it, sign it, uncle," they were saying, if not—

"If not, what would you do?" Questioned my father with an undaunted air.

"Kill you, choke you, as you lie there."

"You would never dare to. I can call for aid."

"Never dare to? Why not? There is none here to help you. The whole family is downstairs and only a servant is sleeping somewhere outside. Sign it, uncle, you must give the money to us."

"No, I will not. It must go to my daughter. You can do your will with me."

The two men looked at each other. They did not know what to do. Then they advanced closer to my father, their eyes glittering horribly. It afterwards occurred to me to doubt whether they really intended to kill my father. I think they only meant to threaten him. But, at the moment, I could not stop to

think. My heart came into my mouth. But my limbs refused to move. But, with a great effort, I broke the spell, and stumbled into the room with a strangled cry. The two men looked up with scared faces, and then endeavoured to behave as they would under ordinary circumstances.

"What are you doing here, Meenakshi?" they asked, "Why are you not sleeping?"

Before I could reply to them, my father intervened.

"Get away, you cowards," he shouted, "Get away at once."

They slunk out of the room. And then, my father, who seemed much exhausted, turned to me. "Meenakshi," he gasped, "write a letter at once to my lawyer and ask him to come here early in the morning. Send it by Sawmy. He is a trustworthy servant."

Then he lay back gasping on his pillows. I would have gone to him, but the brave old man waved me away.

The Lawyer came next morning and was closeted for a long time with my father. What they did, I did not know. And that evening—unhappy that I am to say it—my beloved father, who was suffering from a bad form of heart-disease, died.

A few days afterwards, I was told the purport of the will. It was that the money, of which there was a great deal, was to go to me, only if I married again—for you must understand that I was a widow. If I did not do so within three years, it was to go to my cousins.

The contents of the will did not surprise me. My father knew that my nature was a conservative one, and that I hated—for I was seventeen years old, and old enough to think for myself—the very thought of widow re-marriage. But he wished to see me under a husband's protection, and he was a social reformer. And he knew he was laying it on me, as a sort of solemn injunction, that I should see that the money was not to go to my cousins. What was I to do?

## CHAPTER II.

Gentle reader, the scene is now quite changed. I must conduct you now to another death-bed—my story seems full of death-beds, does it not? My best friend lay dying. I stood on one side of the bed, and on the other side, was her husband, his head bowed with grief, for he also loved her very dearly, as, indeed, who would not love such a sweet, good woman?

All around us was the awed hush of death. Through the open window the soft air came in, bringing with it a faint scent of jessamines. The dying woman, whose eyes were almost closing in the last long sleep of death, moved her head uneasily on the pillow. Then she turned to her husband and motioned him out of the room.



"Meenakshi" she then whispered, turning to me. "Promise me, you must promise to do your best to help on your marriage with him. Promise, promise."

"But—but—"

"I know. But you must promise a dying woman. Then only I can die happy."

"Yes—I promise; but, only if he asks it—"

"Yes, yes, leave all that alone. I have made him also promise. But he does not know I am speaking to you about it. Will you promise?"

"Yes", I whispered, even while I looked in surprise at her. My poor friend, ever the most unselfish of women, was turning selfish on her death-bed. What an unbearable position mine would be. If ever I hated anything, it was a forced marriage, a marriage without love—though I suppose I had no business to have such ideas in my head, being only an ignorant Indian girl. But I had no time to think of myself. My friend's sweet eyes were on me.

"Forgive me, dear," she gasped, "and now call him."

Her breath rattled in her throat. I rushed to the door and called in her husband.

What need to say more? In a few minutes, she was dead; and oh! the grief of that poor man, how am I to describe it? And he was pledged to marry me. How he would hate the very thought of me!

### CHAPTER III.

After my father's death, my mother made up her mind to have our old house, at least for a time. All the preparations were left to me, for, we had no other relations, except our cousins, and they, of course, never came near us much. Now and then they would pay us a short visit, but seldom stayed long. One day, however, I surprised them in a whispered conversation with each other, in a retired corner of our yard. In this yard was our garden of Indian vegetables. They were standing behind a large tall bush of creepers, and they did not see me as I came up on the other side to cut some vegetables for our evening meal. Unwittingly, therefore, I overheard what seemed to be the tail-end of their conversation.

"We must do something," one of them was saying. "We must not allow her to marry again. You have heard all that happened a few days ago, have you not? How her friend made her promise to marry that man, and all that? We must do something now. The money cannot go to her."

"Yes, yes," the other answered. "I have a plan, old man. We can carry it out after they leave this house. Come along, I shall tell it to you," and they moved away.

Much as I disliked eavesdropping, I had been afraid to move or utter a sound, for what would they not do to me, if they knew I had heard them?

When I went into the house, my mother was fretfully looking for me.

"Do you know, Meenakshi," she said, "I do not like your cousins at all. Just now they looked at you with such an expression. They want the money, I think. Well, I suppose it must go to them. What a muddle your father left everything in. I do not wish you to marry again. What possessed your father—"

"Oh, mother, leave all that alone, let us go away to our village and stay there for a year; oh, do let us have our old life again."

So, we left the town of M—and went away to our own old village and lived there for a year. My cousins during all that time, made no sign, and I nearly forgot my suspicions against them. I think I even forgot the whispered conversation I had overheard. During our year of retirement, our house had been advertised to sell, but had only been rented the last few months. Soon the tenants left it again, and we ourselves came back to it and our old life—old, but, with what a difference—a difference of omission and addition. The omission was the absence of my dear father, which nothing, nothing could ever replace. The addition was—let me whisper it to you, reader,—my dead friend's husband, who now came to visit us regularly. At first, he came as my mother's friend and I scarcely ever saw him. Afterwards, I knew he came for me, and I think he began to like me. And I—well, I liked him very much, indeed, though I scarcely ever spoke to him. And somehow my promise to my friend seemed more easy of fulfilment. My scruples about a second marriage were easily overcome, for they had always been a sort of duty-scruples, and besides, had not my father said it was my duty to marry again? My mother's scruples also were easily overcome, and at last, my friend asked her for me and I was promised to him. About the difficulties, which would be raised against our marriage by our Hindu priests, he did not mind at all.

"O let them excommunicate us," he said, "we shall go away somewhere else. How many widow re-marriages are being solemnized now."

Oh, he was a grand man, a brave man!

### CHAPTER IV.

But a great misfortune soon overtook us. Our house became haunted. Suddenly, in the night, at the most unexpected times, stones would drop in among us from the roof, and that also in every room. No one could find the origin of these stones. My friend, as I shall call my promised



husband, took every means to get them stopped, but there they were. As for leaving the house, we could not do it, because my mother had a rooted horror to strange surroundings. Besides, she was ill and her will was not to be gainsaid.

"If it is Fate that it should be so, let it be so, child," she would say in quavering tones, "Why should we escape from it? It must be some spirit of our relatives haunting us. I suppose, child," she said eagerly one day, "it is your father. He wants you to get married soon. Let it be done."

Indeed my marriage seemed to be the easiest way out of the difficulty, but soon something happened, which put it out of the question, at least for the present. For, one day I was just opening the door of a room to enter it, when the mention of my name caught my ear and stopped me.

"I tell you it is Meenakshi. Meenakshi alone did it," said some one, whose voice surely was the voice of one of my cousins.

"Meenakshi! It cannot be surely. I could trust her as I trust myself." How my heart leapt at these words, for the voice was the voice of my friend,

"Listen, Sir, it is like this. You know that, like you, we are having the house watched. Well, the other day one of my friends found that Meenakshi cunningly threw the stones when nobody was looking, into the roof, from where they fell down, as if by accident. A doctor can examine her and tell her so, if you like. But I must tell you that it is a case of hysterics. She herself does not know that she is doing such an action."

"Oh! that makes a difference. Still, if it is true—

"Then, of course, you will still marry her."  
"No, I cannot marry her, for, love and respect her as I do and will, I cannot have an hysterical woman as the mother of my children. That is one of my creeds. I shall watch her myself. Good-evening to you."

A chair scraped along the floor, and, turning, I rushed away just in time to escape 'my friend.' In a corner of the garden, I stopped to think. What a horrible tangle it was. So, my cousins had trapped me at last, for of course, the doctor whom they would employ would be believed by them; and I knew my friend's character, how easily taken in it could be. And whatever protestations I could make would be thought 'hysterics' also. What was I to do?

And then, suddenly, another thought struck me. Was I really hysterical? Hysterical people, it is said, are unconscious of what they are doing; was I like that? How horrible! and—yes! let me think! Yes, the stones dropped only in the room where, or near which, I was. Oh! what was I to do?

That night, 'my friend' was sitting in my mother's room, which was lighted only by a dim light. I was just entering in by the door-way, which was rather in a corner. As I set one foot into the room, there was a sudden clatter and about five or six stones dropped into the room. My mother screamed. My friend started up and—looked at me. In sudden alarm, I looked at my hands. Did I throw them? But where did the stones come from in my hands? I had not carried any, and my hands were quite clean. With a cry of joy I rushed in, but he only looked sadly at me and left the room. And then I understood; he had seen me looking at my own hands, and he thought I had really thrown the stones. With a sob I covered my face with my hands, and I too left the room.

And then it was that I made my resolve. I remembered my promise to my dead friend to do all in my power to promote my marriage with her husband. Unmaidenly as it may look, I would remember my promise and fulfil it. I would unearth the mystery.

## CHAPTER V.

For some days afterwards, the stones did not fall. And then, they fell generally in only one room and that was my mother's, because that was the only place which my friend would visit and where I also would be. I noticed then one thing. Where they fell, they always fell, from only one point in the roof and that point, every day was the same. This set me thinking. Was there a hole in the roof? In the afternoon, when my mother was sleeping and there was bright sun-light in the room, I got upon the highest chair, I could find and closely examined the roof. Yes, there was something like a large round figure traced in the plain roof of varnished timber. Or was it only fancy? But this was just the point from which the stones usually fell. Then I made a plan of our house, which had an upstairs floor and was more like an old English residence than an Indian one. Yes, there was a room right over the fancied hole, and this room was scarcely ever used. Indeed, I must say, the top floor was scarcely visited by any of us, even for cleaning purposes. This room I noticed was full of lumber, which I was now afraid to have removed, because I thought my cousins might respect anything. Cousins, I say and that with a purpose, for I was sure they were at the root of the whole mystery. And then suddenly occurred to me a conversation I had had with our old servant-woman.

"Amma" she had asked, "did you ask your cousins to stay in this house, when we were away at the village? I heard that they stayed there and also that they were doing some building work here. I wonder what they did."



As I was afraid to watch above at night near this lumber room, I told my secret to a girl friend I had and asked her to help me. She came, therefore, to spend some days with us, and one night after my mother had gone to sleep, my friend and I stole upstairs and hid in another room, which opened out of the lumber room. The doors of the latter, I had noticed, opened on to the verandah, which led to the back staircase. On the first night, there was no result, neither on the second. But we persisted in our watch on the third night also, though we were heavy with sleep, and we were rewarded. Towards the middle of the night, stealthy steps sounded outside, and a dark figure entered, carrying a bundle in his arms. He came to the lumber room, lit a small lantern, removed a piece of furniture in a corner, raised the matting; and stooped down. We could not see very well after this, but he seemed to be inserting a key and then lifted up a square plank of wood. Then he produced a long piece of rope from his bundle and some stones. With the stone he lowered gently, one by one, some stones into what appeared to be a long tubing or passage. And then quietly he shut the square door, re-arranged everything as it was, and stole away.

What more need be said? When my friend appeared next day, I told him everything and we arranged a plan. I appeared as usual in my mother's room. Soon the stones clattered down, and then, side by side, we raced upstairs, and caught my cousin red-handed. He was removing a long pole from the tubing, with which he had pushed open the little opening into the roof. After the stones had been thrown, the opening was made fast by a rope, and the stick, which was a jointed one, was separated into its parts and hidden away.

#### CHAPTER VI.

But more difficulties cropped up. My friend of course, apologised to me for his want of trust. But he came no more to our house. What was the matter? Did he consider me too forward and too unmaidenly in my behaviour? I felt sick with doubt and fear. But I could do nothing more, I could only wait and see.

But my riddle was soon solved. One day, my cousin came shamefacedly to me, and after apologising for his treacherous work, said he had something to tell me, which was for my benefit.

"I know you will think we want your money," he said; "what are we to do? I shall just tell you the truth. Your intended husband thinks you are marrying him in order to make sure of the money. Now, why can you not wait and complete the three years, so that there may be no question of the money?"

"And leave the money to you?"

"Yes," was the brazen answer.

"Very well, you can have it. I am only hesitating, because my father did not wish you to have the money. But I do not think the stuff is worth making such fuss about. I shall never get married."

So I wrote a letter in my mother's name to 'my friend,' saying that it was better that the marriage should be broken off. This brought him in a hurry to our house, with entreaties to reconsider our decision, to all of which I answered that it was not to be for another year, which would complete the three years mentioned in my father's will. And then you ought to have seen his face change.

"You are a good woman, Meenakshi," he said, taking my hand. "Now I can trust you absolutely and now I can love you and not be sorry for putting you in my dead wife's place."

#### CHAPTER VII.

A closing word. When the three years were completed, 'my friend' wrote to the lawyer, in my name to hand the money over to my cousins. But to this the lawyer made a startling reply.

"The money is even now yours," he wrote to me. "It was always yours; but my client thought it wise to put in the condition about your marriage, in order that you may be forced to marry again. I was not, however, to mention the truth to you. All is well that ends well and my fair client is rewarded richly for her patience and perseverance and careful thought."

AN INDIAN LADY.

#### FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF YOUR HEART.

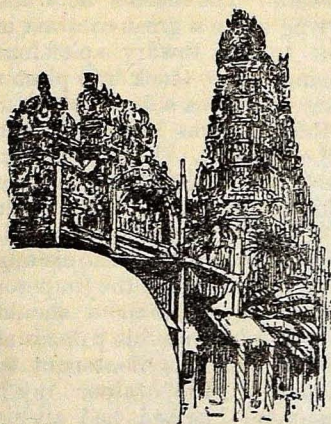
*Hope*, that blossom always springing,  
 Hope that always makes us strong,  
 Coming with its whispered message  
 Courage! skies will clear ere long.  
 Sometimes as the sun grows hotter  
 Hope grows faint with long delay,  
 But its roots are deeply planted  
 Do not fear! 'twill last the day.

*Love*, that strange persistent blossom,  
 Growing, none can tell us how,  
 Till its beauty bursts upon us,  
 Thrilling with its scent and glow.

*Memory*, who would be without it?  
 With its thousand tendrils twined,  
 Clinging to the past like ivy  
 Wreathing all the gaps behind.  
 Watch it, train it, keep it holy,  
 Clear the ground where it will spread,  
 So that it may still be lovely  
 When the summer flowers are dead.  
 And of all that grows to bless you  
 Give to every one a part.  
 So shall richer blooms and sweeter  
 Fill the garden of your heart.



## Some Notes on a Tour in Northern India.



PERHAPS thereaders of the Indian Ladies' Magazine would like to read a few notes I made of some of the things, which specially interested me during a tour taken lately in the north of India. We went from Bombay to Ahmedabad and on to Mount

Abu. This pretty little hill-station is seventeen miles from the railway and the tonga takes one by a lovely road winding steeply up the 5,000 ft. to the top. Mount Abu rises out of the plain by itself at one end of the Aravalli Mountains, geologically the oldest part of India. It is not too high for palm-trees to flourish even at the top and they greatly soften the views of the bare rugged hills, rising all round with their bold fantastic outlines. Near by is the famous Dilwarra temple, built by a Jain merchant early in the 11th century A. D. It is said that he paid for the price of the land on which it is built as many rupees as would cover it, that the building cost 18 crores of rupees and took twenty years to complete. These figures do not seem extravagant certainly, when one sees the exquisite carving covering every inch of wall and ceiling and pillar. The whole building is of marble, floor and all, of a rich creamy softness making it look like ivory. The effect of ivory is greatly increased by the minuteness and delicacy of the carving. The pillars in front of the inner shrine and the roof they support are particularly beautifully carved and some of the patterns are so intricate that in the distance one might imagine that the most exquisite lace had been thrown over the marble. Round the courtyard in a great square are shrines innumerable. The figures in all these are identical and all of the same saint, following the usual Jain custom. The Porticoes in front of the shrines, all of the same size and adjoining each other, form long cloisters, but every pillar is carved with a different design and each roof is different from any other. Some have one large figure boldly carved taking up the whole square, others are divided into rows of figures in low relief representing people in domestic or warlike

scenes, animals, gods, etc., and others again in beautiful geometric designs. One might spend hours studying the wealth of design in detail. We unfortunately had only a very short time to spare for both parts of the temple. We also saw a great number of marble elephants there, about a quarter the size of life, exceedingly well carved even to the bells on their howdah cloths.

The road by which pilgrims originally went to this temple was on the other side of the hill to the one made in more recent times, which is always used now—the older one was a good deal damaged in the times when the Mohammedans were over-running Rajputana and in their zeal destroying every Hindu temple they came across. Mount Abu was not an easy place to get to in those days and fortunately the Dilwarra temple was guarded by a determined set of men who made every preparation to prevent their enemies destroying their beautiful place of worship. They energetically piled enormous rocks near the most difficult places in the road, partially blocking it and keeping a reserve to roll on to the heads of any rash and daring invaders of their territory. But the Mohammedans contented themselves with razing to the ground a large town on the plains not far off which had over fifty temples in it, all with more or less wonderfully carved Marble in them, which had been in great part built by the very men who had worked so long and so successfully at the Dilwarra Temple.

From Mount Abu we went on to Jaipur, the pink and white city, and from there made a jolly expedition to Amber. We started off from our hotel at 6-30 A. M. in a fine Caroucke and pair. There was a delicious crisp feeling in the air and the sun had barely risen, so we were glad of our big coats. We drove right through the city, under the great pink and white gate, and along the wide streets with the curious pink and white houses on either side, past the huge cream and gold gate leading into the palace, with now and then a camel wandering past and now and then enormous painted elephants. We were not at all surprised to see them, for we could not get rid of the feeling that all we saw was stage scenery and that we were wandering through some vast show, a theatre or a circus. It didn't seem real, or as if real people could be leading their every-day lives behind these pink walls. Being so early, the streets were almost deserted, the time to see them is in the afternoon when they are seething with people dressed in every colour of the rainbow. We drove through the Amber gate, a large, plain white-washed one, with two pretty Riosks on the top, and along a sandy road with a few stunted trees. We saw several peacocks, dainty, beautiful creatures they are, and once a



crowd of monkeys playing in some trees and along a wall, hooting and chattering—most amusing. At last we came to a wall and a gateway, and here we had to get out of our carriage and mount an elephant. Such a fine elephant he was, too, in gorgeous red and yellow trappings. We went up a steep hill, and as we got higher, we could see Jaipur in the distance looking lovely in a film of mist, with its ridges of hills about it. We went down a hill and along a flat piece with hills on each side of us. One of the ridges kept the sun off us all the time till we were actually in Amber itself. Such a curious old town it must have been, built up steep hills, with walls and fortified towers running all along the tops of the sharp ridges.

It does not look so very ruinous at first sight, and one can quite well imagine its funny steep little streets full of gaily clothed natives, and courtiers in glittering attire perched aloft on solemnly pacing elephants or camels in gorgeous trappings. The old lake, which was such a lovely feature of the place, has shrunk to an insignificant little tank. The guide told us that for ten years they have not had an adequate rainfall. Still, even in that small piece of water, the steep hill-side with the gleaming white palace and the old red fort above it are very prettily reflected. Our big elephant pursued his stately and solemn progression very cautiously down the steep streets and then up a narrow flagged way, up and up, with many a grunt and adjuration from his Mahout, till at last we turned in at a great white gateway and were in a large and pleasant courtyard, with some green trees in it and the white palace walls all round. Here the elephant ponderously knelt down, the guide's warning, "Hold on, please, ladies," being very necessary as his huge bulk gradually subsided hind end first.

Then we went into the palace, first going to see a temple in which a goat is sacrificed every day to the goddess Kali. It is only 400 years ago or thereabouts that the Maharajah substituted this sacrifice for the human ones which up till then had been the rule. From there we passed on into the Palace. It is a large place and very pretty with an inner courtyard with thick shady trees making a cool little garden and with lovely views from most of the rooms and turrets. The zenana had much more outlook than in a great many of the old palaces, but even so the inside was jealously guarded from the eyes of outsiders. The small carved windows were either high, high up over the blank outer wall, or in the ones facing inwards overlooking the courtyard and audience hall, the slits were so arranged that though the women could look out it was impossible for anyone outside even to see the glitter of an eye inside. Most of the palace was white

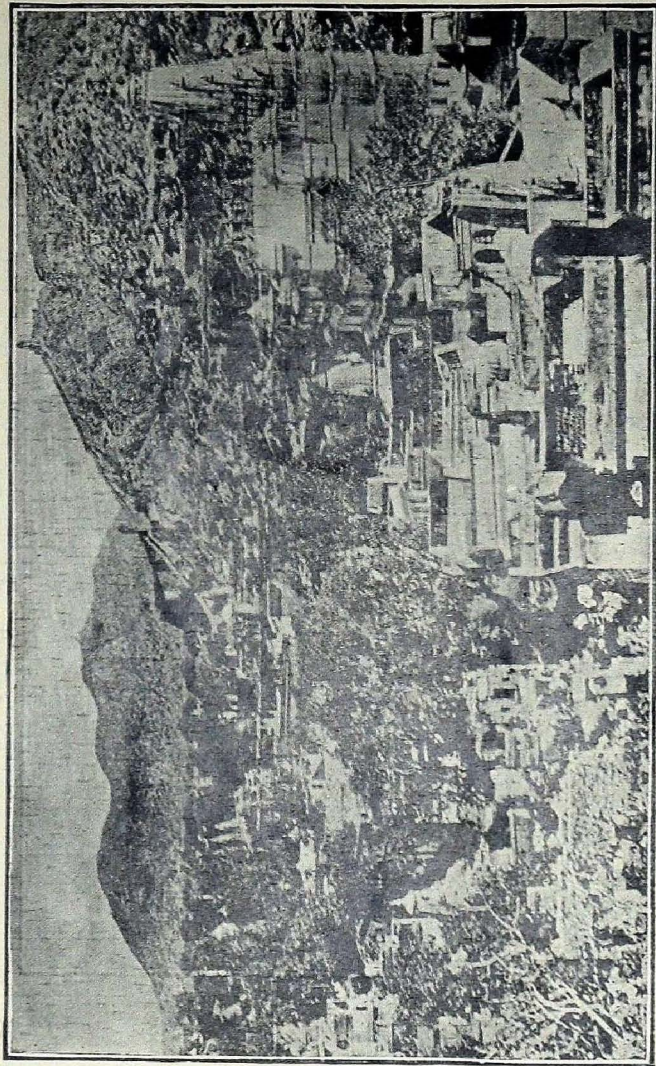
plaster or stucco, painted in some parts, but a few of the rooms were entirely lined, walls and ceilings, with glass, all that is, except a dado 3 ft. high, which was of marble deeply carved with bowls of flowers. The marble floor and lovely marble carving made a great contrast in its artistic richness to the tawdry splendour of the bits of looking glass stuck into plaster above it. The Diwan-i-am was a fine hall with marble pillars, but the effect was spoiled by the outer ones being all of plaster. This, however, was due to the freak of a jealous Emperor, not to the original builder who made the outer pillars of the most beautifully carved red sandstone. They were so minutely and exquisitely done that the fame of them reached the Emperor Aurangzebe. He was furious that there should be anything more beautiful than his palaces at Agra and Delhi, so he sent his lieutenant to destroy them. Fortunately, the Jaipur rajah heard of his visit in good time and had all his precious pillars covered with a thick coating of plain white plaster and so saved his Hall of Audience. In one place a glimpse of the red sandstone can be seen where the plaster has been chipped.

We saw the zenana bathing room, which had a lovely big deep marble bath, square, with a couple of steps leading down into it, but such stuffy little holes there were for dressing-rooms and such a dark stuffy passage to go down to it. After this, we went on to the roof and saw the platform where the old rajahs used to hold a council every full moon night. How exquisitely beautiful it must have been there, but quite impossible one would imagine to think out sane and matter-of-fact problems of Government in such sentimental surroundings. The view from there is really lovely, looking down over the roofs of the houses perched on the hill sides far below and away between two ridges of hills to a plain with more hills in the distance, looking in the morning mist for all the world like cliffs rising out of the sea.

Going back we took a short cut across the old Palace Gardens and looked straight down into the remains of the lake and counted eleven Muggers, lying there so motionless that they might have been inanimate ridges of grey rock. We met our elephant at the other side of the Gardens and he ponderously paced the one or two miles back to our carriage. This was the hottest part of the expedition, as the sun was now blazing down on us.

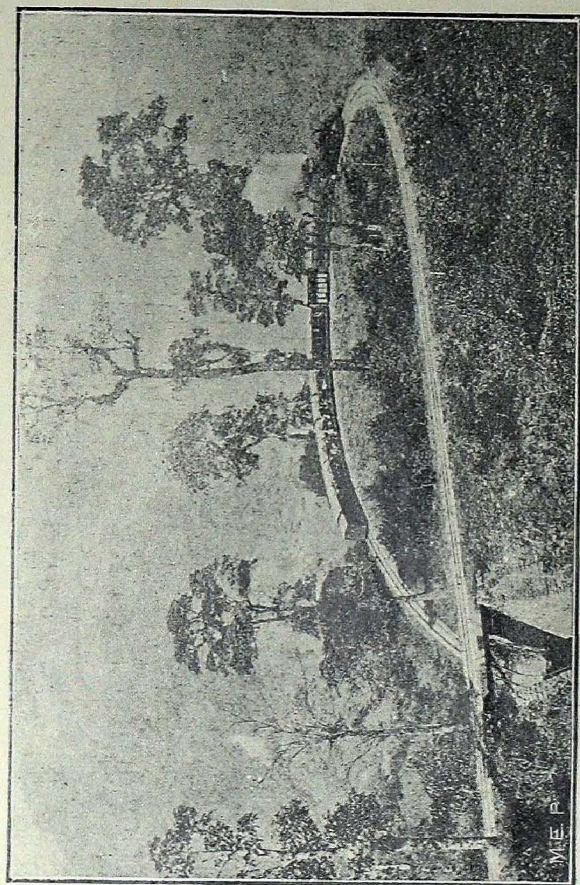
We left Jaipur at the witching hour of midnight and did not have a bad journey, as it was quite nice and cold, though of course extremely dirty and dusty. We reached Delhi at 7-30 in the morning. Next day was the last Friday in Ramazan, so we had the good luck to see the





AMBER CITY.





A LOOP IN THE D. H. RAILWAY.



prayers at the Jumma Musjid on the day when it is more crowded with worshippers than on any other in the year. We arrived just at 12 o'clock at the great gate and the steps were swarming with gaily-dressed Mohammedans. With some difficulty we made our way up the long flight of steps and up some steep stairs in the gateway itself, until we reached an alcove exactly opposite the great arch of the mosque. From there we looked down on a wonderful sight. The whole of that great courtyard was packed with men, the mosque itself was full of them, and all the cloisters and their roofs. Men were pouring in, on and on, till we wondered where they could stow themselves. We had to wait over an hour and it was very, very hot and we were extremely tired and dusty after our 22-mile drive to the Kutab Minar and back, but it was well worth the waiting. Suddenly every one there rose to their feet and the noise which had been like that of several parrot and monkey houses rolled into one, was hushed, and there was a great silence. It was unfortunately marred by the squalling of several infants in the purdah part just below us, but even so, the silence after the noise was very striking. Then there came a unanimous shout or rather chant in a monotone and that vast multitude fell on its knees with one movement. There must have been well over 15,000 worshippers there, and the general effect looking down on them was a mass of white with splashes of lovely colour here and there. When they all simultaneously rose to their feet it looked like an enormous surf breaking on the shore. They stood silent with bent heads and then, with another long shout, they "fell on their faces," literally, and remained with their foreheads touching the ground for several seconds and again with one movement rose to their feet. This happened two or three times and then the worship was over. It was far and away the most impressive sight I have seen. They were all so reverent and devout. To see those thousand moving to one impulse was extraordinary.

We saw a great deal in De'hi and in other towns on the way to Calcutta, but I will pass over that and jot down a few of my impressions of the journey to Darjeeling. Our train left Calcutta at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and as we steamed north, there was a gorgeous red-gold sunset flaming sometimes across great level stretches of ripening crops and sometimes behind huge factory chimneys, their ugliness softened in the evening light. At 8 o'clock we reached Damukdia and there had to get out of our train; there was no platform or anything, we just had to jump to the ground as best we could, follow where the crowd seemed to be going, the place lit only by flaring oil torches at long distances from each other. As we hurried

along suddenly, a bank ended abruptly and we had a search-light straight in our eyes. It simply blinded us and we stumbled down a slope and across a curious long gangway on to a kind of ferry-steamer packed with coolies all dashing round erratically. Presently, we moved out to the steamer on which the search-light was and found dinner ready for us on board. While we were dining, our first ferry went back and took more coolies and luggage aboard and then came alongside again and was lashed to our steamer. Then off we started to cross the Ganges. We glided along so smoothly and it was fascinating watching the search-light playing across the river from bank to bank. About twenty minutes after we had started, going slightly up the river as well as across to the opposite shore, we reached Sara Ghat and were lucky enough to get off first and so avoid the frantic rush of coolies. We reached our train quite comfortably and settled ourselves down for the night. We reached the foot of the hills soon after 6 o'clock and had tea at Siliguri, which was the base of the operations of the Expedition to Lhasa. There we had to get into the funniest little toy Railway imaginable. The gauge is 2 ft. which gives some idea of its size. It has a little baby engine which fusses away, tearing along at 7 miles an hour. It can go 16, but is not allowed to! The line goes in the most fantastic curves and zig-zags and more often than not you are watching your own engine round the next corner. It looks as though every minute it must turn round and look you straight in the face like a restive tandem leader. Two or three times the train loops a loop and you cross a bridge over the very line you were running on the minute before. The scenery up the Ghat is very, very beautiful. Just as we steamed out of Siliguri we caught sight, quite unexpectedly, of a great white snow-peak just showing over the lower blue ranges. Our first sight of the Himalayas! We saw the tops of peaks glittering white several times coming up that railway, but only glimpses of them, shut out quickly by the hills towering immediately above us. By the time we reached Darjeeling, the snows were hidden by great banks of cloud. The first part of the Ghat is through primeval forest and it was quite enchanting going along with the early morning sun glinting through the great trees in some parts and in others not able to penetrate the thick green tangle of creeper and tree. As we rose and got above the forests the scenery was very grand, indeed, but the tea-gardens covering all the nearer slopes gave the hills rather a bare look. We had breakfast at Kurseong, half-way up and then our dear little train ran right through the middle of a village. The



street was so narrow, that we could have touched the houses out of the train on either side. After that we passed through several most quaint villages and the line mostly ran along the road or, more strictly speaking, the main path. We mounted and mounted till we came to a place with the goblin-like name of Ghoom, 7,500 ft. above the sea and then we dropped 600 ft. into Darjeeling.

Darjeeling is built, like most of the northern hill-stations, on a ridge, with the houses one above the other and steep zig-zag roads from one to the other. No carriages can go on the narrow and steep, though well-made, paths which do duty for roads. One gets about in rickshaws or on ponies or can be carried in dandies. We came up from the station in rickshaws and our coolies were fine sturdy men from Bhutan. They are Mongolians and the Chinese type is certainly very ugly. Still, I daresay one might quite grow to like them, in spite of their queer faces, because they are so jolly and good-humoured. They are always chatting away and joking with each other with broad grins and cheery laughter. It makes one feel quite merry just to look at them. They all wear bracelets of beads and large round earrings, or else a lump of turquoise held in place by a red bead behind the ear. The women are gay laughing creatures too, with numberless bracelets and ear-rings and necklaces. They do most of the carrying, and their loads are fastened with a broad strap which comes across their foreheads. It looks a most uncomfortable arrangement, but they do it from babyhood and can carry the most astonishing weights.

Two days after we arrived in Darjeeling, we set off to see the sun rise on Mount Everest. We had to go to the top of a hill, six miles away, called Sanchal. We were called at 3 A. M. and hastily dressed in our thickest and warmest garments. Snugly wrapped up with hot water bottles to our feet in the dandy and hot tea inside us, we did not feel the cold, but it was really bitter, and when it became light enough to see we found the ground covered with hoar frost. When we left the hotel it was quite dark as the moon had just set. It was so weird starting off at that hour in those curious chairs carried by the quaint Bhutia coolies. It was beautiful star-light above, and below us were the lights of the town, down, down the side of the ridge, all else darkness and silence, except for the almost continuous chatter of our coolies and the patter of their softly clad feet on the path. Presently our guide joined us and preceded us on his little hill-pony. First, we went up, up, up, and the fir-trees in groups here and there showed black against the star-lit sky, then we went down a long slope and the east lightened and the faintest

red showed along the horizon.—In a few minutes we could make out the huge gorge along the top of which we were going. Then we passed through a bit of a village just walking up and then came a long ascent. The sky lightened and lightened as we watched and the stars slowly faded out. We caught a glimpse of Kinchingunga looking eerie away up in the sky, just the snow showing faintly white in the earliest dawning. Then we wound up and up twisting and turning up a narrow steep path enclosed by trees most of the way. Every now and then we would catch sight of a beautiful peep of Kinchingunga clearer and more clear as the day broke. On the other side we looked down, down over hills to the plains, but it was all dim and faintly blue. At last, it became quite light and we could distinctly see our coolies and each other. We were much agitated, fearing lest the sun should rise before we reached the top. The east was red and then all the sky was pink and we saw Kinchingunga flush the most perfect rose-colour, then up came the sun, a glorious red and that instant we gained the top of Sanchal. There before us was one of the wonders of the world, the mighty array of Kinchingunga and the giant peaks near by, all over 13,000 ft. dazzling white, to the east of them a great semi-circle of peaks, all over 12,000 ft., though not reaching the snow-line of 17,000 ft., and to the west more snow-clad peaks, but only showing their heads over a nearer dark range. One of these was Mount Everest himself, 120 miles away certainly, so even his 29,002 ft. did not look very imposing, but it was he himself, the highest peak in the world. The first instant the guide pointed him out to us, he was dim and grey, the next the sun had touched him and his snows flushed faintly and then shone clear and white. Sun-rise on Mount Everest. It was beautiful, but for magnificent, soul-satisfying beauty, I have never seen anything like that sunrise on Kinchingunga. The whole of that mighty mountain was as clear as could be, from the wonderful white peak high in the sky to the rocky foot, down far, ever so far below us. All below the shining white snows was of the most lovely amethyst colouring with the level rays of the sun glancing across the chasms. Truly one of the wonders of the world, and one which I should advise anyone who had the opportunity on no account to miss seeing for themselves.

K. M. ROHDE.

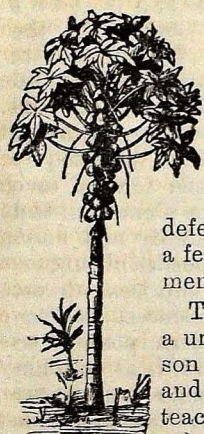




## Some observations on the System of Education in England and India.

BY MISS FYZEE "(Shahinda)"

*Who has lately returned from England.*



IN India we have no system of training teachers for elementary or secondary educational institutions, and if there is any, it stands in a very peculiar position and unknown. It is difficult to see what argument would defend the absence of so important a feature for progress or advancement of the nation.

There are many who believe that a university graduate is a fit person to hold the responsible office and needs no special training as a teacher; as, having been in a public school himself, he is in a position to judge what should be imitated and what avoided. This is as reasonable as if a patient who has undergone the treatment of a doctor would suddenly assert that he can now make an excellent physician. A boy may not be a critic of the master's method. He is naturally led away by his immature ideas which are very exaggerated and may be right or wrong. College boys are invariably extravagant admirers of one or two of their masters and they imitate them even to a fault. Of the others, they have mere vague recollections.

It may be objected that training colleges produce stereotyped teachers, rigid, cold and of mechanical uniformity. But the material has been unpromising and the ordinary teachers have perhaps not the versatility and independence of mind usual in the aspiring graduate. But, on the other hand, a trained teacher has always an advantage over the others on certain points. He is cool and sure and able to command respect and attention in a big disorderly class room in a very short time. Indeed, the highest form of teaching is imported in such a way, that the pupil is unconscious of the process. The greatest merit of the teacher lies in securing his own effacement, and more specially when the pupil begins to think that he has acquired knowledge by his own efforts. There are no body of men on whom higher responsibilities and duties lie than teachers and, probably, no other professional men who carry their work into their

lives to such an extent. The boy is ever with them. He engages their minds even in their vacations or spare moments and enters their homes and families.

In India, the practice of a large school is made up of survivals of traditions, good, bad, and indifferent, lasting beyond the needs and requirements which had brought that practice into existence. A grinding process goes on, while the school-masters have neither the time nor the inclination to review the whole system periodically and carefully think out a plan which would meet the demand of the age. This narrowness or inertia demoralizes any scheme for higher excellence; for, in education, committing by heart large masses of prose and poetry in a superficial manner and without understanding is very much in vogue, on the plea that it strengthens the memory. Physical training there is none—the school is no more than a mechanical Institution where learning is only afforded sufficient or necessary to future clerkships.

Some great educational re-adjustment is very essential at this juncture, when there is such a clamouring going on from all sides, and it is India's womanhood who must participate in the results of the implied revolution. For, it is the *home*, not the factory, that fills life with inspiration. Girls must be sent out to Germany to assimilate new thoughts, new ideas, and undergo a course of training—for it is to Germany that the modern science and method of instruction is due. The intellectual atmosphere of India would then be saturated with fresh ideas. The Eastern and Western nations are so essentially different in characteristics, thoughts, mode, etc., that what is true for one, would not be true for the other, and imitation of the West must be carefully avoided. The Eastern nations place their ideals mainly in states of mind or feeling rather than in changes of circumstances. They accommodate their own minds to things external rather than adopt things external to themselves. That is why the Orientals are so reluctant to alter their permanent conditions of lives and this is how a daily routine has been devised, which is followed strictly.

With the Europeans it is different. They are dependent on surroundings to make them happy, and that tendency has led them to become so active, industrial and progressive, that their lives are busy and full competitions with them are so keen. Scientific discoveries multiply pleasures, and town life with its tremendous rush and maddening changes is so prominent. These are spheres where happiness is sought from without, by the indirect method of improved circumstances.

In England, religion has a great hold upon



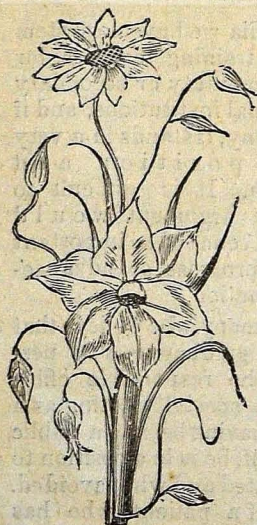
national life, and Protestantism, always a regulator of conduct, thought and feeling, helps to lessen any reflection upon inner life—unlike any introspective habit of thought which finds its special representation in mysticism and other religions of a contemplative order. The English character, therefore, is essentially an objective one. All their emotions, thoughts, feelings, are habitually thrown on that which is without. They never give free expression to their emotions or feeling. Reticence and self-restraint are most constantly inculcated. The whole tone of society favours it. Any demonstration of grief or sorrow so natural in other countries is not considered the proper thing in England. The disposition to dwell upon an old grief by protracted mournings and carefully observed Anniversaries, long periods of retirement so common in India, is getting almost extinct from England. On the Continent people are much more natural and attach no blame to any exhibition of thought and feeling. They do not, like the English, turn away speedily from the past and lessen its intensity by translating their emotions into new fields of activity. The spirit of commercialism of the English has so forcibly entered their very souls, that sentiment and romance have been completely wiped off, leaving a business-like air—and to such an extent that philanthropy, which is so largely indulged in, is also practised in a practical manner. Fickle fashion exercises an absolute empire over the masses, influencing their education, food, dress, expenditure, amusement, even determining the work they may engage in or the form of beauty they must cultivate.

Another cause which is playing a great havoc in English life is the fierce competition of luxury and ostentation. It is no exaggeration to say that a single society function in London costs an exorbitant sum of money, that, had the same been utilized in a better cause, might have alleviated much suffering or revived an industry.

With the right kind of education and with combined efforts, a harmonious result may be brought about, so as to indulge in fashion, only to encourage habits of life and impart such training as may teach the main conditions of temperance and self-restraint, resulting in a healthy life with high ideals and noble aspirations. No branch of legislation is more valuable than that which is occupied by the wealth of the people. In India the average population is anaemic, living at a low level of health habitually. It is deplorable to think how large a proportion of failures of life in India may be traced to very trivial and insignificant causes, which might have been avoided without much effort. In all civilized countries the average of life has been much raised through sanitary science and medi-

cine. Similarly to raise the level of natural health, in India, sound sanitary conditions must be established.

## The Function of Women in the National Upbuilding.



WOMAN is the annada, the food-giver of the nation. Physical, intellectual, and moral food should be given to us all by her alone, purified by that unique form of love which she alone can feel for the needy and helpless. The idea of motherhood comprises almost all the tenderest and the noblest ideas possible to man, and it is as mother that woman can render her best contributions towards national reconstruction. For the national expiation, the national

*prayaschitta*, or purification, which should be the first act in the great drama of Revival, woman's help and co-operation is more essential, than for any succeeding act. It is under the mother's directions and with her blessings that a nation can execute any great thing whatsoever.

National re-making consists, broadly speaking, of the following four items:—(1) Economic revival, (2) social re-arrangement, (3) religious reform, and (4) political remodelling. The very sight of the first three of the above items will suggest to all that the aid, sympathy and co-operation of the mother-heart are indispensable for any the least advance on those lines. Their indispensability for the fourth item also of our programme, although not so patent as in the case of the former ones, can be perceived with a little more careful thought and observation.

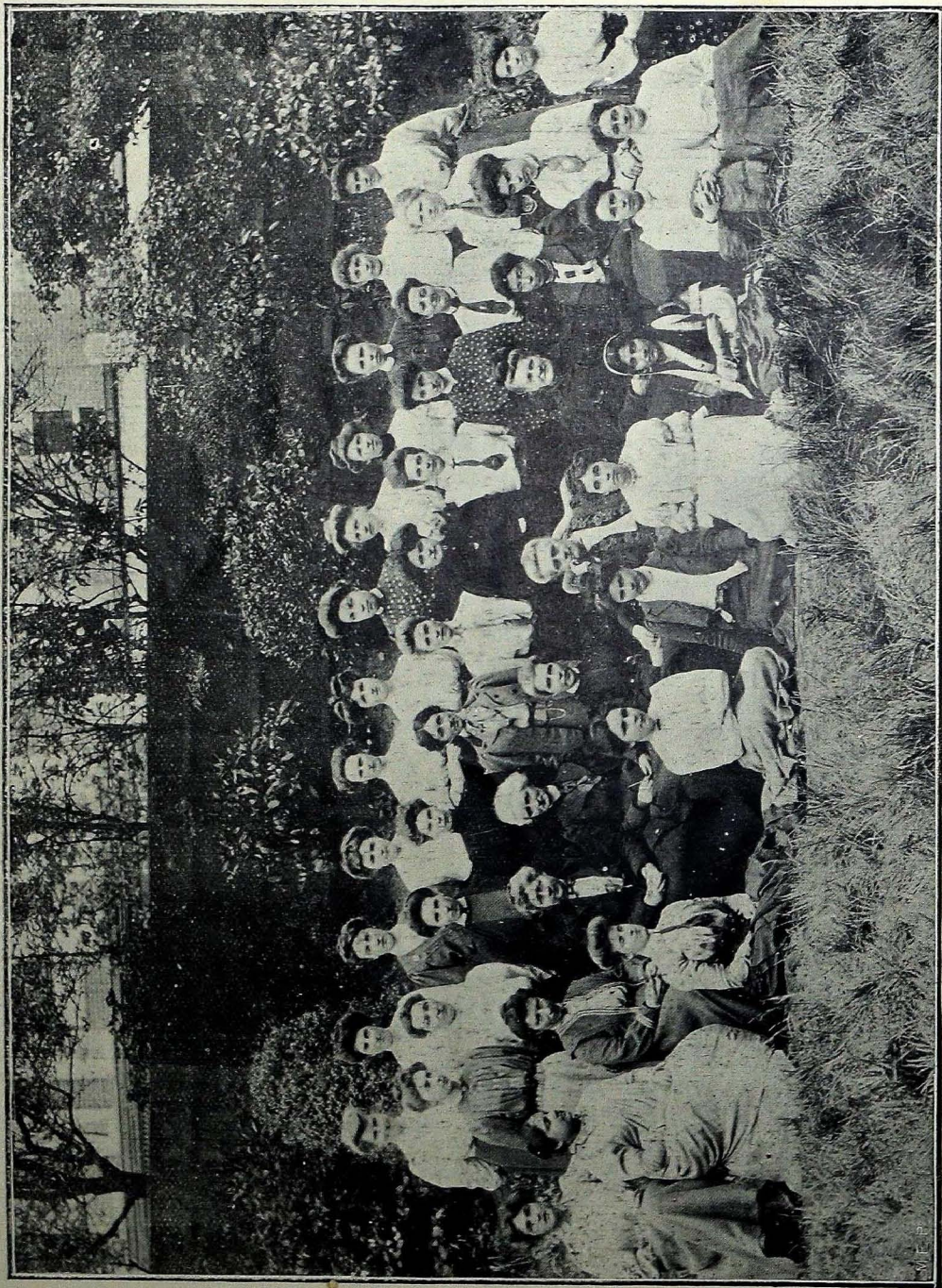
We shall, however, hold a moment's survey of the first three parts of the national duty before coming to the fourth. Almost all the enduring impressions and tendencies of the human mind are formed, nurtured and developed in the home. And if woman, the presiding deity of the home, is unfit for or indifferent to the formation of only such tendencies, habits and sentiments, as are helpful or at any rate not injurious to the social and national solidarity, how can such a nation be saved from utter wreckage and ruin? They talk of economic revival; of the cultivation and





The latest photo of MISS FYZEE (Shahinda), who has just returned from England and is contributing an article to our Christmas Number.





A GROUP OF TEACHERS AND STUDENTS IN THE MARIA GREY TRAINING COLLEGE, WHERE MISS FYZEE STUDIED THIS YEAR.



patronage of home-industries in all possible ways. But can we achieve even the most insignificant result in this effort, without the responsive sympathy of our woman-kind? It is gratifying to see that our mothers, wives and sisters are beginning to take a lively and beneficent interest in this matter, but, still, every one of us must distinctly understand that unless the Indian women become ardent and unflinching swadeshites the swadeshi movement would be doomed to failure. Again, how can there be religious or social revival or, if you please, reform, so long as the mothers of the people are allowed to remain in absolute ignorance, content with pre-Adamite superstitions and puerile ritualisms. If you want to rid society from the clutches of custom and priests, the first and the last thing that you should do is to rid woman from those fell clutches.

In all matters, the function of man is to fight for the essential ideas, actualise them, may be even to originate them. But the function of woman is to popularise those ideas, purify and exalt them with the love of her heart, and instil them into the national mind. Woman, as sister, as wife, and most signally as mother, supplies the force which alone can ensure conquest and triumph to the ideas that regenerate societies and nations. Man may or may not be the creator of epoch-making ideas, but woman alone *can* be the sustainer, the popularizer, in the best sense of the term, of such ideas. Woman is the heart of the social frame. She is the centre of the mysterious and wonderful blood-circulation, which maintains the collective organism. If the heart fails of a proper discharge of its functions, the whole structure is poisoned, enfeebled, disintegrated.

In political re-arrangements, also, woman has to take charge of the same function. Woman must be the *popularizer* of the civic ideas. She is entrusted with the life and thought of every citizen, every national unit, for the initial and the most impressive period of existence. "The child is father to the man", and almost absolute is woman's power and opportunity to fashion the child-mind as she pleases. Says Cardinal Wiseman:—"Give me the children up to five and you may do what you like with them afterwards". And every woman has the sacred duty, so longed-for by Wiseman, entrusted to her, one may even say, forced upon her, by nature. Political re-organisation is nothing but the appreciation of a higher civic ideal by the body-politic, the totality of the citizens of a country. The higher civic ideal from whomsoever it may first emanate, can be assimilated by the communal consciousness, only if woman so desires. The ideal worshipped by woman to-day, is the ideal of the whole race to-morrow. Political re-organisations involve the

qualities of dauntless courage, of cheerful self-sacrifice and love for great risks. Can these virtues become common in a community, where woman is a creature of fear, nervousness, weakness and cowardice? Changes in the country at large for better or worse, are sure to be pre-indicated by changes in the home-stead and the greatest, divinest revolutions must commence in the home.

It is impossible here to withhold the tribute of a loving and regretful sigh to the memory of the women of Ancient India who were such admirable forces in the constant political recoupments that India had to engage herself in on various occasions. The dazzling galaxy of the Rajput heroines of Muslim India, *Kunti* and *Draupadi* of the Mahabharata, *Ahalya* and the *Rani of Jhansi* of recent times, these and such as these present themselves before the mind's vision, and create an inexpressible feeling of power and immortality, whenever an Indian thinks of politics and the woman of India together.

"What has been shall die away  
What was shall again come to pass."

BY AN INDIAN GENTLEMAN.

## A Folklore Story.

(Selected.)



**E**VEN before the existence of the four *Yugas* (ages) ... before the birth of the nine Brahmas, when sleep did not exist in towns and villages; when *Yugas* had no time, before the birth of Maheswara (Great God), before the appearance of sky and lightning, before the birth of Gautama (Buddha) and sages, before the appearance of Sathyasagars (ocean of truth), before the appearance of water reservoirs, such as tanks and lakes, when there were no roads, streets, or lanes to towns and villages; before the creation of the world, even before the coming into existence of wells to be defiled by the spittle of fishes, and before the *Narayuga* (age of mankind), Ammavaru came into existence. Three eggs were laid by Ammavaru in the sea of milk, one by one in three successive ages. The egg laid first got spoilt, the next filled with air, and only the third was hatched. This egg had three



compartments, from which came the three gods (murthis) Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. The lower half of the egg was transformed into the earth and the upper half became the sky. The king, who assumed the *Avatar* (i.e. Incarnation) of Vishnu, was fed on butter; Brahma was made to live on turmeric, and Siva was fed with the milk of Ammavaru. Then, as they grew up, she made each of the gods put on his forehead characteristic religious marks, and finally built three towns, one for each to live in, and a fourth for herself.

The goddess took special pains to protect her own city. She inclosed it with walls of bronze, brass, and gold; posted at the gates several thousand spirits of various sorts, and among them a barber, a washerman, and a potter. After a time Ammavaru heard that the three kings, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, were neglecting her worship, so she determined to exhibit her power by destroying their towns. Her resolve was strengthened by an insult offered her by Siva. The god one day called his servant and asked him why people were neglecting the worship of Ammavaru, and was told in reply that they were all calling on his name instead. He then bade his servant go to Ammavaru's town and abuse her, which he did with a will. When she heard of it she smiled grimly, and waxed very wroth. She then dressed herself up in a yellow cloth and yellow bodice, put on copper jewels, a silver waistband, and tied a golden ornament on her forehead, took a deer in one hand, a conch in the other, a small drum in a third and put a snake round her body as a sacred thread. Thus attired she called a durbar, sat down on the dais, and declared that the kings (i.e. the three gods) had grown rebellious, that her *puja* was neglected and she herself abused. After this little speech, she started off to Devagiri, the town of *Iswara* or *Siva*, mounted on a jackal, and accompanied by innumerable horses, camels, elephants, and warriors, with all kinds of weapons and palanquins. Drums were sounded during the march. The investment of the town was a quaint proceeding. Besides several kinds of animals, Ammavaru created Ganga-bhavani, River Ganges and a sage to conduct the siege. The military operations of the sage were truly original. Seven Rudrakshas (i.e. demons) were placed on the ground, and on these seven Badrakshis (i.e. devils) and on these needless were stuck to support balls of sacred ashes. Through these balls were driven steel spikes which supported a single-headed Rudraksha with seven seeds of a sacred plant on the top. The sage then put his head on the seeds and raised his legs high up in the air. Birds built their nests on his neck, beetles and bees made their homes in his nose,

plants of all kinds grew round him, and cobras made their abode in his armpits. He remained silent and spoke to no one. What exactly the purpose or effect of these proceedings was does not appear; but apparently they were successful, as Ammavaru moved steadily on and appointed one sister to keep people off the road, and then placed her other sisters, the hundred and one Sakthis (i.e. powers of the world), to keep watch, and also a twelve-headed snake, which coiled its body all round the town, keeping its hooded heads just opposite the gate, and emitting poisonous fumes from its mouths. Then, as she went on in her triumphant march, a mountain was put on guard, forts were created, and Ammavaru descended from her jackal and sat on a throne. A horse was then brought her, drums were beaten, what Shakespeare would call alarums and excursions took place, and the sky was turned into a pestle, and the earth into a mortar. After this general upset of the universe, Ammavaru made the dumb to sing her praises, created some tents with little demons inside who did *puja* to her, and so finally arrived at Devagiri. Apparently this overwhelming display of military power and science at first crushed all resistance. The heads of the kings (i.e. Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva), who refused to worship Ammavaru, were cut off, also the heads of seven other kings, and then all put on again! One king's throne was made red hot, like the fire in a potter's kiln, and his hair made all bloody, while demons were set to watch the corpses of the slain. Then Ammavaru afflicted the unhappy citizens with many disasters, and started off to attack four other kings. Drums were sounded as before, and then a bloody battle ensued outside the walls of Devagiri. Horses and elephants were slain by Ammavaru, one king 'felt a bad pain in his chest, as if pierced with arrows, and pains in various parts of his body,' and died. Another king took a sword and plunged it into the body of a third king, and both died. Then all the horses and elephants and kings died, and finally Ammavaru brought them all to life again and they all began to worship her. A year after drums were sounded again and she marched with her army to a tamarind tree, where she slept for seven *gadiyas* (a *gadi* = twenty-four minutes) on a cotton mattress. Then nine kings, who had formerly worshipped Ammavaru, gave up doing so and changed the Vishnu marks on their foreheads for those of Siva. This vexed Ammavaru, so she threatened to annihilate the town of Devagiri and then swooned. When she came to, she took a basket without a rim and some herbs and fruits, transformed herself into an old woman and walked to Devagiri. The watchman of the town refused to help to put her baskets on her head, threatened to have her beaten and abused



her soundly. She caused a deep sleep to overpower him, tossed her baskets into the air, caught them on her head and made her way to the gates of the town, which were guarded north, south, east, and west, by four huge demons, with ten thousand crores (a crore = 1,000,000) of men holding canes coloured green, and seven hundred crores holding canes coloured red. A number of them were fast asleep, but she roused them up and bade them open the gates, as she wanted to sell her tamarind and jack fruit in the town. One of them got up and told her that baskets with fruits and curds, beggars and mendicants were not allowed in the town, and added that the people of the town were Lingayats (a numerous sect of Sivaites), people of true faith and good character. The goddess shouted 'O Sudra sisters, living in the east street, O Brahman sisters of the western street, O Kamma sisters of the southern street, buy fruits from me. Old men eating my fruit will become young, and young ones very handsome.' The watchman was very angry at this and beat her with a green cane. The goddess threw down her baskets, which caused a great earthquake. Then she first turned into a huge giantess and afterwards into a parrot, and said to the watchman, 'You did not recognise me, you have forgotten my might, I will soon show my power.' Ammavaru then disguised herself as a Lingayat, dressed in a reddish-brown cloth, took a wooden pot in her hand, put sacred ashes in her forehead, tied the symbol of Siva on every part of her body, sounded bells and conches, and, saying a loud 'Linga-Nama Sivaya,' approached the gates of Devagiri once more. All the people were amazed at 'her devotion,' prostrated themselves before her and offered her a seat, saying 'O worthy woman, where do you come from? What country do you belong to? Which is your town?' Ammavaru replied, 'I am coming from Yatapaliam. My name is Yata-dari-paduchu, and I am coming from Chittangi land. I am alone without relations in the world. I am a happy woman without a husband.' 'Why do you come to Devagiri?' they asked. Ammavaru replied that during the Krithayuga (age of righteousness) Parameswara (the great god) became a slave to Parvati (wife of Siva), that he was living in Devagiri and she had come to pay her respects to him. The gatekeepers refused to admit her till she had told the story of Siva and Parvati. The goddess then told the story as follows: On the wedding day of Siva and Parvati, the gold and silver bracelets were tied to their wrists, pearls were brought from the western ocean, festoons of fig-leaves were hung up and a cloth was stretched as a screen between Siva and his bride; the faces of Brahma were covered with sackcloth and twelve Vedas were read; but an inauspicious hour was

chosen for the ceremony. After tying the tali (a small metal disc or ornament suspended by a thread, the mark of a married woman) round Parvati's neck, Siva put his foot on her foot, and she put her foot on his. Brahma saw the shadow of Parvati's foot, was filled with unholy desires and disturbed the ceremony by unseemly conduct. Siva grew very angry, abused Brahma and bit off one of his heads. The head fastened on Siva's hand and remained immovable. So he sent at once for a number of Brahmans and asked why he could not get it off. They told him that it was because he had committed murder, which is a most heinous crime, and suggested that he should wander about as a beggar and make pilgrimages to Benares, Rameswaram, and other sacred places, and then receive alms directly from the hands of Lakshmi (the wife of Vishnu). Siva then disguised himself as a beggar and wandered far and wide and at last came to Lakshmi and cried out 'O Adi Lakshmi Alms! Alms!' She ordered her servants to take him alms, but he refused to receive it except at her hands, and said that Lakshmi was his sister. Then Lakshmi bathed, ordered food to be prepared and served him herself, and at once the skull fell from Siva's hand to the ground. Siva began to run away, but the skull begged that some provision should be made for its future existence, as it had lived on his hand for so many years. Lakshmi then waved *arati* lights (*arati* is a small lamp made of rice flour and used in religious ceremonies) before Siva and gave curry and rice to the skull, which promptly fell towards the north and broke in five pieces, murmuring as it broke that something must be done for it. Siva replied that it might take hold of pregnant women, women during confinement, and babies, and that this would enable it to obtain worship and offerings.

Ammavaru then related how she herself had desired marriage and gone to Vishnu, who sent her to Brahma, who passed her on to Siva. She danced before Siva, who promised to grant her her wish if she would give him the three valuable things she possessed, a rug, some betel leaves, and a third eye. She gave them all to Siva, who at once opened the third eye and reduced her to ashes. Then, filled with regret at the rash act, which involved the destruction of all womankind, he collected the ashes and made them into the form of three women, who became the wives of Siva, Vishnu, and Brahma.

After telling this moving story Ammavaru demanded entrance into the town, but still the gate keeper refused her admittance, unless she would give him a bribe. So she took off her silver girdle and gave it him and then passed through the gate into the heart of the town,



where she transformed herself into a parrot and sat on a stone pillar. Many of the inhabitants she caused to faint, on many others she sent fevers and other diseases. Then she flew to the Gopuram (tower) of the temple, where nine men were worshipping Siva with his emblem in their hands. Suddenly the emblems became red-hot in their hands, and, dropping them, the nine men cried out, 'O Siva, you are powerless to-day, now we have lost faith in you. Before the moon rise, may your temple be burnt to ashes!' Siva, hearing their cries, came up and threw some sacred ashes over them and touched them with his cane. Then they all got up and said to him, 'O Iswara, listen to our complaints. We have had enough of your *puja*. Some calamity has befallen us. Give us leave and we will go to our homes.' Siva went off in anger to the gatekeepers and demanded why they had admitted strangers. They replied that they had turned back an old woman selling fruit and only admitted a Lingayat woman because she was a devotee. Siva ordered one of the demons to find her, but Ammavaru transformed herself into a girl of the Velama caste and mixed with the Velama women in the Brahman street, and the demon looked for her in vain. Then another was ordered to find her; but this time Ammavaru turned herself into a parrot. When the demon could not find her, he cried out, 'O goddess! Please come! You are the deity of my ancestors. We hear that you have entered our town in the form of a Lingayat.' Then Ammavaru asked him what kind of emblem he meant, saying 'I am your emblem of life.' Then the demon felt bad pains all over his body, as though his chest and ribs were broken, rose up high into the air, flapping his hands like wings, caught hold of the parrot and brought her to Siva. Siva complimented the demon on his success, but said that a female deity should not be brought into his presence. He commanded her to be tied to a red-hot pillar of glass, and crows with iron beaks to peck at her. But no sooner was Ammavaru tied to the pillar than it became quite cool and the beaks of the crows dropped off. Seeing this, the nine worshippers of Siva declared that the goddess was a powerful deity and determined to strike her all together on one side. But their uplifted arms remained fixed in the air and they could not move them. Siva then ordered Ammavaru to be tied to the feet of an elephant and dragged through the street of the town; but as soon as she was tied to his feet the elephant became stiff and stood motionless as a pillar. Then Siva said that she must be thrown on to a frying-pan and fried like grain; so they took her up and threw her on to red-hot plates of glass, which at once became cool water. Ammavaru grew wild with anger at this treatment, and whirling round and round became

huge as a mountain and then once more turned into a parrot and addressed Siva thus: 'O Siva! You failed to recognise me, but you will soon see my power. O rajas and princes! Now at last will you worship me?' The rajas and princes cried out, 'O Ammavaru! We will not worship a female deity, we will not lift our hands and salute a goddess, we will not chant any other name except Linga-Namasivaya, we will not think of you as a goddess.' Ammavaru replied, 'Never mind my worship. I am a daughter of Kasigotna. I was born in Valampuri. I was bred at South Virakambhodi. I am living at Ujjaniman-kali-patnam. I was worshipped at Devagiri. I left Valampuri and came to rule at Ujjanimankali for a time. There are nine Siva Nambis who used to worship me. They gave up my *puja* as soon as they became prosperous. In their pride they gave up wearing *tirumani* marks (the religious mark of the Vaishnavites on the foreheads) and took to sacred ashes (one of the Sivaite marks). They are now worshipping Siva in Panchalingala. Bring them to me and I will leave your town.' The nine rajas replied that they would do nothing of the kind. Then Ammavaru in her wrath threatened to destroy the town. Siva declared that in no circumstances should she be worshipped as a goddess and that she might do her worst. Then Ammavaru did her worst and greatly troubled the people. From east to west crows flew over the town in vast flocks. A strong wind arose and there was a storm of rain that lasted seven *gadiyas* (a *gadi* = twenty-four minutes). The people had coughs, and fevers; small-pox and other epidemics spread rapidly; horses, elephants, and camels were afflicted with disease; pregnant women suffered severe pains, babies could not take their mothers' milk. For these seven *gadiyas* the town suffered terribly. All the gardens were destroyed, all flowers and plants were destroyed by white ants, all leaves by insects and bugs, all the wells and tanks were dried up. The dead bodies, heaped upon carts, were carried out by the northern gate to the burning ghat, five princesses swooned, and at last the nine rajas repented and began to abuse Siva, 'Before the moon shines may your throne become red hot! May your matted hair, wet with Ganges water, become red with blood! May your fortress of Panchalinga take fire and burn! May your pot break into pieces! May your necklace snap asunder! May your cane, held by your son, split in the middle! May you lose the Ganga on your head! May your shrine be filled with blood! May your gold and silver emblems be bathed in blood!' Siva does not seem to have been a bit dismayed at this dreadful curse. He went to the gates of Devagiri, sat upon a golden chair and brought back to life all the corpses,



marked with the sacred ashes, that were being taken out through the northern gate. The other corpses he left to their fate. Ammavaru then began to think that Siva must indeed be great, but determined to put him to another test. She created a field of sacred plants and made the plants assume the form of human beings. Plucking some of these she tied them together, put them on a car and sent them to Siva. The god threw some sacred ashes on the car, touched it with his cane and all the stalks became living men, chanting 'Hara, Hara' (a name of Krishna). When they asked for food they were told that they might wander over the country, and would then get food in the shape of offerings and sacrifices. Ammavaru then went off with all her drums and instruments to Kunthalasaman, the town of Brahma, where she hoped to find three kings worshipping her. They all received her kindly, treated her with great respect and worshipped her. Satisfied and consoled with this

she returned to her own town of Ujjinimankali. From there she once more went up to Devagiri as an old woman, about a hundred years of age with fruit for sale, and entering the town without hindrance, began to sell fruits and flowers. The rajas asked their price, and she said she would sell the flowers for their weight in gold, and by this means took away all the wealth of the town, while the nine kings were doing *puja* to Siva. Then the nine kings came to the town of Ankalathavatha (another name for Ammavaru) riding in clouds, to steal flowers from her garden. As they were plucking the flowers, Ammavaru seized them, took them off to an open space, where she had erected stables of gold, silver, and diamonds, and impaled them in such a way that their blood could not curdle and no flies could touch them. She placed her steed, the jackal, to guard the corpses and thus vanquished her enemies.

### Our Needle Work Column.

HARDANGEN EMBROIDERY.—(Continued.)

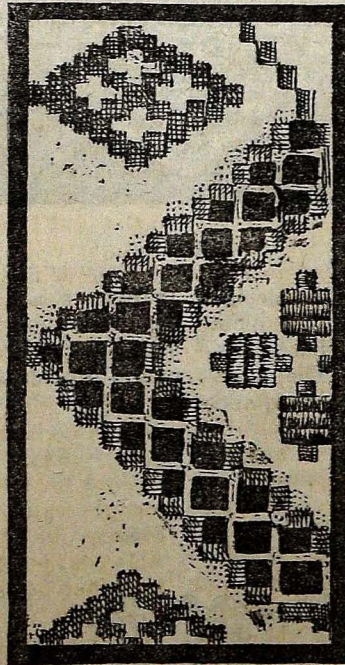


FIG. I.

**Fig. I.** In this pattern worked upon Hardangen we have a very simple design in two stitches only—outlining stitch, and the darning

or weave stitch. The outlining stitch is worked in groups of five over 4 threads, and the darning or weave stitch for the barring over



4 threads, cutting away 4 threads. An effective little cloth can be worked in this pattern, allowing seven diamonds to a side. The end diamond

forms its own corner; a two inch hemstitched border makes a nice finish.

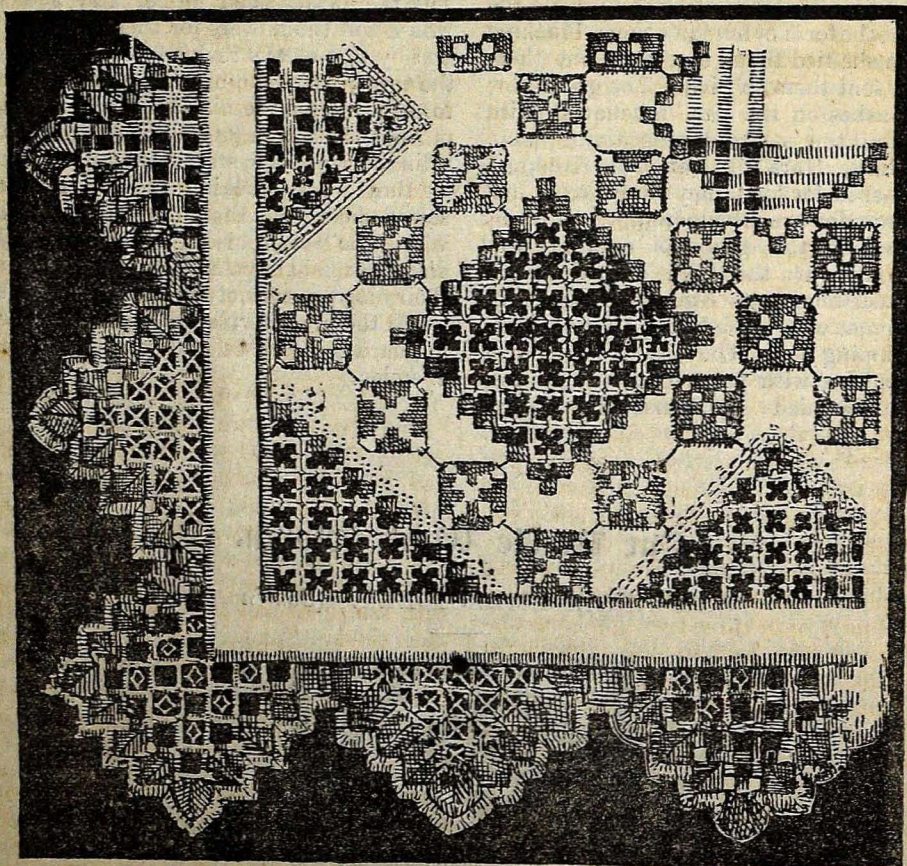


FIG. II.

**Fig. II.** This shows a very effective design for an afternoon tea cloth, introducing the picot stitch and lace filling, and a twisted bar stitch. Also some back stitch outlining. The cloth can be made any size wished by worker, and

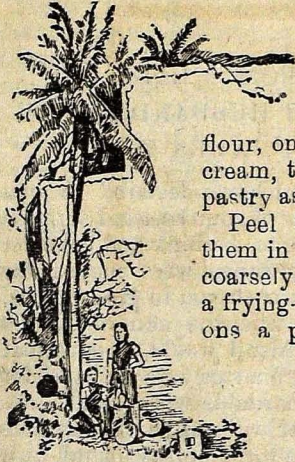
is not at all difficult of execution. Observe the particularly effective edge of button hole and satin stitch, the button hole stitch being taken over 4 threads of canvas.





## Our Cookery Column.

### ONION TART.



#### INGREDIENTS.

—One pound of Spanish onions, two ounces of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one cupful of milk or cream, three eggs, salt and pastry as in the former recipe.

Peel the onions and cut them in slices, or chop them coarsely. Put the butter in a frying-pan and fry the onions a pale golden colour, strew the flour and salt over them and then stir in the eggs and milk or cream.

Now prepare your pastry, line a buttered pan with it and fill up with the onion mixture, and bake in a hot oven for half an hour. A delicious supper dish.

For the pastry: one pound of flour, six ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, two pounds of apples, one cupful of milk or cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, half a cupful of powdered sugar and, if liked, a squeeze of lemon.

Mix the butter into the flour with the salt and make into a paste with the addition of a little water. Knead this paste thoroughly with the knuckles, and then roll out to the thickness of about an inch, line a large open pan with this pastry.

### COFFEE CREAM.

*Ingredients.*—One pint of milk, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, two ounces of coffee, yolks of four eggs.

Cook the milk with the sugar, and when boiling, beat into the eggs, roast the coffee, crush it to powder or take two spoonfuls of coffee essence, mix it in the custard and serve in a glass dish with quince jelly adornment. If you haven't quince jelly, red-currant will do as well, or a little whipped cream.

Another cream in which only the yolks of eggs are used is the following:—

### BROWN SUGAR CREAM.

*Ingredients.*—One pint of milk or cream, a quarter of a pound of sugar, the yolks of four or five eggs.

Cook the moist white sugar in a brass pan until it is golden brown, stirring continually, pour then half a cupful of water in the sugar, and add

then the cream of milk. Let it boil. Meanwhile beat your eggs well, and when the sugar mixture boils, stir it into the eggs. A little flavouring of vanilla of lemon-peel may be used, but is not at all necessary, the burnt sugar giving a delicious caramel flavour by itself.

### VANILLA MILK.

*Ingredients.*—One pint of milk, one tablespoonful of arrowroot or ordinary flour, two eggs, one tablespoonful of white moist sugar, and flavouring of vanilla.

Mix the flour of arrowroot with cold milk, and then add it to the other milk, which must be boiling, add the sugar, vanilla and the eggs, which must have been well beaten. Stir well and serve before the eggs have time to curdle. It is better to add the eggs at the last moment, when the cream is already thick. Serve hot or cold.

### CHOCOLATE BLANCMANGE.

*Ingredients.*—Two ounces of cocoa, or two bars of chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, two ounces of moist white sugar, one and a half pints of milk.

Mix the arrowroot and powdered chocolate well together with a little cold milk or water. Boil the milk, add the chocolate and arrowroot with the sugar and stir well over a light fire until thick. Take a mould, rinse it out with cold water, pour the above mixture into it and stand to get cold. Turn out on a glass dish and serve with raspberry or other syrup.

### RICE CAKE, DELICIOUS.

*Ingredients.*—Pastry as in the first recipe, or else a finer pastry with more butter can be substituted, six ounces of rice, a quarter of pound of sweet almonds, the same of sultanas, the grated rind of half a lemon and five eggs.

Put the pinch of salt in the milk, the butter, the sugar and the rice. Cook well until the rice is soft. Now take the almonds, which must be blanched and chopped, add to them the sultanas, grated lemon-rind and the well-beaten eggs, and add this mixture to the milk. This mixture, which must not be too thick, is now poured into the pastry, strewn over with powdered white sugar, and baked in a hot oven for an hour.

The whites of the eggs can be beaten to a snow, in which case they must be added to the mixture last of all.

If smaller rice cakes are preferred, the above mass is sufficient for ten.



## Varieties.

### I. A COURAGEOUS MOTHER.

#### AN INDIAN STORY.



THERE is no one who cares for her children like a mother, and although she may be timid and not very strong, yet when danger threatens her "chicks," she becomes as brave as a lion. I should like to tell you a true story of a mother who was braver than a tiger.

It happened in India when many of the inhabitants had fled from Bombay on account of the plague.

A great number of Portuguese clerks are employed in the business houses in Bombay, and because they wished to retain their services, their employers had built for them an encampment of huts outside the city, where these clerks were living with their wives and families.

The huts were for the most part built of bamboo and matting, and had no doors and windows, as we have to our houses in this country.

One night while the encampment was peacefully sleeping, a huge tiger crept out of the jungle, and crawled up to a hut in which a man, named Paulo, was living with his wife and child. The monster paused for a moment on the threshold, and while he did so the woman woke up, and with eyes still half-dazed with sleep, stared at the yellow and black-striped head of the tiger. When she knew that she was no longer dreaming she could have screamed with fear, but something seemed to clutch at her throat and prevented her from calling out or making any movement, and helpless with terror, she could only gaze at the tiger, whose eyes were directed towards the child. The only light in the hut came from a small oil-lamp which was burning by the bedside.

The tiger raised his head, and as he did so, the thought of the danger to her child flashed across the mother's mind, and she no longer thought of her own terrors; to save her child—that was the thought that was uppermost in her mind, even though in so doing she directed the tiger's attention to herself. Nothing mattered so long as her child was protected from the wild beast. The tiger moved again and was about to spring

forward upon the sleeping child, when the mother seized the light lamp and hurled it in his face. Surprised by the suddenness of the attack, the tiger uttered a roar which aroused the whole of the encampment, turned tail and fled into the jungle.

### II. LETTER FROM A LADY OF QUALITY, TO HER HUSBAND IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

"My sweet life, now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate. I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me . . . I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind, loving wife, the sum of £2,600 quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have £600 quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works, and those things I would neither will nor be accountable for. Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow, none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick or have some other let. Also believe it, it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also when I ride a hunting or a hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending, so, for either of those said women I must and will have a horse. Also I will have six or eight gentlemen, and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself with four very fair horses, and a coach for my women lined with cloth and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also I will have two coachmen, for my own coach, the other for my women. Also at any time when I travel I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, not theirs with either chambermaids, nor theirs with washmaids. Also for laundresses when I travel I will have them sent away before with the carriages to see all safe, and the chambermaids I will have them go before that the chambers may be ready, sweet and clean. Also, for that it is indecent to crowd up with myself my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my early allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six others of them



very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my purse £2,000, and £ 200 and so, you to pay my debts. Also, I would have £6,000 to buy me jewels, and £ 4,000 to buy me a pearl chain.

"Now, seeing I have been, and am, so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel and their schooling, and my servants, men and women, their wages. Also I will have all my houses furnished and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit, as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver, warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such-like. So, for my drawing-chambers in all houses I will have them delicately furnished both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is that you would pay your debts, build up Ashly House and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life, from you . . . So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what is that I would not have, I pray you when you be an Earl to allow me £2,000 more than I now desire and double attendance."

### Editorial Note.

We publish in this issue a photo of Lady Benson, a well-known European lady of Madras. Lady Benson is a daughter of the late Rev. Mr. W. Gilbert Cooper, Chaplain on the Madras Establishment. As stated above, her Ladyship has always taken a keen interest in the work of the National Indian Association, a branch of which she, in conjunction with Sir Ralph, established at Cuddalore. Lady Benson has also worked indefatigably in the cause of female education in this country; and few will be found who will dispute the accuracy of the views which she expressed in this connection a year or two ago, and which she had formed after long experience: "If India is to have no future, then by all means leave the women ignorant; but if you look to a bright future, then for every day you postpone the education of your women, you postpone in equal measure and in exact propor-

tion that bright future; 'for a nation rises no higher than its mothers.'"

Lady Benson has also been a frequent contributor to local periodicals, especially the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* and the *Maharani Magazine*; and she has taken a special interest in libraries, having established not less than three "anna libraries", viz., at Cuddalore, Calicut, and Royapettah in Madras. Her Ladyship's name appears in the lists of the committees of nearly every charitable and philanthropic institution in Madras, and she has been especially zealous in helping the cause of the Friend-in-Need Society's Women's Workshop and Home, the Civil Orphan Asylums, the Cathedral Alms-House, the School of Music, &c. To sum up, she has ever been "earnest in good works", as the *Madras Mail* said when in June 1904, she was selected by His Majesty the King to be the recipient of a Kaiser-i-Hind medal of the second class. We cannot conclude this short sketch better than by quoting the graceful words in which H. E. Lord Amphill referred to Lady Benson when, at the Investiture held at the Banqueting Hall, Madras, on the 9th February, 1905, His Excellency presented her with this decoration: "I believe that Mrs. Benson is almost pained at receiving public recognition of the many good deeds which she has performed from the kindness of her heart, the intensity of her love for her fellow-creatures, and her high sense of duty. But, as she has done much to promote two matters which the Government have at heart, namely, Female education and good feeling between Europeans and Indians, it was impossible not to offer her the distinction which is accorded to such services as hers."

Lady Benson has always taken a deep interest in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* and has often contributed articles of value to the journal. We take this opportunity of thanking her and hope her interest will long be continued.

### THE VOICE OF TIME.

One day when Spring had kissed the earth  
Time called to thee, and gave thee birth;

One golden month of Summer's sway  
Joy danced upon thy sunlit way;

One Autumn eve, which stretched to years,  
Grief shadowed thee, and taught thee tears;

One night, thro' Winter's icy breath,  
Time spoke again, and whispered "Death."



## THE SRINIVASA MANDIRAM, BANGALORE.

THE meeting of Ladies on Saturday afternoon, 30th November 1907, held at the Mandiram, proved to be a thorough success. The pick of the Society was present. The place was entirely insufficient to accommodate the visitors. There were many uninvited guests. It was too close and there must have been nearly 200 ladies gathered together. Mrs. A. Gopalacharlu, had to answer indeed a trying position. This is enough to point out the necessity that exists for the extension of the Library building. All the ladies came in time and it was with some difficulty that Mrs. I.J. Pitt, could be conducted to her seat of honour.

The proceedings commenced with a performance on the harmonium by Sowbhagyavati Sharada Bai (Mrs. K. Vishwanatharao). Mrs. I.J. Pitt addressed the audience in chaste and fine Telugu. The subject chosen was the "Influence of Women." The following is an abstract of the lecture.

"Dear Sisters:—I have been asked to say a few words to you to-day. I cannot speak well in Telugu and so you must forgive mistakes, and afterwards Mrs. Subbamma will translate my words into Kanarese. Before I came here last week, I did not know about this Ladies' Association and was very much astonished to see so many ladies gathered together to listen to the two excellent lectures. I was not only astonished, but rejoiced, to recognize in this a sign that a new era is beginning for India, because the women of India are now seeing that they are a great power and that the well-being and prosperity of this country depends chiefly on them. And why? Because they are the mothers. It is the mothers, not the fathers, who have the most influence on their children. We find that all great and good men in all countries have had good and wise mothers. The power and importance of women for good or evil, whether we are mothers or not, cannot be expressed. If we are mothers, we mould our children's character, if we have no children, we can just as powerfully influence our husbands. Many a man has been made good or bad by his wife. If we have neither husband nor child, we can still be just as great an influence on all we come in contact with. Your Shastras are full of stories of the influence of women. How erroneous then is our irresponsibility and how clear a duty it is to make ourselves as wise as possible. Further, when the wife is enlightened, how great a help she is to her husband. What good to a man is an ignorant and dull wife. She is like a heavy weight round him,

always dragging him down. There are hundreds of men in India now, who are striving with all their might to raise themselves out of bad habits and customs and help towards the progress of their country. But all their efforts are rendered useless by the opposition of their wives and this, not because the wives are stupid or evil-minded, but only because they are ignorant and do not have the same knowledge as their husbands. How sad this is. But we see a wife like Mrs. A. Gopalacharlu, co-operating with her husband, in all his good works, and seeking to strengthen him in all his high aspirations. What a splendid thing it is. I read a beautiful story in the book, Yoga Vasishta, of a husband and wife. Chudalai and Sikhadwaja, how they resembled two lotus flowers on one stalk and—drank in together the same air and water and sunshine and were as one. The story goes on to show how after Chudalai had herself attained salvation, she assumes the disguise of a Muni and herself teaches her husband and enables him also to gain salvation. To gain wisdom, we must be taught by wise people and read good books. I think all Indian women are naturally clever, and when they are educated, their cleverness is brought out, and we see what great things they can do. I feel sure that all of you realize this, and will take every advantage of the goodness of Mrs. Gopalacharlu and others who have it started this Library and work here. As it is, wonderful and rare to find, a work started by one man and going on by his energy, and I pray that you may use it well and thoroughly rejoice the hearts of all who love India, and believe in its future greatness. Besides, this is the noble work of rescuing and training the orphans. All of you will agree that no work can be higher than the saving and cherishing of human lives and souls. We see in this country so much spent in daily giving money and food to beggars and so only encouraging them in beggary and idleness. How much better to make a Home for them and make them useful to themselves and others. For such a work too, I am come here to help with others, to save poor women from misery and idleness, and make them happy and useful in the *Abalashrama*. Let us all determine to do what we can in giving help to such noble works as these which may truly be called women's work, and so fulfil the will of God, who says:—"Pure religion and undefiled is this.....to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, and keep himself unspotted from the world."

The above was translated and explained in Kanarese by Mrs. Subbamma, Head Mistress of the Government Girls' School, Taluk Cutcherry Road, Bangalore City. In appreciating the



lecture, Mrs. A. Gopalacharlu, on behalf of the gathering, spoke in Telugu as outlined below :—

“To-day is a day of rejoicing. We are very grateful to Mrs. I. J. Pitt for her kindness. We earnestly request that she will be pleased to accept our humble thanks for the interesting address she gave us. The subject is—“Influence of Women,” and the word “Influence” in English, I am told, carries with it a very comprehensive meaning. To render it into vernacular, it can only be done by the theme of the lecture itself. Influence may either be for good or evil. But from what we have heard, we know that it is for good, which means influence of education or knowledge and nothing more. This statement expresses in strong terms that education is necessary to us and that we should not go down to the level of brute creation. That such has been the case now can be seen by any casual observer, by our own fallen condition. Education confers benefits, and its absence creates harm to the country and the people. In both Puranic and Vedic periods our women have earned a great name, and that is enough to tell us that we had education from the ancient times. That such a system was discontinued, is only due to foreign invasions and other political changes. A time like that has happily passed away and we are at present enjoying every freedom and peace under the benign protection of the British Government, we are to lose and no more time to gain our lost position and knowledge once again for the benefit of our country and nation. It is not to oust the sterner sex that we should learn and gain knowledge, but to be their good wives and helpmates in all their dealings, work and aspirations. This is woman's mission. Her education means, the education of her family and her country. In her observations, Mrs. I. J. Pitt has spoken some words on the benefits of the Library and the advantages it confers on us. I can only say that this section was created with a purpose like that. She has also said some words about the Orphanage, but this being a work with which I am humbly connected with, I would rather avoid saying anything than afford an opportunity to make any surmise that I am speaking about “myself” and my work. But, however, I cannot slip the opportunity of saying a few words about the Abalashrama or the house of rescue, which Mrs. I. Pitt is proposing to establish in Bangalore. This is a God-pleasing work and a real want. It requires our full co-operation and support. I hope that all our sisters will give her a helping hand and earn a lasting gratitude of the many helpless who may seek redress at the Abalashrama. As to our own work of the Ladies' Section, I need not say much. I only wish to add that your making it a success will greatly please

our own beloved Maharaja, H. H. The Dowager Maharani, and H. H. The Maharani, the pioneers of female education in India”.

With the above speech the proceedings were brought to a close by an announcement that the next lecture will be delivered by Sowbhaghyavati Seethamma (Mr. Advocate L. Srinivasaiengar's daughter). The subject is “Benevolence”. It is hoped that all respectable Hindu ladies will kindly attend.

The Ladies' Section beg to tender their thanks to the Vice-President, City Municipality, and to the Police for the assistance they have kindly rendered.

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

AT HYDERABAD.

### THE CIVIL HOSPITAL EXTENSION.

SECUNDERABAD, 15th Nov.—Owing to the difficulty of establishing connection with the *s. s. Dufferin* off Cocanada, the departure of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto has been delayed for twenty-four hours. They will go to Madras instead of Cocanada. Her Excellency motored to Secunderabad this afternoon to lay the foundation-stone of the Civil Hospital extension buildings. The roads were lined by the 2nd (Q. O.) Rajput Light Infantry, and immense crowds formed up along the route and were profuse in their enthusiasm. Lady Minto was received at the Hospital by Colonel Thompson, I. M. S., Captain Hudson, and Miss Bayley, Lady Superintendent. Her Excellency's suite was made up of Lady Violet Elliot, Lord Francis Scott, and Colonel Crooke-Lawless. Her Excellency and party proceeded to the handsomely decorated dais where were assembled the Hon'ble the Resident, Mrs. and Miss Bayley, General Sir James and Lady Wolfe-Murray, General and Mrs. Hamilton, Major E. St. A. Wake, Cantonment Magistrate, and all the principal officials and citizens of Secunderabad.

### COLONEL THOMPSON'S SPEECH.

Colonel Thompson, as soon as the party had taken up their respective positions, read the following Address, giving details of the various extensions which had already been carried in connection with the Civil Hospital :—

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—Up to the year 1851 no Civil Hospital appears to have existed in Secunderabad. In that year a large Indian male ward was erected with accommodation for 22 Indian male patients and a smaller ward for eight Europeans and Eurasians. In 1887, a ward for 22 female Indian patients was erected by the Cantonment authorities and named the Jubilee Ward, in commemoration of the Jubilee of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. The next addition to the Hospital was made in 1903, when Mr. Eduljee Sorabjee Chenai, an old resident of Secunderabad and at one time a member of the



Cantonment Committee, built a large ward for European and Eurasian females in memory of his deceased wife, Bai Pheroze Bai. This building consists of one large ward with two smaller rooms for special cases, and a smaller special ward for Parsee ladies. In 1901, eight caste wards, four for males and four for females, were built with money subscribed by the friends of the late Dustoor Eduljee Byramjee Jamasp Asana, Assistant Cantonment Magistrate and Deputy Commissioner in Berar. These caste wards were completed in 1902, and were opened by the late Resident Sir David Barr, K. C. S. I., on the 5th August, 1902. The excess expenditure over the money subscribed was met by Seth Ram Gopal Rai Bahadur, by whom the large Lady Curzon Maternity Ward was also erected at his own expense, and opened by Sir David Barr on the 5th September, 1902. Your Excellency will perceive that the development of this Hospital was very slow and gradual up to the last few years, when increased accommodation was available, more particularly for maternity cases and the establishment of a staff of trained nurses under the present Lady Superintendent, Miss Bayley, has encouraged the poor sick of Secunderabad to apply for relief in much larger numbers and more readily than in previous years. In the last eight years the annual attendance of in-patients has risen from 757 to 1,741, and the attendance of out-patients from 20,628 to 43,137. From the opening of the Curzon Maternity Ward the attendance of women has increased from 56 in 1902 to 159 in 1906. This year the numbers will be much in excess of last year. The increased demand for admissions has rendered a further extension of the Hospital necessary and this extension has become possible owing to the transfer to the Hospital of a piece of ground adjoining the Hospital, which belonged to Messrs. Bhagwandas and Gulabdas, of Hyderabad. The additions to the Hospital, which it is proposed to erect, consist of four separate wards for Europeans and Parsis with accommodation for sixteen patients, which Mr. Shapurba Edulji Chenai has generously consented to build entirely at his own expense. There will be a separate Children's Ward, which it is hoped Your Excellency will graciously permit to be called Lady Minto's Ward and the Nurses' Quarters which have been subscribed for by English, Mahomedan and Hindu gentlemen in Secunderabad, and a small dispensary, operating theatre and maternity ward for caste Hindu ladies which Set Musthial Ramannah consented to build at his own expense. It is the foundation-stones of these three buildings which Your Excellency has graciously consented to lay this evening.

#### LADY MINTO'S REPLY.

In answer to the foregoing Address, Her Excellency replied as follows:—

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,**—The last Report on this Hospital, which Colonel Thompson has kindly sent me, shows increasing work in every department for the relief of the sick and suffering, and also the need of enlarging the present accommodation. Our hearty thanks are due to those who have so generously contributed towards this object. The provision of trained nurses for both hospital and private cases is a subject in which I have always taken the keenest interest, and it is particularly gratifying to read of foundations of a training school for nurses which

has already shown excellent results. It has given me great pleasure to lay the foundation-stones, and I must thank you most sincerely for the honour you have done me in associating my name with these wards.

At the conclusion of the speech, Mrs. Shapurjee Chenai handed Her Excellency a silver trowel. Then two gentlemen, Mr. Shapurjee Chenai and Mr. Musthial Ramannah, were presented to Her Excellency by Colonel Thompson. She then proceeded to lay the stones, saying on each occasion:—"I declare this stone well and truly laid." These stones were inscribed, respectively;—

"European and Parsee Ward erected by Shapurji Edulji Chenai in memory of his wife, Bai Methalai. This stone was laid by Her Excellency Lady Minto, 15th November, 1907."

"Maternity for Caste Hindus. This stone was laid by Her Excellency Lady Minto, 15th November, 1907."

"Children's Ward. This stone was laid by Her Excellency Lady Minto, 15th November, 1907."

#### AT THE FANCY FAIR.

Lady Minto afterwards inspected two wards of the Hospital and then proceeded to the Fancy Fair, at the Sirdar Bagh. A most pleasing incident occurred on Her Excellency's near approach to the Fancy Fair, where all the school children of Secunderabad were assembled at the Clock Tower Gardens, whose hearty cheers attracted Her Excellency's notice. She alighted from her motor car and went up and spoke to the Rev. D. M. Israel, of the S. P. G. Mission, and the Rev. F. Levining, American Baptist Mission, both of whom seemed to be greatly pleased at Her Excellency's kindness, and cheers went up from the children more heartily than previously. On entering the Fair, Her Excellency and party proceeded to the dais set apart, where refreshments were served. There was, literally speaking, no special opening ceremony observed on the occasion, neither were any speeches made. The Heir-Apparent and his Excellency the Maharajah Sir Kishen Pershad, Prime Minister, arrived soon afterwards, and went up to the dais and joined the party. Her Excellency next proceeded to make a tour of the stalls and evinced much pleasure at all that she saw, and made several purchases. While she was so engaged, His Highness the Nizam arrived, accompanied by Major Osman Yard-ud-Dowla and a large suite. Cordial greetings were exchanged, after which His Highness went round the Fair, visiting each stall, making exceeding large purchases, especially at the Hyderabad stall, in which were displayed the local industries of the Dominions and a variety of very ancient arms. He also attended a performance at the *Cafe Chantant*, and visited the side show of Umar Khan, the Wizard of Bengal. His Highness appeared to be in the height of good humour with all he saw and remained at the Fair for a considerable time after Her Excellency had left.



## THE HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION, POONA.

### MONTHLY REPORT FOR OCTOBER, 1907.

1. After finishing her work at Baramati in the Poona district, Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale went to Barsi Town in the Sholapur District. The meeting there was held in the temple of Bhagawant and was presided over by Mr. G. K. Tilak, one of the leading pleaders there. The audience numbered over five hundred. The next place visited was Pandharpur. After working there for a few days, Mrs. Athavale has to return to recruit her health.

2. A meeting of the Managing Committee was held at the house of Prof. R. P. Paranjpye on the Fergusson College grounds.

3. The annual examination of the Home was conducted by two members of the Committee and two other gentlemen connected with the educational department. In the last week of October, the Home was closed on account of the Dewali holidays. It will open again in the last week of November. About ten inmates who had either nowhere to go or who had to go to very distant parts remained in the Home. Before closing the school, the inmates were taken for a picnic to a small island, in the Mutha river, two miles from the Home. The island is the property of Rao Bahadur Martand Vaman Shrotriya, retired engineer of Poona. Rao Bahadur Shrotriya gave us all facilities and the girls passed a very happy day.

4. The number of visitors during the month was 28, there being 4 ladies, 23 gentlemen and one, an advanced student. Of these, 16 came from Poona, 5 from the Deccan, 2 each from the S. M. country and the Berars, and one each from the Carnatic, the United Provinces and Ceylon. Among the visitors were the Hon'ble Mr. Selby, Director of Public Instruction; Mr. G. Carnichael, Collector of Poona; Miss Bennit of Ceylon and Birmingham; Mr. C. Y. Chintamani of Amraoti; and Dr. Manohar Lal of Aligarh.

5. Two money gifts deserve a special mention. Shrimati Sitabaisaheb Bhagvat of the royal family of Indore, sent a donation of Rs. 100 and Mr. G. R. Dabholkar of Ahmedabad sent Rs. 101.

6. The total number of contributors during the month was 237 and their contributions amounted to Rs. 727.

Hingne Budruk,  
via Poona City,  
20th November, 1907. }

KASHIBAI DEVDHAR,  
VENUBAI NAMJOSHI,  
Secretaries.

## THE LADY DUFFERIN HOSPITAL ANNUAL MEETING OF GOVERNORS.

THE annual meeting of Governors of the Lady Dufferin Hospital took place at the Khalikdina Hall on Saturday evening last, the Commissioner in Sind being in the chair. There was a very fair gathering of the public, especially of Indians, and we hope that the meeting will be followed by a great accession of interest in an institution that does so much for the poorer members of the Indian community. The annual report of the Hospital was read by the Hon.

Secretary, Mr. Gulamali Chagla, and accepted by the meeting. The report contained a table giving the number of patients treated since the opening of the hospital, the figures being as follow:—

1898, 2,824; 1899, 4,672; 1900, 5,766; 1901, 6,902; 1902, 8,631; 1903, 9,582; 1904, 10,017; 1905, 12,866; and 1906 13,327.

Of the 380 operations, 55 were of an important nature. The number of maternity cases admitted was 90 against 76 in the last year. The increase in these cases is a satisfactory feature, as it is largely with a view to these that the Lady Dufferin Hospitals exist.

In the figures for the year under report there is all round a considerable improvement over those for the last year, which may be taken as an indication of the increasing usefulness of the Hospital and the success and popularity of the Lady Physician, Dr. Miss I. A. Lamb.

The number of patients treated at the Jaffer Fuddoo Dispensary also reached the large total of 12,525, the combined figures affording convincing proof of the increasing popularity of these institutions.

The increasing attendance at the Jaffer Fuddoo Dispensary makes it clear that a longfelt want of the town has been supplied by its opening. The Dispensary has done very good work under Miss A. H. Mullen.

The report also stated that the Committee are glad to report that the special repairs to the Hospital building necessitated by the cracking of walls have been satisfactorily carried out. The iron joists and girders were removed and replaced by pukka teak and all the floors relaid. The walls and all doors and windows were painted and the whole building put into a state of thorough repair. The cost of all this amounted to about Rs. 10,000. In this connection the Committee and the public are deeply indebted to Mr. J. Forrest Brimton, M. I. C. E., M. I. M. E., Chief Officer, Karachi Municipality, for the highly efficient manner in which he has carried out the extensive alterations and repairs and for his kindness in giving so much time and personal attention thereto.

The Budget for the coming year shows a deficit of Rs. 2,859.

After the acceptance of the report the election of a new committee for the ensuing year was proceeded with, all the members of the old committee being unanimously re-elected.

The Chairman, Mr. Mules, after thanking the Commissioner for coming to preside over the meeting, and those present for kindly responding to the invitation of the Managing Committee, said that in the previous year the annual meeting of the Governors had been held at the Frere Hall, where only 8 people attended. He was glad that the effort made by the committee to secure a larger attendance by calling the meeting in the Kalikdina Hall had proved successful. It further gave him pleasure to report that in trying to bring this deserving institution to the notice of the public, four more Governors had been enlisted, one of whom, Mr. A. M. Jevanji, was a Life Governor. He then dwelt on the very useful work the hospital was doing, especially for the Indian Community for whose benefit it was established. He pointed out that much yet remained to be done as several beds were unendowed, and there were no quarters for the nurses. He was glad that so far as the Hospital building was



concerned it was put into thorough repair, and rebuilding would not be necessary which was threatened at one time. With a view to enlist more public support, he then requested the President to kindly explain to those present the objects of the institution.

Mr. A. D. Younghusband said he was glad to respond to the call of Mr. Mules to appeal to the enlightened and philanthropic public of Karachi to accord a larger measure of support to the Hospital than they had done hitherto. He said that when the copy of the report had been sent to him, his attention was particularly drawn to the short list of subscribers and donors. The objects of the Hospital were summed up, he said in the rule of "the scheme of management" which ran as follows:—"The purposes for which the Lady Dufferin Hospital has been established and which it shall be the aim of the Governors to forward, are the providing of female medical assistance to the women and the children of Sind and the training of women as nurses and midwives."

Those were objects which, he said, should appeal very strongly to the public. He was glad that the Committee had been successful in their efforts to ensure a large attendance at their annual meeting, and hoped that a large number of those who had attended that evening as spectators would, the following years, attend in their official capacity as Governors of the Hospital. In noticing the report of the working of the Hospital, which he said was very satisfactory, he paid a tribute to Dr. Miss I. A. Lamb whose work in connection with the Hospital had been very praiseworthy. He was conscious of the loss to the Hospital by the severance of her connection, but hoped it would be in a measure compensated for by the appointment of a suitable successor which he was glad to learn from Mr. Mules had been secured. He concluded by strongly commending the institution to the support of the public.

Mr. Yusufali Alibhoi in moving a vote of thanks to the chair, said that the fact that the Commissioner-in-Sind had come all the way from Hyderabad to preside at the meeting showed how great an interest he took in the Hospital and in the well-being of the people under his care. The vote was carried with acclamation.

### THE LADIES' ARTS EXHIBITION.

We are glad to know that the Jullundur Arya Samaj has made a commendable move in the direction of stimulating art and handiwork among the Indian ladies, by organising, in connection with the anniversary of the Kanya Mahavidyala, an exhibition of every sort of work consisting of embroidery, laces, woollen and silk flowers, phulkaries, etc., prepared by ladies or girls. The exhibition will be held in the premises of the Kanya Mahavidyala, Jullundur, and will remain open from 21st December 1907 to 1st January, 1908. The admission will be by means of tickets that can be obtained from the office of the Exhibition Committee at the cost of 4 annas for gentlemen and 2 annas for ladies, while boys and girls will pay at half rate. The exhibitors and girl students of any school will get the tickets free of charge.

We trust all the persons interested in the cause of female education and advancement of women will afford every help in their power to make the Exhibition useful. Its organisers deserve the thanks and cordial support of all the right-minded and educated people. They should endeavour to get handsome articles produced by ladies sent to the Exhibition and to pay a visit to it.

The articles, including even such things as drawings, paintings, models, toys, knitting, etc., should be sent for exhibition before 15th December to Lala Hansraj, Bar-at-Law, Secretary, the Ladies' Arts Exhibition, Jullundur. Medals will be awarded for work of approved excellence. The articles exhibited will be offered for sale if so desired by the owner to whom the price realised will be remitted. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary of the Exhibition. All the institutions for girls, to whatever sect or society they may belong, should send in the specimen of the handiwork taught therein. Our Arya brethren will also not be slow to patronise the exhibition.

**FEMALE EDUCATION IN COCHIN:**—At the last meeting of the Cochin Municipal Council, a letter was read from Miss Lynch, the Assistant Inspectress of Girls' Schools, urging the necessity of opening 2 schools for girls at Cochin. It would appear that, according to the latest census, the total population of girls of school-going age is 1,448, whereas the total number of girls now receiving instruction is only about 300. Each school will probably cost the Municipality about Rs. 500 per annum. The Municipality is unfortunately not in a position to open new schools just now. It was therefore resolved to postpone the subject until the Budget for the ensuing year is prepared.

MRS. JASSAWALLA, THE VENERABLE PARSEE lady traveller, has reached England in good health, after visiting China, Japan, and the United States. She is staying in London, and may possibly winter there.

### News and Notes.

Rose L. Fritz beat the world's typewriting record and retained the championship, which she has held for three years, in the contest held last week at the Business Show in Madison Square Garden, New York. She wrote 5,619 words from manuscript in one hour, with only 81 errors, leaving a net score of 5,214 words for the hour, at an average speed of nearly 87 words a minute. Those who stood second, third and fourth were men.

Baroness Goto, wife of one of Japan's leading statesmen, who is now adjusting difficult problems of administration as Governor of Manchuria, has been travelling *incognito* in this country for the last four months, in order to gain insight into American ideas, especially of home and home-making. The baroness is described as a charming woman, young, highly educated, and ambitious for the best things. With



characteristic modesty, she declines to give an off-hand opinion on American customs. "Every country has its strong side and its weak side," is the broad view expressed by the baroness. "We can see our own strength and our own weakness better by going away from our own country, but we cannot see the strength and weakness of other countries in a short visit. We can see only in part; it takes a long time, great care in observation and a very open mind to distinguish fairly the strong and the weak points of any nation."

It may surprise some readers to learn what a large share women now have in the purely scientific work of the Government. At the United States Naval Observatory, says the American Home Monthly, women assist in making the astronomical calculations for the Nautical Almanac—the sea Bible of the mariners—and at the Smithsonian Institution and the Department of Agriculture women are directly responsible for much of the intricate technical work.

Mrs. Martha Krug Genthe, of Hartford, Conn., read at a meeting of the American Geographical Society, some little time ago, a very interesting paper on the rise and development of the Valley Towns of Connecticut. This essay, embodying the results of much original research on the author's part, and illustrated with maps, was published last month in the Bulletin of the Geographical Society, which has now issued it also as a separate pamphlet.

I honor no man, not even the soldier who fights for righteousness, quite as much as I honor the good woman who does her full duty as wife and mother,—Theodore Roosevelt.

The Government wishes to keep the people at Panama contented, so a brilliant and winning New York Club woman is sent to establish women's clubs there.—*The Club-Woman's Weekly*.

Mrs. Leslie Cotton, the American artist, who was lately commissioned to paint a portrait of King Edward, has just received an order to paint Queen Alexandra too. The King was so pleased with his own portrait, though unfinished, that he has written Mrs. Cotton to come to Sandringham and make one of the queen.

W. T. Stead is organising a peace pilgrimage through Latin America. Starting from England next March, the pilgrims will go first to New York, thence by train to Mexico, and on through all the countries of Latin America, spreading the Gospel of peace, and explaining the work of the Hague Conference.

Mrs. Bessie Parlik is the editor and Mrs. Milly R. Helina and Mrs. Rose A. Kabat are the publishers of "Zenske Listy," a women's paper issued in Chicago in the Bohemian tongue. All the work on the paper is done by women, editing, type-setting, printing, and solicitation of advertisements and subscriptions. This periodical advocates equal rights for women, especially the improvement of the condition of women who are wage-earners, and other advanced ideas. It

is published at 336, West 18th street. Mrs. Parlik makes long journeys about the country to get subscribers. It is reported to have a circulation of about 6,000.

Miss Alice Henry contributes to "Charities" an interesting article on an Australian experiment in caring for epileptics in a farm colony. It is in a retired and beautiful spot at Clayton, on the rolling, heathy downs overlooking the bay. It has grounds 165 acres in extent, and cottages for men and women. The climate is so mild that the patients can do out-of-door work all the year round to the great benefit of their health. Miss Catherine H. Spence and Dr. F. Mary P. Stone urged this project at the meeting of the Australian National Council of Women, four years ago, and a committee was formed to work for it, including Lady Madden, wife of the Chief Justice of Victoria, Miss M. C. Cuthbertson, assistant inspector of factories, Miss Alice Henry and others. The colony is now an accomplished fact, and is the first institution of its kind in the Southern hemisphere. It is named for Lady Talbot, the Governor's wife, who has taken a great interest in it.

Miss Mabel Carney, a young Irish girl just out of the Normal School who began teaching three years ago in a country School in Magnolia Township, Ill., has since then made a remarkable record. Her school and two neighbouring ones were small, dilapidated and ill equipped. She talked consolidation, and got the question submitted to the voters. It was defeated in 1905, and carried in 1906. Eighteen thousand dollars were voted to put up a fine building for the consolidated schools; a public-spirited citizen, John Swaney, gave 24 acres for a campus, and on it there is now an Agricultural experiment plot conducted in co-operation with the Agricultural School of the State University. Country boys and girls may here study agronomy, animal husbandry, horticulture, domestic science and art, and kindred subjects. The pupils from the three former school districts are brought to school in wagons. There is a four years' high-schools course with liberal electives, and a tract of splendid natural forest has been added to the school property through Miss Carney's efforts. The principal of the Western Illinois Normal School has now made her the supervisor of a model country school, help to solve the problems of country schools in Illinois. This summer 70 teachers came to learn of her. These country teachers have now organized themselves into the Country Teachers' Association of Illinois, with Miss Carney as president. The association is unique in that it concerns itself wholly with the problems and interests of country teachers and country schools. Its endeavour is to "make life large and lovely for the country child." The membership already includes more than 300 country teachers and county superintendents of schools.

Queen Alexandra has for many years been so deaf as to make it very hard to talk with her. Several instruments are now on their way to her from America, however, which will enable the King and Queen to talk together without the aid of a trumpet. The



transmitter will be hidden in the folds of the Queen's dress, and the batteries, which are about three inches high and one and a half inches in diameter, will be carried in the pocket. One of the instruments contains a double transmitter for table use. This will be set in the centre of the table and covered by floral decorations. Wires will be attached, running under the table, enabling the conversation of the royal pair and their guests to be carried on without interruption.

Keir Hardie, the labor member of the British Parliament, who is so strong an advocate of woman suffrage, could neither read nor write till after he was twelve years old. He taught himself writing and shorthand while at work in the coal mines. He left the mines at twenty-two and became secretary of the Miners' Union. Two years later he became sub-editor of a local newspaper in the town where he now lives.

Last year the help of Methodist women in Nebraska was asked for in a unique way. It was proposed that each farmer's wife should dedicate the proceeds from one setting of eggs to the Deaconess Hospital in Omaha. It is estimated that two dollars in cash have been realized from each hen set for the hospital. Farmers' wives who believe in equal suffrage might, in the same way, dedicate one setting of eggs to the suffrage cause.

The International Exhibition of Women's Work was opened at Melbourne on the 23rd October by Lady Northcote, in the presence of Lord Northcote, the Governor-General. The work of organising the Exhibition occupied a year, and was carried on under the immediate supervision of Lady Northcote. The result is a unique display, there being many thousands of exhibits. The non-competitive section includes exhibits from all the British Possessions and most foreign countries; and much work done by British Princesses and foreign Royalties is also on view. A choir of over a thousand female voices has been trained in connection with the Exhibition, and there is also an Orchestra as well as a Brass Band, all the performers in which are women.

Miss Mary L. Jones, of Pasadena, formerly the librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library, is now in Berkeley, where she is at the head of the library section of the summer school conducted in connection with the University of California. Miss Jones' great ability in this line was recognized by the university and when she completes the work there at the beginning of August a still greater honor awaits her. She has been elected to become the temporary head of the library at Bryn Mawr College at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, during the year's leave of absence of the librarian, Miss Mudge, who will go abroad.—Pasadena paper.

Miss Winnifred Cambridge, eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. E. Cambridge, of Madras, has won the "Queen Mab" prize awarded by Weldon's *Ladies' Journal* for the best letter of 200 words written by any girl under twelve years old. Little Miss Cambridge wrote her letter quite unaided and "all on her own," her

subject being "A Trip to Ootacamund." The prize is a handsomely bound book.

The distinction conferred on Miss Florence Nightingale cannot add to her celebrity, but will be heartily approved, nevertheless. Miss Nightingale is now 87 years of age, and it is half a century since she performed that work of caring for the sick and wounded in the Crimean War which won her so much admiration. With characteristic generosity she devoted the £50,000 testimonial she received to the foundation of a Home for training nurses. One of her medical work deals with India, others with military nursing.

Carolyn Wells has written a series of quaint and humorous verses, which she calls "The Happychaps," to run through several numbers of *St. Nicholas*. They will have plenty of pictures, made by Harrison Cady, the artist who has been illustrating Mrs. Burnett's "Queen Silver-bell" stories.

Mrs. Alice Halderman of Girara, Kan., is probably the most noted woman bank president in the United States. She is a sister of Jane Addams. The institution was a private bank at the time of her husband's death two years ago, but since Mrs. Halderman was elected president it has been incorporated as a State institution. The bank is one of the oldest in the country.

Miss Johanna Redmond, daughter of John E. Redmond, M. P., is one of the leaders in Ireland's dramatic revival. She has written two plays which are Celtic in tone and theme and which have aroused enthusiasm as played in London by Irish amateurs.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward begins her new novel "Though Life Us Do Part," in the *Woman's Home Companion* for November. The scene is laid in a fashionable North Shore resort, near Boston.

A plant that cures the appetite for opium has been discovered in the Malay Peninsula, and the victims of the habit are crowding by hundreds to the mission stations, where it is distributed free. Since the discovery of the new medicine the importation of opium into the Federated Malay States has fallen off nearly one-half.

Mrs. Mary Higgs, at the Congress of the National Union of Women Workers at Manchester, prophesied a war of sex, while Dr. Mary Murdoch announced that something must be done to make married women work less.

Miss Helen M. Pullis has been appointed an Immigration Inspector on the recommendation of the Immigration Commissioner at Ellis Island, in order that she may secure special and definite information about the "white slave" traffic.

Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sixteen years old, has just published a little book on the "Wild Flowers of Scandinavia."

An African queen, the second wife of King Lobengula, wears for a headdress on State occasions, a carved and decorated bust of her husband's first wife.



## THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

*Acknowledgments for November, 1907.*

|   | RS. | A.  |   | RS. | A.   |
|---|-----|-----|---|-----|------|
| 1. M. V. Arunachalam, Esq., Hyderabad.        | 4   | 0   | 16. T. S. Sreenivasa Row, Esq., Tirwadi       | ... | 4 0  |
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THE LATE MRS. SARDARNI UMRAO SINGH.  
(See page 223.)