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OLD JOCK.

Ten years since, we parted, in grief and regret; Ten years since, we parted,—ten years till we met. In travel and action, he'd passed from my mind, As the vapours of morning are chased by the wind; And little I thought, on a barren old rock, On the shores of Superior, I'd meet with old Jock.

The world is but small, and how often we meet The friends of old years, in the Church,—on the street : How gladly we hail them, and talk of the time, When as boys, we were friends, in our own native clime What vistas reopen, what memories flock. Like Peris, long prisoned ; I found so with Jock.

A bare twenty minutes, the whistle blew shrill From the deck of the steamer, each valley and hill Gave an answering echo;—one grasp of the hand, Right friendly and firm, as we passed from the land :— For Distance and Duty are demons, that mock At meetings and partings, like mine with old Jock.

F. M. D.

FEMALE EDUCATION FOR INDIA.

Perhaps there is no way in which education more enlarges our powers for happiness and usefulness than in widening the area of our sympathies, and increasing our capacity for entering into the feelings of others. The contrast has been well drawn between the English farmlabourer, whose horizon is bounded by the meeting of his daily labour and his nightly rest, and the man of culture, to whom the most distant lands and the most remote ages afford a sphere in which his mind finds exercise and enjoyment. But there is a danger of the student living in the world of the ideal, rather than of the actual. We and our books may be in perfect harmony, and yet when we are brought close to the real life, in some phase as yet unfamilar to us, we may fail to find a single point of contact between ourselves and the men and women who surround us; we may look on them as we should on geological or botanical specimens, finding some interest in studying their modes of thought and life, but failing to recognise in them that touch of nature, which makes the whole world kin, and without which we may vainly hope to reach or help any human being.

Seeing that this is the case, we should gladly welcome any opportunity of extending the range of our human sympathies, and of our mutual helpfulness, and such an opportunity has been offered us by a stranger lately in our midst, the Pundita Ramabai.

This remarkable woman, for we feel we may call her so, occupies a position unique among the one hundred and eighty-six million of her fellow-countrymen. Whilst the women of India are carefully prohibited by their male relatives from acquiring any knowledge, but that necessary for the skilful performance of domestic work, and are not even allowed to read the sacred writings, for fear of defiling them by their unholy lips. Ramabai has been carefully trained in all those branches which form the higher education of the ambitious Englishwoman of to-day. Whilst they are rigidly excluded from the companionship of any but those of their own sex, and are almost considered in danger of pollution if the sunlight itself streams upon them, she is travelling from place to place on this democratic continent, lecturing to mixed audiences on the subject so near and dear to her heart. Whilst they groan under a slavery not only of body but of soul, for heaven itself holds out no happiness to them, but that of still being able to minister to the caprices of husbands who have seldom treated them with the tenderness and consideration which are common, if not exactly universal, in our more favoured country, she has set her mind on nothing less than the enfranchisement, not political but moral and social, of the larger section of the human family to which she belongs, though her immediate aim, and that for which she now appeals to us for assistance, is to do something to ameliorate the condition of high caste widows who are seeking to obtain forgiveness for the sins committed in a former state of existence by a life so