

Do they believe, indeed, that strange, sweet story
 Of which faint echoes reach us now and then,
 Of One who left His home in highest glory,
 A MAN to be, and live and die for men?
 And could we hear it, should not we believe it?
 And, in believing, should not we obey?
 His proffered grace, should we too not receive it,
 And rest in His great love, as well as they?

O Christian, Christian!—is it true—that story?
 And has its music thrilled your listening ears?—
 Yet time rolls on, and earth grows old and hoary:
 And we still die in hopelessness and tears.
 Why come ye not, that we with you may gather
 In mutual brotherhood around His feet?
 With you may I sip that sweetest name, "Our Father,"
 And share with you the hopes you find so sweet?

Our doors stand open wide, our children
 Watch for you long with eager heart and eye,
 Watch for your coming and await your message,
 And, while they watch and wait, how many die!
 Our gods, foredoomed to ruin, totter
 Upon their stony thrones in slow decay.
 Oh come, and o'er the hideous ruin scatter
 The beams that cheer and gladden you always!

PAMELA S. V. YELL

Brautford, December, 1890.

A Talk with Dr. Emma Brainerd-Ryder.

Woman is beginning to play a chief part in the movements of Indian social and religious life. It is essential she should. She brings to the country a spring and velocity which are not generally present when men are working alone. It is safe to predict that the coming decade will be for India pre-eminently woman's decade. Woman's questions will be the first and most exciting, and woman's tact and enthusiasm will be, probably, the chief factors in bringing about a right answer to them. India is beginning to attract the most capable women. They see here a condition of things weirdly fascinating and challenging all their power. So they come, and coming, stay. And they will come in numbers soon, for the puzzle and pain of Indian female life are destined to work themselves inextricably into the brain and heart of western women. In the divine enterprises to which India invites the West, America is already doing an almost equal share with Britain. Could anything be more admirable? Divided there, and disposed sometimes to emphasise division, the two nations join here. In presence of the social woe and religious darkness of this land they feel but one heart-beat and in philanthropic union forget political separation. In its demand for emancipation and evangelization, India is really doing the work of empire-making—pushing forward the federation of the English-speaking races. Both American and British, as they touch these shores, forget to be merely national and grow distinctly imperial, and it may well be that hereafter the difficulties between the two nations there may find a determining influence in the federation here.

All this is suggested by a visit which we have just had from Mrs. Brainerd-Ryder, M. D. She is an American lady who has received her medical training largely in Vienna and London, and after ten years of exhausting practice in New York, started two years ago on a twelve months' trip to India for change and rest. She came as

the hearty friend of Pundita Ramabai, and was her companion in a journey through Japan and China. On her arrival in Bombay she at once saw an immense sphere waiting for her, alike for her medical skill and social gifts. Dr. Ryder belongs to the best American type. There is nothing noisy or fussy about her, but she seems to tingle with energy, and about her speech there is occasionally something electric. She is wholly a woman, but a woman with ideas and utterance, promptness and courage. Our conversation lighted on many topics; experiences of travel, medical work, literature and social questions; but for the readers of this magazine it will be enough that we touch on two.

THE SOROSIS CLUB.

Dr. Ryder's name is particularly associated in Bombay with the founding of a club with a queer name. To the world at large the title is anything but self-explanatory; indeed no other name could have been more hopelessly unintelligible; and even to those who know Greek, it is not at once evident what *sosis* = *cimulus* is an aggregation, has to do with a club. Our visitor smiled as we expounded our perplexity, and intimated that the complete uniqueness of the name, its power to catch the ear and stick in the memory, is one important justification of it. Dr. Ryder, however, is not the author of the name; she borrowed it from a woman's literary club in New York of which she has been made an honorary member. This club was started for purely literary purposes, but was not intended to be confined to the city where it was born. It rather aimed to promote a confederation, a *cimulus*, of many similar clubs, and so took to itself the ambitious name of Sorosis. Its aim is being steadily fulfilled. Its branches have spread into other countries, and corresponding members of various nationalities have enrolled themselves. In a true sense, Dr. Ryder's Bombay club is a daughter of the New York Sorosis.

It came about in this way. Nothing impressed Dr. Ryder more, on her arrival in India, than the small lives lived by even the best and most favored of Indian women. Their interests are so few and trivial, their outlook is so narrow, the impulses that reach them from the great stirring world without are so occasional and feeble, that they cannot, in any but a pitifully limited sense, be said to belong to their age at all. Jewels and cloths, family weddings and births and deaths, household festivals with sweets and special cooking, and for the rest—a blank! The inspiration of the best history, the excitement of hearing of high deeds now being done, the impulse that is born of contemplating present day ideals—these are all absent. To Dr. Ryder, having herself lived a vivid life in touch with all that is best in her age, it was appalling to be suddenly confronted with this, and she at once saw a special duty before her. Her first move was to insert a modest notice in the Bombay papers, stating that on a certain Saturday afternoon she would be glad to receive all women who would come to her, with a view to forming a woman's club. The notice was without qualification, and friends seemed divided between ridicule of her dream and pity that she should be courting certain failure. It was urged that in the present condition of things, none but doubtful women would respond to her notice, and she was urged to send a supplementary notice to the papers, either announcing the abandonment of the project or defining the classes of women who would be admitted. This Dr. Ryder firmly refused to do, saying that her motto would be "Whosoever will." Apprehensions were speedily dissolved when the day appointed came. Forty ladies answered the invitation—of the most varied creeds