

For the climax of the dismal story we come to the hospital and the Parsi physician—one native, at least, who knows his duty and does it. As he walked from bed to bed there stepped in from the sun-steeped garden a golden-haired English girl in a white-and-red uniform—a nurse who had volunteered to come out for plague duty, and has lived with death for two years.

The village life of the interior region is thus described:

They are a patient people, the villagers of India; they have been hungry these thirty centuries or so, and it has never occurred to them that they have any claim to be filled. They grumbled a little, to be sure: what tiller of the soil ever did else? They could not get enough water from the Government canal, and the Christmas rains had not fallen; and they were poor men. Though not self-helpful, they remained polite, and desired that their lords would honour them by drinking a cup of milk. So two little earthen cups were brought, of the material of flower-pots, and into them was poured milk still hot from the udder. Their lords drank; and then the cups were smashed to earth. They were useless now: the man of meanest caste would never drink out of a cup that had been polluted by white lips. Water was brought, and the man who had poured out the milk washed his hands thoroughly. The landlord asked his manager if he would take milk too: he shook his head, with a smile; for he is a Brahman, and is as much above drinking from a vessel that a lower caste has touched as the lower caste is above drinking after a sahib. They will call you "Lord" and "Protector of the Poor"; they will sing hymns to you; but they smash the bowl you drank from. What could be more

eloquent of the land of contradictions?

Mr. Steevens sums up his impressions of British rule as follows:

We have done much good material work: everywhere we have made two blades of grass grow where there was but one. We have been honest and we have done our best. Whatever we have done



LANDING-PLACE, BOMBAY.

or left undone, we have imported into public affairs a new morality. It may not yet have been widely imitated, but that is rather a reason for hope than despair. What there is in native India of public spirit, of unswerving public integrity, of unsparing devotion to public duty, we may set down to our credit; and we may say that if it grows slowly it is the likelier to live long. India