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Original Articles

WOMAN.

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Tradition says there was a scarcity of solid elements at the time of her creation, and from a translation taken from the old Sanskrit book, with the title of "The Surging of the Ocean of Time," the following is presented: "At the beginning of time,—Twashtri—the Vulcan of the Hindu mythology—created the world. But when he wished to create a woman he found that he had employed all his materials in the creation of man. There did not remain one element over. Then Twashtri, perplexed, fell into a profound meditation. He roused himself as follows: He took the roundness of the moon, the undulations of the serpent, the entwinings of climbing plants, the trembling of the grass, the slenderness of the rose vine, and the velvet of the flower, the lightness of the leaf and the glances of the fawn, the gayety of the sun's rays and tears of the mist, the inconstancy of the wind, and the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock and the softness of the down on the throat of the swallow, the hardness of the diamond, the sweet flavor of honey and the cruelty of the tiger, the warmth of the fire, the chill of snow, the chatter of the jay and the cooing of the turtle-dove. He united all these and formed a woman. Then he made a present of her to man.

Eight days later the man came to Twashtri and said:

"My Lord, the creature you gave me poisons my existence. She chatters without rest, she takes all my time, she laments for nothing at all, and is always ill." And Twashtri received the woman again. But eight days later the man came again to the god and said: "My Lord, my life is very solitary since I returned this creature. I remember she danced before me, singing. I recall how she glanced at me from the corner of her eye, and she played with me, clung to me."