

of these were the daughters of village converts, and their presence in such an institution means that a revolution is going on among the masses of the people—the teeming millions whose condition men of Mr. Mozoomdar's class rarely study or in any way consider. I have seen long processions of Christians pledged to total abstinence parading the streets and other public places in the interest of the great temperance reform. I have seen hundreds and thousands of Hindus, whose confidence had been secured by these devoted Christians, looking on with friendly interest, and sometimes even joining in the demonstrations. I have been a witness during the past third of a century to what I can regard only as a revolution in the feelings of millions of Hindus in northern India toward Christian converts. Thousands and tens of thousands of these Christians are bearing noble witness against child-marriage, polygamy, extortion, drunkenness, and immorality of every kind. To call such men "ciphers" is so cruelly unjust that I am sure Mr. Mozoomdar must have penned the words in absolute ignorance of the character of the men and women whom he misrepresents.

One of the most influential non-Christian papers in India is the "Hindu," published in Madras. A year or two ago the editor of that paper wrote as follows of the Christians of southern India:

"The progress of education among the girls of the native Christian community, and the absence of caste restrictions, will eventually give them an advantage which no amount of intellectual precocity can compensate the Brahmans for. We recently printed the statement of a Bombay paper that the social eminence which at the present moment the Parsees so deservedly enjoy was due to these two causes, namely, that their women are educated, and they are bound by no restrictions of caste. These two advantages slowly make themselves felt among our native Christian people, and it is possible that they will soon become the Parsees of southern India. They will furnish the most distinguished public servants, barristers, merchants, and citizens, among the various classes of the native community."

This testimony will suffice to refute Mr. Mozoomdar's statements so far as southern India is concerned. As for northern India, it is generally conceded that the Christians there are in advance of their brethren in the south, and already their sons and daughters are gaining promotion rapidly.

Mr. Mozoomdar proceeds to point out that the Indian Christians do not seek shelter beneath the all-shadowing branches of the ancient Hindu tree. "How does it happen," he asks, "that other non-Hindu communities, like the Sikhs, the Kabir Panthis, the various Vishnabite and Tantric sects, are included within the fold of all-embracing Hindu society, and why is it that native Christians alone are rigidly excluded?" This question is vital. Mr. Mozoomdar may well ask why Christianity does not subordinate itself to Hinduism, as so many other religious systems have done. Mormonism could take such a position, and the Hindu religion would place no bar in the way; but Christianity cannot do it. The kingdom of Jesus Christ can never be made tributary to any earthly power or system. The Christians of India are taking their place among the great body of the people, but they are doing so as Indian—not Hindu—Christians. Their right to a place in the general community is now seldom challenged. Mr. Mozoomdar, like many others in India, does not seem to realize that the Christians are rapidly advancing in many parts of the empire, and that, in proportion to their numbers, they are taking a more prominent position than any other section of the general community. I speak, of course, of Protestant converts. Mr. Mozoomdar objects to the exclusion of Roman Catholics, but the mass of these are descendants of the nominal Christians who were gathered in during the Portuguese era, and are never reckoned as "converts" by any class in India. The missionary era dates from the arrival of Dr. Carey in Bengal, and the number of Roman Catholic converts who have been won from heathenism since that date is comparatively small.

A Visit to the Monastery of Certosa di Val d'Emo

By Katharine M. Bott

The beautiful and interesting monastery of Certosa di Val d'Emo crowns a lovely hill about a half-hour's tram-ride from Florence. It formerly belonged to and was inhabited by Carthusian monks. It is now owned by the Government, which allows a small number of this order to live here as custodians of the place. That it belongs to the Government is, from the woman's point of view, most satisfactory, for, were Certosa under the strict rules of the order, no profane feminine foot would be allowed to awaken unholy echoes in its silent cloisters. The monastery at present contains fourteen inmates—six monks and eight lay brothers—who receive from the Government a small pension, which, though large enough to keep the place in good repair, is not sufficient for their maintenance. Their principal source of income comes from their "farmacia," where they make perfumes of various kinds, and, in addition, a liqueur much like that made by the monks of the brother house of the same order—the "Grande Chartreuse" in France. The proceeds from this industry, however, are somewhat diminished by the Government tax on "farmacias," which, as Italian citizens, they must pay.

The approach to the monastery is most picturesque. From the point on the main road where the tram halts for passengers to alight, the entrance to this lofty pile of buildings is not visible. A few steps, however, bring the steep path in sight, which ascends between high walls, leading straight up to the massive iron-studded door in the monastery wall. This path, with its perspective of straight lines narrowing almost together at the distant portal, reminds one quite literally of the narrow path we are admonished to tread, and on a hot summer day it seems to the discouraged pedestrian almost as difficult as the one of which it is a type.

The visiting parties are guided about the buildings by the lay brothers, who are dressed in white robes, which to the uninitiated look precisely like the garments worn by the regular monks. Even in this saintly atmosphere, however, social distinctions seem to have their place, as well as in the lower regions where the worldly are content to dwell. The monks are educated priests, and seem to look down a little on the lay brothers, who are often men of no learning, having been called from the till or the plow. The former perform no manual labor, leaving to the latter the task of scrubbing floors and keeping everything clean and in order. The monks proper are further distinguishable from the lay brothers in that they are smooth-shaven, while the latter are allowed to cultivate fierce beards.

The scene about the outer gate of the monastery is an interesting one to the artist and to the student of "low" Italian life, for here all the beggars and infirm from the surrounding country gather to arouse the pity and generosity of the tourist or the pious inmates. Our little party stopped to enjoy this scene, without which as a foreground the Italian picture is not complete. After our stock of coppers had been exhausted we entered the monastery, and found that the lay brother who was directing parties that day had already started on his round. In very unpretentious Italian, one of the gentlemen of our party asked a tall monk, who happened to be passing, if it were too late to be shown over the premises. Turning around a benignant visage towards our party, he replied, with a strong Irish accent, "Pity you don't speak English!" The twinkle which accompanied these words proved most clearly that a little earthly spice still remains in this sanctified atmosphere.

To the American Protestant, whose principal knowledge of monks is derived from the pictures of emaciated and saintly ascetics with which European galleries and churches are filled, this jolly and decidedly human-looking monk was a revelation. He also increased our pleasure by offering himself to be our guide.

Although Certosa contains some good works of early art, still the attraction to strangers does not lie in these,

but in the glimpse of that old monastery life which is like a living picture of the past.

As our party passed through the tiny chapel the monks were droning mass. They were truly in keeping with the old blackened wood-carvings against which they leaned, and it seemed as if these same white, motionless figures might have droned these same chants for hundreds of years. The fact that one or two had to be literally propped up in their places from sheer old age heightened this effect. When we remarked that the inmates of the monastery seemed to live to a good old age, our guide, with much gusto, related the following incident: It being the rule of the Order never to eat meat, one of the Popes, in years gone by, sent a message to the monastery of the "Grande Chartreuse" in France, recommending that strict adherence to this rule be broken in the cases of weak or ailing members. The Prior, in reply, sent a delegation of thirty monks to Rome. When they arrived, the Holy Father asked the youngest member of the delegation to step forward. "How old are you?" inquired his Holiness. "Eighty-four," was the prompt reply. The Pope came to the conclusion that if the baby member of the convent was eighty-four years old, improvements in their method of life were quite unnecessary, and forebore further suggestions as to their diet.

The fact that the present inmates of Certosa range in age from seventy to ninety years is certainly a strong argument in favor of the vegetarian theory.

As our guide finished his story he led us to a covered loggia where such a view burst upon our vision as can be seen only in Italy. From between the carved pillars and graceful stone arches of the balcony the eye wanders over the gently undulating hills of fair Tuscany, that rise ever higher until, purple-veiled, they seem to touch the arching sky. Opposite, crowning its commanding height, ancient Fiesole looks down on that marvelous Florence, the child of her own bosom, which she has seen struggle and grow great and beautiful beneath her eyes.

On a nearer hill, a pile of rough masonry, plain and unimposing, but great for the thoughts fostered in its rough precincts, "Galileo's tower" rears its hoary head to the starry heavens as of yore. The wonderful gray-green of the olive-trees is thrown into sharp contrast by frowning cypresses, which here and there rise tall and stern, like watchful sentinels guarding the white villas dotted amid the soft olive groves. We, from our rushing life beyond the sea, are apt to attribute the monks' long lives more to the stillness and the beauty than to the simple diet, though probably both are factors. It would seem ungrateful to die in such a spot, surrounded by so much loveliness and peace.

The greatest interest in Certosa centers in and about the convent garden. Here, as we wandered down the neat gravel path, our skirts brushed against sweet-smelling herbs, lavender and rosemary, which the monks use in the manufacture of their perfumes and liqueur. Our jovial guide referred to the latter as "Carthusian whisky." He was generous enough, however, to award the palm to the Irish article, thus proving that fifty years spent in the rare atmosphere of sanctity had not obliterated all memory of the wicked world in this recluse. In the center of the garden is a fine old well, from which the monks draw their water in picturesque copper pails.

Surrounding the garden are the cloisters, supported on slender columns, where the monks promenade, protected from winter rains and burning summer sun. Opening into these cloisters are their cells—only those, however, of the monks; the lay brothers are forced to content themselves with other and less attractive quarters. The Carthusian vows are very strict, silence being a prominent feature. The monks spend a large part of their time in the seclusion of their separate cells. Each monk has two small rooms, in one of which he sleeps, while in the other he receives, through a small door in the outer wall, his meals. His diet is of the most simple kind, consisting of eggs, milk, vegetables, and farinaceous foods. Only on Sundays and feast-days do all come together for a meal in the large refectory. On such occasions, while the others eat, one monk mounts a small corner pulpit and reads from some

book of devotion until the simple repast is over. Once a week for five hours they come together to talk. One can imagine the contained gossip and chat of the week finding vent in that one privileged afternoon.

The furniture of the cells is most simple, consisting of a bed, a small chest of drawers, and one chair. In the adjoining room are a "*prie dieu*," a chair, and a table, but no rug is on the stone floor of either room. Even in the summer the corridors and chapels were cold.

"Do you manage to keep warm here in winter?" asked one of the party, as we were retracing our steps.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "we have some stoves. Still," he added, "the ardor of the monks is supposed to keep them warm;" and (dare I relate it?) this saintly old inmate—winked!

In spite of the beauty and peace of this lovely spot, how unreal its shut-away life seemed as we descended from the austere heights to the hurry and strife of the laughing, weeping, loving world beneath! The life on the hill seemed a little selfish, too, in its retirement from the struggle and heat of the day into an existence one of whose greatest aims is self-salvation. If these monks believe that "God so loved the world" as to become a man, in order to work among and raise humanity, are they logical in thinking a life directly in opposition to this example is following in His footsteps? Did not Goethe more nearly grasp the truth when he made Faust's highest moral moment that in which, a man among men, he found the long-groped-after salvation in working for his fellows?

Our debt of gratitude, however, to these old monasteries and their inmates is immeasurable. Here, and only here, protected by that reverence for religion which was the one stable sentiment of the Italy of the Middle Ages, could learning and art be fostered unmolested by outside storms. The patient monk, whose gentle and religious soul recoiled with horror from the rude struggle of opposing ambitions, could keep alive the flickering flame among the books of the great monastery libraries, or with delicate brush record on the parchment page the pure visions of midnight vigils.

It was in the monastery of Santa Croce del Corvo, near Spezia, that the immortal Dante, a homeless exile from his loved Florence, left his "*Inferno*" for safe-keeping with its Prior, Fra Ilario. For how many priceless manuscripts must we thank the inmates of these same suppressed monasteries! But for their reverent care the thoughts of the great dead would in many cases have been lost to the world.



The Shakespeare Museum

By Louise Manning Hodgkins

A desk by school-boy hand all hacked and hewed,
A yellow parchment whose inscription rude
Spells out his name to signify a debt;
A pair of foils, a ring in mourning set,
A fragment from the mulberry-tree, are here:
Are these memorials that we fain would see
All parceled, labeled, given pedigree?

The lute that shrewish Kate a pillory made
For sweet Bianca's unoffending head;
A faded petal from the cowslip's cell
Where Ariel rocked and hummed his "Ding-dong bell;"
The magic wand that from the "vasty deep"
At Prospero's bidding called the dead from sleep;
The letter writ by sad Antonio
Which turned an hour of bliss to darkest woe;

Of Romeo's tell-tale cord a single strand
Once touched by that "white wonder," Juliet's hand;
One of Dame Quickly's goblets "parcel gilt;"
The sword by Falstaff hacked even to the hilt;
That handkerchief of magic web and charm
Which wrought true Desdemona deadly harm:—
Such are the relics known to souls devout,
Unmarred of time, untouched by breath of doubt.

Stratford-on-Avon, England.

A Vagrom Mother

By Katharine Tynan Hinkson

We had lost sight of Mary for a year and a half, and had begun to despair of her reappearance. Mary is an eccentric Irish maid-servant of indifferent domestic acquirements, but of a profound humor and an excellent spirit of faithfulness. She had been in our service off and on for years, staying until the roaming fit took her—for the “office” drew Mary in her younger days as the children of sailors are drawn by the sea—and at twenty-two she had already seen her century of “places.” But she had always returned to us after a few months, and as her reappearances had generally coincided with a vacancy, we had come to look upon her as inevitable. It was now close upon Christmas, and we had heard nothing of her from the Whitsuntide of the year before. We thought her absence was due to the fact that on that Whitsunday—there being exactly thirteen at table—Mary, a visitor and a voluntary parlor-maid, entered the dining-room on her nose and amid the ruin of thirteen soup-plates. She had a way of taking things to heart, and was sincerely grieved by the mishap, and after that day she disappeared, it seemed finally.

However, here she was again, this snowy December day, beaming broadly on us from her large flat face, and with an indefinable air of prosperity and importance, the secret of which we were soon to learn. She kept it as long as dignity demanded, and then, as suddenly as a cork flies from a bottle, she blurted out: “I’ve buried my mother, and she’s left me a ‘lob.’”

Now, we had always known that there was something of a mystery about Mary’s mother. She was supposed to be dead, but Mary’s “hands off” manner when the subject was approached suggested secrets. She babbled so freely of herself and her youthful doings, all vastly entertaining, that a youthful listener was once unwarily guilty of noticing some discrepancy between Mary’s statements about her mother from one time to another. The genial current of the narrative was at once frozen, and Mary said, very stiffly, “Them’s family matters, an’ as sich not to be spoke of;” and it was long ere she could be induced to forget the unlucky curiosity. Suspicion, that strong characteristic of the Irish peasant mind, is overwhelmingly present in Mary. There had been various guesses about Mary’s mother, the one indisputable fact known being that she had been a Protestant, which accounted for Mary’s somewhat reserved and skeptical habit of mind where spiritual things were concerned. However, the truth that no one guessed was that Mary herself did not know whether she had a mother living or not.

The married life of her parents had been of very short duration. A hundred times in Mary’s anecdotes of her mother we recognized the likeness to her own strange and original character, one that separated her from the peasant women about her, with their soft ways, as broadly as if she had been a creature of another sphere. One could as soon imagine Mary married, and rearing a brood of ragged, rosy children, as one could imagine some queer, gawky, lonely bird of the marshes coming into the farmyard to lead the life of the domestic hen. How Mary’s mother was tempted to matrimony I know not, but, the yoke once assumed, it, and its attendant maternity, were resented with bitter indignation. By the time Mary had come into the world, her mother’s cup of bitterness was full. So one evening, a fortnight later, James Keely came home to find his wife gone, and the deserted Mary alone in the dingy city rooms. A bit of paper in a conspicuous place bore an explanatory scrawl. “You needn’t look for me, for I’ll never come back,” it said; and after that for twenty-five years there had come neither tale nor tidings of Mary’s mother.

Meanwhile she was living all the years in the Wexford village where she was born, and to which she had trudged the long road after she had deserted her husband and child. She had never informed kin or neighbor of her marriage, and she returned home as a single woman, and resumed her maiden name. A lady of the neighborhood

who had a taste for fancy fowl gave her employment as henwife. The fowl were penned in a little clearing of the dense woods that encircled this lady’s castle. It was just the employment for Mary’s mother, far away from the human folk she cynically distrusted. She spent her days there attending the fowl, with only the cooing of wood-doves and the cluck of her charges to break the silence, and at night crept home to her locked-up cabin in the village street, ideally content with her isolation.

The only trouble was that, as years passed by, and the savings from her pay as henwife began to gather to the lump of riches that was afterwards Mary’s “lob,” fortune-hunters gathered on the trail of her gold. In time the sum came to be thirty pounds, hidden in a stocking-foot in the thatch of her cabin. Once it got bruited about that she had the money, it became a serious uneasiness to her. No more were those long, quiet days full of satisfaction to her: if she left the money at home, thieves might be on the track of it; if she brought it with her—well, no place could be more suitable for robbing a lone woman than that clearing in Knockaderry Woods. Outside these fears, the reputation of money-bags had its pleasant aspect. The old woman had a brother in the village with a shrewish wife and half a dozen aspiring daughters; she had numberless cousins; and nothing could have given her mocking old heart more pleasure than to accept the little presents and attentions which the would-be heirs began to pour in upon her. She let them run for a while, till her fears outweighed her satisfaction, and then she made up her mind to discover Mary, the rightful inheritor of her fortune, if she was still living. She brought her secret to the parish priest, and through his agency Mary was found and informed of her surprising good fortune.

Mary invariably describes Canon Gething as “stand-off and a man of few words;” and he kept his parishioner’s strange secret as closely as she could desire. While the search for Mary was in progress, Marget Keely thawed visibly towards friend and neighbor. Her brother Jack wondered what had come over the old woman, for occasionally, in the midst of affectionate intercourse with him and his family, whom she had held at arm’s length for years, she would break out into chuckling laughter and walk out rubbing her withered old hands. I fear this exultation was rather due to the disappointment lying in wait for some good folk than to any pleasure in the prospect of meeting her long-lost daughter, without whom she had existed very comfortably for quite a quarter of a century.

However, this altered demeanor in Marget emboldened the folk to make their little offerings, which were received with a satirical cordiality somewhat disquieting to the givers. By the May evening on which she expected Mary her little larder was comfortably stocked. One had brought a little bit of American bacon, a second a head of cabbage, a third a trifle of tea, and so on; for emulation inspired the offerings to come in a flood. All these Marget received with the enigmatical remark: “Thank ye kindly, kind neighbors. Sure, God is good, and maybe there’d be more nor myself to thank ye for your kind presents.” However, it was put down to Marget’s well-known eccentricity. But the village street was fluttered uncomfortably when, all in the hour of dew and bird-singing, there came down from the railway station Matty Byrne, the porter, rolling a box on a truck, and directing with an important air a stranger girl to Marget Keely’s house. Worse than all, the stranger regarded them with the cold and suspicious glare which had been Marget’s in her youngest days, and which was quite recognizable in her old womanhood. The stranger dismissed Matty Byrne curtly at the door-step, pushed her modest box over the threshold, followed it within, and closed the door.

Kilmacbarry was scarcely more curious than we to hear how mother and daughter met after the parting of a lifetime. Mary drew no sentimental veil over it so far as we were concerned. “I looked at her, and she looked at me,” and then she said, “Well, Mary,” and I said, “Well, mother,” and then she said, “You promised to be better-lookin’; you’ve grown up a fine, strong girl, an’ good for the work,