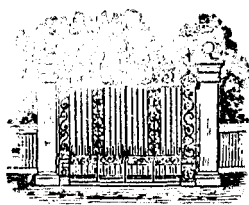


## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



It is good for us to remember that when the ancient Chinese people could fashion and appreciate dainty egg-shell porcelain, just as fine as a feather, we were more or less barbarians. We are so apt to conclude that the tint of a skin, be it yellow, brown, or black makes for human inferiority, but it is not so. This is the lesson taught to us by all appreciative travellers, and Mrs. Archibald Little, in her latest work "Around My Peking Garden," is wonderfully and instinctively sympathetic on things Chinese.

Writing on religions she says "There seems to have been one great want in Confucius; nowhere do we hear of his speaking of women with tenderness or reverence; and so through the centuries the great Chinese race has continued to treat women rather as a necessary evil, a thorn in the side that cannot be dispensed with, a creature worthless save for the bearing of children. This can have nothing to do with Confucius being an Oriental or having lived so many ages ago, for another Oriental, King Dush-manta, in the *Malia Charata* says, 'The woman is the half of the man, she is his best friend, the source of all happiness. The woman with her sweet language is the friend in solitude, the mother of the oppressed, the refreshment on the journey through the wilderness of life.' Europe has not found anything more beautiful to say about women than this. Confucius missed this great part of God's revelation of Himself in man."

On missionary effort Mrs. Little writes: "I should be specially loth to give pain to any of the energetic, hard-working missionary band, for before me rises, as I write, the form of the woman whose picture seems never yet to have been painted aright, a typical missionary, the American School Marm, as she is called in her homeland, with eyes full of love, the light of enthusiasm shining from her whole countenance, yet a love of order and regularity indicated by every line of her erect figure, and with her slender shoulders set back in the attitude of command. Generation after generation of Chinese girls and women shall arise and call her blessed. If I could paint her as I see her, would not a great following of warm-hearted, highly-educated, English girls arise, prepared to conquer the difficulties of the Chinese language, and to impart, not the mere rudiments only, but the higher branches of our English education to the very observant, but as yet untrained girlhood of China?"

"With comparatively dulled face, overworked and overstrained, yet with healing in her hands, stands by her side the lady doctor. And both are girt about by a larger company of men, who, though often failing, sometimes stumbling, are pressing almost breathless on to the goal they have set themselves,

the training of the great Chinese nation to play its part in that place among the nations of the earth it has now suddenly been called upon to fill."

A noteworthy movement in favour of the education of women was recently started in Peking. Several schools have been established by Imperial Princesses in the capital with Japanese ladies as volunteer teachers, and many schools for girls are also being opened elsewhere, all being crowded by girls belonging to the leading families. Fourteen Mongolian princesses have arrived in Peking seeking European instruction. English is being taught in all the newly-opened schools. The movement is the result of the association of the Dowager Empress with foreign ladies in Peking.

## Book of the Week.

### THE PITY OF WAR.\*

Mr. Norreys Connell belongs to the Kipling school of fiction, with a dash of Mr. Bernard Capes. He has put together a collection of stories, all of which depend for their sole interest upon the doings and exploits of men, woman not appearing except as a mere motive power. That he has succeeded in writing fourteen stories of this description, all of them interesting, is greatly to his credit as a narrator. The title of the book appears a bit misleading. He shows us at least as much of the fascination of combat, of its strange weird attraction, in spite of hardships, as he does of its horror.

Make as much as you like of the horrors of blood and wounds and pain, you still cannot do away with the thrill that we all feel for the man who dies contending.

"Let a man contend to the uttermost  
For his life's set prize, be it what it may."

This is a motive power which not all the modern dislike of violent methods will do away. Certainly a perusal of Mr. Norreys Connell's tales will do little to make one feel differently.

The first story will be of particular interest to those of us who took my advice last autumn, and read "The Breath of the Gods." It is a story of the curious root difference between the Japanese and the European codes; a variant upon the theme of "East is East, and West is West." It treats of that inscrutable mystery to Europeans, the *Hari-kari*. It leaves you bewildered.

"The Hard Drinkers" is somewhat too suggestive of a caricature of "The Lost Legion" to be convincing. The point of "For the Czar" is not, I think, quite clear.

Among the whole collection I should award the palm to "Christmas at Benjipore."

The commander of a small hill garrison has a young cockney bugler left on his hands by a passing battalion—a boy for whose feet the hardships of the way had proved too great. He soon picked up his health in the fort, and was described as "gentle as a lamb, though he looks like the bullet-headed boy-burglar of Beckenham."

\* By F. Norreys Connell. (H. J. Glaisher.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)