

3. Here Hindus have Moslems for neighbour
 And far from the public gaze
 We concoct pacts with labour
 The people to amaze—
 Then flow adrift, and whither
 We wot not, save that thither
 Birds of our own same feather
 Must not each other chase.
4. We are not sure of our party
 —Others were never sure—
 Principles are things very dirty
 We can neither kill nor cure.
 So we take up creeds elastic
 With interpretations fantastic
 Matching the feats gymnastic
 Of sophists in days of yore.
5. Safe, beyond ending or mending
 The Reforms, in England, stand,
 Which think of once more sending
 A commission into our land.
 “Nothing from it” we say
 Yet wistfully look that way
 Hoping that something may
 Fall into our out-stretch’d hand.
6. From too much love of wrecking,
 From responsibility free,
 We go on merrily checking
 Every ministry :
 We go on merrily thriving
 Bluffing and bullying and bribing
 At our own “faux pas” conniving
 And hoaxing the whole country.

neighbours loved with discretion and sobriety and when disappointed in love they took it quite calmly. Very naturally therefore we find that the scheme, characters and events in her novels are strictly ordinary. This may not give stimulus to the appetite of a certain class of readers but she will ever remain a friend of those who are lovers of simplicity and common life.

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THE BURDEN OF PROPAGANDA.

[*Found in the waste-paper basket of A. C. Swinburne.*
 —N. N. R.]

1. Here, to this Council-Chamber,
 Here, where everything seems
 Meant for a noon's quiet slumber
 Fed with Freedom's dreams,
 We come, from all four quarters
 Across the fields and waters
 Sent by the sons and daughters
 Of this land of shouts and screams.
2. We are tired of weaving and spinning ;
 Of men that weave and spin,—
 We want a new beginning
 Always, with hurrah and din.
 We are tired of hours and days
 Of grilling Junes and Mays
 In cheerless villages—
 We find no fun therein.