

The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL. I

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No. 1

From The Front

TEN YEARS and three months ago, on January 7, 1913, I started a Magazine for the Young, under the name of *The Young Citizen*. I killed it with its 24th number, because it interfered with another journal, more important at the time, which needed a larger public. Now, after ten years, that Magazine is thoroughly established, and has made its own special line on which it is beyond all possibility of competition, so that the rebirth of *The Young Citizen* can in no respect stand in its way; and I have therefore called it again into our world, to carry its own message to the youth of our day. It is offered specially to the young, who will shape the coming world. Before them opens a splendid opportunity, a new avenue of Service. For a New Era opens before us, a new human type is being born into the world, to build a new civilisation, a civilisation the keynote of which shall be Brotherhood, mutual love, helpful work carried out by co-operation, harmony enriched by differences, and He who cries aloud: "Behold! I make all things new," will find His Agents among the young.

The generation for which *The Young Citizen* of 1913-14 was written has passed out of school and college life, and is now at work in the world. The generation that has now taken its place knows nothing of that earlier Magazine. But the present Editors are inspired with the ideals that inspired them then, and we,

therefore, open our new volume with the re-statement of those ideals from the old, and we shall use such of the material as may suit our purpose. Our object in 1923, starting on the Full Moon of Chaitra, in the young Spring of the year, is the same as that we sought to achieve in 1913, and we repeat it:

This paper, meant to help the youths and maidens of the Empire to become good citizens, noble men and women, religious, brave, truthful and honorable, opens with this issue its first volume, and must seek to justify its existence in the coming year. It will, each month, hold up before its readers as an inspiring ideal, some great Servant of the World, some one who aided the world to take a step upward "on the golden stair," which leads humanity from animal to Divinity, from brute to God. It will seek these examples in all races and in all creeds, for everywhere have lived the Heroes of our Race. It will seek to inspire its readers to Service—for ideals, left unpractised, become hardeners of the heart—and it will ever bear in mind that noblest test of greatness: "Greatest among you is he that doth serve." Service will be the mark of greatness in the New Civilisation. May some, at least, of our readers so serve, that they may attain to the true greatness!

Some American Schools hang up on their walls the following "Oath of the Athenian

Youth". Every one of our Young Citizens might well try to live in the noble spirit it embodies:

We will never bring disgrace to this our City by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the City, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the City's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty; thus in all these ways we will transmit this City, not only not less but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was when transmitted to us.

May every one of our readers say this Oath in his life, whether he says it with his lips or not. The idea of "this our City" was the creator of Athens, the model "City-State" of early Europe. Around the Young Citizens of Athens, even above them, as the words of the Oath imply, were men who did not respect and reverence the City's laws. Without such respect and reverence, no City, no Nation can be great. This respect and reverence give to the true Citizen a self-respect and a dignity which the lawless and the disorderly can never have. They mean self-control, self-restraint, such as was once the dominant characteristic of the great Aryan Race, of which the Greeks were the fourth branch, the characteristic of which was Dharma, Duty, that which supports the foundation of every State which can live. Because, through all invasions and all troubles, the bulk of Indians have ever recognised Dharma as supreme, India has lived and will live. That same reverence for Law passed to her Greek, Roman and Teutonic children, and when it weakened their States died. That same reverence for Law is the root of British Liberty and British strength.

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The Ideal of the State among the Greeks was a very lofty one. It comes out strongly in the following:

"Organised Society exists for the happiness and the welfare of its members, and where it fails to secure these it stands *ipso facto* condemned. Government exists only for the good of the governed." So said Pythagoras, preaching

on the hill at Tauromenion, and the phrase has echoed down the centuries, and has become the watchword of those who are seeking the betterment of social conditions. Only when the good of the governed is sought and secured, does the State deserve the eloquent description with which the great Greek Teacher closed one of his lectures to the Greek Colony of Naxos, whose Citizens were gathered round him on the hill:

"Listen, my children, to what the State should be to the good Citizen. It is more than father or mother, it is more than husband or wife, it is more than child or friend. The State is the father and mother of all, is the wife of the husband, and the husband of the wife. The family is good, and good is the joy of the man in wife and in son. But greater is the State, which is the Protector of all, without which the home would be ravaged and destroyed. Dear to the good man is the honor of the woman who bore him, dear the honor of the wife, whose children cling to his knees; but dearer should be the honor of the State, that keeps safe the wife and the child. It is the State from which comes all that makes your life prosperous, and gives you beauty and safety. Within the State are built up the Arts, which make the difference between the barbarian and the man. If the brave man dies gladly for the hearthstone, far more gladly should he die for the State."

"Pythagoras," I wrote elsewhere, "has become the Master K. H., well known in connection with the Theosophical Society, and he speaks out the Theosophical ideal of the State—the Father-Mother of its citizens, the Protector of all."

* *

Such is the ideal of the State that we would urge on our Young Citizens. The State should not be to them a cold abstraction, but a pulsing, throbbing Life, to be loved and served with enthusiasm, with passion, with uttermost self-sacrifice. When this spirit is embodied in the coming generation, the future of the Aryan Empire will be secure. Such is the first message "From the Front".

In The World's Service

The Lord Buddha

BY ONE OF HIS BHIKSHUS IN THE LONG-AGO

HERE is a Government of our whole world, as there are Governments of Nations, and this Government of the World is composed of the world's greatest Helpers, Those who have vowed Themselves to the World's Service, and who, life after life, devote Themselves to the welfare of humanity.

In this Government, there is a Teaching Department, and the Members of this guide and quicken the spiritual life of men. They found great religions, and appear in history as wonderful Teachers, setting a high example of purity and wisdom, and speaking many beautiful words of love and helpfulness. They all go "about, doing good". The Head of this Department is called the World Teacher, or the "Essence of Wisdom," and while He holds this Office, He appears in the world from time to time to teach and enlighten men. Long ago, when our forefathers lived in Central Asia, the World Teacher who became the Lord Buddha was with them under the name of Vyâsa, and compiled Scriptures for them. He taught them that to do good to another was Right, and to injure another was Wrong. Then, when some of our forefathers went to live in Arabia and Egypt, He again went to them, and taught them that God was the Light in every man's heart, and that they should follow the Light; they called Him Thoth, and later He was called Hermes Trismegistus, the Thrice-Greatest Messenger of the Gods, by the Greeks. Next when some of our forefathers settled in Persia, He went to them also and taught them Purity, that they should be pure in thought, word and deed; they called Him Zarathushtra. And when others settled in Greece, He came as

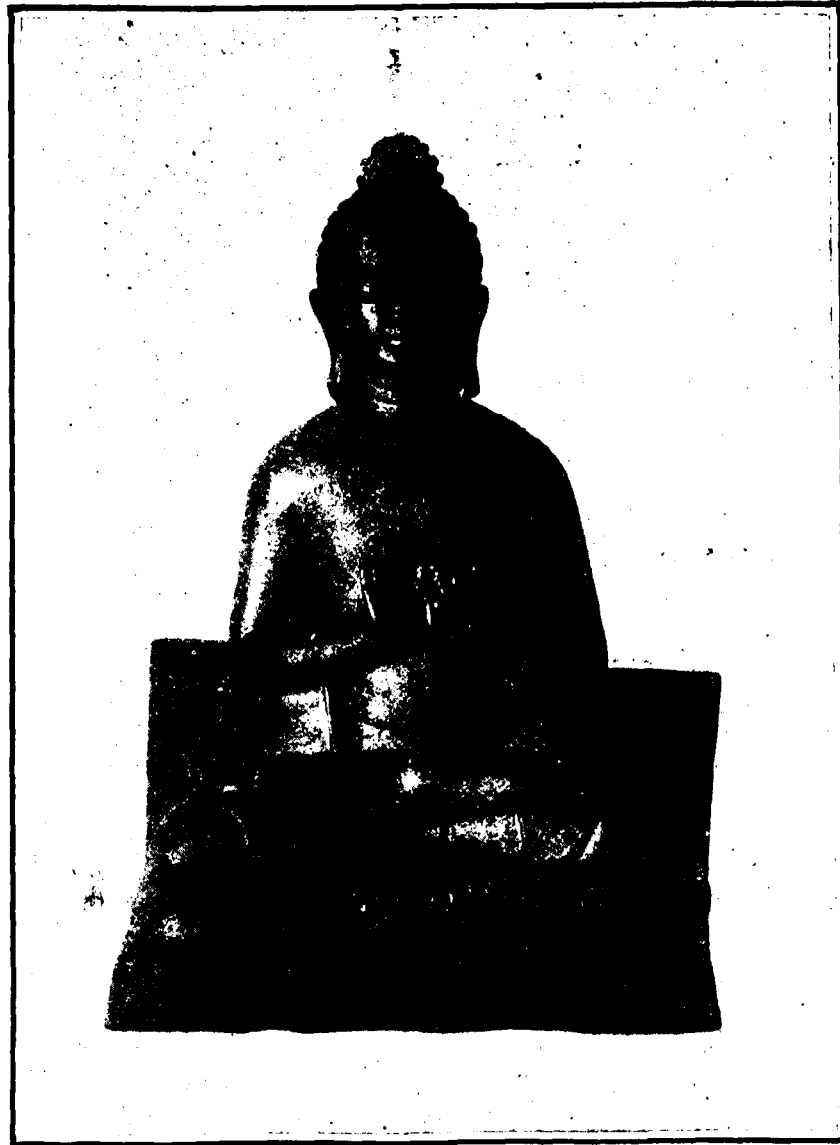
Orpheus, and sang them wonderful songs which made them wise, and which drew the birds and the wild things of the forest to lose all fear of man, and gather round Him.

At last the time came when His work on our earth was done, and He decided to come to it for the last time, becoming what men call "The Buddha," the Supremely Wise, and leaving our earth in the care of One He loved above all others, One who should take His place and become the World Teacher in His stead, the Lord Maitreya, whose name means the Compassionate.

In the first half of the sixth century before the Christian Era, in Northern India, a Child was born to King Suddhodana and Queen Mâyâ-devi, a very beautiful Babe, and the hosts of heaven filled the air with music, and all the earth was glad. For that Child-Body was to be the living Temple of the Wise One, who in it should teach the Way of Peace to men, and Holy Sages prophesied that He should either become a World-Emperor or reach the Supreme Wisdom. His father wanted him to be a mighty Ruler, and cared naught for the greatness of wisdom, so he shut away from the little Prince everything which might make him think; he surrounded him with luxury, with games, with pleasures, and, finally, married him to a lovely maiden, hoping thus to fetter him to earth.

And so it happened that the Prince, grown into splendid Manhood, had never heard that there was any sorrow in the world, knew naught of pain, nor age, nor sickness, nor lonely death. Life was to him one dream of joy, one vision of exquisite beauty, nor had he seen a tear of grief

drop from the eyes of woman nor of child. But one day, as he drove along one of the well-kept roads, by some carelessness or some Angel-prompting, a beggar sitting there cried aloud for alms; and the gentle Prince, wondering, gave readily in answer, as his charioteer told him that the man had naught to buy food to stay his hunger. And again, he met a man who was a leper, hideous to behold, and, shuddering, he learned how man's fair body might be defaced. And once more, a very aged man, tottering and feeble, he met, and finally a corpse. And thus the fair Prince glimpsed the sorrow of the world, and learned of poverty



THE LORD BUDDHA

of sickness, of old age, of death. And as he sadly thought, and asked himself how these should be in a world that to him had been a garden of delights, he saw passing along the road a man with peace upon his face, with calm strength shining from his steadfast eyes, a man who had renounced the world to find the Self.

Then in his heart awoke a deep unconscious memory, stirring him to go forth, and seek to lift the heavy burden of the world. And as he mused, a messenger came running:

"My Lord the Prince! take joy! your son is born." He raised his eyes, dim with a growing pain:

"Another fetter," he murmured, "for me to break."

And the boy was named Rahula, a fetter, though they who heard knew not the meaning of his words.

And that very night, when slumber sealed the eyes of all around, when on his sleeping wife's soft arm the newborn infant lay, the Prince bent over those whom best on earth he loved; rent was his heart with anguish, blinded his eyes with pain, but the firm-curved lips knew no relaxing, the agony might torture mind and heart, but it could not shake his will. His soft breath held lest it should waken, he blessed them silently, turned with noiseless feet, and went. Outside he mounted his horse Kantaka and rode swiftly away with his faithful charioteer, Channa, far from his father's home.

Then, alighting, he kissed his great white horse between the eyes, and cast off his royal robes; grasping his hair, with his keen sword he smote it off; and barefooted, clad in the ascetic's ochre cloth, he bade farewell to his loved comrade, and plunged alone into the dim forest way. Thus did the Buddha-To-Be forsake wife and child, palace and crown, luxury and wealth, for the sake of the World's Service, making "The Great Renunciation".

For six years he strove to solve his problem; by long fasting, by bitter austerity, he well-nigh wrecked his body, out-doing all others in his strenuous will to know. At last, emaciated, fainting, almost dead, he realised that this was not the Way to Wisdom; inwards turned the Way—not by the torture of the body, but by the deep plunging into the depths of Being. Heroic to the end, he renounced the path he had followed and faced a new unknown way. Thoughts of despair crowded round him; his ascetic friends deserted him with sneers; the memory of his wife wrung his heart; all was darkness, misery, a void of loneliness. Star-like shone out the unchanging Will to heal a world's agony or perish; he sat him down beneath the branches of a tree wide-spreading, in all future time to be known as the Tree of Wisdom, the Bodhi-tree. "Never will I arise from this place, though this my frame shall perish of starvation—not though the blood within these veins shall cease to flow, till I have won Enlightenment Su-

preme."

Buddhists speak of this as the Great Resolve. None save Himself may know the travail of His heart and mind through that long final effort, the strenuous tremendous endeavor to scale the uttermost heights of Wisdom, to sound the uttermost depths of Being. The Vow, perfected through age after age, had now brought Him to its accomplishment. That which as Sumedha he swore, as Siddhartha He accomplished. And when He rose from that long effort, He rose the Buddha, the Perfectly Enlightened, ready to open to the world the Way to Peace, to reveal the Cause of Sorrow and its Ending.

O Perfect Flower of Humanity, the First of our race to reach Supreme Perfection! Well may all men bow to Thee with folded hands upraised, Thou, who art the promise of the triumph of Thy brothers, still struggling in the mire of ignorance and sin.

The Lord Buddha, having thus achieved, turned his steps to Kâshi, and, stopping in the Deer Park in its neighborhood, He there preached His first sermon, proclaiming the opening of His Way. A huge crowd gathered to hear Him, and He spoke as a father to his children; a deer came and nibbled gently at His hand; His smile of infinite compassion melted the hearts of all. For forty years He taught, treading the ways of men, wandering over the plains of Northern India, teaching in her towns.

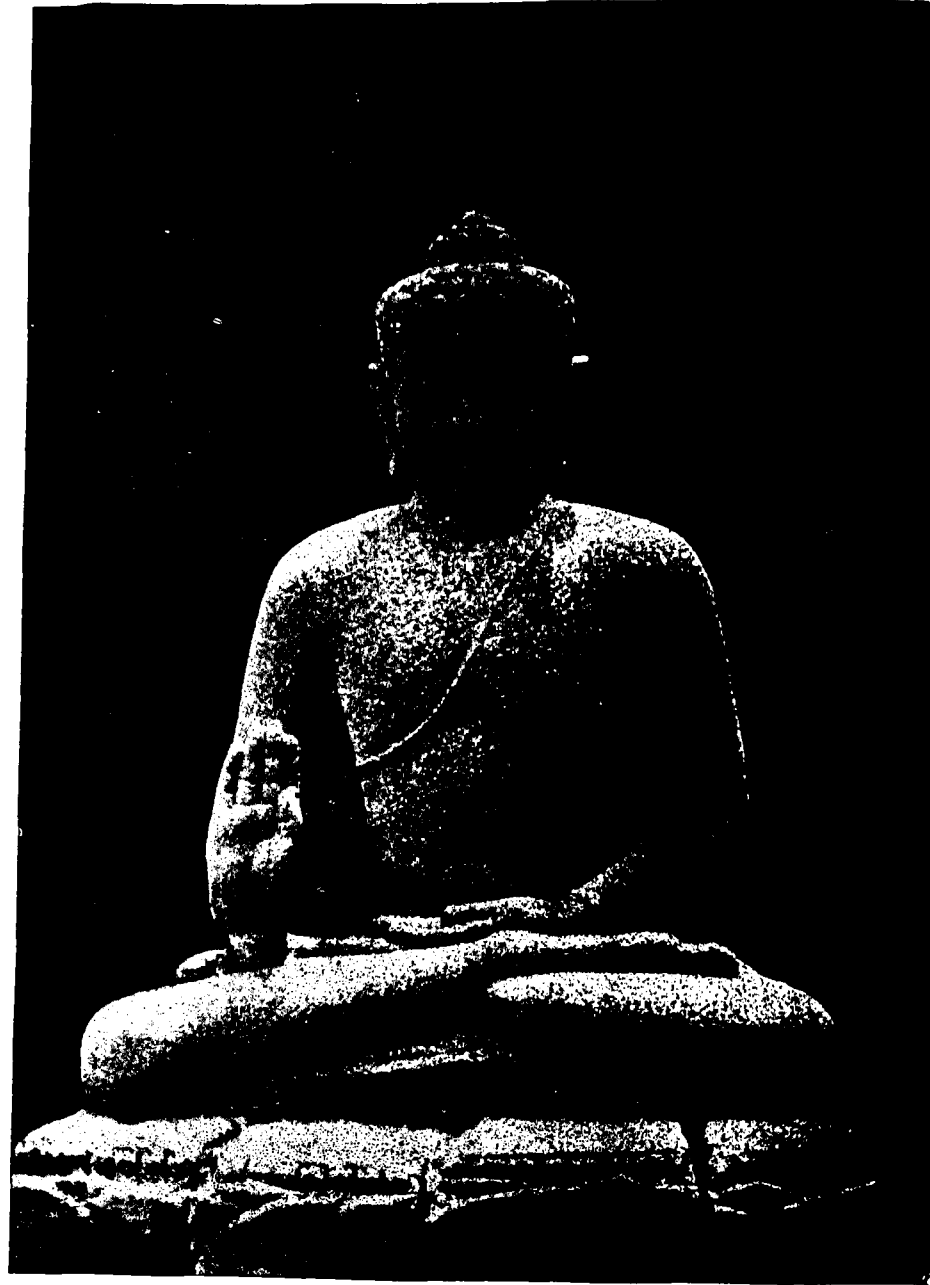
His wife and son now sought His Feet, and through Him won the guerdon of the long and bitter loneliness which was their share of His gift to man. His father, too, became His son in the Faith, and learned that the Kingdom of Righteousness was fairer than the Empire of Earth. And some whom to-day we know and love bowed low before Him in those far-off days, took His yellow robe, became His Bhikshus; and two laid at His Feet their far-reaching vow, and beheld that awe-inspiring bending of the head of a Living Buddha in acceptance, which makes it the "Vow which may never be broken".

For forty years of perfect life He lived and taught; then passed away from earth, giving into the hands of His Beloved Brother, the Lord Maitreya, the high office of the Teacher of Angels and of Men.

After He had passed away, a great mound,

called a stûpa, was raised on the spot on which He had stood while giving His first sermon to the people in the Deer Park; it is still in existence, as is seen in our picture. The splendid lion's heads were on a central pillar in a court of the monastery built later, and there were other pillars round it.

It is said that the Blessed One has not wholly left the world for which He toiled during so many ages. It is said that even now

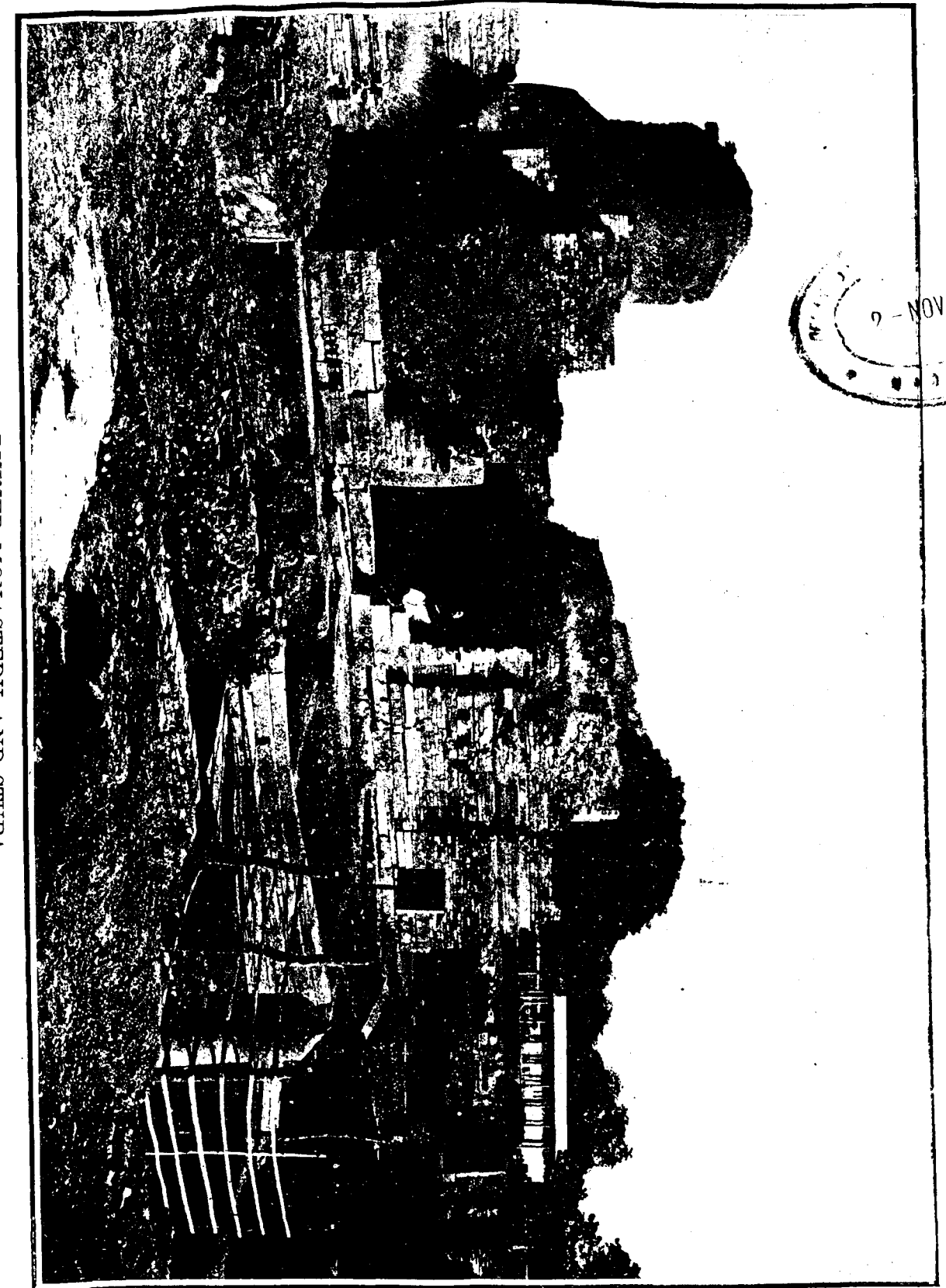


DHYANI BUDDHA

when the Vaishâkh Moon is at its full, "The Buddha's Shadow" may be seen, and that He blesses His Successor and the faithful who tread the Narrow Way, and even poor and ignorant men who yet raise loving hearts as chalices, filled with the water of devotion.

Be that as it may, He lives in Eternity, and to that Peace of the Eternal shall all men come at last, since He has proclaimed: PEACE TO ALL BEINGS.

One of His Bhikshus in the Long-Ago



RUINED MONASTERY AND STUPA



THE LION PILLAR

Education in Love in Place of Fear

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell (*Chief Scout*)

The Dominance of Fear

I ONCE saw in a temple in the East a three-headed God, representing Love, Hatred and Peace; and on asking which of the three was the most worshipped I was informed that Hatred got the bulk of the offerings. It was not that the people desired to hate, but the fear of the hatred of others made them desire to propitiate the evil genius.

It may seem, at first sight, absurd that these people should be ruled by Fear, but after all, when you come to consider it, it is fear that dominates our policies in every country in the world.

We desire Peace, and so we prepare for war, fearing lest the enemy should attack us; we preach Peace, because we fear the horrors of war. In our Governments we largely use class representation because we fear the legislation of some other class. We are moral to a great extent because we fear the consequences, whether legal or sentimental, of being found out.

The Fear of poverty impels us to earn money. Fear of God, in place of love of God, makes some people moral, though it means that superstition has taken the place of faith.

The so-called discipline of an army or navy is largely gained through Fear of punishment.

Education has in the past been conducted in its early stages much on the same principle.

Fear has been the weapon of the powerful in terrorising the weaker.

A Different Spirit Needed in the World

Christians, when they pray, use what is termed the Lord's Prayer. I believe that, historically, this prayer existed before the time of Christ and was used by various forms of religion; so that the wish expressed in it to "Our Father," that "His Kingdom may come and His Will be done on earth," is very widespread among the peoples, including those even of non-Christian beliefs.

In these words, we understand that we are all the children of one Father, not the slaves of a tyrant, nor enemies of each other, and we hold the hope that God should come to His own in the world. God is Love. Therefore it is the

reign of Love that we all pray for. Yet we allow ourselves to live under the yoke of Fear.

Can we not, in addition to passively praying for the reign of Love, do something to actively help in bringing it about? I believe that we can.

As the Rev. Alfred Wishart says: "Man is largely responsible for social life, and if that life breeds war, poverty, crime and disease, it is man's duty to remedy these evils that breed human misery."

"But there is very little recognition of responsibility by the real agents of human wrong, because the world has been brought up to believe that God must save and God must relieve."

"All this placing of responsibility upon God, for conditions of life for which man is really responsible, deceives men and postpones the adoption of proper remedies."

To effectively eradicate an evil it is necessary to substitute that which is good. To abolish the domination of Fear we must put some equally potent influence in its place.

If we apply Love in place of Fear to the various instances referred to above, we at once gain the diminution of poverty, crime and disease in our individual countries, and we gain Peace between the Nations through mutual trust, honor and goodwill.

Present Situation in Europe Threatens Continuation of Militarism

The War that was to have ended war has given the blessings of Freedom and Self-Determination to a number of small States; but under the object lesson of that War and from Fear of their own safety, it means that more countries are now armed for self-protection than was the case in 1913.

The few great armies of those days are now replaced by numbers of lesser armies, but totalling a larger number of armed men in the aggregate. Incidentally, many more sparks are thus available for starting a fire.

The fashion of "Self-Determination" has led some Nations to exaggerate their National ambition, while in their character they are as yet unripe for self-administration. They have

been impatient of the slow stages of evolution, and have preferred the more rapid method of revolution. Nominally revolution is to secure freedom of the masses. In practice it has proved itself a more forceful form of militarism.

It is not the abolition of armies that will do away with war, any more than the abolition of police will do away with crime. We have to do away with the *cause* of war—armies are rather the *effect*, that is the result of Fear and of the fighting spirit.

And that is a matter for Education.

In the past, we have, almost invariably, been taught to think in terms of war, when any international difficulty arises; and the present-day situation in Europe only seems to threaten the continuance of this reign of Fear.

The academic training has taught to generation after generation their National history with all its victories in war, too often dishonestly omitting its defeats, and maligning its enemies while extolling its piracies.

The desirable course seems to be to change all this and to teach the rising generation the peaceful triumphs of their country, and to think in terms of Peace towards other countries.

A Substitute Needed for Military Training.

Personally I have spent a good part of my life as a soldier, and I have in war seen something of the brutality and horrors incidental to this man-authorised murder of God's creatures, our brother-men, together with the ruin of their homes and the sufferings of the innocent women and children.

On the other hand, I have also seen for myself the splendid qualities of manliness that have been evoked through war and soldiering, and these are evident in the manhood of all the more warlike Nations.

The submission of self to rigid discipline, the endurance of hardships, the loyal comradeship and *esprit de corps*, the heroism and willing courage with which men will brace themselves and go to certain death for their country—all these cannot fail to be appreciated as a widespread result of the military training of men as men, in body, mind and spirit.

The apprehension exists that, with the abolition of armies, these valuable virtues of manliness should atrophy and die out.

In a notable article in the *Atlantic Monthly Journal* on "The Moral Equivalent for War," William James has recently written that the time has come when the human race should devise for itself some substitute for war—training such as would make for Peace, but without emasculating a Nation, and making it a herd of milksops and "so much human blubber".

He says:

War's horrors are a cheap price to pay for rescue from the only alternative supposed, of a world of clerks and teachers of co-education and zoophily, of consumers' leagues, of industrialism unlimited, and feminism unabashed. No scorn, no hardness, no valor any more! Fie upon such a cattle-yard of a planet!..... Martial virtues must still be the enduring surrender of private interests; obedience to command must still remain the rock upon which States are built.

Lessons of history from the fall of the Roman Empire downwards have proved the strength of this argument. Certain modern Nations retained conscription as much for educative as for war purposes, and to preserve their race from deterioration in its manly qualities.

How to Preserve Manliness in a Nation.

Few will disagree with the feeling that manliness and character must be maintained, but the point is to devise a method by which it can be done apart from the training of men to war and bloodshed.

As a solution, Mr. James suggests an idea which, besides inculcating hardihood and discipline, would give the idle rich their chance of learning manliness equally with the destitute poor; he would have conscription for the whole of the youth of the country to serve for a term of years, not in the army but in coal and iron mines, on freight trains, aboard the fishing fleet in winter, at road-building, tunnel-making, and work in foundries and stoke-holes, and on the frames of sky-scrapers, etc.

This is truly a hardening process for the pupils, though how far it would meet the employer's views in training the inept youth at his expense is another question.

But physical hardness is not the only quality that is needed. These occupations, though they do give valuable results in hardening the individual and breaking-down class differences, do not necessarily go far in character-building, which is the urgent need in the education of the future.

Universal seamanship, with its discipline, pluck, resourcefulness, etc., together with its friendly intercourse with foreign peoples and the ease of its application, commends itself as a means in this direction; but unfortunately the amount of sea-going commerce would make it applicable only to a tiny percentage of young men.

International sport will naturally suggest itself as another means of promoting manliness and good feeling.

But this would rule out the workers and the weaker. Moreover, in all these remedies only one sex is referred to—the male.

Women to-day are sharers with the men in the work of the world. On them more than on the men depends the healthiness both of body and mind of the future generation. The effective education of women is therefore at least of equal value with that of the men. They must be in the training, too.

Voluntary Self-Education in Manliness is Possible.

Are there no ideals that we could offer to boys which without inculcating war and bloodshed would yet give them the manly aspiration, admiration of pluck and daring, of self-reliance and heroism and self-sacrifice and chivalry?

You have only to ask the boys themselves, or look at the books they read. They will read, it is true, books of fighting and battles, but give them their choice, and they much prefer stories of adventure by sea and land, tales of exploration, of big game hunting, of backwoodsman-ship, of airmanship, and other lines of life where the highest manly qualities are displayed by the characters.

At the same time it is not every boy that reads or can read, but there is not a boy, literate or illiterate, who is not eager to practise activities in imitation of such heroes.

The craft and ceremonial and paraphernalia of the Red Indian, of the Zulu, has its appeal for every lad; the adventure of actual boat management, or exploration of a strange country, the clambering over wild mountains, naturalist research in woodland and forest, the camping and the woodcraft lore, the pioneering skill, all have their fascinations for him.

It is by using these attractions as the gilt, that

the pill of education can be administered. Education, as I read it, means not so much putting knowledge into the boy, as giving him the desire and the method for acquiring knowledge.

Apart from the mere scholastic training, modern education aims at developing character in the individual, and also technical skill and physical health. These can be developed through the medium of the activities suggested above, if only the organisers frame their schemes adroitly and with understanding.

Moreover, much of the open-air life with its nature study, camping, exploration, mapping, sketching, etc., appeals with equal force and with equal advantage to girls.

Thus the whole youth of the world appears to be ready and only waiting for the application of some such training, if only it were made possible for them.

And such training would be a voluntary form of self-education on their part, carried out with all the energy and enthusiasm of youth.

Nor should it interfere with their scholastic instruction. It could be applied in their out of school time, that idle time in which so much of the good done within the school walls is undone again by wrong surroundings or pursuits.

For this reason alone the idea will appeal to teachers.

International Possibilities

Then there is a wider possibility. If we are to bring about the end of the Reign of Fear and to have Peace in the world, the remedy will lie not so much in legislation to control the warlike propensities of existing Governments, as in the education of the on-coming generation to international goodwill.

The ideals and activities that I have suggested above appear to have an equal hold on boys and girls of all Nationalities alike.

In their psychology, children all the world over are much the same until they begin to grow up on the differing lines resulting from their different respective environments.

They are at first all alike in their keenness to imbibe ideas and to practise activities, which really interest them at that particular age. So that, for applying a universal training, you have in this enthusiasm a medium ready to hand and one that meets requirements half way.

If we cannot get conscription, at least we can get voluntary effort.

Already with common interests, improved intercommunications and closer similarity in educational systems, National idiosyncracies are daily becoming less pronounced, and the general good of the world more effectively aimed for.

A universal training in the suggested activities should therefore not be impossible. It merely requires sufficient encouragement and propaganda.

Every country has its National games widespread amongst its youth. If the above activities could be given the status of National games, they would eventually capture every boy and girl in the land.

They will not only do so in the case of the soundest and strongest, but by their variety and modifications they also give the opportunity to the physically and mentally defectives of taking up as much as they are individually capable of, and it cannot fail to do them good.

If, therefore, all Nations come to adopt the same activities, they will be doing something more than merely improve their own National, physical and moral health, for, by having common pursuits with other Nations, the young people will grow up with a new and widened mutual understanding and an international sympathy with each other.

In that case we should realise the principle of their thinking in terms of Peace with each other, instead of in terms of war, yet without losing any manly qualities.

This may seem to many to be an Utopian dream too visionary for practical politics, and the question would naturally be asked: "Could it ever be brought about in practice?"

The Boy Scout and Girl Guide Training

That question is already answered. The scheme is already in practice. Although as yet young, the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements between them to-day aggregate two million members among the rising generations of the different Nations of the world.

They include among them members of most of the different religious faiths.

They already constitute a recognised Brotherhood whose aim is the *efficiency of the individual*

for the better service of others, i.e., citizenship of the highest quality.

But the movement is, as I have said, young, and as yet not fully known or understood in some countries, and this is my excuse for venturing to explain it, together with the possibility which underlies it.

The principle of the organisation and training of the movement is the same for boys as for girls, though in details these necessarily differ.

So, too, the principle remains the same, though the details differ, in applying the training to the children in accordance with their ages. It is thus progressive.

Moreover it can be, and has been, applied with equal effect to children of every social grade from the highest to the poorest. It thus tends to eliminate class distinctions.

Organisation

The unit is the "Patrol," consisting of six to eight boys or girls under the permanent responsible charge of one of their number as Patrol leader.

Four or five, but not more, of these patrols are grouped together as a "Troop" under a "Scoutmaster" or a "Guide". This gives a sufficient number for one trained to deal with effectively, since for character-training individual attention is essential.

In his or her relationship to the young people, the standing of the trainer is that of the elder brother or sister rather than of officer or teacher.

The Patrol leaders of the troop form the "Court of Honor," or Committee to administer the business of the troop.

The troops are classified in three kinds to meet the age groups of their members. These are divided into Wolf Cubs or Brownies, aged from eight to eleven, for moulding them in the right direction; Scouts or Guides, from twelve to sixteen, for self-development and education; Rovers or Rangers, from seventeen upwards, for preparation for parenthood and for duties in life.

Training

The training is directed to four main ends in each of the three above groups, to develop:

1. Character and intelligence, individual "manliness," i.e., responsibility and self-reliance.
2. Handcraft and skill.

3. Health and strength.

4. Service for others, collective co-operation and good will.

The method is to get the pupil to develop these for himself from his own inner desire rather than instruction imposed upon him from without.

The various subjects are presented under one or other form of wood-craft or out-door activities.

Take, for instance, one of the constituents of character, viz., *observation*. This is taught through tracking. Tracking is an attractive and useful subject, and when the boy or girl has learned to notice and distinguish the various foot-prints and marks on the ground or signs and sounds in the air, etc., he goes on to *deduction*, by reading the story that they convey, and thus stimulates his reasoning powers and intelligence, which are contributants to character.

Uniform

The Brotherhood has its recognised uniform, which gives at once a fascination in the eyes of the boy or girl, and breeds an *esprit de corps* and self-respect, while its world-wide adoption brings the members together under a common visible sign in carrying out their common ideal.

The Promise and Law

Admission to the Brotherhood is through a ceremony where the boy makes a solemn promise to be loyal to God and his Country and to the ideals of the Movement, and to render willing service to other people at all times.

These ideals are contained in the ten Scout Laws which are, briefly, as follows:

- 1.—A Scout's honor is to be trusted.
- 2.—A Scout is loyal to the King, his country, his officers, his parents, his employers and those under him.
- 3.—A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.
- 4.—A Scout is a friend to all, and a brother to every other Scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs.
- 5.—A Scout is courteous.
- 6.—A Scout is a friend to animals.
- 7.—A Scout obeys orders of his parents, Patrol leader, or Scoutmaster without question.

8.—A Scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties.

9.—A Scout is thrifty.

10.—A Scout is clean in thought, word and deed.

This is not merely a theoretical programme, but one which has been tested and proved by practice in all countries.

Moreover it has had the warm approval of educational authorities on all sides.

I will only quote one or two examples from the large number we have received.

Dean Russell, Professor of Education of Columbia University, New York, writes:

"It is right that the Scout programme supplements the work of the schools... Its curriculum is adjusted in such a way that the more you study it and the further you go into it, you, who are schoolmasters, the more you must be convinced that there was a discovery made when it was put forth. The programme of the Boy Scouts is the man's job cut down to boy's size. It appeals to the boy not merely because he is a boy, but because he is a man in the making. And it is just at this point that the programme of so many organisations for boys and girls breaks down..... The Scout programme does not ask the boy anything that the man does not do; but step by step it takes him from the place where he is until he reaches that place where he would be... It is not the curriculum of Scouting that is the most striking feature, but it is the method. And in the method of Scouting, I venture to say, there is something that we have not seen elsewhere in our day..... My friends, as a schoolmaster, I want to tell you that it is my honest conviction that our schools will not be equal to the task of the next generation, unless we incorporate into them as much as is possible of the Scout spirit and the Scouting method, and in addition to that, fill up just as many as possible of the leisure hours of the boy with that out-and-out programme of Scouting."

Dean Russell goes on to say that he is confident that when schoolmasters realise their obligation to the State, when they understand what the public want and must eventually have, when they sound the depth of their own patriotism, and realise that upon them, more perhaps than on any other class, depends the future

welfare of their country, they "will not leave untested and untried an instrument that makes for so much good".

Mr. Edmond Holmes, the British education-
alist, in his latest book, *Give Me the Young*,
has put forward the axiom that "Practice must
precede Profession," and urges a fundamentally
improved system of education to meet the needs
of modern times. The old system has been
wrong in principle, because it tended too much
to develop in the pupil fear of punishment, greed
for reward, and vanity or envy through competi-
tion, instead of encouraging the inherent
interest and self-expression of the child. As an
example in the right direction he says;

We have to ask ourselves on what general
principles ought schools to be conducted. Here, as
it happens, we have been given a lead which we
should do well to follow. The Boy Scout movement
is by far the most successful attempt which has yet
been made to provide for the education of
adolescents. And it owes its success to the fact
that it makes due provision for the satisfaction of
two imperious needs of man's nature—the need to
realise one's own self, and the need to work with
and for others In the Boy Scout philosophy
of education the balance between the claims of the
individual and of the communal self is steadily
maintained. ... To achieve and maintain this
balance should be the primary aim of all who are
interested in education.

Learning by doing, through active self-
expression, rather than by passive reception of
ideas is the principle employed. This is the
principle advocated by the Austrian Professor
Cizec, when, in reply to the questioner who
asked him how he managed to teach his pupils
with such remarkable results, said: "I don't do
it. I take the lid off, other teachers put it on.
That is the only difference."

This only difference, as Mr. Edmond Holmes
remarks, "is very nearly the whole difference
between the right and the wrong method of
education".

Conclusion

Education has of late years widened its
outlook beyond the walls of the school and
especially in its international development.

I have here ventured to suggest a way by
which a general voluntary training in goodwill
and service can be brought about, in co-
operation with school education, in place of
the old system of bringing up a child either in

the resentment of repressive discipline, or in
unlimited self-indulgence.

If this training be carried out for both sexes
on a sufficiently universal basis, it should have a
marked effect on the character and well-being
of a Nation.

It would give a different impulse to action
and would go far to abolish class and industrial
differences and to replace Fear by Love,
Misunderstanding by Sympathy, War by Peace.

The training includes the development of
Self-Reliance and Chivalry side by side with
the promotion of physical activity and prowess.
It is therefore capable of developing a new
manliness among the boys, side by side with a
fuller character among the girls, such as will
neutralise any loss of military training or the
over-extolling of military virtues.

If such training be encouraged in all countries
in such manner that the rising generation
throughout the world feel themselves tangibly
linked in Brotherhood, it is going to contribute
markedly to the abolition of war, and to the
coming of that long-looked-for era of Peace and
Goodwill among men.—*Jamboree (London)*

The Ascent of Man

BY HAROLD BEGBIE

HAVE you been down to the depths,
Down to the depths of despair,
Far as man's spirit can fall,
Far from the light and the air;
Tasted defeat to the dregs,
Emptied the chalice of care?
Have you been down to the depths,
Depths of despair?

YEA; even now I am there:
Hidden the merciful skies,
Broken the dreams of my soul,
Drowned all the joy in my eyes.
Ah, but within me a voice,
Something unbeaten, that cries:
"Out of the depths of despair
I shall arise!"

Children's Newspaper

The International Brotherhood

YOUNG CITIZENS of many lands! how
are you preparing yourselves for playing
the great game of citizenship? You will
soon become members of your National teams,
and then you will know the value of earlier
training. It is a great and noble game, and, like
every other game, needs careful training on the
part of the players entering it. You are really
preparing yourself, perhaps, by doing your work
in your homes well; by being helpful to your
comrades in the school; by being an efficient
player in your school sports. All these are good;
but I shall tell you of one more way, and, to my
thinking, not merely one more way, but really
one of the best.

You have surely seen members of the world-
famous band of bare-kneed rascals, with scar-
ves on necks and staves in hands; and,
perhaps, you have wondered who these were,
and what they were doing. You have seen
them helping in cases of accidents, have
observed them fight a fire manfully, have
looked on them lending a hand wherever help
was needed—and they don't wait for thanks
either, these young fellows. *Who are they?*

They are members of the World's Greatest
League of Youth, banded together in a Brother-
hood of Service, living under a Common Code of
Chivalry, and preparing themselves in various
ways to be happy, healthy and useful citizens.
Note these three words—*happy, healthy, useful*.
They are of the Boy Scouts. They are spread
in forty-one countries, and number about two
millions and a half. Wherever they are, they
carry on the best traditions of their race, suiting
their training to modern conditions. In the West,
they are counterparts of those Great Knights of
the Table Round whom Arthur founded. In
Japan, they keep up the noble example of the
Samurai; and in India, they look to the Ideal
Scouts of the former days, the Chivalrous
Rājputs and representatives like Shivaji.

Though they are training themselves along
the lines best suited to their own lands, they are
also lifting themselves out of a narrow concep-
tion of their own Nation. They are true comrades
to lads of any Nation, and so are indirectly
helping in making the work of the League of

Nations rest on the only safe foundation of
good-will and sympathy.

Now, why not get in touch with these and train
yourself for Citizenship? There is room for
every temperament within this great movement,
for men and women of any age, and of all views.

Those between the age of 8 and 12 can become
Cubs, as members of a Pack; those between 12
and 18 can join a Boy Scout Troop; and those
above 17 can become Senior Scouts or Rovers.
Each of these sections has its system of training,
suited to the period of physical life—all lay special
emphasis on physical health, hobbies, character-
building and the ideal of Service. There is no
process of external instruction here, but merely
a system of education through the evoking of
interest; nor is there a method of dealing in the
mass, there is one merely of individual attention
paid. The appeal is mainly through activities
which boys and young men naturally like, and
through the lure of open air camping. Oh, the
joy of it all, when you are really in the game,
instead of merely looking on!

Each section has its appropriate uniform, its
appropriate badges and hence appropriate public
service activities. A Cub joins in his small team
of six, or Ring, within the pack under his boy-
leader called the sixer; a Scout joins in his Patrol
under his boy-leader called the Patrol-Leader;
and the Senior Scout joins in his Patrol under
his leader the Mate. So goes the jolly Fraternity
working everywhere for God, Crown and
Country; gathering itself everywhere round the
magic flame of a Camp Fire; preparing itself
joyfully for the duties of the morrow.

Don't you want to be one of these, to be one
of the Great International Brotherhood? You
do, really; ask yourselves, and if you do, then
join in; and look to this page of the *Young
Citizen* for news of your fellows. Watch "From
the Council Rock".

Perhaps, you are already in. If so, let us know
your new ideas in playing the game that all
Young Citizens may profit. We want Young
Citizens of all lands to come together and to
know each other more and more. Who will join
the *Young Citizen* Correspondents' list? Will those
interested send in their addresses to "SCOUT,"

c/o The Young Citizen, Adyar, Madras, S.

The Young Citizen

I

By G. S. ARUNDALE

I WONDER how many young citizens in the world to-day possess a true conception of their privilege in having been born as the younger generation. In some ways, of course, it is a privilege to be of any age, for each age, while having its disadvantages, has equally its opportunities. In some ways, too, it does not matter whether we are born in one decade or in another, in one century or in another. Each year, each decade, each century, each period, has its own special work in carrying the world forward on life's pathway. Each generation, young or old, living in the 20th century or in any other, has its own privileges, its own purpose, its own duties, its own joys, sorrows, difficulties, hopes.

But the Young Citizen of to-day is specially privileged, and, I think, in two ways. First, he is born into a period of Reconstruction. Second, he is born into a period in the course of which a Great Rishi will come to live among men, the World-Teacher, the Jagad-Guru.

Now I can conceive a certain type of person arguing, at least with regard to the period of Reconstruction, that it is hardly a matter for congratulation to have been born with one's old house tumbling about one's head in ruins, and the foundations of the new barely appearing above the surface of the ground. Hardly comfortable, surely. True, if one is out for comfort. But the right type of Young Citizen is not out for comfort. He is out for creative activity, and comfort is quite incidental. The right type of Young Citizen is a pioneer. He wants to do things. And surely there is no better time for doing things than when the old roof has fallen upon one's head, the walls are crumbling at one's side, and the floors are giving way under one's feet.

The Young Citizen of to-day has been born into the world to do things. The great World-War has divided the heritage of the past into grain and chaff. The grain remains. It did not

remain on the occasion of most of the previous perishings and reconstructions. And Dark Ages have followed as a result of its absence. Today, we hope, the grain remains. But the chaff must be blown to the winds. That which the world has finished with must go. It is the business of the Young Citizens of to-day to determine what is grain and what is chaff, and the great World-War tells him that all that is selfish self-seeking is chaff, while all that is self-sacrifice is grain. Or, to put this otherwise: competition has had its day and must cease to be, while co-operation is henceforth to be the dominant note of a reconstructed civilisation. The task of the Young Citizen is to work this out, first in terms of his own personal life and in terms of his immediate surroundings, so that he may gain the habit of co-operation and self-sacrifice on a small scale prior to exercising these virtues on a large scale in the outer world, as an active Citizen of the Motherland, and perhaps even more, if he be specially blessed.

So much, for the moment, as regards Reconstruction. What about the Coming of a Great World Teacher? I venture to think that this other privilege of the Young Citizen is far more precious than the privilege of being born into a period of Reconstruction. Reconstruction we can always have with us more or less. There are the major and the minor periods of Reconstruction, and for the earnest soul all periods are periods of Reconstruction. But only now and again does a Great World Teacher come into the world of men, to show by precept and example the exact nature of the ideal life; as, for example, the Lord Buddha showed it; as the Lord Christ showed it, as Shri Krishna showed it; as the Lord Muhammad showed it; as the Lord Zarathustra showed it; in times gone by, according to the needs of the world at the time at which They came.

I have never heard any one deny that Great World Teachers have come in the past, or that

Great World Teachers may, and probably will, come in the future. There are but two questions: How do you know? Why at the present time? Let us take the second question first. I might well reply by putting another question. Why *not* now? Since Great World Teachers have come in the past, and since it is therefore logical to argue Their continuous coming, actual appearances being, as heretofore, separated by intervals of time, it follows that there is no reason against the coming of such a Teacher to-day, except the logical reason that at any particular moment the probability of such a coming is small. If, however, it can be demonstrated that the present time is of the kind of time generally associated with the Coming of Great World Teachers, then the probability becomes less small on the well-known logical principle:

In the past: a . . b . . c . . d . . e . . f . . g . . and a resulting X.

To-day: a . . b . . c . . d . . e . . f . . g . . surely therefore X.

Now let me put the matter from a practical standpoint. Numbers of people all over the world, of all faiths, castes, Nations, assert categorically their belief in the near Coming of a Great World Teacher. The assertion is worth investigating. In our own interests we have no right to dismiss it from our minds, for it may be true. Essentially it is true, in that Great World Teachers have come to the world. The only question is as to whether the truth has present application. How to find out? There are three modes of discovery, along any one of which, or along all three of which, we may work. There is the intellectual mode. Let us study the conditions under which Great World Teachers came in the days gone by. Let us compare those conditions with the conditions obtaining to-day. Let us see, in general, what common factors, if any, exist. We can, of course, ignore the peculiar forms of manifestation in which these conditions happened to express themselves. What we want is the genus, not the species. We may go as deeply as we like into the comparative study of the nature of the times and seasons chosen by Great World Teachers for Their appearance in the outer world. And there is no

reason why we should not allow our investigations to be biased by hope, by the hope that we shall find our intellects satisfied as to the comparative identity of nature between the present times and previous times associated with the Figures of mighty Teachers. Such a Coming is surely tremendously desirable.

There is the emotional mode. Does not the world need, urgently need, such a Coming? Have we not the right to yearn for such a Coming? Is not the world full of sorrow, of misery, of unrest, of inter-class struggle, of suspicion, of uncertainty as to how to build so as to banish strife and establish Brotherhood? The great World War did not end war. War still continues, as witness the condition of the world. Do we not in our intense sympathy for the miserable, the oppressed, the helpless, the despairing, *long* that some solution be found, some way out of the prevailing darkness into the light? Do we not feel that even the greatest of living, or dead, statesmen have been unequal to the task of finding such a solution? What political theories, what political parties, what movements, have been able to prevent the world from coming to its present *impasse*? What has the World War done more than to lay bare the nakedness of the world? The World War has not ended war, as was hoped. The World War has not so far ushered in a period of Brotherhood and good-will. There is not more concord than there was before among peoples and Nations. All we can say is that there is a deeper fear than ever there was before of provoking another war, because the last was so horrible and left behind it consequences, burdens, from which the Nations will shake themselves free only after a period the length of which is unpleasant to contemplate. We do not know how to go forward, and we dare not go back. Does not a cry of anguish go forth from the hearts of all who feel—how long is the world to be left without the guidance vouchsafed to it in times gone by, how long must it wait for the comfort of the Elder Brethren, the Fathers of the Human Race, in its time of dire need? Are we not at a supreme moment in the history of humanity? Are we not groping blindly, seeing no way out? Surely, we must yearn for the Presence of One who

loves His World as a mother loves her firstborn, and who will show us the Light and the Way.

And as we yearn with all the intensity of our natures, there will, I think, come the conviction that we are not yearning in vain, that the hour, for a Coming has struck, and that the world is indeed on the threshold of the Coming of a Deliverer, after the agony, or, should I not rather say, during the agony, of its rebirth. I liken the world to a little child, reincarnated in the travail of the past few years, and needing the hand of a Father to guide it on its new pathway from the unreal to the Real, from death to Immortality. It is just now that His Hand is needed; and because the cry to Him goes forth from thousands throughout the world consciously, and unconsciously from every human heart, because the world is in dire need, because no appeal made at such a time as the present can surely go in vain, therefore, the belief comes, an overwhelming feeling, that a Great World Teacher is about to come, and we rejoice and are exceeding glad.

Then the spiritual mode. In meditation, in contemplation, we strive to sense the way out of the darkness into the Light. And there flashes into our consciousness as we meditate, as we contemplate, as we retire from the outer world into the inner world, as we withdraw from our world into the world of the Rishis, a certainty as to the Coming of a Great World

Teacher. It is an intuition. We know it, at least for ourselves, though we may not be able to convince others of the truth of our knowledge, because the reasoning processes are hidden from us, because the knowledge is the flashing into the lower consciousness of our mind of the verities known to the soul. We may say: "I know." I, who write these words, say: "I know." How do I know? The process has been as follows: I heard of the Coming from my teachers. And hearing, I knew that the message was true. And my emotions and my mind have since confirmed me in the knowledge I had at the time of hearing the message that the message was and is true. So I began with the spiritual mode. I had ears to hear, that is to say, I had the inner ear which caught the reality within the formal expression of the truth as conveyed by human lips.

The message is surely worthy of a voyage of discovery to determine its truth for the one who seeks. It may be true, and yet not to be known or understood of all. Ever has it been that the majority of a Great World Teacher's contemporaries live in the world without the knowledge that He is in their midst. To-day, with the immensely improved means of communication it will surely be that many, many more will know Him, recognise Him, follow Him. But many there will also be who even to-day will pass Him by unheeding, and will live their lives unconscious of the wondrous Presence in their midst.

(To be continued)

"Who Invented the Fountain Pen?"

Under the above query, William Le Queux, the famous novelist, sends the following interesting letter to the Press:

In connection with the commendable proposal to hold an exhibition of historic and famous pens, serious effort should be made to discover the inventor of the fountain pen.

According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, portable "fountain ink horns" or fountain pens, are heard of so far back as the beginning of the 18th century; but according to this authority, it was not till the end of that century that inventors like Bramah seriously applied themselves to the construction of such writing instruments.

Recently, however, evidence has come into my possession that the fountain pen was already a commercial proposition in the middle of the 18th century. An old copy of *The Country Housewife's Family Companion*, published in 1750, contains within its covers a contemporary trade card of a Stratford-on-Avon publisher, naming among other articles on sale "fountain pens".

A *Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, issued in 1754, gives a detailed description with illustrations of a fountain pen made of silver or brass. It is thus established that the fountain pen

was in being and on sale at least a hundred and seventy years ago. Can any of your readers furnish particulars of earlier use than this, which might lead to the identification of the actual inventor of what is generally regarded as a modern "boon and blessing to men"?

For ourselves, we should like to ask Mr. Le Queux a return question: "How on earth do you pronounce your name?" We know how many people pronounce it, and how many other people pronounce it, and so on, but we confess we should like to know how the owner himself pronounces it. And perhaps some one could tell us whether or not it is his real name. One cannot help feeling that Le Queux is not the sort of name one would have chosen as a *nom de plume*. Almost anything would be better. So the probability is that Le Queux is no fiction but solid fact—Norman, perhaps, or why not Huguenot? In any case, his novels under any other name would read as sweet.

A Perfect Utterance

Gems of all kinds are hard to find, no less of speech or song or action than of the precious stone. From time to time, however, they come to view. Or, perhaps, we should rather say, some come to view, for most are born, not to waste their sweetness on the desert air, but to be unknown to all save God and to him who gives and him who receives. The *London Times* pronounces the following utterance of the Headmaster of the great English Public School at Winchester, on the occasion of the unveiling of a memorial to those members of the famous Corinthian Football Club who fell in the Great War, as perfect of its kind, without the need for the alteration of a single word:

"We are met, as members of a Brotherhood, to commemorate twenty-two very gallant gentlemen, whom we have loved and lost awhile. Where but in England would men meet for such a purpose in a football pavilion immediately before a great match, during the short interval between quiet work and strenuous play? And yet how right and true is the English instinct which brought us here to-day! It is not in churches or cathedrals only that such prayers should be offered and such memories enshrined: nor should they be reserved for holidays and festivals of the Church. Every day and every place has its consecration.

These names, endeared to us by years of comradeship in work and play, "great days in the distance enchanted," do not need a sacred atmosphere to give them worth and dignity. More truly, they consecrate the place in which they are engraved. There cannot be one heart here to-day which is not touched with sorrow and pride at the thought of their sacrifice. How it refines and ennoble this place and us who stand here: and it is my belief that not to-day only but all the days, whenever Corinthians meet here, this score of heroic names (I mention none; for I will not break their unity) will speak comfortable words to them: "Be strong, be joyous, be good, serve God and serve your Country: we died for you."

The place is right and the hour also is right: "At noonday," says the poet, "in the bustle of man's work-time greet the unseen with a cheer"; all life is one; God claims all the hours, the bustle of mid-day and the repose of evening. Nor is there any clash or contradiction between our eager expectancy and our solemn remembrance; between the game of five minutes hence and the battle of five years ago. The one is the prelude of the other. Both are rooted in honor, in courage, in chivalry.

Matches like this are Tournaments; athletes are Knights of Chivalry; and as tournaments had at first no meaning except as a training for the Crusader's life, so your matches, played in the spirit of chivalry, have no lower aim. They are a stage in the training for Christian Service. You make yourselves strong that you may serve your generation.

This was the spirit in which these twenty-two Corinthians played their games and fought their fights; because they were great athletes, they were also great soldiers; it was the same spirit which took them, when the call came, into the front of the battle. Their service on earth was short, and they won their crown; ours may perhaps be long. Be our years few or many, they cannot but be sanctified and strengthened by the memory of these Christian soldiers and the boundless debt which we owe them.

God grant us also to be faithful unto death, and like them to win a crown of life."

I myself am in hearty agreement with the *Times*. I think we have here one of the most beautiful utterances in the English language, strong though these words be. I wonder whether readers of the *Young Citizen* will agree with the *Times* and myself. Read and re-read as I may every word, not only can I find nothing I would alter, have left unsaid, have added, but I feel that surge of an undefinable something within me, which shows that the deeper chords of my nature have been touched. And as I write, I try to find some part to which I would draw special attention. The word "awhile" occurring in the very beginning strikes me particularly, but so does the word "joyous" later on, and then I find every other word of import strikes me too. So I can only ask our readers to ponder over every word, I had almost said, every syllable, and I should like our Scouts to copy out this perfect utterance and place it on the walls of their sancta.

G. S. A.

A Wish

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old Oak, give me,
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unshaken be.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL (1819—1819).

Courses in Journalism

WHEN one reads about University Courses in Journalism, one sometimes wonders how much of the work done by the student will really be of use to him when he enters that profession. Obviously, the subjects which he requires to study will vary according to the particular side of Journalism which he intends to take up—whether he is likely, for example, to become a leader-writer, news-editor, reporter, book-reviewer, dramatic or musical critic, or to take up the managerial side of Journalism. But in most cases the most important side of a journalist's equipment is probably a really wide general knowledge of men and affairs which is, for some people, a very hard thing, to acquire. To some fortunate individuals such a general knowledge seems to come naturally, not so much as the result of definite study, as of an innate faculty for fitting all the old facts and stray fragments of information they come across into the appropriate places in their minds. In other cases, this faculty is absent, and the stray facts, failing, as it were, to find anchorage, either drift out of the mind altogether, or, if they remain, are not readily to be found when required, and are not linked up as they should be with the appropriate related facts.

As a basis for a good general knowledge, a grounding in certain subjects is obviously essential; for example: History, Government (of one's own and other countries), Sociology, Economics, general Science and Literature generally. All these are subjects which can be thoroughly studied at the University, and one can imagine that the would-be journalist might well adopt the plan of studying some or all of these and other general subjects only, leaving aside all the more technical side of Journalism to be acquired in actual practice in a newspaper office. For no amount of theoretical study can give the same knowledge and experience as is gained by actually serving an apprenticeship.

An outline of the Special Course in Journalism in the State University of Iowa, U. S. A., is given as follows:

First year.—English (rhetoric); Foreign Language; Science; European History.

Second year.—English Literature; Foreign Language; Science; a minimum of History of the United States; Principles of Journalism.

Third year.—Editing: Printing and Engraving; American Government; Principles of Economics;

Electives (American Government, American History, Economics, European History).

Fourth year.—Feature of Article and Editorial; Newspaper problems and advanced Reporting; Electives.

Stress is laid on the importance of specialising in some particular branch of Journalism, which will decide the choice of subjects and their relative importance. Facilities are given for practical work in connection with the various University publications, which include *The Daily Iowan*—a University student paper.

Comparing this outline with the Syllabus of the Course for the B. A. Degree in Journalism of the National University, Adyar, Madras, it is noteworthy that in the latter course considerable stress is laid on the ethical aspect of the subject, and on the importance of the students realising "the enormously responsible nature of the work that they have to do". Ethics of Journalism is one of the main heads of special subjects to be studied, in addition to Religion, Indian Citizenship and Physical Culture, which are obligatory for every student in the University. On the other hand, the National University Syllabus makes no mention of General Science, as a subject of which some knowledge would be of considerable value to most students of Journalism.

The special subjects in the National University Course fall under the heads of Newspaper Administration, Newspaper Manufacture, Law of Journalism, History of Journalism, Literary Form of Newspapers, etc. In addition to these, instruction specially adapted to the needs of the journalist is given in the following subjects:

English, History, Political Science, Economics, Shorthand, Typewriting and Book-Keeping; and the practical side of the training is gained by actual experience in the Offices of *New India*, a daily paper edited by Dr. Annie Besant, who gives the students the fullest facilities in this respect and the fullest assistance of her staff.

The journalist the world most badly needs at the present time is of a type that is rarely met with—the Man of Principle. There are not many journals in the world to-day which apply to every question that arises the test of principle without any regard to expediency and popular opinion. And the reason for this is not far to seek, for such a journal would frequently have to stand for views directly opposed to those held by the majority of average people, which, obviously, not many journals can

afford to do. Indeed, for a young man or woman who wishes to take up the profession of Journalism, to have strong and clearly defined principles might often be a very definite disadvantage, for the journalist has to be prepared to express the views for which the particular journal he is serving stands at the moment, and entirely to subordinate his personal opinions and principles to the policy of his paper.

But however far from the ideal the present condition of things may be, it is useful sometimes to remind ourselves of an ideal, and so we may dream of the time when the Press will be the real guide and educator of public opinion, leading men on to the realisation of a higher standard of principles, of ethics, of morality, than they can formulate for themselves unaided. When that time comes, surely Religion, as the real basis of morality and ethics, will take a very prominent place in the course of study for the future journalist—not the religion of creeds, which separate and divide, but the true spirituality which unifies through the realisation of the "solidarity" of mankind; which sees humanity as "one undivided, indivi-

sible whole," one inseparable Brotherhood, though the individuals and Nations composing it be of various ages and at various stages of development. An open-minded comparative study of religions reveals their unity in most of the real essentials, and the truly enlightened leader of human thought must recognise every form of religion, as well as every form of civilisation, with its different National and local customs, as appropriate and necessary to certain stages of National individual growth and development.

To imagine our daily papers run on really spiritual or religious lines, in the highest and broadest sense of the words, seems at present almost ludicrous, but what an enormous effect it would have on the thoughts and feelings of the public if every time a newspaper was opened the reader received a definite impulse towards higher thinking and nobler feeling and action, instead of the stimulation of the very undesirable kind, which results from the sensationalism, gossip, scandal and destructive criticism which play such a prominent part in most of our newspapers to-day!

When East Meets West

There is a curious tendency to quote Kipling's famous lines "Oh, East is East and West is West" etc., in support of the view taken by some that India and Great Britain can never understand each other. The fact, however, is that Kipling expressly declares the nature of the basis on which East and West cease to remain the often antagonistic individualities they certainly are at present:

Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.

But there is neither East nor West, nor border, nor breed nor birth,

When two strong men stand face to face,

Though they come from the ends of the earth. Does not Kipling mean that while from one point of view there can be no blending of East and West, for they have their own distinctive individualities, yet there will come a time when we shall understand each other, when—as strong men—we shall have transcended the limitations of our weaknesses? Then it will not matter from what part of the earth we come, for we shall no longer be swayed and antagonised by the distinctions of race, caste or creed, and the consciousness of the Universal Brotherhood will dominate all physical differences and variations of creed, caste and custom.

Kipling appeals to us to become strong men, so that the fact that from one point of view the East shall never meet the West may find an solution in another fact—that unity is not thereby precluded from some day making the separateness of no moment, rather an enrichment.

To Charles Dickens at Christmas

(The Schoolmaster)

"Faith, Hope and Charity," said the Apostle Paul, "These three abide; but greatest of the three, The Queen of Graces, gracious Charity: If without this, then am I naught at all." These three were thine, whom we the Master call—Faith in man's nature; for the days to be, Hope in the Highest: but most bright in thee Shone that great grace without which Faith

would fall.

Sovereign of the world's laughter and its tears, 'Tis thine own Day that summons from the mart, And secular round, to bear a joyous part In praise of Him who, as he gladliest hears Love for His name, the more thy name endears, Making it sacred in man's grateful heart.

JAMES BROADBENT MARSHALL

A Test of Leadership Capacity

An American professor has arranged the following test of alertness, which he uses in connection with the admission of first-year class students to his College. He desires to gauge both their mental alertness and whether they have that power of leadership which shows itself in the earlier stages by a capacity for prompt decision in little things. The little things with regard to which prompt decision is required in the test below are both confusing and somewhat complicated. Of course, if there is plenty of time they can all be quite easily solved. But the essence of the test is promptness, and the quickest time combined with the greatest accuracy is what is aimed at.

The test is as originally given, except that Indian names have been substituted for the English, or, should we say, American, names. We shall be glad to publish any special times taken by our readers, provided these are duly verified by responsible witnesses. We do not want, however, to receive intimation that so and so gave 100% accuracy within the half hour. It is a matter of seconds, a minute or so.

With your pencil make a dot over any of these letters: F G H I J, and a comma after the longest of these three words: Boy Mother Girl. Then, if Christmas comes in March, make a cross here (), but if not pass along to the next question and tell where the sun rises (). If you believe that Edison discovered America, cross out what you just wrote, but if it was some one else, put in a number to complete this sentence: "A horse has () feet." Write "yes," no matter whether China is in Africa or not (); and then give a wrong answer to this question: "How many days are there in the week?" (). Write any letter except G after this comma, and then write "No" if twice five are ten (). Now if Tuesday does not come after Monday, make two crosses here (), but if Tuesday comes before Monday, make a circle here (), or else a square here (). Be sure to make three crosses between these two names of boys: Krishna () Ram. Notice these two numbers: 3, 5. If iron is heavier than water, write the smaller number here (), but if iron is lighter than water, write the larger number here (). Now show by a cross when the nights are longer: in summer? () in winter? (). Give the correct answer to this question: "Does water run uphill?" (). Do nothing here (five plus seven

A Left-Handed Child

STAMMERED WHEN MADE TO USE RIGHT HAND

(Daily Mail)

A case of a left-handed child who stammered when taught to write with the right hand is described by Dr. J. A. Fretton, Chacewater, Cornwall, in the *British Medical Journal*:

A girl aged about six years was left-handed from birth; her mother had been taught by her mother that if a child who was left-handed from birth and had been taught to write with the left hand was changed over and taught to write with the right hand that child would stammer. She had sent her own little girl to school and the child then wrote with the left hand. She gave instructions at the School that no attempt was to be made to get the child to write with her right hand.

The teacher, thinking, however, that she knew better, insisted on changing the bad habit, and during the mother's absence from home actually taught the child successfully to write with her right hand. The child soon developed a distinct stammer in speech.

On the mother's return she at once had the child put back to the old habit to use the left hand when writing, and the stammering soon after disappeared.

The Real and the Unreal

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!

But not quite so sunk that moments,

Sure tho' seldom, are denied us,

When the spirit's true endowments

Stand out plainly from its false ones,

And apprise it if pursuing

Or the right way or the wrong way,

To its triumph or undoing.

There are flashes struck from midnights,

There are fire-flames noondays kindle,

Whereby piled-up honors perish,

Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,

While just this or that poor impulse,

Which for once had play unstifled,

Seems the sole work of a lifetime

That away the rest have trifled.

ROBERT BROWNING

(From "Cristina")

equals (), unless you skipped the preceding question, but write the first letter of your first name and the last letter of your last name at the end of this line.

To Thine Own Self Be True

If you Teach a Man to keep his Eyes upon what others think of him, unthinkingly to lead the life and hold the principles of the majority of his contemporaries, you must discredit in his eyes the authoritative voice of his own soul. He may be a docile citizen: he will never be a man. It is ours, on the other hand, to disregard this babble and chattering of other men better and worse than we are, and to walk straight before us by what light we have. They may be right: but so, before heaven, are we. They may know: but we know also, and by that knowledge we must stand or fall. There is such a thing as loyalty to a man's own better self; and from those who have not that, God help me, how am I to look for loyalty to others? The most dull, the most imbecile, at a certain moment turn round, at a certain point will hear no further argument, but stand unflinching by their own dumb, irrational sense of right. It is not only by steel or fire, but through contempt and blame, that the

martyr fulfils the calling of his dear soul. Be glad if you are not tried by such extremities. But although all the world ranged themselves in one line to tell "This is wrong," be you your own faithful vassal and the ambassador of God—throw down the glove and answer: "This is right." Do you think you are only declaring yourself? Perhaps in some dim way, like a child who delivers a message not fully understood, you are opening wider the straits of prejudice and preparing mankind for some truer and more spiritual grasp of truth; perhaps, as you stand forth for your own judgment, you are covering a thousand weak ones with your body; perhaps, by this declaration alone, you have avoided the guilt of false witness against humanity and the little ones unborn. It is good, I believe, to be respectable, but much nobler to respect oneself and utter the voice of God.

R. L. Stevenson

S. Christopher School Song

THE Old World stands on the darker side

(High runs the river.)

Afraid, afraid for the wind and the tide.

(We'll carry you over the river.)

Chorus. Christopher, Christopher, show us the way

To carry the world and its burdens to-day,

Through the gloom and the mist, and

the blinding spray.

Christopher! Christopher!

"Whose are the voices sounding clear?"

(Fierce runs the river.)

"Clarion calls to my coward fear."

(We'll carry you over the river.) Chorus.

"The earth slips from me, where I stand."

(Cold swirls the river.)

"I cannot struggle to reach the land."

(We'll carry you over the river.) Chorus.

"Are your hands strong that are so small?"

(Stretched out across the river.)

"Love, great Love can carry us all,

Carry you over the river." Chorus.

"Your eyes are keen, can they see far?"

(Piercing the mists of the river.)

"Oh tell me where the new worlds are?"

(Growing beyond the river.) Chorus.

"We are the pillars, firm and white,

(Of the new worlds over the river.)

And the Master sees that we build aright,

Laboring here by the river." Chorus.

"But is your new world strong to bear

(Voices across the river)

Chaos and doubt, leaden despair,

That clog the banks of the river?"

Chorus.

"We build them as in our corner stone,

(Clay from the banks of the river)

We make your broken hopes our own,

(See how they shine by the river!)

Chorus.

We know this New World cannot fall,

Foursquare across the river;

For the love of the Master binds us all,

We wait for you by the river." Chorus.

Come to us, Old World! Come, we are strong,

Have courage; plunge in the river:

Winds and tides will not buffet long,

The New World waits by the river.

Chorus.

Athleticism and Aesthetics

It is very seldom that the combination of athlete and artist is found in one and the same individual. Too often the artistic type is physically weak and unhealthy, whereas, on the other hand, the man who puts physical health and fitness above all else is apt to be a philistine where matters of Art are concerned. So the question rises in the mind: Are these two ideals really antagonistic and incompatible? Is it impossible for an artist, musician or poet, to be perfectly fit and strong physically, and for the athletic type to be fully sensitive to the influences of Art and Music?

The ideal of physical fitness and hardness is well expressed by Dan Beard, the American Scouter, and founder of the Dan Beard Outdoor School in Pennsylvania:

Luxury kills a race, hardship gives it life. I want all American boys to love hardship for its own sake, and I want them to know the fierce joy of making good against the opposition of the elements. Hamlin Garland put it truthfully when he wrote:

Do you fear the face of the wind,
The sleet or the rain?
Go, face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane;
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your forehead tan,
You'll be ragged and swarthy and weary,
But you'll walk like a man.

But on the other hand the artist might well say: "I don't want the palms of my hands to thicken! If they do, my fingers will lose something of their sensitiveness and delicacy of touch." Especially would that be true in the case of the musical instrumentalist, who has to take such extreme care of his sensitive hands. One sometimes finds, too, that the man whose aim is physical "toughness" tends to become rather unsympathetic and hard in his treatment of others, and grows rather "unperceptive" of their feelings, though, of course, this does not necessarily follow.

In the Great War the effects of the strenuous physical training on various types of men were easily observed. The pasty-faced clerk from a London office returned home on leave after a few months intensive training looking a new man, with color in his cheeks, hard muscles, broadened chest and upright carriage. But in other cases of men of more delicate refinement, in addition to the physical strengthening and development, a definite coarsen-

ing was closely observable—a coarsening of features, and still more a coarsening of *texture*, if one may use that word. But this was probably largely due to the coarseness of the diet, consisting chiefly of flesh foods.

From the point of view of the would-be spiritual man, the fitness of the physical body is of the utmost importance, and the advice given by the teachers of the real Râja Yoga is to keep the body fit by pure diet, without flesh food and without excess of spices and high flavorings; by moderate, but not violent exercise; and by sufficient sleep. Sleep, meals and exercise should all as far as possible be taken at regular and fixed hours, and we know that the body re-builds itself best during sleep in the hours before midnight.

In all these matters the "middle-path" is usually found to be the wisest; in other words, moderation in all things rather than either asceticism or self-indulgence. To "love hardship for its own sake" and to aim at being "savage again" is probably an exaggeration on one side just as is asceticism on another, but either are certainly preferable to softness and "flabbiness". In Southern India, one cannot help being struck by the number of people who, though in the prime of life, are far too fat. And this must indicate some fault in the ordering of their physical lives—faulty diet, insufficient exercise, or possibly in some cases, even habitual over-eating. But nowadays, when games and sports are accessible to every young man and the Scout Movement is so widely spread, there is no excuse for the younger generation if they are "flabby" for lack of out-door exercise.

We are most likely to get a true view of the subject if we realise the physical body as only *one* of our bodies, and aim at synchronising the various bodies—training them, as it were, to team-work together. The physical body has to be perfectly fit yet not so "tough" as to render it incapable of responding with the utmost sensitiveness to Music and Art, and so transmitting their ennobling and uplifting influence to the higher bodies. For Art belongs to higher realms than the physical, and though its appeal to our consciousness must come through the senses of the physical body, that body is only a *transmitter* to the higher bodies whose appropriate activities are thought and emotion.

D. STEWARD

"Toc H"

Gilbert Talbot was merely one of the millions of young men who were killed in the Great War, but he must have been one of those rare people who have a remarkable power to influence all those who come into touch with them. He was the son of the Bishop of Winchester and, soon after he fell, early in the War, the first "Talbot House" was established in his memory at Poperinghe, in the Ypres salient in Flanders, by the Army Chaplain there, P. B. Clayton, M.C., F.S.A.

"Talbot House," contracted to the initials "T. H.," or in the vernacular of telegraphists and signallers, "Toc H," was a sort of hotel or club where the thousands of men who visited it could not only satisfy their physical needs, but also come into touch with religious influences and take the Christian Sacrament of Holy Communion. A second "Toc H" was soon started at Ypres and since then the "Toc H" movement has spread far and wide. Its aims are "the establishment of hostels and clubs and the provision of facilities to foster a spirit of good fellowship among the single young men of the Empire," and the membership of the brotherhood is described as "an aristocracy of comradeship drawn from the schools, offices, and factories". There are no rules, and only one condition, that on one evening of every week you give yourself to social service—leading Boy Scouts, taking a blind man for a walk, reading to a bed-ridden invalid, entertaining patients in hospitals, looking up some lonely young

men in lodgings—anything which proves your "re-discovery of real religion as the bond between happy men".

Bed, breakfast and supper can be had in return for a club payment which is just sufficient to cover expenses, and, in addition to the social side, the religious side is always there for those who desire it.

At the present time, there are a large number of branches in Great Britain, and recently the Prince of Wales took a leading part in the celebration of the eighth anniversary of the movement, performing the ceremony of lighting fifty "Lamps of Maintenance," for the fifty new branches that had been established in Great Britain and Canada.

The concluding part of the ceremony is described as follows:

After all the lamps had been lighted by the Prince, the lamp-bearers were grouped upon the platform, all the lights of the Guildhall were lowered, and buglers sounded the Last Post. Then, after a little silence, there was sung the valiant carol:

*Go! rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.*

The Marquis of Salisbury announced that the "Toc H" movement had received a Royal Charter.

Finally the lamps were taken by the delegates to the various new branches for which they were intended, where they are kept burning during all meetings of the clubs.

Sayings of Great Teachers

Better one's own duty, though destitute of merit, than the duty of another well-discharged. Better death in the discharge of one's own duty; the duty of another is full of danger.

To one highly esteemed dishonor exceedeth death.

SHRI KRISHNA

If the people do not fear the Majesty of Government, a reign of terror will ensue.

A Sage has said: "He who can take upon himself the Nation's shame is fit to be Lord of the Land. He who can take upon himself the Nation's calamities is fit to be Ruler over the Empire."

LAO-TZU

Mu'az said: "At the time of my being despatched to the Judgeship of Yemen, the last advice Lord Muhammad gave me was this: 'O Mu'az! be of good temper towards people.'"

"Give me advice." Lord Muhammad said: "Be not angry."

MUHAMMAD THE PROPHET

If thine enemy hunger, feed him: If he thirst, give him drink.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Let every soul be subject to the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God.

S. PAUL.

Thoughts on Scouting

THE spirit moves me to write down some thoughts which occur to me on the subject of Scouting. I have been thinking much about Scouting for some little while, I do not quite know why, and I seem as if I had wanted to get at the inner meaning of the movement, to which the external organisation is but the ante-chamber. What are we driving at? Merely at the keeping of the laws because these embody the principles of right living, both for the individual as a unit and for the individual as a member of his community? Merely at the stimulation of efficiency through the lure of the badges? Perhaps the word "merely" in connection with the laws sounds somewhat strange, for to keep our laws is a big achievement, an achievement well worth compassing, and by no means easy, for it needs constant and untiring watchfulness. I used the word in order to assert my conviction that even the laws, fine as they are, are but the expression of a great reality after which the movement is groping. I mean that our great Chief, Sir Robert himself, was inspired to bring this movement into being, and that he is probably aware that he has not yet been able to give it all the life he knows it ought to have. He is probably aware that his movement, wonderful as it is, falls short of that archetype which he had glimpsed, consciously or unconsciously, before he decided to translate the inner urging into outer form. He has done wonders, but his dream remains more wonderful still.

I feel moved to explain that the Scout movement to me is an expression of mighty forces at work on the plane of the Spirit, moulding the world to new purposes while reasserting the eternal goal. The Scout movement to me is a Crusade on the part of youth against the outworn, against selfishness, against warrings and quarrellings, against pride, against prejudice, championing the cause of brotherhood, establishing in conscious activity that which lives, as to most of us, mainly in the unconscious, emerging only now and then above the line that separates the unconscious from the conscious. It is a Crusade to re-establish the dedicated life, the life dedicated to Great Causes and to Eternal Truth. It is a Crusade in the real meaning of the word "Crusade," for its adherents fight in a spirit of sacrifice—the Cross being the great age-old symbol of Sacrifice. It is a Crusade not of one religion against another, of one Race or Nation against another, but of Right against Wrong all over the world.

And it is yet more. It guides us from the unreal to the Real, from ignorance to insight, from inevitable subordination to evolution, with the many acts of insubordination which make progress at times so slow, to conscious co-operation with God in the unfoldment of His mighty Plan. It makes us challenge our surroundings, our beliefs, our conventionalities, our superstitions, our habits, our customs, our modes of life, not necessarily to make a holocaust of them, but to purge them of their limitations and separative attributes, to purify them in the fire of Truth, but, if need be, to burn them right away. I do not think the Scout may be content with the world as it is, contenting himself with the replacement of ill-will by good-will, of competition by co-operation, letting the world jog along at its own rate with the added stimulation of these replacements in so far as they may be taking place. All this he must do, but he must do yet more. He must deliberately set his feet not on the pathway of forthgoing but on the pathway of return home to God. The pathway of forthgoing is the pathway of self-knowledge, with all the attributes—needed, indeed—of pride, self-assertion, subservience to public opinion, intolerance, and so forth, which are the essential ingredients on the pathway of forthgoing, but which are to be left behind by those who, having finished with this pathway, turn their faces homewards and set their feet on the pathway of return.

What is the goal of this pathway? I cannot do better than express it in the words of the Editor of *The Headquarters Gazette* of London, Mr. H. G. Elwes:

I believe God means this world to become perfect one day, and that everyone who has ever lived will become perfect in some stage of existence. I do not believe anyone is irrevocably lost. To me "lost" means "not found yet". My task, however, to-day is to deal only with boys—I believe there is good in the heart of every boy. As a Scout poet has said:

"There is not a boy but longs to grow
Manly and true at heart,
And every boy would like to know
The secret we can impart.
He does not desire to slack or shirk;
O, have not you heard him plead?
He'll follow a man at play or work,
If only the man will lead."

And this goodness in the heart of a boy is a part of the Spirit of God. When that spirit is developed so that it grows and absolutely controls the whole boy or man, then he becomes complete, and one-day wakes up in God's own image, and is satisfied—that is what I mean by perfection.

But I further believe that according to God's own method of working, He cannot carry out His Plan alone—it depends on the co-operation of all who believe in Him, and the more there are who believe and try to help Him, the sooner will His purpose be fulfilled, and the end be achieved. We, therefore, who take the Scout Promise, are workers together with God.

These words were written in the October, 1922, issue of the *Jamboree*, and, in my judgment, the words are profoundly true, and truly are we who profess the Scout truths "workers together with God".

We have to grow "complete". "He cannot carry out His Plan alone." How this latter phrase reminds one of a statement in that beautiful little book, *At the Feet of the Master*, that God has a plan, that the plan is evolution, and that we must be on God's side, working with evolution consciously. This is the Scout's work—to work with evolution consciously. All Nature works with evolution more or less consciously. Men sometimes in their ignorance, however, try to oppose evolution, thinking that pleasure will be the result. Through pain they learn that it is wiser, more conducive to lasting pleasure, to work with evolution. The Scout must be a conscious worker, and in order so to become he must learn what evolution is—its inevitableness, its utter justice, its essential beauty and tenderness. When outer circumstances seem to deny to evolution these qualities, it is a sign that we have not yet understood what evolution really is. We must seek for these attributes in everything, in the ugly, in the sordid, in the sin, as well as in the beautiful, in the generous and in the good. The Scout's Good Turn is to all, and especially where co-operation with evolution is relatively unconscious. In fact, the Scout's work is to stimulate this conscious co-operation, in himself, in others.

Now the Scouter must always be bearing in mind this fundamental fact. He must never allow himself to become immersed in the trees so intensely that he loses sight of the wood. In every Pack, in every Patrol, in every Troop, there must be a growing sense of personal as well as collective dedication to the quick treading of the pathway that leads us back to conscious knowledge of God, involving, as Mr. Elwes so rightly says, a perfecting of ourselves as foreshadowed in the words: "Be ye therefore perfect". That is, we are told to become perfect; it is a matter of time. I should like Scouters to study Mr. Elwes' words and try to examine them as to their implications. What principles are involved in them? What new conceptions? What modifications of conventional beliefs?

Obviously, we are not at liberty to interfere with a Scout's religious opinions, or, rather, those which he has, willy-nilly, inherited from his parents. But it is our duty to ask him to think, to examine, to try to come to his own conclusions rather than

to accept without investigation statements whose chief title to acceptance is the fact that they have the hall-mark of respectability. Scouting is service, no doubt, but if we desire to serve wisely and well we must ourselves acquire wisdom. We must ourselves know, for while any rich man can feed the bodies, only the man who knows can feed the soul. In the long run, aye, and in the short run, too, our surest stand-by is the soul, and it is to the soul to which the Scout must appeal if he is to do lasting good. It may be said that the schools should do this, or the parents. My answer is that nowhere is brotherhood more conscious than in the Scout movement, nowhere is the spirit of the future more awake than in the Scout movement, nowhere among the young of all races and Nations is there more conscious co-operation with evolution than in the Scout movement. Therefore is it vital that all these should be animated by wisdom, by such knowledge as man can gain of God's plan for his growth to perfection. Whatever the schools may do and indeed ought to do; whatever parents may do and indeed ought to do: Scouters and Scouts, Cubbers, Cubs, Rovers—all must not only do their Good Turns, obey the Scout Law, fulfil the Scout Promise, stimulate their efficiency, they must also learn to understand with increasing clearness why all this ought to be done, what God's Plan is and in what way the doing of the Good Turn, the obedience to the Law, the fulfilment of the Promise, make for the furtherance of the Plan, intensify our conscious co-operation. Then will conduct approximate in increasing measure to principle, and we shall begin to learn the reason why. Duty will cease to be a hardship imposed from without. Duty will become a self-imposed joy, dictated to the bodies by the soul. And slowly, but surely, external authority, so often arbitrary, will be replaced by inner experience. A replacement of momentous import, for the external changes and dies, breaks to pieces, and those who take their stand on it will some day find the ground they thought so firm, so imperishable, crumbling under their feet. But the inner experience, though subject to modification, grows from strength to strength and is the veritable Rock of Ages.

I want Scouters especially to think these things out, and to try to discover ways of emphasising the Real amidst the unreal, Eternity amidst time, the truths eternal amidst the truths relative, truth amidst superstition and falsehood. Let us not lose sight of the fact that ours is a spiritual mission, and that unless we keep this fact dominant, uppermost, our work, however efficient in one

sense, must needs be lifeless and unending. As Lord Haldane has so truly observed in his wonderful book, *The Pathway to Reality*, what is needed in the world to-day is the dedicated spirit, the dedicated life. Of such nature is indeed the Pathway to Reality, the Pathway Home to God. Once we knew God unconsciously. We are struggling from the unconscious knowledge through the various intermediate stages to conscious knowledge. We who are Scouts must see to it that our knowledge is growing definitely conscious. And what this means and involves is for each Scout to think out for himself. It means one thing to me. It may mean another thing to you. All sincerity, however individually diverse, leads to God. Let us, therefore, strive after sincerity on our own pathway, whatever we may determine our pathway to be. And let us remember that just as God "cannot carry out His Plan alone," so can we not grow alone. We must grow together in a spirit of Brotherhood. We must grapple life's problemstogether. We must seek their solution together. There is no absolute perfection for any of us until there has been accomplished the perfection of us all. This is the meaning of a pack, a patrol, a troop, and so on. They express an essential togetherness, which some day, and by degrees, must become a unity.

The meaning and purpose of life . . . the meaning and purpose of pain . . . the meaning and purpose of death . . . the meaning and purpose of racial and religious differences . . . the meaning and purpose of caste and class differences . . . the meaning and purpose of poverty, disease, misery, dull, drab lives for some, and wealth, health, happiness, lives full of interest for others. Let us strive to know, and I do not regard such striving as alien from Scoutcraft but rather as part of it. I would go further. I would say that without such striving as part of our Scoutcraft, Scoutcraft has no live future. Because Sir Robert could not help striving to know and to understand, the world has received the gift of Scouting as a step in the direction of successful striving. His sympathetic and compassionate soul gives our movement no little of the life it enjoys in all parts of the world. We must intensify this life. We must add to the sympathy and compassion which are its life-breath, and we must make our sympathy and compassion effective by wisdom. Only a wise man can become truly philanthropic. Only a wise man or youth can do a good turn which will exactly meet the need of him or her to whom it is done. We must not kill by

kindness, nor may we mar our effectiveness by ignorance.

May such striving as I have ventured to dilate on in the above paragraphs be the life of our movement, finding expression in a keener performance of Scout duties, in a keener fulfilment of the Scout Life!

Be Prepared

For all your days prepare,

And meet them ever alike;

When you are the anvil, bear;

When you are the hammer, strike.

EDWARD MARKHAM

A DIAMOND SAW Cutting Through a Stone

A remarkable new saw may be seen at work shortly, which hews large slabs of stone twenty times faster than is possible by present methods.

The new saw consists of a huge wheel round which are fixed 210 diamonds. This jewelled wheel revolves at a high speed, and will saw through a large block of stone three feet thick in only fifteen minutes.

It is motor-driven, and is expected to replace the stone saw at present worked from each end by a man. The hardness of the diamond is such that the wheel will last practically for ever.

Children's Newspaper

OUR HEROIC DEAD

School Paver, Melbourne

A king once said of a prince struck down:

"Taller he seems in death."

And this speech holds truth, for now as then,

'Tis after death that we measure men;

And as rise the mists that glorious deeds conceal,

Our heroes who died for King and Country's weal,

Grow "taller" and greater in all their parts,

Till they fill our minds as they fill our hearts.

And for those who lament them, there's this relief—

That Glory sits by the side of Grief.

Yes, they grow "taller" as years pass by,

And the world learns how they could do and die.

J. B. HOPE.

Work of Young Citizens

The Blavatsky Lodge News (Sydney, Australia) is a bright little paper issued monthly. It informs us, among a number of other local happenings, that a group of Young Theosophical Workers has been formed, whose motto is, "Laugh at Yourself," who practise eurhythmics—terrible word—attend musical classes, take up the collections at meetings, and clean the Lodge windows—a varied programme. More power to their elbows!

Boy Scouts have done a great deal to make the world a better place to live in. The kind acts that they are pledged to perform every day make up a vast total, and help mankind to carry its burden more easily.

Now it is proposed that Boy Scouts shall increase their value by using their influence to prevent boys committing crimes, by helping those who have done wrong to make amends and to go straight, so making themselves responsible for the boy population in general.

That is a fine development of the Truth that we are "our brother's keeper". We ought to be responsible for each other, whether we are boys or men, girls or women. More can be done to check crime by sympathy, by helpfulness, and by confidence, than by all the machinery of the police and the law.

Boys ought to be able to deal with boys better than grown-up people can, and this new work for Scouts will make the splendid Scout movement more valuable than ever.—*Children's Newspaper*

There is a tragic story, which was re-told in the *Children's Newspaper*, of an artist-hero named J. L. Brian, who was a student at the Paris School of Fine Arts, in 1863. In the garret in which he lived he had modelled a small statue of Mercury, and, when the work was just completed, there was a danger of the moist clay freezing in the bitter cold of the night, in which case it would crack and break to pieces. So Brian stripped off his overcoat and wrapped it about the model, as the only possible means of protecting it. In the morning, he was found lying coatless and dead, but the clay model preserved at such cost was recognised as a masterpiece, and from it his fellow-students cast a bronze statue which has stood ever since in the courtyard of his old school, a monument to the devotion of an Artist who was "faithful even unto death" to his work and his art. Can any of our readers tell us of other heroes in the realm of

Art, who have made great sacrifices for the sake of their ideals and their work?

The Magazine of the Citizens of To-morrow is issued by the Guild of the same name. The Guild has, as motto, "Citizenship as Service," and gives the following as "the Ideals towards which we Strive": "1. Service, the Ideal of Life. 2. Help and Protection to All in Need a Joyous Duty. 3. Loyal and Intelligent Citizenship the Glory of each Member of the Motherland. 4. Brotherhood the Bond of Union between All Peoples." It is good to see how Service is becoming a world-wide ideal. The Magazine is most interesting. We shall borrow one or two things next month.

Three other useful Orders for the young exist in connection with, but not limited to, members of the Theosophical Society. That of "Lotus Circles" consists of young children, who meet once a week for talks in very simple language on great religious doctrines, such as Reincarnation, Karma, World-Saviors, and the like. That of the "Golden Chain" is composed of quite young children, who promise to be kind and gentle to animals, and courteous to all. From this, as they grow older they pass into the "Order of the Round Table," founded on the King Arthur's Ideal of Knightliness—a very admirable Order, founded by our Herbert Whyte, who fell, leading his men, at Jerusalem, in the Great War.

A despatch from Beyrout to Reuter's Agency announces that the Armenian Boy Scouts, with the American Relief Expedition in the Near East, belonging to the Orphanage of Jebail, situated 25 miles to the north of Beyrout, have discovered, near Kassinba, Syria, the foundations of a great Roman temple, probably the ancient sanctuary of Adonis.

The Boy Scouts have also discovered, in the same district, some valuable Babylonian and Phoenician relics, rising mostly from tombs buried under the sands for many centuries.—*Jamboree*

The Boy Scouts (B.S.A. in India) of Meerut issue a monthly Magazine, *The Scout Brother*, in English, Hindi and Urdu, giving United Provinces Scout news, articles and stories.

The South Indian Boy Scout is the official organ in the Madras Province of the Boy Scouts Association in India. It has a Pow Wow from the Provincial Commissioner, that is always bright and interesting.

The Seventh Man

A STORY THAT WILL LIVE IN ENGLAND'S HISTORY

This story was told to the writer by Lady Kinnaird a few weeks before her lamented death.

The Prince of Wales was asked one day if he would visit a little Private Hospital where thirty-six men, so terribly injured in the War that they could never hope for release, were fighting the desperate battle of patience and courage. The Prince named a day, and on that day he drove round privately to the Hospital.

In the ordinary way he went round the beds, and was then conducted to the door by the grateful Staff. But he stopped suddenly and said: "I was told you had thirty-six patients. I have only seen twenty-nine."

It was explained to him that the seven other patients were so tragically disfigured that the visit to their ward was purposely omitted.

"For my sake or theirs?" he asked.

"For yours, sir," was the answer.

At once he insisted on seeing these seven men. He was ushered into the ward where they lay, and at each bed he stopped for some minutes, saying cheering words and thanking each man in the name of England for his self-sacrifice.

Then, once again, he paused at the door.

"But there are only six men here," he persisted.

"Where is the seventh?"

He was told that nobody could see the seventh man. Blind, deaf, maimed, and disfigured out of the likeness of humanity, this seventh man, they told him, lay in a bed in a room to himself, from which he would never stir.

"You must not see him, sir," said one of the officials.

"I must see him," said the Prince.

"Better not, sir. You can do him no good. And the sight is terrible."

"Still, I wish to see him," said the Prince. One of the members of the Staff accompanied him to that little darkened room of unutterable tragedy. He relates that the Prince walked firmly to the bedside, that he turned very white, but stood there with bowed head, looking at the man who could neither see him nor hear him, looking at the awful wreck of manhood, as though he would see the final anguish of murderous and monstrous War. Then very slowly, the Prince stooped down and kissed the man's face. When he rose it was as if another Presence had come into the room.

For the Fallen

BY LAURENCE BINYON

(As many of our readers may not have come across this beautiful poem on the men who entered through the War into a new opportunity, we reproduce it in the *Young Citizen*.)

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were
young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds un-
counted;

They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

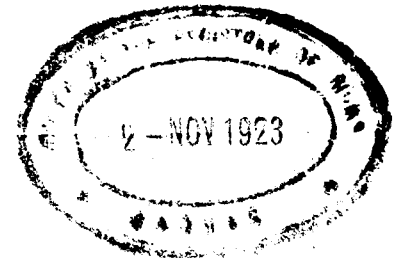
They mingle not with their laughing comrades
again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labor of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

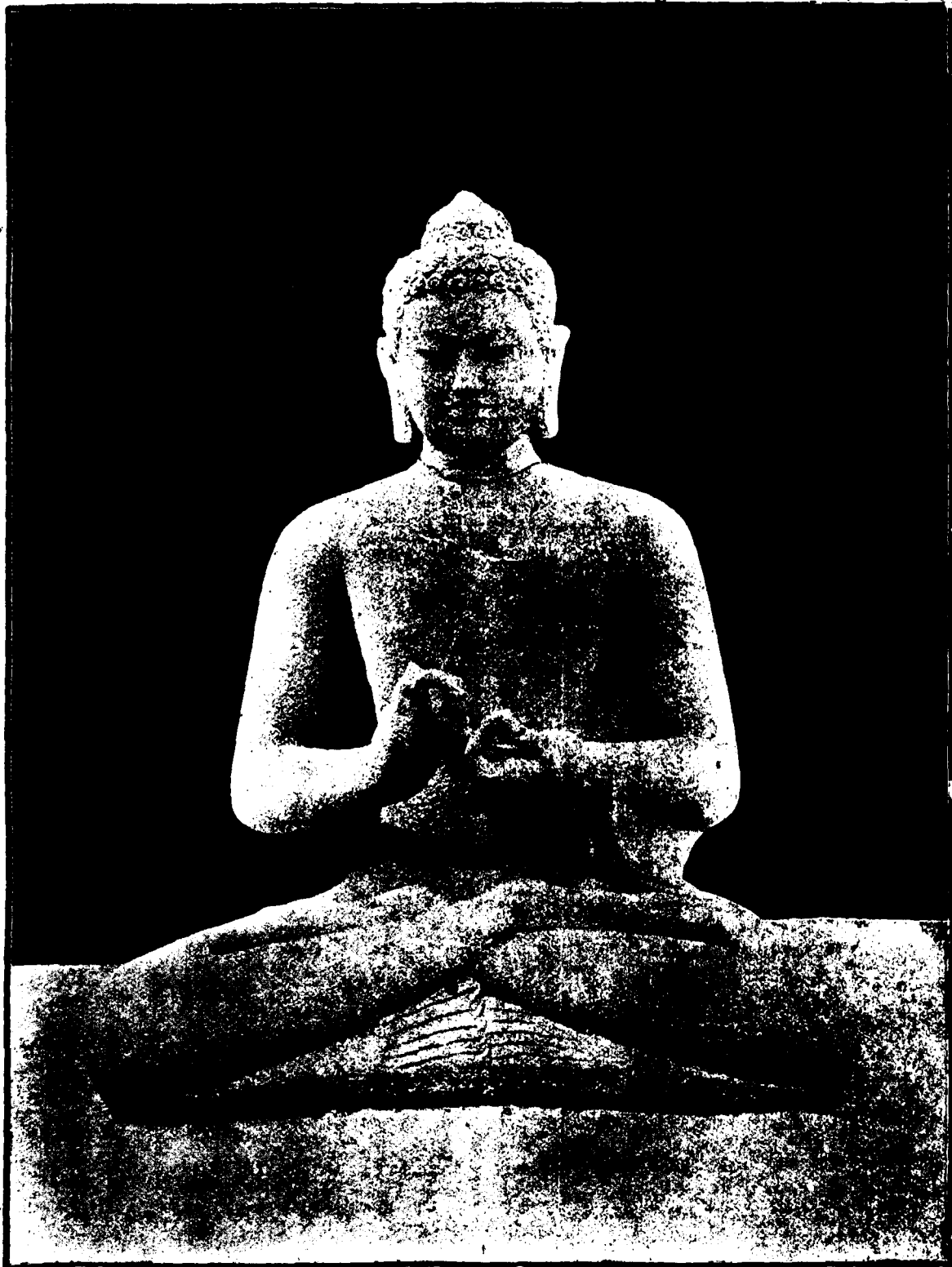
But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they
are known

As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our
darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

—Times (London)





THE LORD BUDDHA

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All communications must be written on one side of the paper only, or they cannot be inserted.

Uninvited communications must be accompanied with a fully stamped and directed envelope, for return in case of rejection. Otherwise, if declined, they will be destroyed.

News paragraphs, if short and well written, will be welcomed, and used if suitable. All the work done for this paper, except the actual three P's, printing, pulling, paper, is done for Service, not for payment. The probable losses are borne by a "cheerful giver".

All literary communications must be sent to the Editor. Business communications to the Manager.

All communications must bear the name and address of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, *Editors.*

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The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL. I

MADRAS, 1st MAY, 1923

No. 2

From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

THE hope of the coming years is in the hands of those who are the "Young Citizens" of to-day; and every time that a boy or girl, a young man or maiden, thinks a noble thought, feels a loving wish, does a kindly action, he or she is putting one brick into the house—the character—in which the citizen of to-morrow will live. *We all create our own future.* Each wrong or mean thought, word, or act puts on us a limitation in the future, fetters round our legs, manacles round our wrists. Some of our faults are mere deficiencies, due to the youth of our souls; these we shall outgrow. Others are self-created clogs, which we must break away, as we have made them, by thoughts, desires, and acts. If this work be actively carried on in youth, manhood and womanhood grow easily into greatness. To labor in our youth is to achieve in our maturity.

* * *

This mighty Commonwealth which, hereafter, will pass into the hands of our Young Citizens is a wondrous heritage. Not only is it wondrous in its extent, so that it is true that on it "the sun never sets," but it is wondrous in the variety of its component parts. It is made up of many Nations, many types, many tongues. It is sometimes called "British," but Britain is only its present capital. Our George V is Monarch of India, as much as he is King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Sovereign of all the Self-Governing Dominions and the Colonies. It must

never be forgotten that the Indians and Colonials are not subjects of the English people; we are all, English, Indians and Colonials, equally subjects of the one Royal and Imperial Crown, to which alone we all owe allegiance. Gradually, each Nation will become Self-Governing within its own limits, and manage its own affairs; and presently we shall see a great Imperial Council, the best men from every Nation, gathered round our Monarch, and helping him to guide the destinies of the whole huge Federation, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, Burma, South Africa, Britain—each sending a few of its best and its wisest, to bring to that Imperial Council the needs, the hopes, and the varied experiences of the peoples who send them. THERE is a noble ambition for you, readers mine. Already men in advance of their time have begun to talk of such a Council; *it will be yours to make it.* And yours also to help in building up each free Nation, each in his or her own land; for we must have free Nations before we can link them together into a Commonwealth of the Free.

* * *

But think! If we cannot have a free Commonwealth without free Nations as its component parts, neither can we have free Nations without free individuals to compose them. And what is a free individual? It is a man who rules himself. A man is not free who is the slave of his body who is made irritable by hunger, or thirst, or discomfort of any kind.

In the June Number of

The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

IN THE WORLD'S SERVICE—THE LORD VAIVASVATA MANU, by one of His servants.
SOLITUDE AND SERVICE by F. L. Woodward, (the first of a series of Buddhist stories.)
THE KING-EMPEROR AT HOME, an interesting sketch of a day of the King's Life, with Portrait. (June is his month.)
NATURE NOTES by a Scout.
HOMES OF GREATNESS, by G. S. ARUNDALE.
THE BLUE STAR, translated from the French.
BIG BILL AND BILLIKINS, a charming Nature study, by C. C.
A delightful picture of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, with explanatory letter-press, teaching his "Morning Song of India" to some of the singers among the students at Madanapalle. His own translation of the Song will be given.
And the usual features.

The man who is king of his body does not allow it to upset him by its fancies and freaks: if it is hungry, he bids it quietly await his convenience for its feeding; if it is uncomfortable, he bids it practise patience and learn indifference to small annoyances.

* * *

Let me tell you a little story about a father and a son. The father was a Rajput Chief, belonging to that oldest and noblest race on earth, the "Sons of the Kingdom," Children, they were called of the Sun and of the Moon, the Solar and Lunar Races. The son was the Heir to the gadi (throne). Very high was the sense of duty that the Rulers felt to their subjects; very hot also the tempers of these martial races; and therefore was the discipline of the young very rigid, and self-control was taught as a matter of honor in the Royal Families, since none might strike them back save their equals. Father and son had been talking, and the son was irritated and impatient, but dared not shew his anger against his father. So rising, he saluted, and flung out of the tent, and the floating end of his turban caught on a nail. His irritation burst out, and with an angry word and a passionate gesture, the youth tore free from the nail his turban end. Sternly the father called him back. "No son of mine shall sit upon my gadi," said he, "who can lose his temper over a cloth caught by a nail. Had these things been living, there wouldst have struck them down in thy foolish wrath. A man who cannot rule himself may not be given rule over others. Go thou thy ways, unfit to be my heir."

* * *

Freedom is a mighty Devi, a great Archangel. She is beautiful, austere, like Athena of the Greeks. No man is free who is the slave of his desires and passions, who is angry when people blame him, or proud when they praise him, who does things he is ashamed of when temptations allure him, who is thrown off his balance by pleasure or by pain. A man is not free who is the slave of his mind, who lets anxieties worry him, fears harass him, ill thoughts befoul him, frivolities distract him. Only free men and women can be real citizens in a free State: the self-controlled, the pure,

the wise, they alone are free. The first thing then is to free ourselves, and to be lords in our own houses—in the bodies, feelings and minds that we have constructed out of the materials gathered in the past. The next is to help other free men and women to build up a free Nation; and lastly, to federate these free Nations into a free Commonwealth. But let no slave dare to lay his hands on the Ark of the Commonwealth, lest the lightnings which play round it should destroy that unworthy serf.

* * *

For freedom and slavery are of the soul more than of the body. A free soul may dwell in a prisoned body, but no freedom of body can enfranchise a prisoned soul. The best time for the Inner Man to assert his supremacy, to assume his sceptre, is the time of youth, when the body is plastic, and the passion-nature but half-awake, and the mind fresh and unsoiled by contact with the world. Before the chains of bad habits are wound round the youth, let him assert his inborn right to rule the high-spirited animal which is to carry him through his life in the three worlds. Like a splendid horse, it will come to his hand, if he hold the bridle lightly and firmly. Self-conquest should be a game of enthralling interest, like the gentling of a mettlesome steed, and the secret of such interest lies in this:

Identify yourself with the Spirit, not with the animal. For you are Spirit, and you are riding this animal that kicks, and plunges, and runs away with you. Gain a good seat; train your hands to be at once light as a silk thread, strong as tempered steel. Master your animal, and it will carry you far.

* * *

Self-mastery; then Freedom. Freedom is, in truth, a glorious Being, an Angel of Light, and her beauty sometimes dazzles human eyes, so that men would fain possess her, and think not of the home to which they would bring her. She cannot dwell in the same house with ignorance, with vice, with weakness. "Be wise. Be pure. Be strong." Such is the demand she makes of her lovers. Of old, in days of chivalry, a young knight would beg of his Lady a knot of ribbon or a glove, and, binding it on his helmet, would ride out to do doughty deeds in her name. When

he had conquered in many a hard-fought fight, he returned to wed her. Let our Young Citizens thus love our Lady of Liberty; let them do as Arthur bade:

And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her. [So shall her quest avail]
To teach high thoughts, and amiable words,
And courtesy, and the desire for fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

* * *

The old often forget that the future is with the young, and that each generation must take its own road, and do its own work; for

God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Let one good custom should corrupt the world.

Perfection is many-sided, and just as the diamond-worker cuts many facets on his gem, so that the white light, refracted at various angles, may break up into many-colored radiance, so does the great Jeweller shape humanity into many generations, that each generation may refract His own white Light in a different color. Perfection lies in variety, where forms are many; the Spirit alone is one, and there only is unity desirable.

* * *

As we read history, we see that the great movements by which Humanity progresses, or a Nation has been shaped, have all been sown in the hearts of the younger generation of the time, and, nourished by the warmth of young enthusiasm, have sprouted into growth and have redeemed their land, or led mankind onwards. It was the Youth of Italy who gathered round Mazzini, and changed United Italy from a poet's dream into a political fact. And in the higher warfare of the Spirit, it is the glowing enthusiasm of youth which must lead in the van, and change the forlorn hope into the victorious army. Age bargains like a merchant, to see how much it can gain; Youth pours out like a lover, to see how much it can give. The things of the Spirit are not merchandise; we cannot chaffer with the Divine.

* * *

In the spiritual warfare of to-day, that is to change the social shambles into a Brotherhood, it is in the Youth of every country that lies the hope of the future. And it is a fact full of cheer

that, in every country, youth is responding to the divine-human call, and is showing an eager passion for Service that is the promise of success in the coming days. In every country young men and maidens are stretching out strong hands, eager to help. As we look at the young, we see the direction in which the world is moving, and we see that it is towards Spirit, towards Brotherhood, towards Reality, away from materialism, from competition, from the unreal, the empty.

* * *

The many organisations in which the young are banding themselves for the helping of others are promising signs of the spirit which is spreading among them. "The Golden Chain" for the children, with its pledge of kindness to all living things, of gentle speech and gentle act, lays a sound foundation for noble youth. "The Round Table" with its chivalrous spirit and its high ideals is a training-ground for youths and maidens, who have left childhood behind, and see manhood and womanhood opening in the near future. "The Citizens of To-morrow" are consciously striving to bring ideals into practice. The great Scout Brotherhood is a League of the Youth of Nations. Then follow the many Leagues of Service, wherein the trained and disciplined powers may be consecrated to the Common Weal. We have here a graded education in citizenship which is already showing fair fruit.

* * *

And it is good to begin to serve in youth, for then it grows into a habit, and we serve all day long, and hardly know that we are adding a little ray of sunshine to our corner of the world. For each of us has within him a light and that light is always shining, for it is God in us, the Light that lighteth every one that cometh into the world. But just as a light cannot light up our room if the glass round it is dirty, or thickly covered with dust, so the Divine Light in us cannot shine out on our world, if covered over with thick clouds of unkind thoughts, or selfish and cruel indifference to those around us. So let us keep our glass globes bright and pure and clean, that the Light of Love, and Tenderness and Kindness shall shine out always and make others glad.

In The World's Service



Pythagoras

A FUTURE WORLD-TEACHER

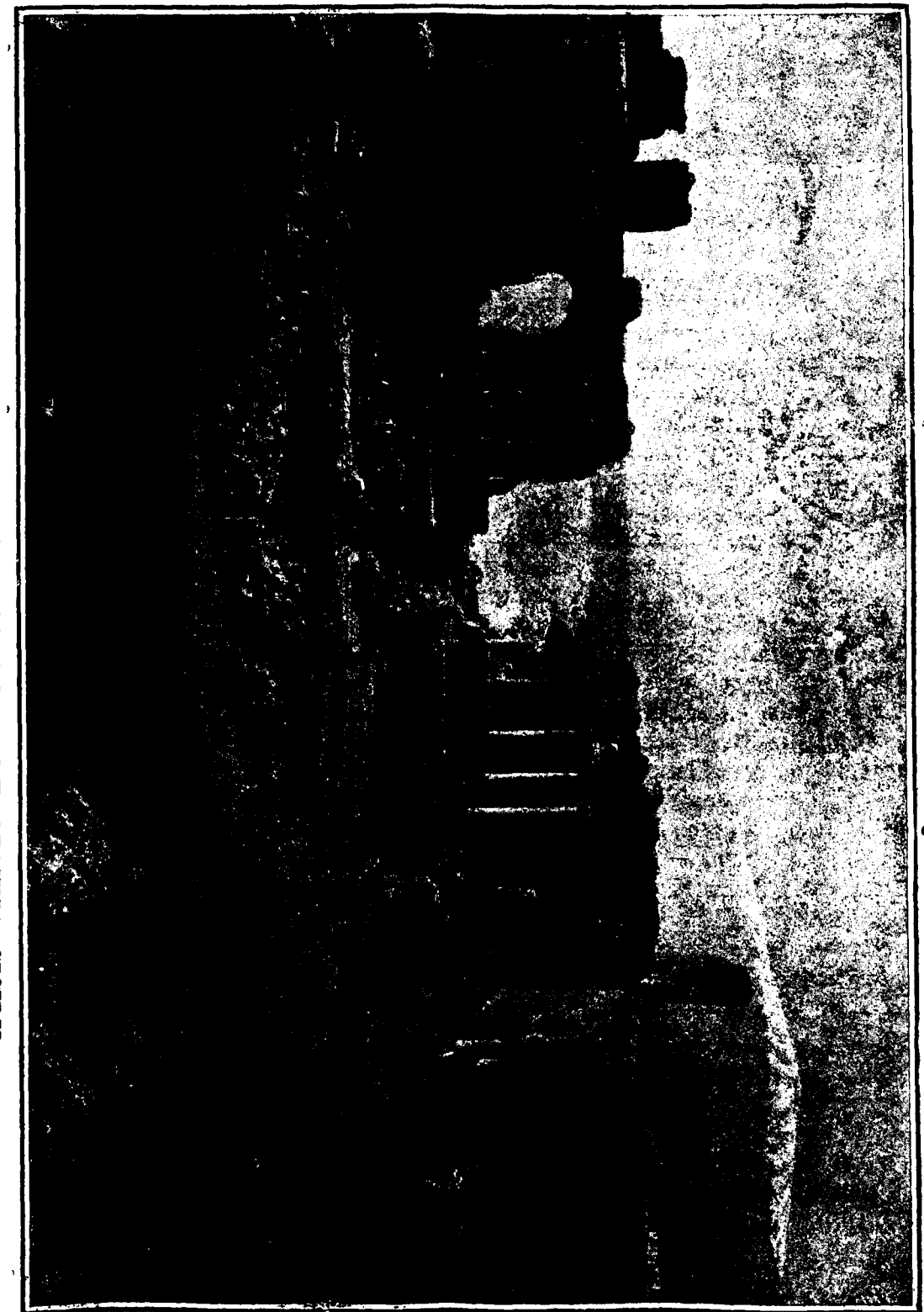
BY. C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

YOU were told last month that there is a Teaching Department in the Government of the world, just as there is a Department of Education in the Government of a country, and you read a beautiful and inspiring account of One who for thousands of years held the high office of Head of that Department, who had been in turn Vyāsa, Hermes, Zarathushtra, Orpheus, and finally the Lord Buddha; for a man's power to serve is not limited to one earthly life; again and again he returns to his work, bringing to it ever ripper experience and wider knowledge. You read also that His Successor in that great position is the Lord

Maitreya, who holds it still, and will hold it through centuries yet to come. But when His tenure in turn is over, when His work is completed, He will hand on His Office to another great Sage, who has through many lives been His pupil—He whom we call the Master K. H., who was known to the Greeks under the honored name of Pythagoras.

We have already heard much of Pythagoras; from what he has himself said about his past lives, and in other ways, we know that through the ages, he has been steadily preparing himself for his great task; that, life after life, he has been always practising the part which he will

TEMPLE OF THE GREEK COLONY AT TAORMINA, SICILY



have to play, acting again and again as High Priest and Teacher, first to one Nation in antiquity and then to another, in order that one day He may worthily fill the Office of Teacher to the whole world.

In this Greek life there is much to interest us. His father, Mnesarchos, dwelt in the fair Island of Samos, amid the blue Aegean Sea, and was one of its most honoured citizens of that time of long ago. He was a true artist, though he painted no pictures, but spent his time in the delicate and difficult occupation of engraving upon gems; and some examples of his wonderful workmanship remain even unto this day, as highly prized specimens in our museums. His skill and genius brought rich reward, and he became a wealthy man; so when, in the year 592 B. C., the child Pythagoras was born to him, he resolved to give him the finest education which those exceptionally favorable times could offer. The ruler of Samos at this time was Polykrates, a man whose character was by no means free from stain, but yet a great patron of poetry and a lover of all that was beautiful in art, so that his court was in many ways a prominent centre of Greek thought. In this court grew up the young Pythagoras. His first teacher was Hermodamas, whom he came to love very dearly; and there can be no doubt that he was much influenced also by his father's friends—a galaxy of men who have not often been surpassed in brilliancy. The member of this circle best known to us at the present day is Anacreon, though something remains also of that other poet, Ibycus, who had been attracted from his home in far away Rhegium by the report of the intelligent appreciation of Polykrates. But the boy Pythagoras admired most of all his father's closest friend, the sculptor and engraver Theodoros—the same who made for Polykrates his celebrated ring. The boy passed many hours of his time in the studio of Theodoros, watching the marvellous skill with which he modelled in clay surpassingly beautiful figures of the Gods, even while he explained to his eager listener that far beyond all these myths, which he so gloriously portrayed, was the great All-Father in whom all things live and die and

live again, from Whom all came forth, to Whom all must one day return.

A bright and beautiful boy was Pythagoras, eagerly seizing every opportunity which his father's loving care could afford to him, so that soon he won renown among his teachers as the most brilliant student of his time. His education differed from ours, for it began with poetry and music, and he spent his first youth in playing on the seven-stringed lyre and declaiming the Homeric poems, then only recently collected and arranged in their present form. When he knew perfectly his music and poetry, he commenced the study of mathematics, in which he developed so keen an interest that he soon out-distanced his teachers; and it is to him that we owe the lucid demonstration of the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid, which we have all learnt at school. But he did not remain content with book-learning only, for as soon as his earlier training was finished, he set himself to acquire that wider education which only travel can give. To this he devoted many years, visiting Egypt, Phœnicia, Chaldæa, Persia, and this ancient land of India, which even then was already the home of a Wisdom whose founding was lost in the mists of antiquity. Two and twenty years he studied amidst the colossal temples of Egypt, the only foreigner whom its jealous Priests had ever admitted to share their esoteric knowledge. Wherever he went he ever sought for the highest philosophical teaching, and he sat at the feet not only of the Brahmanas of India, and of the Magi who taught amid the golden spires of Babylon, but also of the leaders among the Jews, the Arabs and the Druids, travelling to find these last even to the far West in Brittany.

So passed his life until the age of fifty, and then he began to give out to others the store of wisdom which he had acquired. At first he travelled about lecturing in Greece, Italy and Sicily. It was during this period that he was invited by various Greek Governments to deliver a series of lectures upon Civics, in some of the principal cities. We give here an illustration of one of the places in which he lectured—though now we can show only the ruins of the theatre at Tauromenion, which was built more than a century later. When Pytha-

goras taught on that lovely hill-side, Tauromenion was but a suburb of the flourishing city of Naxos, and the great Orator spoke from the steps of a beautiful little temple to the crowd seated on the grass below him. Recent excavations have uncovered the very pavement pressed by his foot-steps, so it is not difficult to reconstruct the scene; and last month you had the opportunity of reading the peroration of one of the lectures which he gave there. In the year 530 B. C. he founded a School of Philosophy at Krotona, on the Bay of Taranto. His teaching was so beautiful, so essentially reasonable and practical, and so exactly what men needed and had long in vain been seeking, that it spread very rapidly, and his School became the centre of a great organisation, a sort of religious Brotherhood which existed for moral reformation.

But all who work for moral reformation excite the enmity of those who do not wish to reform; and the size and power of his Brotherhood caused alarm to the authorities. So, though he himself had always sedulously avoided identifying himself with any particular party, his enemies nevertheless accused him of aiming at political power, and stirred up the fanatical portion of the ignorant populace to persecute his followers, whose pure lives were a reproach

to the loose morals of the majority. Riots were fostered, and in one of these his School at Krotona was burned; so, disgusted with the ingratitude of those whom he had tried to help, he retired to Metapontum, and afterwards, as he grew old, to his ancestral estates in the Island of Samos, where he passed away from this life in the year 498 B. C.

Since then he has led several lives of usefulness to humanity—one as Nagarjuna, a great teacher of Buddhist philosophy; and he has reaped the reward of his long and arduous study and his lives of self-sacrificing work, for he has reached the goal of human endeavour—the state which we call Adeptship. Now He is the Master K. H., who has inspired, and still inspires, so much of the Theosophical teaching. He still retains all His old vivid interest in educational matters, and even now He is working to prepare the world for the next visit of its great Teacher—a visit which many of you who read these lines may live to see. For you also may follow Him if you will; you also may become great Teachers, and may fill the world with light; but the only road to that glory is the road taken by Pythagoras—the path of earnest study and of utter forgetfulness of self; in order that you may live for the service of Humanity.

Disarmament

"Put up the sword!" The voice of Christ once
more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar.....
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow
cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it:
Once, on the errands of His mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O Son of Peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate

Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The un-armed Buddha, looking with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said: "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence
shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the
song;
"And peace un-weaponed conquers every
wrong!"

J. G. Whittier.

The Young Citizen

BY G. S. ARUNDALE

(Reconstruction)

LET me get back to the questions of Reconstruction. I hardly think you will need any evidence of the fact that the world is in the throes of breaking down the old forms, and substituting for them forms which although not new in the sense of never having existed before, are nevertheless an attempt to improve upon the old forms realised to be outworn. When we think of the League of Nations, for example, we have before us a new conception of Nationalism: not an aggressive, intolerant Nationalism thinking itself to be superior to all other Nationalisms, but a co-operative Nationalism, ready to subordinate the welfare of the Nation to the common good of the World. The League of Nations is one of the signs of the Reconstruction taking place before our very eyes. Another sign is the transformation of the British Empire into the Indo-British Commonwealth, with India taking her rightful place. All movements tending in the direction of a spirit of Internationalism are also signs of the Reconstruction. For example, the search for an International language, with Esperanto as the result. The result may or may not satisfy us. I am rather concerned with the spirit which prompted the search. The conclusion may be anything. And then we have the Boy Scout Movement—a Brotherhood of Youth, a nucleus of the Brotherhood of Mankind. Disarmament Conventions, International Conventions of all kinds, all these are signs of the reconstructing process at work. Within a Nation, too, signs are not wanting of the activity of the process. I should like my young Indian readers to write to me, telling me of movements in their neighborhood which seem to them indicative of this Reconstruction going on. I should like to hear of these movements, whether political, educational, social or religious, if they tend to minimise differences and stimulate unity.

Above all, I should like to hear of activities, especially among young people, which definitely make for the alleviation of suffering, in whatever

form. This is *par excellence*, as the French say, the work for the Young Citizen. The world must be made a happier place to live in, not so much for heroes, as Mr. Lloyd George thought, as for the poor, the afflicted, the unhappy. The Young Citizen may well leave to his elders the task of political reform, for in any case he will himself have to undertake it sooner or later. The best preparation for a future of active citizenship, for a political future if you like, is an active, practical understanding of the ills from which the Nation suffers in the daily lives of the people. After all, we sometimes talk of political work as if it were something apart from all other National work, with the result that our politicians concentrate themselves on the forms, forgetting that these very forms are but means to an end. Of what use Home Rule to India if the definite result is not a very measurable increase in the happiness and contentment of the Indian people? There may be any amount of government of the people, by the people, for the people. There may be the most elaborate machinery, with Councils of all kinds, and electoral facilities extending universally. But all these are but means to the end, and the end is, as I have said, the happiness of the Indian people. So the Young Citizen, if he wants to be able to use the machinery of government to good ends, must know what these ends are. He must know what is the matter with India, or rather with that part of India which comes within the scope of his normal vision. If he lives in Madras, he ought to know what is the matter with Madras, what hardships there are, what poverty, what misery. There is much glib talk about loving India, but I am reminded of the Biblical saying: "If a man love not his brother, whom he hath seen, how shall he love God, whom he hath not seen"? The Young Citizen whose love for India is real, and not mere lip-love, will, even in his youth, devote much of his spare time to practical service of his fellow-countrymen; first, by trying to understand and subsequently and, perhaps, simul-

taneously, by trying to help. Every kindness shown to another citizen of India in need is an Act of Service to the Motherland, may I say—the truest act of service any citizen can render.

I do not think that any of us, even the most devoted servant of the Motherland, has any adequate conception of the stupendous need. I remember to have caught a glimpse of it when I was working in the Labor movement in Madras, while my friend Wadia was away. And the glimpse was sufficiently staggering. I was deeply impressed with the feeling that if only some of India's Young Citizens would turn their attention to the misery and disease around them, organise themselves to combat the loneliness and neglect in which millions of their fellow-countrymen live, year in and year out, with no prospect of the ray of kindness penetrating to their darkness, they would be rendering their country far greater service than by attending meetings and applauding extravagant sentiments. Let them even attend meetings, let them even applaud the extravagant sentiments, but let them be true to their professions of devotion; let not their shouts be empty and their professions a sham. Let them spread happiness among the unhappy; so shall unity come to India, for the strength of a Nation is in proportion to the contentment and happiness of its people. That there is a stupendous work in this direction admits of no dispute, not merely in India, of course, but all over the world. Quite recently the London *Times* appointed a special investigator into the condition of the London poor. Just before Christmas he published his first report, and here are a few cases typical as he says, "of a multitude"—note the word "multitude":

Mrs. A. (let us call her, for this, like the others I shall quote, is an actual case) has more than twice as much coming in. The parish allows her 14s., and State insurance brings another 9s. 6d. But she has a husband and three children for whom to provide a home; and the husband, an ex-Service man, is paralysed and pensionless. Mrs. A. is described as a "very respectable woman". The irony of it!

Then there is B., a "respectable old man". He is 66, an old soldier, and "looks starved". Night watchman is his job; he is out of it at present, and waiting for his employers to send for him, but "is

afraid this will never happen". His wife is very ill. They need coal and warm clothes.

Mr. and Mrs. C. are neither of them quite old enough for the old-age pension. He has been out of work for two years, but tries to earn a few coppers by going errands. His wife is blind in one eye. They are very often without food, and have sold everything in the house.

Mrs. D.'s husband has been unemployed for over a year. He earns a little by selling hearthstone, she by selling postcards in public-houses. They have now three children, for a few days ago the baby died suddenly. The mother was heart-broken because she had no money for the funeral. "I would sooner," said the officer who dealt with this case, "have given her money for the living, for they are practically starving; but you know the horror the poor feel at having their dead buried by the parish."

Mrs. E., a widow with four children, cannot meet the extra expense of her eldest boy, 18 years old, who has just come from the hospital to die of cancer at home.

A contrast is F., a "gentlewoman," nearly 70, who has supported herself by doing exquisite needlework, but can do it no longer, her sight having failed. How can she live until her old-age pension becomes due?

The investigator adds: "Many professional men and others of superior education are in actual want; some have dropped to that extremity of destitution—homelessness." But the most noteworthy point about the whole investigation is contained in the following:

During the investigation on which this article is based, I was shown by the officer of a great charitable organisation a memorandum of cases in immediate need. The names of the necessitous people were given, but a great point was made of their not being mentioned. Of course, they would not be mentioned, but why the emphatic condition? Because, I was told, these people would rather go without help, than see their particular troubles published to the world. They were not people "reduced" from gentility. They were just ordinary poor folk, who might have been thought too desperate to retain any pride. Yet the pride remained; and it seemed to me not only a very fine quality, but one of the most touching circumstances in a pathetic situation.

So far as the pride goes, we have its counterpart in India, especially among the women. How often do we hear of women actually starving, but preferring starvation to even the slightest encroachment on their modesty, such as might happen were an investigator to make personal enquiries. But the point I want to make is as to how many Young Citizens in this country know anything about the multitude of

similar, and perhaps worse, cases in India. I wish one of our great newspapers, with perhaps financial backing from some charitable and well-to-do patriots, could undertake such an investigation in the city to which it belongs, publishing, as the London *Times* is doing, a series of articles dealing with poverty as it is. As for the way out, I personally am convinced

that the way out for a large number of ills from which communities suffer is by enlisting the enthusiastic activity of the younger generation. I think it is intended that there shall be such activity, so that the young may have awakened in them, to practical purpose, that sympathy and understanding, upon which the solidarity of all communities ultimately rests.

Child Humanity

(at School)

A boy went to school. He was very little. All that he knew he had drawn in with his mother's milk. His teacher (who was God) placed him in the lowest class, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt do not hurt to any living thing. Thou shalt not steal. So the man did not kill; but he was cruel, and he stole. At the end of the day (when his beard was gray—when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: Thou hast learned not to kill. But the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back to-morrow.

On the morrow he came back, a little boy. And his teacher (who was God) put him in a class a little higher, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt do no hurt to any living thing. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not cheat. So the man did no hurt to any living thing; but he stole and he cheated. And at the end of the day (when his beard

was gray,—when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: Thou hast learned to be merciful. But the other lessons thou has not learned. Come back to-morrow.

Again, on the morrow he came back, a little boy. And his teacher (who was God) put him in a class yet a little higher, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not cheat. Thou shalt not covet. So the man did not steal; but he cheated, and he coveted. And at the end of the day (when his beard was gray—when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: Thou hast learned not to steal. But the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back, my child, to-morrow.

This is what I have read in the faces of men and women, in the book of the world, and the scroll of the heavens, which is writ with stars.

Century Magazine, May 1894, by Berry Benson.

The Biggest Cities

New York, it is said in the United States, will be in a hundred years' time a city with 47,000,000 inhabitants—as many people as there are in the British Isles to-day.

No city is likely then to dispute with New York for the place of first city in the world, as London does now. For the present there is little to choose between Greater London and Greater New York. Each has a population of a little under 7,500,000.

Few of us would care to see London as big as we are told New York is to be a century hence. A population as big as that of the British Isles to-day concentrated in the Greatest London that we can imagine is something of a nightmare.....

Moscow and Petrograd are even less populous than they were. Paris seems to have come to a standstill round about 3,000,000. Even in the

United States, Chicago, which jumped to a million almost in a generation and counted two millions as soon as Berlin did, is progressing only steadily towards her three millions.

Indeed, we are by no means sure that we shall ever see a 10,000,000 city. London already is thinking twice about growing as populous as that.....

We know this, however, that New York is to be the biggest city in the world, with London second. Which is to be the third? Quite possibly the third city a hundred years hence will not be in the Northern Hemisphere. We are apt in our calculations to forget Buenos Aires, which has come by leaps and bounds to near the 2,000,000 mark. And both Sydney and Melbourne, in Australia, will be million cities in the near future.—B. H. *Daily Mail, London.*

Youth Triumphant

Paraphrased from the Japanese of a student

By James H. Cousins

In the fourth year's happy spring
Of the Reign of Righteousness,*
Youth, reborn, is on the wing—
Green, to match the moorland's dress.

Look where, faced by Fuji's tower,
(Armed in winter's white-mailed power,)
Youth and earth once more have blossomed
To a red victorious flower!

Oh! in life's high battle-stress.
Victory to Youthfulness!

[* Each reign in Japan is called after some destrable characteristic. The present reign, which began in 1912, is called Taisho, Righteousness. The full appreciation of Japanese poetry requires the exercise of the visual imagination. The force of the second stanza above is lost unless the reader pictures the snow-clad cone of Fujiama in the distance, with a brilliant red flower in the foreground—a simple but striking image of spring in nature and youth entering its protest against ancient frigidity.]

The End of the Kingdom of the Pandavas

THE MUSALMAN invaders ruled the Panjab; in A. D. 1001, Mahmud, the Afghan Governor of Khorasan, had invaded the land, and in a great battle at Peshawar had defeated Jayapal, the Rajput Chief of Lahore, who, too proud to outlive his fame, placed his son Anangapal on the gadi, and went by fire to Svarga. Anangapal, though aided by the gallant Chiefs of Delhi, Kanuj, Ujjain, and other States, sustained another great defeat eight years later; further raids followed, and in A. D. 1021, Lahore was wrested from the son of Anangapal, and became a Muslim stronghold. When Mahmud died in 1030, he had raided India no less than seventeen times. After his death many quarrels rent the Muslims, and, while they fought each other, the Rajput Chiefs followed the same evil policy; whenever they had not a war with the Muslim on hand, they kept their swords sharp against each other.

Jayachandra, Prince of Kanuj, was, by his mother, a grandson of Anangapal, the Tuar Lord of Delhi; grandson also of Anangapal by his mother, was Prithviraj, and on his father's side he was a Chohan, son of the Chief of Ajmere. Anangapal chose Prithviraj as his heir, and proclaimed him his successor, when the Chief had numbered but eighteen summers. When Prithviraj mounted the gadi of Delhi, on the abdication of Anangapal in S. 1220 (A. D. 1164), Jayachandra put forth his equal claim, and bitter feud arose between the two proud Princes. Round them grouped themselves the hot-blooded Rajput Chiefs in rival hosts, Samarsi, Lord of Mewar, siding with Prithviraj, whose sister he had married, and the Purihara Rajakula of Mundore standing shoulder to shoulder with Jayachandra. Alas! Around Jayachandra not only Rajputs were gathered. See, the Semitic faces of the Pathans mingle with the Aryan faces of the Rajputs, and in the fratricidal strife the Musalman, eager to make firm his footing, takes a willing part. Muhammad Ghori is watching from Lahore, his eye upon the throne of Delhi.

Prithviraj is preparing to march against Jayachandra, and Samarsi is away, measuring

swords with Shahbudin, his ally. As Prithviraj is giving his commands for battle, a youth, not quite fifteen, a kinsman of the Chief, so handsome that they call him Alamkara—the ornament—comes forward eagerly, that handsome boy's face of his flushed with a vexed excitement, and prays insistently that he be given the leading of the first charge against the enemy.

Prithviraj, full of surprise and tenderness, asks him the reason of his insistence. He answers: "Sire, My father died fighting for you in the battle of Mahoba, but we found not his body afterwards; and so the young men that are my companions jest with me, and would suggest that he was not in the battle at all, and I would prove to them that my race stays in the battle."

Then the Sovereign was stirred with strong emotion, and drew the boy to his side and lifted his right arm, and a hush fell on the assemblage; and then he cried in a voice vibrating between tears and wrath: "Call all those foolish youths to me, and let them hear! That man of men fought side by side with me in the battle of Mahoba; and we fell wounded sorely to the ground together. I lost all consciousness. When I awoke, the wave of battle had rolled away elsewhere, and victory was won; but foul carrion-birds, thinking me dead, were flapping all about me, and beginning to peck and pull about my nerveless limbs; and he, lying at a short distance from me, both his legs cut away by a great sword-stroke, unable to crawl up to me and drive those birds away, was cutting piece after piece of flesh from his own body with his broken sword, and flinging them to the vultures to attract them away from me, his helpless Sovereign! I fainted again, and knew no more till I recovered sense in my own tents, amidst my Chiefs and friends, and saw him not again. Was this the man, O foolish boys! who would not stay in battle? Was this the man whose shining fame should be bedimmed with a light breath? Cherish his memory with reverence, and touch it not again with the dusty hand of flippancy. Samyamaraya was no runner-away. He was the brother-in-arms of Prithviraj."

Many a battle followed, and at last Prithviraj and Samarsi were triumphant, and Samarsi returned to Chittor. Then came a strange period of sloth for Prithviraj, great warrior as he was, and onwards pressed the Afghan foe. Then suddenly awaking, as if from sleep, the Lion of Delhi sprang to meet the foe, when Muhammad had captured Bhatinda, one of his cities (S. 1247, A. D. 1191), and rolled him back, broken, on Lahore.

Two years had passed; again Muhammad threatened. "Samarsi, Brother, come," wrote Prithviraj, and sent his horsemen round, calling on the Rajput Chiefs to rally to his banner. Forth from Chittor came the Regent of Mahadeva, hurrying to his last battlefield, and with him Pritha, his beloved wife, sister of Delhi's Lord. And many another Chief comes galloping, the fiery-hearted Children of the Kingdom, and on the banks of the river Ghuggur they assemble, and there meet the serried ranks of Muslims.

Ah! who may tell the story of that battle, or sing the deeds of heroism wrought by the men who fought and died. Twice the sun set on that scene of slaughter, and the crimson western rays were thrown back yet more crimsoned from the serried ranks of dead, that lay in long rows, like swathes of grass scythe-cut—but here the scythe was in the hands of Death. The sun rose again on the third morning, and saw yet once more again the strife commence; Samarsi and his son Kalyan lay there, with thirteen thousand of the warriors of Mewar, and thousands more of

Delhi's bravest and noblest, "asleep on the banks of the Ghur"; there, alas! lay not Prithviraj, who, charging with desperate courage, time after time, on the very crest of the "wave of steel," was carried by his impetuosity far into the ranks of the enemy, and, seeking death in vain, was dragged from his dying steed by countless hands, ere he could free himself from the fallen war-horse, and held helpless by his triumphant foes. Short shrift was his; sharp taunt from Muhammad's lips, met by proud dauntless answer; high was reared the noble head for the last time; the laughing lips sent out a shaft of jesting scorn. Outflashed a dagger, quickly plunged into the captive's breast; one moment more he stood, while all men held their breath, and then fell headlong and lay prone in death, as falls a forest tree before the woodman's axe (S. 1249, A. D. 1193).

With him perished the throne of the Pandavas and the rest of the story took not long in the telling. The fierce hosts of Pathans swept onwards to Delhi, and gallant Prince Rainsi perished on the walls, as they took the city by assault. The Chief of Kanauj, who had done so much to bring about the catastrophe, was defeated at Etawah, and drowned in Ganga, his State being added to the Muslim Empire (S. 1250 A. D. 1195). Henceforth the Crescent waved where the Lotus-bloom had flowered and Delhi became the Pathan, and then the Mughal, capital, the seat of Muhammadan rule.—(*In Children of the Motherland*, by Annie Besant.)

A Hymn for Children

Teacher of men and of Angels, Oh, hearken,
Light of the World, in Thy splendor be near,
Let not the shadows of ignorance darken
Souls of Thy little ones praising Thee here.

Lord of Compassion, Oh, smile on our daytime!
Thou art its radiance, and Thine may it be;
Guard us and keep us at work and in playtime,
And when we sleep may we waken in Thee.

Bless all our teachers, defend and uphold them,
Fill them with wisdom, Thy patience impart;
When they are weary, then shelter and fold them,
Teacher of teachers, at rest in Thy heart.

Master, beside Thee the strongest and wisest
Are but as children, unknowing and weak,
Greatest and least of us, none Thou despisest,
Hear us and help us, great Lord whom we seek.

Thou of the World art the Helper and Lover,
Deep are its needs and its longings to-day.
Gleam through the darkness, Thy glory discover,
Lord, Thou hast promised. Come quickly,
we pray.

—(Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff in the
S. Alban's Hymnal)

The Aesthetic Side of Education

ALL Hindus believe that man has not one but several bodies; the three with which we are chiefly concerned at our present stage of evolution being the vehicles respectively of action, emotion and thought. From this point of view Education, besides aiming at the development and unfolding of latent faculties, has, as one of its chief objects, the bringing of the activities of these three bodies under the control of the will, and their *co-ordination*. It is the intellectual side of education to which most people probably pay the greatest attention, and the importance of the physical side as represented by games, sports and exercise is generally recognised. But people are not so ready to acknowledge the enormous importance of emotional education, especially that part of it which may be called Aesthetic Education.

Music has often been called the "language of the emotions," and it is obvious that music ought to play a very large part in aesthetic training. Class singing, or singing by groups of children together, is of great value, but in India it does not seem to be much practised, although there are plenty of songs not too elaborate for unison singing of this kind. The chanting of prayers, or verses of scripture, by numbers of children together also has its value from this point of view, in addition to its value as a religious exercise, especially if trouble is taken to train the children to chant accurately together.

If rhythmic movement is added to music the value is enormously increased, for then we have a definite co-ordination of the physical and emotional bodies. In the West there are several modern systems, such as the Dalcroze system of Eurhythmics, elaborately devised to achieve this end, which develop the rhythmic sense to a high degree. And in South India the rhythmic stick play or dance, known as Kolattam, achieves the same end, though of course not to nearly such a highly specialised degree. In the more advanced stages of the Dalcroze training, difficult combinations of different rhythms are expressed in effortless and beautiful movements. Nothing so complex is aimed at in Kolattam, in which the rhythm is always simple and

clearly marked. But in their different degrees both are of value for the same reason—that through music and rhythmic movements they co-ordinate emotional with physical activity, or, to express it in another way, they provide a physical expression for emotion.

For those who have never seen it, Kolattam may be described as group-dancing, accompanied by the singing of the dancers themselves (usually young girls), who hold in both hands short sticks about a foot long, which are struck together marking the rhythm. Varied movements are made, both as regards the steps with the feet and the action with the sticks, the girls moving in regular patterns and alternately striking their own sticks together and striking one of the sticks of a neighbor or partner. When the whole group has for some time been working as one synchronised unit, the time of the music is gradually increased, getting quicker and quicker, producing a sense of excitement and pleasure, and it is obvious that the children keenly enjoy it.

All rhythmic training of this kind is of very great value, from actual dancing on the one hand to drill-movements performed with music on the other; and they have a clearly marked effect on the body, making for congruity and grace of movement, and helping to destroy stiffness, self-consciousness and awkwardness.

The teaching of Poetry may also be classed as belonging to the aesthetic, rather than to the intellectual, side of education, and the teacher can aim at letting the beauty of thought and the music of the words "soak in" to the children's perceptions, without laying too much stress on the necessity for complete understanding of every word and phrase. One can also sometimes get a number of children (up to a dozen or 20) to recite together a short memorised poem, aiming solely at getting them to *feel together* the music of the lines, by repeating them together musically and quietly. At the same time, this is an excellent training of the speaking voice, tending towards refinement and delicacy, and helping to remedy harshness and roughness.

The acting of plays by children is a valuable

means of æsthetic education, which is now-a-days everywhere recognised. One has to remember the readiness with which children react to the emotional appeal of any sort of drama, and consequently the chief consideration in selecting a piece should be the type of emotions it will arouse in both actors and audience, and it is not always easy to find suitable plays.

When one thinks of pictorial art and sculpture one cannot help feeling that almost all schools fail to supply what is needed in this direction. Children have a great love for pictures, but the comparatively few pictures which can be displayed on the schoolroom walls are not nearly enough. There should be numbers of big albums, easily accessible to the children, full of good-sized colored reproductions of all the greatest works of art of every country and period. Of their own accord the children will turn the pages of such albums over and over, unconsciously absorbing the influence of great art-works, and discovering for themselves the beauties of the pictures. A simple explanation of the subject of each picture should also be provided. Good photographic

reproductions of great masterpieces of sculpture and architecture could also be made available in the same way.

In India the æsthetic side of education is probably neglected even more than in most other countries, although it is of the utmost importance to the Nation just as much as to the individual. Now that India, through her ministers, has control of her own educational policy, it is to be hoped that something will be done towards remedying this deficiency. Art is at the same time both National and International, for while every Nation expresses something of its essential characteristics through its art, yet no cultured artist or lover of art limits his interest to the art of one Nation only. In the matter of æsthetic training as an essential part of education, the means adopted for India must be Indian. There must be Indian eurythmics, Indian songs, Indian pictures, and Indian poetry and drama in the schools, yet at the same time the aim must be to develop the capacity to appreciate the art of every other Nation.

DONALD STEWARD

Sayings of Great Teachers

The creation is of God's family, for its sustenance is from Him. Therefore the most beloved unto God is the person who doeth good to God's family.

He is not strong and powerful who throweth people down; but he is strong who withholdeth himself from anger.

MUHAMMAD THE PROPHET

Never suffer sleep to close thy eyelids, after thy going to bed, till thou hast examined by thy reason all thy actions of the day: Wherein have I done amiss? What have I done? What have I omitted that I ought to have done? If in this examination thou find that thou hast done amiss, reprimand thyself severely for it; and if thou hast done any good, rejoice.

PYTHAGORAS

I have three precious things, which I hold fast and prize. The first is gentleness; the second is frugality; the third is humility, which keeps me from putting myself before others. Be gentle, and you can be bold; be frugal, and you can be liberal; avoid putting yourself before others, and you can become a leader among men.

LAO-TZU

The Dalton Plan

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON ITS WORKING IN A CEYLON SCHOOL

BY F. G. PEARCE, F. T. S., B. A. (HONS.)

Principal of Mahinda College, Galle, Ceylon

(The Dalton Plan of Education is in many ways the most remarkable contribution to the science of education, not excepting the Montessori method, since Froebel enunciated the vital principle of freedom for growth as the basis of all true education. It is to be hoped that it will, with such adaptations as are found necessary, find increasingly widespread acceptance in India, so that India's youth may grow in an atmosphere of freedom combined with eager service, thus preparing them for the larger and more responsible freedom which the elder generation are striving to secure for the Motherland. The writer of the article is a most successful educationist, and was, as many of our readers are aware, for some time the inspiring force of the Scout movement among Indian youth all over the country.—*Editors.*)

The Editor of *The Ceylon Education Journal* has requested me to contribute an article on the Dalton Plan. As the Dalton Plan has been in full swing at Mahinda College only since the beginning of this year. I do not feel quite qualified to inflict a fully-fledged authoritative article on the subject upon his innocent readers, so I will confine myself simply to some observations on the Plan, in so far as I have myself actually seen its workings. But let me first tell my readers that, especially, in a matter of this kind an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory. Pupils differ, teachers differ, schools differ; you must venture on the experiment yourselves, if you really want to know whether the Dalton Plan is workable in Ceylon.

At the outset let me enter a protest against the kind of stuff that has appeared in the Press here and there, lately, containing sneers at the "latest educational craze," the "Dalton Fad," with super-wise utterances to the effect that teachers should not fall into the grave error of believing that what has succeeded in England and America may necessarily succeed in Ceylon. Is it *really* necessary to warn teachers against that, at this stage? Surely the warning would have been more timely ten years ago. But, unfortunately even newspaper leader-writers were then, together with most of their readers, sedulously engaged in praising and imitating

everything that came from the West. When will people realise, I wonder (newspaper editors included), that teachers are human beings, who, though they require food and sustenance as ordinary mortals do (as seems sometimes to be forgotten) possess, by reason of the very nature and necessities of their profession, rather *more* intelligence, on the whole, than the average specimen of humanity whose children they are employed to educate? Is this too high a claim to put forward on behalf of the average teacher? Well, then, let me at least advance it on behalf of the average Principal! The object of making this claim is simply to point out that there is no more justification for calling the Dalton Plan, or any other educational experiment a "fad," than there is for applying that term to experiments by the medical profession, with a new drug or with a new machine in the commercial world. All are done with the same object in view—human progress—and why should anyone assume that the teacher will be a greater fool than the doctor or the business man, in clinging to a method which actual trial proves to be useless, especially as his material is human, like the doctor's. If the Dalton Plan fails, then it fails. But nothing can be proved *without* trial—and there's the rub! And, if our critics reply that the material is too precious to be experimented with, my answer is that, as far as I can see, we could hardly make a *worse* mess of the materials than we do by means of our present educational system. The present state of things is nothing to be proud of. The Dalton Plan at least has the merit of having achieved amazingly good results elsewhere. It is worth a trial.

With the argument that we should not copy the systems of other countries merely, I entirely agree. But *where is our own system*? As I have time after time pointed out, in writing, speech, and action, the principles of life and conduct which, historically, should be most near and dear to the majority of the people of this country, the

Buddhists and Hindus at least—if not indeed also to the Christians whose Master was an Oriental, and one of the boldest and greatest exponents of "maitri" (compassion) and "ahimsa" (non-violence) that the world has ever seen, as opposed to the policy of competition and "might is right" which was the main factor in the imperialistic and commercial regime of His times, just as it is in ours to-day—these principles of "maitri" and "ahimsa," I say, are to be found in action and in tradition rather by looking *Northwards* from Ceylon, than by looking *Westwards*.

If there be any system at all which the Sinhalese and Tamil majority have a right to call their own, it is the system, or systems, found to-day in India which have survived the European invasions, and which still flourish, being rooted in that common soil of Aryavarta, whereon the great Avatars lived and taught, from which Buddhism also sprang, watered by infinite patience and watchfulness, and vitalised century after century, by that sunlight of Compassion, Understanding Love, which streams forth from Unity alone—from the knowledge and practice of human unity, Brotherhood, no less than any other. Such a system may be found at work, though doubtless with human imperfections, in Tagore's school at Shantiniketan; at the National High School for Boys, Guindy; the same spirit produced the Central Hindu College, which grew into the Benares Hindu University, and the Madanapalle College, from which grew the National University. The last is once again to be re-opened, to perform a new work.

And what has all this to do with the Dalton Plan? Simply this: that I, for one, at heart more of the East than of the West, should most probably never have been actively interested in the Dalton Plan if I had not seen in it a *western attempt to re-establish teaching on the old eastern basis*. For, whether Miss Parkhurst knows it or not (and I have no idea), her Dalton Plan is to a very large extent a re-discovery of the ancient principles of the ashrama, clothed in a form suited to modern requirements.

A few facts, now, about the Plan itself as worked in Mahinda College. Of the few people who are aware that the Plan is being tried in Mahinda College, probably the majority are

under the delusion that it was suddenly introduced at the beginning of this year, perhaps owing to the fact that some high officials of the Ceylon Education Department had shown an interest in the Dalton Plan! All I will say with regard to that is, if any school introduces the Dalton Plan suddenly in that way, I will confidently prophesy (a) Ructions among the boys, (b) Strikes among the teachers, and (c) Chaos. Under such circumstances I think the interest of the Education Department would be all in the direction of getting rid of the Plan as soon as possible!

It would be quite true to say that at Mahinda College we had been getting ready for the change for two years previous to the actual starting of the Plan. Active preparations in the nature of drawing up the "assignments" (the most vital part of the system) were only a matter of a few months, and were afoot in the closing months of 1922.

The crux of the whole matter lies in the fact that the adoption of the Dalton Plan means *the acceptance of a different kind of discipline*. In short, it means the utter abolition of the old 'Force and Fear' discipline, and the adoption of the old-new principles of the ashrama, which I have mentioned above,—namely the intense study of the child by the teacher, and the guiding him in the right use of a greater and greater degree of freedom, without compulsion, without violence, without anger—or, to use the Samskrit word, by the power of "maitri" alone.

I imagine that at this point, with very few exceptions, any long-suffering readers who have struggled through my "observations" up to this page, will now turn on to the next article, with either a grunt of disapproval, or a sigh of hopelessness. "Imagine running *my* school on the principle of 'maitri'!"

Well, I am sorry. If we *must* part here, then be it so. But I am afraid that, for my part, I see no way of compromise. The Dalton Plan is educative *because* it relies on motives which are more potent than compulsion, force, violence, the cane, abuse, etc., etc. Its whole educative value lies in *that*. If you insist on retaining compulsion, it is not the Dalton Plan. It may be somebody else's Plan, and I do not say that

it may not be quite a workable Plan, but it is not the Dalton Plan. It may even be a Plan more suitable to the average Ceylon boy at his present stage—but in that case I feel rather sorry for the Ceylon boy—and the Ceylon teacher. It seems to me to be rather an insult to them.

That is why it took at least two years to get ready for the Dalton Plan at Mahinda College. My only wonder is that it did not take twenty. It says a good deal both for the boys and the teachers, in my opinion, that it did *not* take longer.

Now for the queries. Some one will of course ask: "What about the lazy boys? Don't you compel *them*?" My answer is another question: "What about the lazy boys under the old system? Did you succeed in *forcing* them to be intelligent?" But perhaps this is not a fair answer. Let me try again. In the first place, I find there are fewer really lazy boys. A boy is "lazy" in school either because he is not interested, or because he is not well. The Dalton Plan largely removes the boys of the former category. No Plan can remove the latter, except a very drastic Plan which will deal with the parents also! The assignments, the laboratories, the libraries, are interesting, and the boy knows that he comes to school to use them. It simply isn't interesting to be at school otherwise. But don't the boys chatter to each other? They do. But provided that they get their assignments done well, within the time allowed, and provide their chatter is not such as to disturb others, does it do any harm? But—but—but—discipline, you know!!! Ah! *That's* it! Hitherto we have been more intent on the *appearance* of work than on the work itself being well done, on the *appearance* of discipline and respect ("Now, boys, all stand up when the Inspector enters the room!"), than on the real inner discipline and respect themselves. Isn't that rather like humbug? Humbugging ourselves I mean. Let us face reality. It is not easy for schoolmasters like you and me, who have been brought up under the old system ourselves. But it is worth while. It is even more difficult for people who are not engaged in teaching. Hence newspaper articles, etc.! The next stage will be parental protests!

"What about the teachers under the Dalton

Plan? How is it for them?" For the *Teacher* I should say it is a foretaste of heaven. For the Inculcator of Interesting Information, a foretaste of the opposite. The occupation of the gentlemen who gets up on to the master's platform and spouts the text-book at his class is gone, clean gone! The verdict of most of the members of my Staff is that it means *more* work, but less exacting work because more interesting. There is much less of *talking at* the class. That means a considerable reduction of physical fatigue. The work of preparing the assignments is arduous. The "scheme of work" is now not merely for Inspectors' admiration, it is for the constant use of the boys. Therefore it is worth while doing properly.

"Do you think the boys are, on the whole, making better progress under the Dalton Plan?" I cannot give a very reliable opinion, judging by the work of barely one term. I think the Plan must be tried for at least a year, preferably two, before it would be fair to judge. Some boys understand it at once, and get into the swing of work within a day or two. Some, unused to freedom, take weeks to learn how to use it. Some are perhaps quite unfit for it at present. Fortunately for them, only half of our Middle School classes are at present working on the Plan; the other half works along the old lines. At present we have the following classes working on the Dalton Plan—Form 1, Form 2, Form 3, Junior Cambridge Form, Junior Matriculation Form, nearly 200 boys in all. The Cambridge Senior Form boys have asked to be allowed to work similarly, but we thought it inadvisable this year.

I am much struck with the eagerness with which the libraries are being used. It raises certain problems, which will seem strange ones to some of my readers. Some boys, I find, spend nearly all their time reading in the library, and do their assignments at home, after school hours. This is partly because some of the favourite books, expensive books like "The Book of Knowledge," "World's Classics," and all reference books and cyclopedias, are in the non-lending section, and cannot be taken home. They *cannot*, therefore, read the articles in those books at home. So they read them in school and do the assignments at home.

The assignments are well done. Is there any harm in the boy doing this? Orthodox pedagogy at once protests against such an unheard-of reversal of "school hours" and "out-of-school-hours". The Idea! To let a boy use his "play-time" for work, and his "work-time" for reading story-books! It is not *that* which bothers me. What I fear is lest such boys may encroach upon hours when they should be taking exercise or sleeping. Provided they get proper sleep and games, and do their work well, does it seriously matter if they prefer to do it in their own time? Of course, such things would be much easier to watch and take care of, if all the boys were in the Hostels.

I will wind up by telling my readers what seems to me to be the most penetrating criticism of the Plan that I have so far come across. It was said to me by a very distinguished Sinhalese gentleman, after he had gone all over Mahinda College and its Hostels. He said: "I am afraid of one thing. You are here bringing up boys amid almost ideal conditions in every way—health, cleanliness, beauty, simplicity, affection. You are teaching them to express the higher and more refined parts of their natures, and to respond to appeals to their higher instincts. When they go out into the world, they will find that these are not the

standards in use. They will find themselves amid crude conditions, and in a state in which the baser motives still mainly prevail. Will they not be so utterly disgusted with life that they will become either cynics or rebels?" My reply was: "Are we to refrain from helping them to express the highest that is in them, for fear lest they might find the *lesser* things *uncongenial*? And, so long as the world around is immersed in the cruder and baser things, they cannot go out into life unaware of those things, for, even though the conditions in the College were as perfect as you imagine, there would still be their life in the holidays to take into account. I am not afraid of them becoming cynics, because the very quality of 'maitri' to which they are taught to respond is the quality which, when awakened in themselves (as it is bound to be awakened if our efforts bear any fruit at all), will guard them from cynicism, and arouse them to service of their fellows. As for their becoming *rebels*, if what they learn here instils enough courage into them to make them rebels against the rottenness of the present, and constructive workers for a better state of things for the future—however little they may succeed in their attempt, I shall be satisfied that Mahinda College has at least done *something* for them."

A few added details on the actual scheme of the Dalton plan may be of interest to readers of the *Young Citizen*. The plan was evolved in the first instance by Miss Helen Parkhurst of the United States of America, and has since found eager adherents in most countries of the world. The idea is that of a contract between teacher and taught, recalling the old 17th century idea of a contract between the individual and the State, only in this case it is the teacher who surrenders to the child his supposed prerogative of instruction, mapping out for him a course of study in the subject with which he is concerned to cover a shorter or longer period—it may be a week or a month. The amount of work to be covered is carefully mapped out for the whole class, and then the class gets to work, each member of it studying on his own, helping his comrades and being helped by them. The teacher is the watcher, ready to help when his services are asked for, but not intruding himself. The effect is that the child is encouraged to take interest in the subject, because responsibility is thrust upon him; he is put upon his mettle; and while it is, of course, an opportunity for the slacker, sooner or later pride steps in to eliminate slackness, and the youth is keen "to make good". As Mr. Pearce points out, work ceases to be confined to school hours, and the strain of learning is minimised because of the added interest. Further, there arises a more even progress, for the clever boy takes delight in helping the duller companion, for the sake of the honor of the class, which is committed to the fulfilment of the assigned portion within the period prescribed. In a sentence, the Plan is self-education instead of instruction.

A Masterpiece of Browning

NE of the most interesting of Browning's poems is that entitled: "An Epistle—Containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician." The poem is one of the series of "Men and Women," and in it Browning uses his favorite device of speaking through the mouth of a real or imaginary character—in this case of an Arab Physician, wandering in search of fresh knowledge and experience, who meets Lazarus, shortly after the death of Jesus. Hearing of his raising from the dead by the Christ, he describes what he hears, in a letter which he writes to Abib, his teacher in the physician's craft, as an interesting case from the medical point of view. But almost in spite of himself he lapses from the attitude of cold scientific detachment and has to acknowledge that he is more deeply impressed than the case strictly warrants:

The man had something in the look of him—
His case has struck me far more than 'tis worth.

He gives first his own view of the case:

'Tis but a case of mania—sub-induced
By epilepsy, at the turning point
Of trance prolonged unduly some three days,

And that of Lazarus himself:

And first this—the man's own firm conviction rests
That he was dead (in fact they buried him)
—That he was dead and then restored to life
By a Nazarene physician of his tribe:
—'Sayeth, the same bade: "Rise," and he did rise.

He then tries to describe Lazarus's peculiar psychological condition, speaking of it as:

Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,
Earth forced on a soul while seeing heaven...

He holds on firmly to some thread of life—
(It is the life to lead perforce)
Which runs across some vast distracting orb
Of glory on either side that meagre thread,
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet—
The spiritual life around the earthly life!
The law of that is known to him as this—
His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here.

So is the man perplexed with impulses
Sudden to start off crosswise, not straight on,
Proclaiming what is Right and Wrong across,
And not along, this black thread through the blaze—

"It should be" balked by "here it cannot be,"
And oft the man's soul springs into his face
As if he saw again and heard again
His Sage that bade him "Rise" and he did rise.

Especially is he struck by Lazarus's resignation to the Divine will:

Indeed the especial marking of the man

Is prone submission to the heavenly will—
Seeing it, what it is, and why it is.
'Sayeth, he will wait patient to the last
For that same death which must restore his being

To equilibrium, body loosening soul
Divorced even now by premature full growth:
He will live, nay, it pleases him to live
So long as God please, and just how God please,

He even seeketh not to please God more
(Which meaneth otherwise) than as God please.

He then passes on to discuss the One who effected this remarkable cure:

Thou wilt object—why have I not ere this
Sought out the Sage himself, the Nazarene,
Who wrought this cure, inquiring at the source,

Conferring with the frankness that befits?
Alas! it grieveth me, the learned leech
Perished in a tumult many years ago,
Accused—our learning's fate—of wizardry,
Rebellion, to the setting up a rule
And creed prodigious as described to me.

And he gives Lazarus's view of his Healer thus:

This man so cured regards the curer then,
As—God forgive me—who but God Himself,
Creator and Sustainer of the World,
That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile!
—Sayeth that such an One was born and lived,

Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his own house,
Then died, with Lazarus by, for aught I know,

And yet was... what I said nor choose repeat...
Finally he apologises for writing at such undue length of a matter so comparatively unimportant:

Nor I myself discern in what is writ
Good cause for the peculiar interest
And awe indeed this man has touched me with.

But even after his final close to the letter, after his final farewell, he cannot help reverting once again to the extraordinary claim of Lazarus with regard to the Christ, and adds a postscript, as it were, which gives to the poem the final touch that completes the masterpiece:

The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying: "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, My hands fashioned, see it in Myself.
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of Mine,

But love I gave thee with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me who have died for thee!"

The madman said He said so: it is strange.

D. H. S.

Under the Scout Flag

THE LEGION OF HONOR

On the occasion of the posse of welcome to the Prince of Wales at the Alexandra Park on October 7, I was, as representative of the Scouts, invested with the Order of Commander of the Legion of Honor.

The ceremony was carried out by General le Vicomte de la Panouse. He was acting in place of H. E. the Ambassador of France, who was at the last moment prevented from attending by a sudden crisis that day in the Near Eastern affairs at Chanak.

The General gave me a message from the President of the Republic of France, who sent this decoration in recognition of the educational value of the Scout training in France, and of the future possibilities that lay in the ties of the Scout Brotherhood between the coming citizens of both countries.

In other words, he was expressing his appreciation of the work of the men who had so perfected and developed the scheme that it now showed palpable results, not only here, but also in other countries as well.

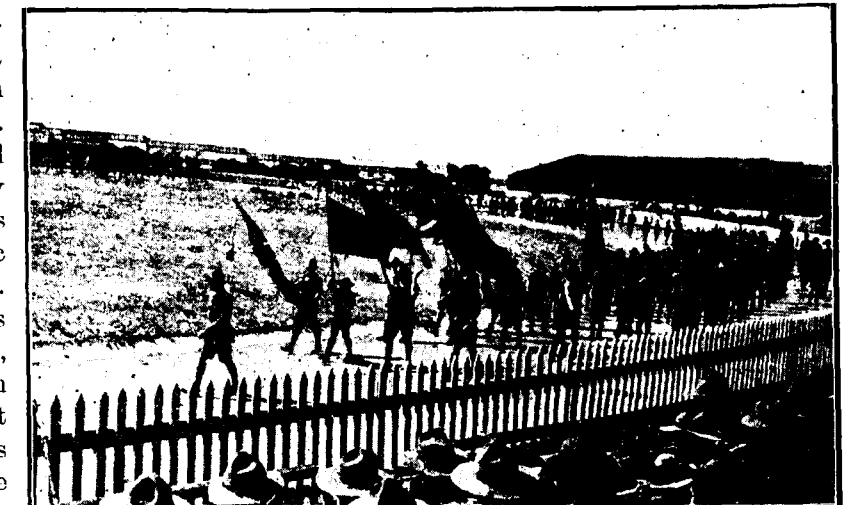
So, although I have the high honor of wearing the decoration, the whole movement has the real credit of winning it.

Robert Baden-Powell

(This Letter appears in *Jamboree*.)

AUSTRALIAN SCOUTS

Here are two pleasant pictures. Melbourne (Victoria, Australia) had a Corroboree. Not a Jamboree, if you please. That is a much bigger thing. But a Corroboree seems to be a good kind of a Rally. See what a long way round the big field the column of Scouts extends, and with what an energetic stride the Scouter in front is walking. I am sure those Scouts with the flags are waving them for all they are worth, and you can nearly see the Scout, with his flag in his right hand and his left arm in the air, giving a jump as his arms go up. I wonder what all the Scouts on our side of the fence are



doing. Perhaps they have had a march round already.

The row of big Scouts standing in this other picture must be Scouters and Rovers, I should think. The name at the back of the photo is much rubbed, but it looks like College Park Scouts. A fine up-standing stalwart lot they seem to be. The row of young Scouts seems jolly enough, but they can't sit cross-legged nearly as well as you and I can. When these boys grow up, they and their Indian brothers will be better friends than their fathers now are, for a Scout is a brother to every other Scout.

THE "SCOUTS DE FRANCE"

(From *Le Figaro*.)

Yesterday I was present at a very beautiful and knightly ceremony. The Scouts of Saint Honoré d'Eylau received the Archbishop of Paris, and some of their number, recently admitted or promoted to higher ranks, took the Scout's Promise. I confess that I was expecting a rather uninteresting athletic display, and I was greatly surprised to find I had made a mistake. Scouting, to me, as I imagine to be the case with many, represented a harmless amusement for young boys, who played at Indians in the woods on Sundays and cooked simple meals for themselves. What I have seen, and what I have heard, have made me change my opinion, or perhaps I should say, have given me a definite opinion in place of a superficial and fantastic idea. These boys, lined up in the City Parish Hall of Saint Honoré d'Eylau, with a serious expression on their faces, gave one, by the attentive and loyal mien with which they followed the ceremonies of the law and the salute, an impression of discipline and of a sense of hierarchy, of conviction in short, about which one could not jest. The words of Canon Cornette, the Association Chaplain, and the life and soul of this section, yet in its infancy, have transformed this impression into something more real and more intellectual.

Scouting, which has only recently been taken up in France, is an incomparable school with methods of physical, moral, social, and intellectual training.

Its results—I have seen them—are sufficient to show this. In France, steeped as it is in knightly lore, it can bring out the highest virtues. The prayer of Monseigneur Saint Louis, their patron, is a masterpiece of loyal resurrection, whilst being at the same time a beautiful example of piety. Ceremony, so stirring to youthful imagination, here becomes a propellor, setting in motion the example, and giving driving force to our true tradition.

The Cardinal, in lending the dignity of his own personality to these rites, gives high praise to the admirable and already abundant work of Canon Cornette, and has added still further to its meaning and value. After the ceremony I had a long conversation with Abbé Cornette, who, himself a convert to Scouting, showed me, with intelligence, precision, and striking logic, the splendor of this world-wide Brotherhood, originated some twelve years ago by one of the most far-seeing of England's psychologists and pedagogues, and the wonderful future before it, not only for the true education of the young, but for unity—social, national, and international. I shall return to this at greater length. Such a subject is one with which it is a real joy to deal, knowing that by awakening interest in it, one is doing a real service to one's race and country.

LOUIS MARTIN-CHAUFFIER
Jamboree (London).

SCOUTING IN AMERICA

BY F. GIDNEY, CAMP CHIEF, GILLWELL PARK

An American humorist once said that whenever an Englishman spends a short time in America, the first thing he does on his return to the old country is promptly to write a book about the United States. Knowing this, I have not the least intention of adding another volume to what already must be a very large library, but I feel that it would be depriving readers of the *Jamboree* of an opportunity of getting to know more of their brother Scouters in America, of a closer insight into their methods and ways, and their appreciation of what Scouting means, were I to refrain from writing a few impressions of my recent visit to our brother Scouts across the pond.

Lookers-on see most of the game, and my impression, as a very interested looker-on, was that they have, first and foremost, grasped the essential principle that Scouting is not an 'ology or

an 'ism, not a philosophy for men, but the Game of Scouting for boys. I arrived there as a stranger in a strange land, but after a short stay of a very few weeks I left with those many regrets which are the penalty of finding real friends. So many splendid fellows, each an expert in his own particular way, spring to my mind, that to begin to mention them by name would mean that I should scarcely know where to stop. The chief item of my tour, which, by the way, was mainly due to the generosity of two members of the American Executive Council, was the Conference of Scout Executives in Blue Ridge Mountains. It would be difficult indeed to find a more suitable place for such a Conference, situated on the side of a hill with such an expansive view, that merely to stand on the steps of the Conference Hall was in itself a reminder of the injunction to look wide.

Every Scout Congress in these days happily proves itself to be of an international character, and this one was no exception to the rule, for besides the 400 delegates from the various regions, representatives of France, Canada and Great Britain met together at Blue Ridge. I had just come from a similar gathering at Gillwell Park—the reunion of many of the Scouters trained there and elsewhere, which had taken place only the week before—and it was like coming back to the same gathering, dressed as they were alike in shirt and shorts and scarves, to say nothing of the "same ugly faces". But there were further links: there was the solemn Ipise ceremony, where the whole gathering formed up in the shape of a great heart with hands linked together, as we had done but a week before at Gillwell, and solemnly re-dedicated themselves to the service of Boyhood, adopting the same form of promise that their brother Scouters are using to-day in every country.

During the Conference there was not a moment of wasted time. Each morning we were listening to the very best speakers in the land, who gave us the benefit of their years of practical experience in dealing with many problems of boy training; but it was not all conferring; the practical side was dealt with as well, and splendidly brought out by a

series of demonstrations every afternoon. Real experts dealt with such subjects as camp expedients, life-saving, log hut construction, and Indian lore, while in the evening instructional cinematograph films of all kinds and descriptions were shown and explained.

The whole atmosphere of the place was that of boys on holiday; we were playing the Game of Scouting and didn't care who knew it. The boy's point of view and his interest were to the fore all the time. One's only regret at the termination of the Conference was that it was not possible for more countries to send representatives, for gatherings of this sort would soon dispel all the misunderstanding, which crop up sometimes, and are the source of most of the trouble in the world. But my experiences were not to end at Blue Ridge. We were taken from there to several of the big Scouting Centres and were enabled to see troops of Scouts doing practical work on every side. The impression left in my mind was that Scouting in America is a really living thing, with keen understanding men guiding it. As I left America, my one regret was that the Atlantic prevents Europe from seeing more of American Scouting, and robs us of many valuable ideas which would be possible if we were but nearer neighbors.—*Jamboree (London)*

What Parliament Might Do

I should like to try to express my ideas as to what members of Parliament could do to make children's lives happier, and they therefore would make most people happy, for there is nothing better than a happy clever child.

As soon as a child comes into the world, its education starts, and so it depends on how children are educated, what England will be later on in life.

Seeing education is one of the most important things in life, I should like to give my ideas about it. Up to 11 years of age a child should have opportunities of enjoying life, and have no domestic responsibilities—only self-imposed ones. Their lessons should teach them in a play-like way, what life will be like for them when they leave school, so that it shall not come as an awful shock to them. At the age of 11 (in an average child), she should know how she thinks she could best make a living.

The children should then be taught the trade they choose: even this should be taught in a play-like way, such as: if she choose dressmaking,

she could be shown what to expect when she left school by playing a little game of dressmaking—measuring a girl and pretend she was a lady that had come to have her dress fitted. In such ways, should the child be taught.

Most children don't want to leave school at 14, they feel there is lots more to learn, but unfortunately, their mothers can't afford to keep them, so naturally under the circumstances, the children can't stop at school.

In order to carry out all these ideas, it would need more teachers and would cost the Government more money. But it would bring more money into the country later, for there are so many learned people in the country who have not been taught a trade, and therefore are idle.

I hope at the next Parliament election, only those men and women who have ideas similar to these, and therefore try to carry them out, get the most votes.

LILY JENKINS, Age 12

(Junior Section and Golden Chain. From the *Magazine* of the Guild of the Citizens of To-morrow.)

The Youth Movement in Germany

BY ELIZABETH FOX HOWARD

THE present is a time of very great difficulty and unrest in Germany. All the old foundations of national, social, and religious life have been shaken, and economic conditions are daily becoming worse for all but a few of the most wealthy. Amid much despair and disillusionment a new life is seething, and trying to find its expression in various ways.

It seems a truism to say that the hope for the future lies with the Young, but it is, perhaps, specially true in those countries where in many respects a clean cut has to be made with the past. The Youth Movement in Germany is a very intangible thing. The fact that one of its main features is a revolt against over-organisation makes it at present somewhat chaotic, and hard to classify or define. It finds expression in many different ways and naturally varies in different parts of the country.

It first became more or less crystallised in a "Movement" the year before the War, when in October, 1913, hundreds of young people met on a hill at Hose Meishner, filled with the new Spirit of Youth, which should save the Fatherland, even as the band of young men who met on the Wartburg in 1813 helped to win the battle of Leipzig, and drive back Napoleon. But in 1913 it was clearly recognised that the foe to be conquered was indifference and materialism. They were in revolt against artificiality and bad customs, and from that day to this they have stood strongly against alcohol, tobacco, the cinema and immoral literature, though, of course, many who are in the Movement do not carry this out to the letter.

When the War came, the men belonging to the "Freideutsche Jugend" went, as a matter of course, to defend their Fatherland, and many of those who became officers were men of the type of Rupert Brooke, Donald Kankey and Bernard Adams. With the end of the war came bitter disillusionment, and the movement revealed two tendencies, the Pacifist and the Nationalist. The former are more strongly international in their outlook; the latter fear that Germany, crushed to the dust as she now is, may lose her special culture and spirit, and they bend their energies towards keeping this alive. In all sections of the Youth Movement there is a deep devotion to the beautiful old romantic Germany—Goethe is their idol—and they cherish their National heritage of music as perhaps never before. "It is all we have left," a young man said sadly to the present writer.

The younger members of the Youth Movement band themselves together as "Wandervoegel," (Wandering Birds) and revive the old-folk songs and dances. Games are less common in Germany than in England, but the glorious forests and hills give endless scope for walking, and groups of the "Wandervoegel," often underfed and ill-clad, but happy and full of adventure, tramp for hours on holidays, knapsack on back, lute in hand, singing as they go.

A very striking feature of the Youth Movement is that it is shared by young men and girls together. Together they wander in the hills, together they discuss the affairs of the universe, and join in folk-dance and song. The spirit of revolt against the former rigid conventionality of German life has its obvious dangers, but the finer spirits among the leaders recognise and try to guard against these. Certain groups are, of course, held together on a definitely religious basis. Three years ago, I had the privilege of joining in an open-air camp and conference of two hundred fine young people, drawn from all classes and parties, but met on a broadly Christian basis, to discuss such subjects as settlements on communal lines, experiments in social work, the relationship of Christianity to the proletariat, the rights and wrongs of the coming class-struggle. In between our discussions we cooked our scanty fare, danced and sang and talked together, sharing freely with one another whatever we had to give.

The Wandervoegel are, as a rule, quite young, from fourteen to twenty-two, and chiefly bent on self-expression. Later they drift into other groups, and generally take more interest in some form or other of Social Service. Dr. Siegmund Schultze, of East Berlin, for example, has a splendid Social Settlement where many young people stay for a time to help with his work. A strong tendency of the Youth Movement is to start experimental communal settlements on the land, so as to cut loose, as far as possible, from the capitalistic system. Most of these are short-lived: others seem more likely to succeed. I recently visited one in South Germany, where about twenty young people under the leadership of two exceptionally fine young married couples, are supporting themselves and some orphan children by hard work on the land. This has now gone on for three or four years, and being on sound and healthy lines, gives every promise of success.

For the young people in the towns, and especially for university students, life is an increasingly hard and terrible problem. With the constant rise in the price of every necessity, the daily struggle to keep body and soul together makes it hard to cultivate ideals and to escape bitterness and

materialism. But thousands of them are doing it—all honor to them—and out of the very agony and discipline, those, who win through, are doing their share in building up a better world.

(The Guardian, Calcutta)

The Crest-Jewel of Wisdom

A condition not related to or depending on the external world is true Uparati.

The endurance of all pain and sorrow without thought of retaliation, without dejection and without lamentation, is said to be Titiksha.

Fixed meditation upon the teachings of Shastra and Guru, with a belief in the same, by means of which the object of thought is realised, is described as Shraddha.

Constant fixing of the mind on the pure Spirit is called Samadhana. But not amusing the mind by delusive worldly objects.

Mumukshatva is the aspiration to be liberated by knowing one's true Self free from all created bonds, beginning with the feeling of personality and ending with the identification of oneself with the physical body by ignorance.

Even should the qualifications enumerated be possessed in a low or moderate degree, still these qualifications will be strengthened and improved by absence of desire, by Sama and the other qualities, and the kindness of the teacher, and will bear fruit.

In one in whom absence of desire and aspira-

tion for emancipation are prominent, Sama and the other qualifications will be productive of great results.

When absence of desire and aspiration for emancipation are feeble, there will be but indications of Sama and the other qualities, as of water in a mirage.

Among the instruments of emancipation the supreme is devotion. Meditation upon the true form of the real Self is said to be devotion.

Some say devotion is meditation on the nature of one's Atma. He who possesses all these qualifications is one who is fit to know the true nature of Atma.

Such a person must approach the Guru through whom freedom from bondage is attainable: one who is wise, well versed in the scriptures, sinless, free from desire, knowing the nature of Brahman.

One who has attained rest in the Spirit, like the flame which has obtained rest when the fuel is consumed; and one whose kindness is not actuated by personal considerations, and who is anxious to befriend those that seek for help.

Men and Deeds

Wanted Men.

Not system fit and wise,
Not faith with rigid eyes,
Not wealth in mountains piled,
Not power with gracious smile,
Not even the potent pen.

Wanted Men.

Wanted Deeds.

Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not softly scented creeds.

Wanted Deeds.

Men and Deeds.

They that can dare and do,
Not longing for the new,
Not prating of the old,
Good life and actions bold,
These the occasion needs.

Men and Deeds.

Work of Young Citizens

Once upon a time there was a little boy, who loved the stars. He grew into a school-boy of 11 years of age, and still he loved them, and so he learned something about them, and studied astronomy, the science of the stars, and observed them very carefully. When he was 16, he was looking at the big rather sprawling kind of constellation called Cetus, the Latin for Whale. The Whale had no bright stars in it, stars of the first magnitude, as they are called; when William Nelson Abbott, our boy, was looking at it one night, suddenly one star, named Beta, a poor faint little thing, blazed out, and became quite a big star. No one knows why this happened. That great conflagration took place 400 years ago, and the light took that 400 years to travel across the great space between the Whale and the Earth, travelling 200,000 miles in every second of time, so that the "light-year," as it is called is 6,307,200,000,000 miles in a year. (I wonder if any of you can read that figure.) Perhaps Beta caught fire and was burnt up altogether, and went out also 400 years ago, so that the message went on after the sender had vanished.

A little boy, of eight years old, saw his younger brother fall into a canal. "I'll save you," cried he, and in he plunged. But he could not swim, and when older people ran up, the younger was saved and the little hero was drowned. His school-mates, says *The Children's Newspaper*, have put a brass memorial to the lad, Arthur Thomas, on the school wall under his photograph, with his last words: "I'll save you!"

The story of Mr. James Welsh, M. P., was in all the papers the other day. He began life as a boy in a coal-mine, and when he was 11 years old he began to work at the pit head at 1s. (12 annas) a day. A year later he went underground, and worked 12 hours a day for 1s. 3d. Under these hopeful circumstances, and a one-roomed home, in which seven of the family lived, he one day heard a skylark singing, and having read a poem on a skylark (Shelley's Ode?) he awakened to the beauty of it, and tried to write some verses. Later on he published a little book of poems of which 5,000 copies were sold. Now he is a member of the British House of Commons.

A member of the House of Commons had a birthday the other day—not an uncommon event, but the member was uncommon, and so was his way of keeping his birthday, his fifty-sixth. For he was

Mr. George Barker, and he, like Mr. James Welsh, began life as a pit boy, and when he was ten years old, he went to work in the deepest coal-pit in the country. He is now a member of the Labor Party, and he has lately moved a resolution in the House about accidents in the mines, to protect his old comrades. And what sort of a holiday did he have on his birthday? He stayed in the House from the previous day to 4 A. M., attended a committee at 10-30, was in the House all the afternoon, and moved his resolution at night. He must have been accustomed to long hours in the mines. The present 8-hour day does not apply to M. P.s.

Many Young Citizens are Scouts; here are some of them: Badri Swarup is a Seva Samiti Scout, aged 15, and went with 42 others to help pilgrims in Gola Gokarannath, where there is a festival in Chaitra every year. They were told off to help aged and weak people at the bathing ghat, and a lady slipped off a step into deep water and was drowning. Badri Swarup went into the water and stretched out his staff for her to hold on to, and she caught the end with such a jerk that she pulled the boy down and then held him fast by the waist, nearly drowning them both. He kept his head cool, and managed to help himself with his staff, pulling the lady with him, and got into neck-deep water on a step and so to land.

Another Scout, Gur Pershad, of Sitapur School, was reading near a well, and heard a splash. He ran to the well and saw a little girl, who had fallen in. He threw down the bucket-rope, but she was nearly unconscious and went down; so he tied the other end to a rail, slid down the rope, dived into the water, caught hold of the girl's body, managed to tie the rope round her, climbed up it, and pulled her up; she recovered and was saved.

A third Scout, B. N. Krishnamurti, belonging to Mysore, saved three lives from drowning in the Kempambudi Tank last year, and was given a medal for bravery. This year, he saved two children and was so injured that he may not recover. A gentleman and his wife and children were crossing a road in Bombay, and became confused by the approach of two cars, running in opposite directions. Their two little sons ran in front and fell down in front of one car. The passing Scout, seeing the danger, sprang into the road, and as he could not pull the boys out of the way in time,

he flung himself down and cleverly turned their bodies parallel with the car, and it passed over them, the wheels not touching them. But the little hero was not so fortunate, and the car passed over his hands and the second car over his legs. The two children got up unhurt, but the Scout was stunned. He was carried to the hospital, and after a while regained consciousness, and his first words were: "Was any of the babies hurt?" His life, we are sorry to say, is in danger, though the brave lad has saved five other lives. His Gallantry Medal was found in his pocket.

Here is another remarkable young citizen of another type. His name is also Krishnamurti, and he belongs to Madanapalle Taluq. He is 13 years old, and here is his picture.



His mother died when he was a little boy, and his father—with one little child, one year old, on his back and leading a second, with Krishnamurti and his elder brother following—started off to Benares to try to find education for the two. They tramped part of the way, and went part by train, till they reached Benares. The teachers of a free Samskrit School were willing to take the elder boys, but

could do nothing for the father and the babies. So they struggled on, begging their way, to Hardwar, in the Himalayas, but had the same answer. Again they went on, still further north in the mountains, where some Sadhus (religious mendicants) lived, to the famous Rishikesh, and there an ascetic, 100 years old, was so struck with the seven-year old Krishnamurti, that he said he would teach him. The Sadhu did not know Krishnamurti's language (Telugu), nor did Krishnamurti know the Sadhu's languages (Samskrit and Hindi); but somehow the child learned Samskrit, and in three years he learned enough grammar and logic to understand them. He lived there from 1916 to the end of 1920, when he was ten and a half, and then his teacher bade him travel and visit learned men. This he did for two and a half years, and he is now at Madanapalle, giving Telugu and Samskrit lectures on the Vedanta philosophy and religion. His mastery over the ten Upanishats, the Sutras and the Gita is remarkable. One who has heard him writes: "Anyone who hears Krishnamurti cannot but be impressed with his clear head, chaste and fluent Telugu, good pronunciation of mantrams and shlokas, good learning, ready wit, and above all his sweet temper, perfect control over himself and exquisite simplicity. His discourses are always extempore." That Young Citizen should have a future.

Some Young Citizens at Trichur, Cochin, have started a *Students' Own Magazine*, "a monthly journal by Boys and Girls". It is written by Boys and Girls, and a fourth form boy, P. Ganapathy, writes in the December number a very vivid description of a Temple on fire. Here is an extract which promises well for India when the Young Citizens are mature. They are speaking of the Christ:

The Christians tie Him down to what they call Christianity, and the others fence Him out from their respective religions. S. O. M. (*Students' Own Magazine*) recognises no such imaginary barriers, which small minds have built round the Great Ones of all lands. This humble number is sent out as a token of worshipful homage to the ONE who belongs to all alike, be He Christ, or Krishna, or Muhammad.

That is the right spirit, the spirit of the Great Teachers Themselves. The Lord Christ said: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." Shri Krishna said: "Mankind comes to me by many roads.....all roads are mine." The Lord Muhammad said: "We make no difference between Prophets."

Buried Cities

MODERN people are very fond of digging up remains of ancient cities, and several important cities, belonging to ancient civilisations, have been reported in the newspapers lately.

In Russian Turkistan, in the neighborhood where Samarkand is now, there was an ancient kingdom named Sagdiana, which has been unburied, and an old library was found which had been sealed up for a thousand years. The excavators expect to find many more cities, probably containing literature. A flood of light will thus be thrown on Central Asian history. There are also other interesting discoveries to be made there, such as those made by Colonel Koz Coff in 1907-1909, who brought back to Petrograd a library of 2,500 volumes found uninjured in "a dead city," named Khoro-Khoto, in an area between Mongolia and Szechwan; it is not said if the corpse was on the surface or underground.

The Chaldean civilisation has long been a matter of profound interest, and King Hammurabi's laws (2100 B. C.) have long been famous. "Ur of the Chaldees," in Mesopotamia, has yielded many treasures, and a tablet with the sculptured image of the great King has been found, 4000 years old. Other portraits and carvings of 2500 B. C. have been uncovered. There are records of Babylonia written about 4200 B. C., though some ignorant people still believe that the world was created in 4004 B. C. and that date is found in Christian Bibles.

In Mexico, North America, excavations are now going on, and *New India* prints a long and very interesting account of excavations there, North America being part of the ancient continent of Atlantis, most of which now forms the bed of the Atlantic Ocean. The writer of the account, Mr. W. H. Webber, evidently knows nothing of the previous excavations in the seventies of the last century, or of the long ago, when the ancient civilisation of the Mayas and Quiches was destroyed by the Aztecs. Dr. le Plongeon and his wife worked in Central America, and published a book entitled *Sacred Mysteries among the Mayas and the Quiches, 11,500 years ago*. They discovered the sepulchre of Kan Coh, at Cichen-Itza. The doctor thinks that the Aryans and Egyptians derived their learning from the Mayas, but H. P. Blavatsky challenges this (*Secret Doctrine*, ii, p. 38). Their civilisation was closely allied to that of the ancient Egyptians, that has long been

the marvel of archaeologists, and their religious beliefs on many points were found to be very similar, some of the legends of both being in accord with those incorporated in the book of *Genesis* in the "Old Testament" of the Hebrews, accepted as part of their "Bible" by Christians. The Mexican Government has now taken up the excavations, and some wonderful pyramids, externally resembling those of Egypt, have been unburied, by clearing away the mounds of earth which had covered them. Numbers of these, apparently mere earthen mounds, exist in a large valley to the north-east of Mexico City, and it is proposed to unbury whatever they may cover. One unburied pyramid is almost square, each side of the base being between 400 and 500 feet long. The walls slope up to terraces at an angle of 45°, each terrace being about 50 feet above the one below and becoming narrower as they rise, reaching an ultimate height of about 300 feet. Hundreds of acres are covered with mounds, large and small. There are rock carvings of gigantic animals of the long-ago, the mammoth and megatherium, the mastodon and huge Saurians, which accompanied them, the carvings apparently copied from living animals.

Australia, again, and the Austral group of Islands—Pitcairn and Easter Islands and the Marquesas—have traces of a civilisation resembling that of the Mayas, the Peruvians, the Egyptians. There are remains found of terraced pyramids, resembling those found in Mexico, and many of these in all the ancient lands are sacred to the Sun.

In South Africa also some excavations have been made, which have shown traces of a great civilisation once flourishing there, for large cities have been indicated in the excavations made. But, lately, the Director of the Port Elisabeth, Mercara, has carried on some work which goes behind civilisation into far-off ages. There were some "men of uncouth appearance with foreheads villainously low," who used roughly chipped stones as instruments; two skulls have been found, one in the Transvaal and one in Rhodesia. These we recognise from the description as the savage dwellers in the ancient continent of Lemuria, regarded as the cradle of the human race. Then the above gentleman—Mr. F. W. Fitz Simons—and his son, in their excavations, found cliff or cave dwellers, living in natural caves in cliffs. They buried their dead in shallow holes, and placed a slab of stone as a cover, and many skeletons are found

preserved in these. But they found one tomb under a big slab, lined with stones throughout, and in this was found the skeleton of a man, with a skull larger than that of any of the cliff dwellers yet found. He is thought to have probably been a

Chief, a man of greater mental development than his contemporaries. Quantities of stone weapons and tools, knives, chisels, awls and needles, as well as bone and ivory ornaments, were found with him in his tomb.

China's Boy Emperor

BY R. F. JOHNSON

THIS character sketch of the youthful Manchu, Emperor of China, was written by R. F. Johnson, the Emperor's tutor in Peking, and appeared in a recent issue of the *London Times*.

By foreign reckoning the Emperor will not be seventeen till February, 1923, and his bride is eight months younger than himself. He is rather above the average height of his countrymen, and has not ceased growing. He is slender, with dark frank eyes, a pleasant smile, and a thoughtful expression. His hands are small and well-formed, and his fingers, which are remarkably supple, are those of an artist. As to his manners, they are the manners of a Manchu gentleman. Nothing more need be said, for no higher praise could be given.

He has inherited some of the poetic gifts of his great ancestor, the Emperor Kao Tsung (Ch'ien-lung). He has written a good deal of verse in the classic style, and has even tried his hand at the modern colloquial style which is now affected by up-to-date Young China. Several of his classic poems have been published by him over an assumed name in a Peking newspaper. This is a fact hitherto unknown to more than two or three. Even the editor of the newspaper which published the poems was not in the secret.

The Emperor's literary talents have been well fostered by his Chinese teachers, all of whom have been men of Nation-wide celebrity. From these distinguished scholars, and others who have passed away, the young Emperor has imbibed a genuine taste for good literature. He has also acquired from them the art of calligraphy—always in China included among the fine arts—and wields his brush in a way that has won the admiration of experts. His English hand-writing, also, is bold and "formed," and is certainly not modelled on that of his English tutor. His artistic gifts, in fact, are inborn. He has never been taught to draw, either in Chinese or in foreign style, yet he is most skilful in the portrayal of figures, human and other. He draws with great rapidity, using a

foreign pencil, and often produces vivid sketches with a few deft strokes.

CHINESE OUTLOOK

The Emperor is Chinese in sympathy, in education, in general outlook. All his Imperial ancestors strove, with astonishing success, to identify themselves with Chinese interests in every possible way; and it is due to this consistently pursued policy that the line of demarcation between Manchus and Chinese is now nearly obliterated. The Emperor readily assimilates "new views," is tolerant of heretical opinions, reads newspapers voraciously, and is immeasurably more familiar with social and political world-currents than the majority of those among whom he lives. He had his queue taken off early in 1922, much to the disgust of the three Imperial dowagers, and against the wishes of his two Chinese tutors. The result of this is that, for the first time since the establishment of the Manchu dynasty, the Forbidden City is now practically queueless. Nevertheless, both the Chinese tutors as a silent protest against what they regarded as an act of disloyalty on the part of His Majesty to the traditions of his House, have retained their queues to this day. This matter of cutting off superfluous hair may appear to be a trifling example of the Emperor's progressive tendencies; but those who know China and the tenacity of "old custom" in that country will readily understand that it was no trifling matter at all, but an outward manifestation of a very significant inner rebellion against that spirit of tyrannous conservatism which was one of the fundamental causes of the ruin of the dynasty.

The Emperor is under no delusions as to his own position, or as to the present status of China among the Nations of the world. Though naturally high-spirited, he has not the gaiety and lightness of heart that a boy of his age should have. He has never become reconciled to his narrow and artificial surroundings, and makes no secret of his longing for liberty. But he has no political ambitions. Nor does he harbor ill-will against the enemies of his House.

Life Risked for Children

Mother's Heroism at a Fire

An 11-years-old crippled boy lost his life, and four of his five brothers and sisters were only rescued through the courage of their mother and of firemen, when a fire broke out at 47, Adelaide-street, Portsmouth.

The fire was discovered about 2 A. M. by the occupant of the house, Thomas Mills, a laborer. He was awakened by the sound of objects falling in the ground floor rooms.

The eldest boy, Thomas, 16, got out of the house unaided. Mrs. Mills dropped one daughter, Margaret, 7, from a bed-room window into the arms of people below. Then she carried Ruby, 3, out into the street, dashed back into the blazing house and picked up Maurice, 13. She was wearing nothing

but her night-dress; her face and hands were scorched by the flames, but she struggled with him to a stairway, where she collapsed.

By this time the fire brigade had arrived, and hearing that two children were still in the house, the firemen forced their way into the upper windows, and found Aubrey, the crippled boy, lying suffocated under a sofa, and another little girl, unconscious on the floor by a window.

Iris quickly recovered consciousness when artificial respiration was applied, and her first action was to throw her arms round the neck of Inspector Gould, the leader of her rescuers, and give him a hearty kiss. Her brother, who had come home from a sanatorium for Christmas, was dead.—*Daily Mail*

There Shall be One Law

Here are some words of wisdom that all Nations and men may read.

"And there shall no longer be one law at Rome, another at Athens, one law to-day, another to-morrow; but the same Law, everlasting and unchangeable, shall bind all Nations at all times.

"And there shall be one common Master and Ruler of all, even God, the Almighty Creator and Arbitrator of this Law.

"And he who will not obey it shall be an exile

from himself, and, despising his own humanity, shall in that very act suffer the greatest of all punishments, even though he may have escaped from all other punishments which can be imagined."

How well they fit the world to-day, yet they have come down to us from fifty years before the world had heard of Bethlehem. They were written by the great Roman statesman, Cicero.

Children's Newspaper

Courage of Sorts

A young Australian at the Somme front, was called to reconnoitre "No Man's Land" one evening with his Colonel. This was to be the boy's first taste of danger. Presently, shrapnel began to burst near them, coming nearer and nearer. They had been seen by the Germans.

The Colonel went quite unruffled upon his way, showing not the slightest tremor of fear, though death was coming closer and closer.

The boy, greatly admiring his Chief's cool courage, determined to imitate it, though he was himself grappling with an intense desire to run away, or

lie flat, or do anything else that would be helpful. However he conquered and proceeded with equal sang froid upon his way.

At last a burst of shrapnel came so close that the boy jumped and attracted the Colonel's attention, who asked him what the matter was. "Shrapnel, Sir," he said.

"You young fool," roared his Chief, already in full flight, "I am deaf; but stay by all means, if you are enjoying yourself."

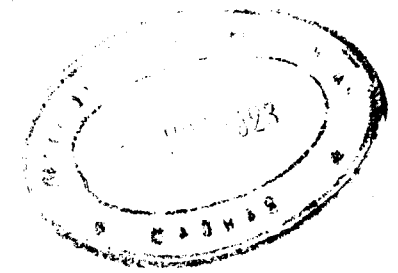
What would you have done?

M. M. C.

Lines

Our Sun, who is the Lord of Love,
Moves earthward now, and soon shall move
Northward and Southward, East and West,
Till all the longing world be blest.

Watch-fires are burning, far and near;
The sky grows pale; the Dawn is near.
Awake, arise, to greet His Day:
Make straight His Paths, prepare His Way.





The King

King George V was born on June 3, 1865
His first-born son came to him on June 23, 1894
He was crowned on June 22, 1911

**Long may he Live and Reign
God Save the King**

Editorial Notices

All communications must be written on one side of the paper only, or they cannot be inserted.
Uninvited communications must be accompanied with a fully stamped and directed envelope for return in case of rejection. Otherwise, if declined, they will be destroyed.



News paragraphs, if short and well written, will be welcomed, and used if suitable. All the work done for this paper, except the actual three P's, printing, pulling, paper, is done for Service, not for payment. The probable losses are borne by a "cheerful giver".

All literary communications must be sent to the Editor. Business communications to the Manager.

All communications must bear the name and address of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, *Editors.*

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The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL. I MADRAS, 1st JUNE, 1923 No. 3

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In the July Number of

The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

FROM THE FRONT.
IN THE WORLD'S SERVICE.
THE PRINCE OF WALES AS STAMP COLLECTOR AND AS SPORTSMAN (ILLUSTRATED.)
BUDDHIST STORIES: II. GUARD YOUR THOUGHT.
THE YOUNG CITIZEN.
A MAN OF THE HOUR: LORD ROBERT CECIL (with Portrait.)
HOMES OF GREATNESS.
SWARAJYA IN MINIATURE.
ARE YOU LAZY?
LITTLE BROTHERS: CATS.

From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

JUNE is the King's Month, and so we place this June number of the *Young Citizen* at his feet. For the *Young Citizen* hopes to give a little help in training up Young Citizens, the boys and girls, the young men and women, of the Empire, to be Good Citizens, religious, dutiful, brave, upright, honorable gentlemen and gentlewomen, loyal to their King and to their Country. It is the King's Month, because on the 3rd of June, 1865, he was born. Because on the 22nd of June, 1911, he was crowned in the great Abbey of Westminster. Because on the 23rd of June, his first-born came to him,

Out of the Everywhere
Into the Here.

Hence June is to him a month of festivals, days to look back upon with a serious and deep joy, for on the first of these days he was sent to earth on a high mission, affecting the destiny of Nations; to a duty which has been faithfully discharged through sunshine and through storm; to be that highest servant of the State, a King who is one with his people in weal and woe, who uses power, not to gratify himself, but for his people's good. Rare is the King who is the type of the Good Citizen, reverent to the law, dutiful in his life. And happy is the Nation, which, in saluting its Monarch, can also salute the Man.

The fine picture of His Majesty shows him in his uniform as Colonel-in-Chief of the King's

Own Lancers. I do not know where it first appeared, but we have a fine painting of it in the Club-Room of the 1921 Club, rented from the Young Men's Indian Association, and a picture appeared in the *Sphere* (London) and has been enlarged and widely sold in India.

Two great events mark this month of June in England's History. On June 19th, 1215, there gathered on Runnymede the Barons of England, and there the unwritten laws of Saxon England became the written Instrument of England's Freedom, the shield of the common rights of every child of England. And on June 18th, 1815, was shattered at Waterloo the brief Empire in France, the Empire which by armed force was created, and by armed force destroyed.

And yet another event, interesting to us, though not of world-importance, may be noted. On the 25th of June, 1861, the Order of the Star of India was instituted. And in June is also Scotland's Day, that of the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314, when Robert Bruce won Freedom for his country. On June 23rd, 1757, was fought the Battle of Plassey, which brought India under the yoke of the East India Company for a century, a yoke broken in 1857, when the sceptre passed from Company to Crown. And on June 27, 1846, was born Charles Stuart Parnell, who led the Parliamentary fight for Ireland's Freedom, the struggle which ended when the Free State was born by

an Act of Parliament, signed by our King. On June 30th passed away from earth Dadabhai Naoroji, one of the foremost of the noble band who laid the foundations of India's rising Temple of Freedom; and June 16th we call Home Rule Day, because on that day in 1917, India's Home Rule was rendered certain by the order for the internment of three of its leaders; the Home Rule now almost won will render secure the Union of Britain and India, linked by allegiance to the Crown of George V and his successors, and thus defined in our Home Rule League Objects, in order that "Home Rule" might not be taken by any to cover separation. How splendid it will be when from the hand of our George V India receives her Freedom as I received hers.

In last month's message I spoke of Freedom and told how self-mastery was necessary to true Freedom, since "Freedom and slavery are of the soul more than of the body. A free soul may dwell in a prisoned body, but no Freedom of body can enfranchise a prisoned soul." Supposing, then, that we have obtained Freedom, what shall we do with it? We should dedicate ourselves to SERVICE, for only the truly free can nobly serve. Service which is paid for, which is rendered grudgingly, or by compulsion, is not the Service whereof I would speak. That too has its use, for it trains young souls—who would otherwise be slothful, or seeking only for the pleasures of the senses—into the rendering of service of the lower kinds. If States were well arranged—so that each citizen would do the work for which his faculties fit him, without regard to birth—then all young souls would be drafted into the manual labor class, after they had finished their school and were found to be unfit for technical education; for manual labor of the rougher kinds is the most useful and helpful training for all in whom intelligence is little developed, and who need a certain amount of pressure in order to induce them to perform work useful for themselves and for others. Such work should be well organised—the most unpleasant part of it being done by machinery as far as possible—and be carried on under healthy and preferably open-

air conditions; the harder it is and the more mechanical, the shorter should be the hours; and the more unpleasant it is, the better should it be paid; ample leisure should be provided, and ample opportunities and means of amusement. The fewer resources a man has in himself, the more should he be surrounded with those supplied by others, in order that his faculties may be stimulated and his intelligence encouraged. Association with his elders in soul would also help his evolution. This is the idea of the Shūdra, the serving caste, in India, and into this, in ancient days, young souls were born, guided thither by the Devas (Angels). They learned obedience, industry, cleanliness, good manners, and thus laid the foundations of character, evolving under the best possible conditions. Perhaps, when the Young Citizens of to-day grow into manhood, they may help to make the dawn of an Organised Society, in which young and old souls will not all be jumbled up together, so that the old soul, who ought to be in Parliament, may be sweeping a floor, and the young one, who ought to be at manual work, may be idling on a sofa, and giving stupid orders. Manual labor needing trained intelligence and skill rises, till the artisan becomes the craftsman, and the craftsman becomes the artist, the Priest of the Beautiful.

Now there was one very remarkable thing in the old caste system of India. There were the manual labor caste, the commercial caste, the fighting and administrative caste, and the teaching and priestly caste. When a man had evolved into the last and highest, he might throw away all caste, and dedicate himself to Service. The lowest caste and the highest super-caste were both assigned to Service—the one compelled, the other freely given. It is to this super-caste that the Message from the Front calls our Young Citizens now.

We had at one time a number of Boys and Girls called "The Sons and Daughters of India," with branches in England and Australia, who pledged themselves to do an "Act of Service every day". The Scout Movement, better planned and appealing more to the adventurous side of the young, worked with the same idea, the

Scout promising to do a "Good Turn" every day. What then is an Act of Service, or a Good Turn? It is any kind of help, given freely to any one in need of help, "looking for nothing again". To carry a parcel for a tired woman, to lead a blind man across the street, to give water to a thirsty dog, to say a bright word to a weary toiler—all these are Acts of Service, or Good Turns. You say they are trivial? Yes, but the alert mind, the observant eye, the ready hand, these are not trivial, but priceless. The Act of Service wrought is a trifle; but the Habit of Service is all-important, and it is built up out of these daily trivialities, until every opportunity of Service means the rendering of help.

Anyone who has deliberately trained himself to do the one daily act will soon notice around him countless opportunities of Service. When he sees one, he will spring to render it; and he will grow into the habit of giving help wherever help is needed within his ken. The need for help is the summons to help, and every need cries aloud for satisfaction. Never should the true Servant of Man leave unregarded any need which he is able to supply. As he goes through life, opportunities, unseized by others, will crowd around him, and, instinctively, his quick eye will notice, his quick hand will be outstretched to help.

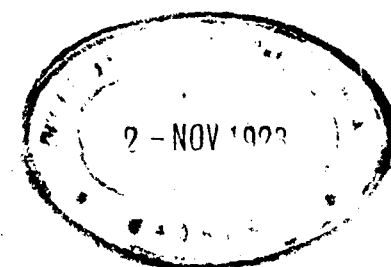
Great opportunities come to those who utilise the little opportunities of daily life. Do not envy the opportunities of others, but use the opportunities which come unsought to yourself. You may not hitherto have noticed them,

for many who dream of great work hereafter overlook the little works which are lying about their feet. The arrow, loosed by Tell's steady hand, that split in twain the apple poised on the head of his son and led to the liberation of Switzerland, would never have been shot, had it not been preceded by countless arrows loosed in daily practice, by many years of quiet training of steady hand and accurate eye. When a great opportunity offers itself, the trained Servant seizes it and a heroic deed is wrought; the untrained idler is bewildered and confused by the sudden chance, and while he is thinking what to do the opportunity is gone.

To Serve is the Crown of Human Life. The fortunate ones, eager to serve, find one to whom they can render service, and joyfully enrol themselves as helpers. To each Young Citizen I would say: Look around you for some one who is greater than yourself, who, to some extent, embodies that which you fain would be. Hero-worship is uplifting and inspiring; it purifies the heart, ennobles the character, and stimulates the energy. Serve your Hero in every way you can, and pay him that truest flattery which is imitation. Joyfully will he help you to find one greater than himself, and your practice with him will increase your capacity for Service. Work well done with the lower is the passport to higher Service, and each rising presages the one beyond. Happy are they who have found their Master and their work. Happy are they also who are still seeking, for they who seek shall find.

The Cry of Youth

A little more kindness,
A little less creed.
A little more giving,
A little less greed.
A little more smile,
A little less frown.
A little less kicking
A man when he's down.
A little more we,
A little less I.
A little more laugh,
A little less cry.
A little more flowers
On the pathway of life,
And fewer on graves
At the end of the strife.



In The World's Service

The Lord Vaivasvata Manu

BY ONE OF HIS SERVANTS

ALL the religions of the world acknowledge that all righteous authority is a form of the Divine Activity; this is the truth which has been distorted by bad and selfish men into the "divine right of a king to govern wrongly". Civilisation is traced backwards till it is lost, full-grown, in the "infinite azure of the past," out of which come legends and "myths" truer than history, of Divine Kings and Divine Teachers, who founded civilisations and taught religions. Scientific researches have shown, in excavations into long-buried cities, that the great Rulers and Teachers existed; Crete has yielded up the Labyrinth thought legendary, and King Minos is no longer a mythical hero for nursery tales, but a great and wise Monarch. And so with many another. These Kings made Kingship so beneficent and splendid a thing, that its tradition was handed down to less developed human beings, and was even stretched to accommodate men of base character and unbridled tyranny, until men rose indignantly against the blasphemy of such a degradation, and jeered at a "Divine Right" which was supposed to be embodied in a Helio-gabalus, a Henry VIIIth, a Louis XVth. Despite all, English coins bear the letters D. G., "by the Grace of God," and William III, the ex-Kaiser, claimed that he embodied Divine authority. Hinduism, oldest of living religions, guarded itself against abuse by placing THE LAW above the King, and by declaring that when a King outraged his Dharma and forgot that his rule over others must be exercised first over himself, the LAW would "destroy both him and his House". And lists of bad Kings thus swept away are recorded in Hindu Law-books, as a warning of the fate decreed in the past against

Monarchs who wrought evil to their people.

Moreover, in those olden days when Sages walked the earth among the growing peoples, the existence of a mighty Hierarchy of Rishis who were the Agents of Divine Authority—as Viceroy in a great Realm under a human Monarch, such as the Chakravarti Ashoka, or the British King-Emperor to-day—was taught in Hindu Shâstrâs, and remains therein on record. There is, as we have seen in our first two numbers, a Teaching Department, of which the great Rishi Maitreya, the Buddha-to-be, is the Head. From this Hierarchy, from another of its Departments, the Ruling Department, came forth Nârada, the "Sky-Walker," who visited the Courts of ancient Kings, and questioned them as to the details of their rule. For power was then yoked to service, and the greatest was—as the CHRIST said in modern days—"as he that doth serve". And the great Hierarchy is composed of the noblest Servants of Humanity. It is the Ruling Department which stands behind all rule over Nations on our earth, raises and pulls down, preserves and destroys, gives power and takes it away, to which belong the officers of the great KING, whom Hindu Shâstras call "the Eternal Youth," whom the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures speak of as "the Ancient of Days," the Monarch of our globe. He is the Head of the ancient Hierarchy, and His will is law to all its members, for in Him is embodied the Will of ISHVARA or GOD. Mighty and wise and merciful are all, but He is mightiest, wisest, most merciful. Seismic * changes, and the evolution of mankind are the special work of this Ruling

* Seismic—belonging to the earth: earthquakes, the action of glaciers, of volcanoes, changes of land and sea areas, and the like, are seismic.

Department. Under its direction continents arise out of the oceans and sink out of sight beneath them; types of men are shaped; races and sub-races are evolved, each according to its own type, or model; nations are born, grow, mature, decay; governments are raised up and cast down; wars and invasions, victories and defeats, are made to serve high purposes in the evolution of Humanity.

You may trace its workings in history, and see beneath the events the patient, ceaseless, persistent working out of a Great Plan, of a "Power which makes for Righteousness," as Mathew Arnold said. No Right is ever finally defeated; no wrong is ever finally triumphant. Under the ebb and flow of the sea and the rippling, and the crashing of the wavelets and the billows, the tide is steadily rising towards the Divine Ideal of Humanity on our globe. As the Teaching Department shapes man's spiritual destiny, so does the Ruling Department shape the material destiny of man and his earth.

Among the Three highest Officers of the KING in this splendid work are Those who are called Manus. *Man*, in Samskrit, is the root of the verb to think. From this comes our English word Man, so that when we say Man, we say Thinker. The Dutch *Man*, the German *Mann*, directly, the French *Homme*, indirectly, through the Latin, come from the same root. The Manu is the typical Man, THE MAN, and each great race—that which Theosophists call a Root-Race—has its own Manu. Each such Race has a particular type. Compare the appearance of a Chinaman and an Englishman, and you will see how different they look. Notice the shape of their eyes, and the set of the eyes in the head; notice the cheek-bones, and the shape of the whole face, one squarish and the other oval; notice the general build of the body; and you will at once realise what is meant by the type of a Race. A sub-race is a modification of the Race-type; it shows the chief characteristics of the Root-Race to which it belongs, but modifies them in a way peculiar to itself. Compare a German with an Italian; both belong to the fifth, or Aryan, Root-Race, but the German belongs to its fifth sub-race, the Teutonic, while the Italian belongs to its fourth sub-race, the Keltic. The Japanese, the best type of Red

American Indian, and the Kabyle are all fourth Root-Race people; but the Japanese belongs to its seventh sub-race, the Mongolian; the Red American Indian to its third sub-race, the Toltec; the Kabyle to its sixth sub-race, the Accadian—but none are quite pure.

Now the complete work of a Manu is to build a Root-Race and all its sub-races, to supervise, guard, preserve and guide it throughout its long evolution. The Hindu Scriptures give you the names of the Manus, for Manu is the name of the office, not of the individual; He is given a model by the KING, and He works hard to build the type; He takes birth in it Himself, and His children are a little nearer to the type; they are taken as a new starting point, and so on and on, with tireless patience, ever approaching the model. Vaivasvata Manu is our own Manu, the Manu of the Aryan Root-Race, and we are all His descendants. A million years ago, He began the slow process of selection, choosing one here, one there, as possible materials for His far-off Race. At last, about B. C. 100,000, He drafted these into a tribe, and separated it off to start His work definitely; in B. C. 79,797, He led off His people from an island in what is now the Atlantic Ocean, and took them across Africa to Arabia, and settled them there for a time. Later on, He led them north to the shores of the shallow sea which stretched to the Arctic Ocean, and then to the south-east of this settlement, to the shores of the Gobi Sea—now a vast desert in Asia. Along these shores He settled His infant Race, and, after many troubles and massacres, a type was reached which was fairly satisfactory, and from B. C. 60,000 it grew and flourished exceedingly, and became a mighty Nation.

Vaivasvata Manu sent off great emigrations from time to time, and often led them Himself. He built up Empires in Arabia and South Africa with one of these; in Persia with another; one spread over Europe, making Greece and Rome, and another, more to the north of Europe, shaped the Germans and the English. He took down into India the dwellers in the Gobi Sea settlement, and they conquered India, settled down and reared a fine civilisation. The Hindus still call themselves "the children of Manu," and look up to Him as their Law-giver.

He is beginning to build a new sub-race, the sixth, chiefly over in America, and also in Australia and New Zealand, and we can already recognise the very fine type which He is there evolving. Out of that the next Manu, who is now His Lieutenant, and who is by descent of His body one of the great Râjput line of Monarchs, the Mauryas, will choose the materials for His sixth Root Race, and later on He will settle them in a Colony and shape them into the new type given to Him by the KING. The Teacher, who was Pythagoras—about whom you read last month—will be the Teacher of that new Race, and will succeed the Lord Maitreya as Bodhisattva, thousands of years hence.

Our Manu is living in the Himâlayas, not far from the house of the Lord Maitreya, and He comes sometimes to His great Brother's house. He is a magnificent-looking man, with a great beard rolling down over His chest in glowing waves of brown shot with gold, and masses of glorious hair, mane-like, a lion-head of unsurpas-

sable force and power. Tall is He, and of King-like majesty, with eyes piercing as an eagle's, tawny and brilliant with golden lights.

When we see war raging, and Governments tottering, when great changes are impending, and civilisation seems outworn, then we should raise our eyes to our Manu, and face calmly all that comes, for He knows and guides. Presently He will be shaping another mighty World-Empire or rather a Commonwealth of these Nations, for the days of military Empires are gone for ever; the War of 1914 to 1918 killed the latest of them. England, India, Germany, America, should all be builded into it. The young men and maidens of to-day will see its rising. Of its later splendor and its power who may tell?

Note. You may read in the Purânas about these continents, and they say there will be two more, the sixth and the seventh. The sixth is already being thrown up by volcanoes in the northern Pacific and south and westwards of Japan and China. Watch in the newspapers for new islands being thrown-up in that part of the world, and you will learn that the Purânas are very valuable books, and help us to recognise history in the making.—Eds.

"The Power That Makes for Righteousness"

I like to think that Somewhere at long last
The shrivelled buds, which never live to flower,
Will bloom more richly; in some silent hour
Birds sing again, whose singing days are past,
And in great open spaces, wide and vast,
Felled woodland monarchs more superbly tower
Towards Infinity; in deathless power
All Beauty glow, which here was overcast.

The friendship which was chilled before its prime,
The Love too frail to face the angry storm,
Shy hopes, and works which never reached their goal—

Somewhere I know they must find growing time,
Develop till they reach their perfect form,
Earth's broken dreams blend in some noble whole.

FEDDEN TINDALL

The Perfect Artist

"God is the Perfect Artist."—Browning

O Perfect Artist! every work of Thine
Is truth and beauty! earth and sea and sky
Faultless in vast conception! How can I,
Or any creature, sense the great design,
Glory of shade and color, strength of line,
And, most of all, the wondrous depths which lie
Hidden within the picture? We must try
With humble joy to gaze on the divine.

The brooding valley and the mystic hill,
Broad-breasted ocean and wide moorland way,
The wooded height, the swiftly flowing rill,
Majestic cliffs or peaceful meadow, they
Are grand creations of the Eternal Will,
Symbols of Love too deep for words to say.

FEDDEN TINDALL

A Day in the King's Life.

A MODEST HARD-WORKER

UNLIKE his father, King Edward, who was known as Europe's first and best-dressed gentleman, King George lays no claim to Beau-Brummellism. He has not the knack of wearing his clothes with that careless manner which distinguished his father; yet he probably has more suits of clothes than any man in England, to say nothing of over 90 uniforms. He looks his best in the rough tweed shooting clothes, which his Scottish gun-bearers and gillies know so well. King George is the finest shot in England, bar none. If you saw him at the butts, bringing off those remarkable right and left shots of his, saw him unflinchingly snap gun to shoulder with the automatic swing of an expert, you would be inclined to say: "This isn't the King of England. It's England's greatest shot, a man whose gun, clothes, and eye all move in unison to one object, the head of his bird."

The Toilet

Few Englishmen know King George as he really is, a modest, hard-working, intensely punctilious gentleman, whose motto, lived up to the last dot, is "Duty". He begins his day in a flowered dressing-gown at 7-30 every morning, when his valet brings him a cup of tea and turns on his bath—which, like all Englishmen, the King takes cold. Once a week, while the King is having his bath, a little grey-haired old man, carrying a black bag, is admitted to the palace. For years that little man has passed the red-coated sentries at the palace gates, walked briskly through the courtyard, removed his hat and gloves in the cloak room adjoining the King's private ante-room, and been ushered into the royal dressing room to await the King. He is the King's barber, and, as the King enters his dressing room, the little man stands up, bows, says: "Good morning, Your Majesty," and pushes a chair in front of a long pier-glass, whereupon the King sits down to undergo the operation of beard-trimming. After the beard is trimmed satisfactorily, the King eats alone the simplest breakfast imaginable in a little room adjoining his dressing-room, generally tea, a soft boiled egg, and the marmalade, without which no

Englishman feels he has breakfasted. A few personal letters are put on his plate by his private valet, the papers spread out at an adjoining table.

A Morning Ride

Half an hour for these, and then King George dresses himself for his morning ride in Hyde Park—dark coat, Derby hat, riding breeches, long boots—and, with a riding crop in his hand, goes down to the courtyard of the Palace to mount his horse. Generally he takes one of the Princes with him, or may be one of his equerries. If the Prince of Wales is at home, or Prince Henry, they ride with him too, but few Londoners get up early enough to see their King galloping round Rotten Row. It is a pity they miss it, for King George brackets his shooting superiority only with his horsemanship, which is first-rate. After the ride, King George hustles back to the Palace, and takes another bath, thus excelling even the most punctilious Englishman by taking two cold baths in one morning. The time is now 8-30 or a quarter to 9, and, if there is no immediate ceremonial, King George dresses, probably in a dark blue or dark brown suit. From 9 to 10 o'clock he reads the morning newspapers, and at 10 he has half an hour's chat with his family, talking much as any father talks to his wife and sons before leaving for the office in the morning.

A Well-Informed Man

Punctually at 10-30, Lord Stamfordham, the King's private and confidential secretary, sees the King. He brings with him letters which must be answered, Government documents for perusal, and lists of appointments to be made and kept; and while the band of the Guards plays below in the courtyard, as the King's Guard is being mounted with full ceremonial, the King makes his appointments for six months ahead, reads notes from his Cabinet Ministers and heads of departments—in fact, "cleans up" his morning's work just as any bank president or business man "cleans up" in his office every day. These duties over, the King keeps his appointments. Like his father, King Edward, and his grandmother, Queen

Victoria, King George has formed the habit of sending for all the interesting people of the hour and having a chat with them—inventors, famous soldiers, newspaper editors who are launching out with new ideas and politics, writers, explorers. King George, through this little habit, is one of the best-informed men in England to-day. As the King chats, he smokes a pipe whenever he can, the pipe which all Englishmen of his day smoke, a B. B. B. briar. At 12 o'clock, King George is dictating letters, and very occasionally writing a personal letter with quill pen and ink.

At Luncheon

At 12-30, more often than not, he is deciding his daily charity subscriptions—no small duty—and at 1 o'clock he goes to his family lunch. This is just an ordinary family affair, with the most simple menu. Indeed, since the War, Buckingham Palace has become notorious for its simple but well-cooked meals. The only outward display of royalty is the red-coated footmen. Queen Mary sits at one end of the table, the King at the other. Frequently Queen Alexandra, the King's mother, comes to this meal, also the Duke of Connaught, the King's uncle, or the Queen's favorite brother, Alexander of Teck, now Duke of Athlone, or else a Cabinet Minister or an Ambassador, or one of the few personal friends of the King. After lunch, unless there is an investiture or other ceremonial function, the King spends an hour reading in the smoking room, or talks with a friend. King George is an inveterate reader. He reads Blue Books by the score, dives into nearly every important memoir published, and revels in history of Georgian times. His knowledge of the American War of Independence is practically unrivalled, and he only divides his admiration for Nathan Hale with Major Andre. Reading, shooting, riding, and stamp collecting are King George's hobbies—his stamp collection is probably the finest in the world, and the only thing that really tempts the King to turn from arduous duties. By 3-30 relaxation is over, and King George leaves the palace on one of his many tours of factory inspection, hospital visiting, or monument unveiling. By 5 he is back, and from 5 till dinner time King George is free to do more or less as he likes.

Quiet Evenings

The King has few intimates. He is really a lonely man, very intense, very studious, with no very great sense of humor, and very quiet of voice. His best friends, with whom he shoots, rides, and talks, are the Hon. Harry Stonor, whom the King naturally calls "Harry"; Lord Desborough, formerly "Willie" Grenfell; Sir Sidney Greville, the Duke of Devonshire, and Admiral Sir Seymour Fortescue, his old shipmate in the sailing days, when Victoria was Queen; Sir Charles Cust, Sir Clive Wigram, and Major Philip Hunloke. With these men the King takes his walks, plays cards, and sometimes visits. They are all real friends of the King. They look on him first, of course, as their royal master, but beneath they recognise in King George a man who is full of information, fond of simple things, the last word in conscientiousness, and a good companion. Evenings, King George devotes to his family. After dinner, which is just the same in unpretentiousness as lunch, the King and his family visit a theatre possibly, or sit in the drawing room, talking and reading. Sometimes the King will pay a private call on one of his friends who may be sick, in which case he drives off unostentatiously in closed brougham or motor car to make his call, followed, of course, by ever-present, but self-effacing, detectives.

(From the *Saturday Journal*, Adelvaide)

LIFE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

HOW THE KING'S OFFICES ARE CONDUCTED

KING George V is the first "business-like" monarch to occupy the Throne. This is partly by reason of a natural instinct to be methodical in all things, and partly through the necessity for judicious economy.

His Majesty causes his household to be conducted upon lines of astute good management, consistent always with Royal dignity—in marked contrast with the muddle of "the good old days," when Kings were constantly involved in a quagmire of debt, and often resorted to very dubious practices to meet financial stringency.

There is no secret about the King's income. It is controlled and fixed by Parliament, and amounts to four hundred and seventy thousand

pounds per annum. Of this sum, more than three-quarters goes in wages to servants, salaries to officials, and in commonplace household expenses, items which have expanded enormously since the War, without any increase whatever in the grant made by Parliament to the Sovereign.

There are, however, certain private sources of income, the chief being the fortune left by Queen Victoria, which was distributed among her immediate family. Royal wills are "sealed" when deposited for probate at Somerset House, but it is believed that her late Majesty left about £2,000,000. A certain proportion of this was invested for the benefit of the present Monarch. In view of the numerous family of the late Queen, it need hardly be said that King George's portion of her fortune is not great.

No Income from State Lands

It is assumed by some people that the revenue from Crown lands goes to the King. This is not so. As long ago as 1760 this source of income was surrendered by George III to the public.

There are three small rooms in Buckingham Palace which may be called "the offices". They are furnished plainly, but substantially, with light oak desks, three typewriters, safe, and indeed, all the equipment of the modern business office.

It was in the first year of the accession of King Edward that these offices came into being upon the suggestion of Sir Ernest Cassel, who had embarked upon the somewhat difficult task of straightening out the personal affairs of His Majesty. Sir Ernest found that the old system of dealing with Royal accounts was most unsatisfactory. Prior to this, accounts were dealt with in a small room in S. James Palace, now part of the Lord Chamberlain's department.

In considering the financial organisation that deals with His Majesty's income, we have to remember that the King has a public and private purse. The Keeper of the Privy Purse is a relic of the day when the Sovereign's charities (largesse) were distributed by an individual who "farmed" out the privileges to very good purpose. For generations the Monarch knew nothing about the state of this Privy Purse, except that it was generally in a low condition. Through the exertions of

the Prince Consort, the great reformer of Royal household finances, a drastic change was brought about in the management of the income of the Sovereign.

The Staff

In the "office" of Buckingham Palace is a staff of about seven people—the Keeper of the Privy Purse, the Comptroller of the Household, and a small Secretariat. The former official handles the King's private charities and accounts; the latter is responsible for the complex business of adjusting the bills incurred to the Royal warrant-holders, and generally "running" His Majesty's household. The first of these rooms, overlooking the beautiful grounds of the Palace, is where His Majesty's correspondence is dealt with. Opening out of it is the private "post office"—fitted with private telegraph office—installed at the Palace in the later years of Queen Victoria. Each morning the correspondence is sorted out, that of a personal nature arriving in a sealed bag. Correspondence with members of foreign reigning families used to be heavy. Queen Victoria wrote almost every week to all her Continental relatives. To-day, naturally, such correspondence is very sparse.

Letters from Cranks

Many letters arrive for the King written by cranks and even lunatics. Any voicing a personal grievance are, however, laid aside for enquiry. Letters of a business nature are often taken into the office of the Comptroller; those that call for his Majesty's comment are laid first before his Chief Secretary, or the Keeper of the Privy Purse.

The King is a remarkably early riser. Before breakfast he is in a private cabinet, close to the "offices" mentioned, or if it be summer, in his specially constructed summer-house, and has gone through much of his private correspondence. He is ready immediately after breakfast to deal with general correspondence. Every letter of any consequence sent out from the Palace is carefully read by the King before signing.

Turning first to the management of the Household, the most important people are the Royal warrant-holders, firms which are on the list of specially selected tradespeople, who may be honored with the custom of the King.

Queen Victoria had been ten years upon the Throne when she found herself sinking into debt. Her income was large and her ceremonial expenditure small. We owe to the tireless efforts and courage of the Prince Consort the present wonderful "system," which governs the working of the finances of the Royal Household and which has no rival in any other Court. Even the Kaiser, in 1906, sent over Count Eulenberg, his Grand Chamberlain, to study the system.

Under the wise guidance of the Prince Consort the whole system of dealing with warrant-holders was reorganised. To-day, tradesmen are dealt with on strictly business lines. How businesslike, few people realise. It may be said, however, that there have been instances where tradespeople have supplied goods to the Royal Palace, and after a careful examination of both quality and price of the commodities by Queen Mary herself, the result has been the deletion of the tradesmen's names from the list of warrant-holders.

The buying of gifts is a serious matter for the Royal Privy Purse. Queen Victoria and King Edward were accustomed to have a vast selection of possible articles sent to the Palace, where choice was made without reference to price. To-day the King and Queen shop like ordinary individuals and take advantage of any discounts for cash that may be obtainable.

The Counting-House

The payment of accounts is a matter of monthly routine. No bills run for longer, and in certain instances a cash payment is made to secure more favorable terms. This innovation was brought about by King George immediately after he ascended the Throne. He himself went through the household bills, and noted that no discounts were allowed. He pressed the point upon his Comptroller, and eventually the "astounding innovation" (as Queen Victoria termed the idea of a Monarch examining bills) was carried through.

A visit to the "counting-house" in Buckingham Palace during the morning reveals a busy scene, which makes one recall a remark made by Lord Rothschild concerning the King when Prince of Wales. The Prince took a keen interest in the finances of the London hospitals, and

many original suggestions were made by him whereby economies might be effected. "Your Royal Highness would have made a great financial man had you been born in a humbler rank," said the banker.

The King personally spends some time each morning in his "counting-house," signing cheques of a private nature drawn upon Coutts' Bank, and settling questions connected with his private benefactions. Few people realise the enormous demands upon his kindness of heart, and how much of his income goes to his subjects. Appeals pour daily into the Palace, and some of them are terribly heart-rending. Rarely, if ever, does His Majesty turn from a deserving case. Few of even his most confidential courtiers know the extent of his charity.

The Queen's Help

The King's "office" labors are materially helped by the Queen. Until recently, the Princess Mary, too, assisted. Before her marriage, the Princess did a great deal of Secretariat work of a private nature for her Royal father, and to this end she endured the labor of learning shorthand and typewriting. Since she left the Palace, the Queen has each morning devoted some time to assisting in the scrutiny of household accounts, and particularly in examining correspondence from women who appeal for help on the grounds of financial distress. There never has been before in history the spectacle of a Monarch and his Consort working together in what may be truly called their "office," situated in the heart of a Palace.

It is only by contrasting Royal life to-day with the time-wasting, cumbersome ceremonial of the past, that we can realise what a marvellous change has come over Palace life.....

King George is the first "businesslike" Monarch. No King has before risen, while many of his subjects are yet asleep, to sit at his desk, and scan his accounts and correspondence. No Consort in Royal history has been found before Queen Mary, personally to keep an eye on the multitudinous domestic affairs of the household. It is unique among the Courts of Europe: jointly so managing their household that waste is eliminated, and the value of money appreciated.

The Englishman (Calcutta)



Rabindranath Tagore



Rabindran Tagore teaching his "Morning Song"

Dr. Rabindranath Tagore

AT MADANAPALLE

I N March, 1919, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore sought peace and health as a guest of the Principal of The Theosophical College Madanapalle at the end of a long tour in South India. Instead of worrying the tired and ailing Poet with curiosity, the students bravely curbed their desire to see and hear him. They left him to the quiet solitude that he needed in the little one-roomed cottage beside the Principal's bungalow. Their consideration was amply rewarded. The Poet recovered his health quickly, and soon mixed among the students, as if he was at his own Shānti Niketan. He attended the "At Home" which the Principal and Mrs. Cousins gave every week, at which games, songs and laughter were the order of the day. The Poet joined in, and before long was singing one of his own songs as an item of the extempore programme. Its refrain caught on. He was asked to repeat it. Next day everyone was humming "Jaya hai, jaya hai, jaya hai, jaya, jaya, jaya hai." Before he left Madanapalle, he was asked to teach the song to the students. After evening prayers he sat on the ground behind the Principal's bungalow. The students who were expert singers grouped themselves around him. The high musical voice carolled "The Morning Song of India". The sturdy young voices repeated it over and over again with increasing assurance and accuracy. The Principal hovered on the skirts of the crowd, encouraging the timid. The Bodhi tree overhead stopped its rustling at the unusual sound at its foot. The stars that used to hang like silver fruit in its branches, seemed to thrill like cymbals. The Poet went away, but his song has remained. Every student in South India, who knows anything, knows "Janaganamana"—more or less. Here is a fresh translation made by him when staying at the College.

I

Thou art the ruler of the minds of all people, dispenser of India's destiny.

Thy name rouses the hearts of the Panjab, Sind, Gujrat and Maratha, of Dravid and Orissa and Bengal.

It echoes in the hills of the Vindhya and Himalayas, mingles in the music of the Jamuna and Ganges, and is chanted by the waves of the Indian Sea.

They pray for Thy blessing and sing Thy praise. The saving of all people waits in Thy hand, Thou Dispenser of India's destiny.

Victory, victory, victory to thee!

II

Day and night Thy voice goes out from land to land calling the Hindus, Buddhists, Sikhs and Jains round Thy Throne, and the Parsis, Musūlmāns and Christians.

The East and the West join hands in their prayer to Thee, and the garland of love is woven.

Thou bringest the hearts of all people into the harmony of one life, Thou Dispenser of India's destiny.

Victory, victory, victory to Thee!

III

The procession of pilgrims passes over the endless road, rugged with the rise and fall of Nations;

And it resounds with the thunder of Thy wheels, Eternal Charioteer.

Through the dire days of doom Thy trumpet sounds, and men are led by Thee across death.

Thy finger points the path to all people, O Dispenser of India's destiny.

Victory, victory, victory to Thee!

IV

The darkness was dense and deep was the night. My country lay in a death-like silence of swoon.

But Thy mother-arms were round her, and Thine eyes gazed upon her troubled face, in sleepless love through her hours of ghastly dreams.

Thou art the Companion and the Savior of the people in their sorrows, Thou Dispenser of India's destiny.

Victory, victory, victory to Thee!

V

The night fades; the light breaks over the peaks of the eastern hills; the birds begin to sing; and the morning breeze carries the breath of new life.

The rays of Thy mercy have touched the waking land with their blessings.

Victory to thee, King of kings! Victory to thee, Dispenser of India's destiny!

Victory, victory, victory to Thee!

DAILY DEDICATION

The following prayers from Rabindranath Tagore's *Gitanjali* have been recited by the staff and students of Madanapalle College, the National University, Adyar, and the Brahmavidyāshrama, Adyar, on alternate weeks at the morning dedication of the day's work.

I

Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that Thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that Thou art that Truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart, and keep my love in flower, knowing that Thou hast Thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavor to reveal Thee in my actions, knowing it is Thy Power gives me strength to act.

II

This is my prayer to thee, my Lord, strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor, or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to Thy Will with love.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

BY D. RAJAGOPALACHARYA

The following interesting anecdote which is given by Mr. Ernest Rhys in his book on Tagore, illustrates the immense popularity of this celebrated Indian poet:

On one occasion in London, after the reading of the poet's play *Chitra*, Mr. Montagu (who is now the Secretary of State for India) described how, when riding through an Indian forest at night, he came upon a clearing where two or three men sat round a fire. Not being certain of his road, he was glad to dismount and rest his tired horse. Shortly after he had joined the group, a poor-looking, ill-clothed lad came out of the forest, and sat down also at the fire. First, one of the men sang a song and then another. The boy's turn came, and he sang a song more beautiful both in words and music than the rest. When asked who had made the song, he said that he did not know—"they were singing these songs everywhere". A while after, Mr. Montagu heard the words and music again, this time in a very different place, and when he asked for the name of the maker of the song, he heard for the first time the name of Rabindranath Tagore.

Dr. Rabindranath Tagore stands out pre-eminently as a prose-poet who has given to cultured humanity the spirit of the eastern wisdom in the English language. It is well known that most of his works are translations by himself of what he wrote originally in Bengali, which is his mother-tongue. In the world of literature he has thus a peculiar place; for he is equalled by no one in his achievements in two entirely unrelated languages. Nearly all his works sound a profoundly mystical note, and reveal to us something of the deep nature of their author.

Tagore describes an experience he had early in life, to which he owes the quick development of his mystic nature. "One morning," he writes, "I happened to be standing on the

veranda, looking at the trees on the grounds opposite. The sun was just rising through the leafy tops of those trees. As I continued to gaze, all of a sudden a covering seemed to fall away from my eyes, and I found the world bathed in a wonderful radiance, with waves of beauty and joy swelling on every side. This radiance pierced in a moment through the folds of sadness and despondency which had accumulated over my heart, and flooded it with this universal light. That very day the poem, *The Awakening of the Waterfall*, gushed forth, and coursed on like a veritable cascade. The poem came to an end, but the curtain did not fall upon the joy aspect of the Universe. And it came to be so that no person or things in the world seemed to me trivial or unpleasing. Thus I gained this further insight which has lasted all my life."

Tagore loves his Motherland India with an intense devotion that is as real as it is beautiful; but he is not patriotic in the way in which people commonly are. I mean that his is a nature which rises above the narrow conceptions of local patriotism. The love he has for his own people does not blind him to the worth of others. Tagore, the Indian genius, belongs in a real sense to all the countries which have access to his writings. He is a believer in humanity as a whole, and not only in isolated portions of it. He has travelled in many lands and met with peoples of different types; and because of his innate spiritual perceptions he has the power to appreciate the greatness in foreign Nations.

A great mind like that of Tagore greatly quickened the possibility of a close friendship between the western countries and India. He has prepared the way for a sympathetic linking of the ideals of the East and the West. Hitherto it has been the West that has moved to the East. Of the life and thought of the East little was known in the West. But in recent years, the culture of the East has been making its way in western lands. Tagore says: "It is the culture that enjoins man to look for his true wealth and power in his inner soul, the culture that gives self-possession in the face of loss and danger, self-sacrifice without counting the cost or hoping for gain, defiance of death, acceptance of countless social obligations that we owe to

men as social beings." "This culture of the East," he continues, "will change the aspects of modern civilisation, infusing life in it where it is a machine, substituting the human heart for cold expediency, not caring so much for power and success as for harmonious and living growth, for truth and beauty." Like all rare thinkers who see clearly into the future, he believes that the world's peace and happiness lie not in fostering the sense of division among the various peoples, but most certainly in promoting mutual understanding among them, which alone can lead to a rational and true civilisation.

To those who have read his works, but have not known him personally, Tagore will only be an exquisite writer of English, an idealist, a mystic. There is an artistic versatility, however, in his nature, which is unsuspected by the literary public, but which evokes a great admiration in those who know him. He is a sweet singer, and has written many beautiful songs, many of which are sung through the length and breadth of India. He is a delightful actor, and I myself have seen him perform, to a select audience in his own house at Calcutta, the charming little play, *The Post Office*. Old as he is, yet life overflowed in him as he danced gracefully, and sang wistful, delicate melodies to the joy of all present. Deep though he is by nature, he has a very keen sense of humor, and in *My Reminiscences* he displays an abundance of this happy gift.

I think that Tagore is little known to the world as a teacher. But he has chosen teaching to be his vocation, and has made a new departure in the education of Indian children. He is imbued with the spirit of the ancient

system of learning in India. During the last few centuries Indian education has been in a deplorable condition. The ancient ideals are largely forgotten, and the profession of the teacher carries with it no honor now. Tagore has founded a school in Bolpur, near Calcutta, with a view to bring back into the life of the Indian student something of the power and energy which the old method stimulated, something of a true conception of life and its purpose, and in addition to help to assimilate the best that the West has to teach. The school is proving a great success; and the methods adopted in it to achieve these ends have been well described by W. W. Pearson in the book *Shanti Niketan*. All teachers eager to improve the educational system of their country may find in that book thoughts of great value to them.

Rabindranath Tagore is nearly sixty years of age, but he looks as fresh and lively as a child at dawn. Speaking to a gathering of children a few years ago he said: "I know I look rather formidable, with my grey beard, and white hair, and flowing Indian robe, and people who know me by my exterior, make the absurd mistake that I am an old man, and give me a higher seat, and pay me deference by keeping at a distance from me. But if I could show you my heart, you would find it green and young—perhaps younger than some of you who are standing before me." In his face one sees a great calm—the impress of that wonderful peace which is seldom found in western lands of hurry and strain. But it is not a peace gained from inactivity. Rather is it the peace which comes only to those who live in that higher realm where great ideals are their daily thoughts.

Shanti Niketan Ashrama

(An Address given in Central Africa)

By C. F. ANDREWS

I HAVE chosen for my subject the Shanti Niketan Ashrama, the one spot which has been the dearest home on earth to me for many years, the "Home of Peace," as its name denotes.

If I were to make a full confession to you at this present moment, here in Central Africa, and were to tell you what is in my inmost heart, you would find hidden deep down there an inextinguishable longing to be away from the

tumult and the strife of tongues, in which, for months past, my life seems to have become involved—whether in the Panjâb, or in Africa—and to be back again once more beneath the Sal trees and the mango groves of Shanti Niketan, where the children sing their songs, and play their games, and do their work; where the spirit of peace and beauty reigns supreme; where the open sky is spread out overhead, in all its infinite mystery, with its sun-rises and its sun-sets, with its full moon-lit beauty at night, and those wonderful dark, purple evenings, when the stars come out one by one, and seem to stoop down to earth to whisper their secrets into the ears of mortal men.

Words cannot picture to you the beauty of Shanti Niketan. Our own Poet and Teacher, whom we call Gurudeva, has named it in his song, "The Darling of Our Hearts"; and it is worthy of the name. All who have visited the Ashrama, old and young alike, have felt its inner beauty growing more and more upon them.

I feel sure, in my own mind, that the presence of the Spirits of such saintly lives as those of Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, the father of the Poet, who lived in the Ashrama during most of the closing years of his life, and of the Poet's eldest brother, the philosopher and sage, Dwijendranath Tagore, who is living there still in his old age—I feel sure that the spiritual presence of these lives pervades our Ashrama, even when the bodily form departs. We find in England, in the beautiful valley, where the ruined walls of Tintern Abbey still remain, something of this same sacredness, which can almost be felt—a beauty of the inner world as well as of the outer scene.

There are stories already told about Shanti-Niketan, which will one day be legends of the Bengal village people—how Maharshi, long years ago, came to the spot just as the sun was setting; how he sat beneath the two Chhattim trees which were covered with white-flowering creepers, and meditated upon God, while night came down over the open plain. When the moon appeared in all her splendor, he was still rapt in prayer. At the time of the golden morning sun rise, Maharshi was still seated—his heart, all through the wakeful night, filled

to overflowing with the joy of the love of God. He said to himself: "This is my place of rest, the end of my pilgrimage." And he remained there year after year. He gave to the spot its present name, Shanti Niketan, the Home of Peace.

Another story runs, how the captain of a robber-band came to the place, thinking that some Sadhu had secretly buried there a hidden treasure; and when he saw the peace and heavenly radiance of Maharshi's face, he fell at his feet and asked forgiveness, and became Maharshi's disciple.

Such stories give their own inner meaning. They make known to us the fact that the resting places of the saints of God are hallowed by the presence of immortal joy. As the Upanishats have said: "God manifests Himself in immortal forms of joy"—that joy which is Love's ultimate expression.

If I were to describe to you one day in the Ashrama with the boys, that would perhaps best bring home to you its inner beauty. Long before sun-rise, like the birds in our own Amlaki groves, our boys are awake. The choristers are the first to rise, and they go round the Ashrama, singing their morning hymn. You can hear the voices in the distance, drawing nearer and nearer; and then the sound dies away, as the choir passes on to another part of the Ashrama.

After an interval, each boy takes his asan—his square of carpet—into the fields, and sits down on it to meditate, in his own place, alone. Later on, before the school work begins, the boys all stand together in the shade of the trees, and sing their hymn to God.

Till about half-past ten, the work of the school goes on. We have no class rooms. The boys sit with their teachers in the open air, under the trees. There are no large classes. A group of eight or ten boys will be seated round the teacher asking him questions. Very few books are used. Like the education, which Plato loved in Athens, the greater part is carried on through conversation. The boys soon learn to open out all their difficulties to their teachers; and the teachers get keenly interested in the boys' questions and answers. Such living education can never be dull.

When the morning work is over, the boys

bathe and go to their meal. About two o'clock in the afternoon the school classes begin again; but at this time the work is chiefly with the hand as well as with the mind. Handiwork is practised, and a boy's own natural tastes are very soon discovered. Some prefer carpentering; others prefer mechanical work; others become skilled draftsmen or painters; others are musicians. There is very little book work in the afternoon. School is over about four o'clock, and then there is a rush to get first into the great open fields for football. Our Shanti Niketan boys are famous everywhere for their sports and games.

In the evening, at sun-set, they return from the fields and sit down once more, for a short time, to meditate in silence.

As night comes on, fairy stories are told; short dramas are recited; our Gurudeva's songs are sung; and the different school gatherings are held.

By nine o'clock, all are glad to retire to rest; and again the choristers go round the Ashrama singing their last evening hymn. There can be no question as to the happiness of the life of our boys. Their faces tell the story of their joy and their freedom. There is no freer life in India, than the life of our children at Shantiniketan.

"Pita nosi"—"Thou art our Father," "Pita no bodhi"—"Teach us to know Thee as our Father"; the Poet usually takes this daily prayer, which the boys have learnt to recite, and in the simplest way of universal child-like faith, leads the hearts and minds of his children forward into the Love of God.

To the aged father of the Poet, Maharshi, Shanti Niketan Ashrama was the most sacred spot on Earth, not merely because of its outward beauty, but because in that place he had found God. It was the end of his long pilgrimage, the goal of his search for the Life Immortal. Over the seat of meditation, where he used to sit in worship, his favourite text is written. The exact words are difficult to translate; for by their very sound, in Bengali, they express their inner beauty, and this cannot be given in a foreign language. The words are concerning God Himself:

He is the repose of my mind,
He is the joy of my heart.
He is the peace of my soul.

Thus Maharshi sought for God and found Him. And we, who are not saints at all, but ordinary people—we too have been able to find God's presence in our Ashrama. The same search, the same longing for God has become more and more easy for us, owing to the prayers and blessings of those saintly lives which have been lived and are still being lived around us.

Who can explain the children's love for their Gurudeva, their Poet, their teacher! It is a well-known sight, to see them running up to him the moment he appears from his upper room and comes down among them. Equally wonderful is it to see him taking the little boys in his Bengali and English classes, or singing to them some song which has been recently composed. The children are his inspiration. They are also his audience and his critics. That is why his greatest songs are ever young.

Can you wonder, then, that I long to get back to Shanti Niketan Ashrama? Can you not understand something of its attraction for me, amid the turmoil of the money-making world and the strife of political parties?

The Poet's health has been very far from strong of late and we have all had our anxieties about him. But we know (for he has taught us) that the true life is not touched by death at all; that the change we call Death, is not a terror, but a joy, a freedom, a deliverance. Though, therefore, we have our natural, human daily cares, both about the health of our own Gurudeva, and about the future of the ashrama; though we often do not know how we shall be able to carry on, with our scanty funds, from year to year, with prices rising higher and higher; yet we never allow these anxieties and cares of the world to overcome the inner joy in our hearts, about which I have spoken.

"God manifests Himself in immortal forms of Joy." We have had that Joy given to us, and nothing can take it away. For it is the immortal Joy of God Himself:

He is the repose of our minds,
He is the joy of our hearts.
He is the peace of our souls.

Buddhist Stories

1. SOLITUDE AND SERVICE

 NCE the Master, the Buddha, much disgusted with the endless quarrels of His disciples, exclaimed: "Alas! This life is comfortless. The brethren pay no heed to what I say. How now if I were to leave this crowd, and live in solitude?" So, without a word to anyone, He took His bowl and upper robe and wandered off alone, and spent the rainy season at the foot of a fair sāla-tree in Guarded Grove, near Pārileyyaka, where His only comrade was a mighty tusker of that ilk.

This tusker, like the Master, was one of noble breed, and he also had left his herd to pass a happy time in the jungle all alone. They say he said: "Here dwell I, jostled by elephants, by she-elephants, by young elephants, and by baby elephants as well. I have to feed on grass browsed by others, on broken shoots of trees; muddied water I have to drink; and, when I plunge into a stream or try to cross it, the she-elephants hustle and jostle, chafe and rub against my body. Suppose I leave the herd and dwell in solitude."

Accordingly that tusker left the herd and made for Guarded Grove, to the foot of the fair sāla-tree where dwelt the Exalted One. And as he drew near, he beheld the Exalted One and saluted Him; and, seeing no one near, with his foot he struck the sāla-tree root and splintered it (to make a broom); then with his trunk he broke off the bough, took it and swept the ground therewith. After that he took the waterpot in his trunk and fetched water for the Master's use. When hot water was wanted, hot water he prepared. But how? say you. Well, like this. Rubbing and grinding branches with his trunk he made a fire; on the fire he cast twigs and made a blaze, and heated stones therein. Then with his trunk he took a broken bough and rolled the stones along to a little rocky water-hole and plumped them in. Then he tested the water with his trunk and, being satisfied that it was hot enough, he went to the Master and saluted Him.

"Well, Pārileyyaka," said the Master, "have you heated the water?" So He went and bathed

in it. Then the tusker brought various fruits and offered them. When the Master went a-begging to the village, the tusker took His begging-bowl and set it on his forehead and went along with Him. When the Master reached the entry to the village, He said: "Past here you cannot go, Pārileyyaka! So give me the bowl and robe." Taking them, He entered the village, and there stood, the tusker waiting His return. When the Master came back he took His bowl and robe, set them down at His dwelling-place, did all his duties to Him and fanned Him with a branch. By night, to guard Him from the dangers of tigers and wild beasts, he took a club in his trunk and, saying to himself: "I'll guard the Master," till early dawn paraded up and down among the forest glades. Thenceforth, they say, that forest was called Guarded Grove. When the sun rose he brought Him water to wash His face withal, and so forth, and as before did all His services.

Now a certain monkey, who was skipping to and fro day after day, beheld that tusker thus doing service for the Goal-Winner (*Tathāgato*), and said to himself: "I too will do my bit." So one day, as he ranged about, he came across a tree honey-comb, quite clear from flies; he broke off the branch and brought the honey-comb, branch and all, to where the Master was, nipped off a plantain-leaf and laid the honey on it as an offering. The Master took it, but sat silently. Said the monkey: "Will He eat it, I wonder? Or will He not?" Then, as he watched Him sitting there (but not eating), "How now," said he, "what's this?" and took and turned the branch about and about, prying and pawing upon it; then saw some insect-grubs therein; so, quickly sweeping them away, he offered it once more. The Master took and ate the honey.

That monkey was so happy that he gambolled here and there, leaping from one branch to another in his ecstasy. But alas! A branch that he clutched and leaped upon broke off, and down he fell on a tree stump, and every bone in his body was broken. Yet, by the mere faith in the Master, dying, he was reborn in the Heaven of the Thirty-Three, and dwelt in a

golden aura that stretched full one hundred and thirty leagues, attended by a retinue of a thousand fairies.

Well, it was noised abroad all over Wood-Apple Land that the Master was dwelling there, waited on by a tusker. So, from the city of Sāvatti, Anāthapindika, the feeder of the poor, and Visākha, the great woman-disciple, and other great folk, sent a message to Ananda, the Elder, thus: "Show us the Master." Also five hundred of the brethren, who had kept the rainy season, came to Ananda and said: "'Tis long, O Ananda, since we heard a talk from the very lips of the Exalted One. Well were it, friend Ananda, if we could get the chance of hearing a talk from the very lips of the Exalted One."

So the Elder took the brethren and went to Guarded Grove. When he got there he thought: "It is not fit to come into the presence of the Goal-Winner, who hath now dwelt three months alone, along with so many brethren." So he stayed those brethren outside and went in alone to the presence of the Master.

Now when Pārileyyaka, the great tusker, saw him coming, he seized a stick and made for him. The Master, seeing, said: "Hold, Pārileyyaka; prevent him not, 'tis a servant of the Buddha."

So the tusker threw away the stick and went to take the Elder's bowl and robe. But the Elder would not give them up. The elephant thought to himself: "If he is one who knows the rules, he will not set down his bundle on the rock where the Master sits and lies." Well, the Elder set down his bowl and robe upon the ground (for those who know the rules never put their bundles on their Teacher's seat or bed), then saluted the Master, and sat down on one side of Him.

Said the Master: "Camest thou alone, Ananda?" Then, on learning that he had come with five hundred of the brethren, He asked: "But where are these?" "I knew not thy thought, Master," Ananda replied, "so I stayed them outside and came alone." Then said the Master: "Bid them enter." And he did so. Then in they came, and the Master gave them kindly greeting, and they said: "O Lord, the Exalted One is a Buddha, softly nurtured, a Prince softly nurtured. 'Tis a hard-

thing for Thee, standing and sitting here alone, with no one to wait upon Thee, no one to bring Thee water for Thy face, and this and that."

But He replied: "O brethren, all my wants have been supplied by Pārileyyaka; and he who hath such a companion may well live alone, and for him, too, who cannot get such an one for him, the solitary life is best." So saying, He sang the verses:

Hast thou found a fellow-traveller, upright,
firm, intelligent,
Leaving all thy cares behind thee, gladly walk
with him intent.
Hast thou found no fellow-traveller, upright,
firm, intelligent,
As a King deserts his borders, by the enemy
pursued,
Like the tusker in the forest, go thy way in
solitude.
Better is the lonely life, for fools companions
cannot be:
Live alone and do no evil, live alone with
scanty needs,
Lonely as the mighty tusker in the forest lonely
feeds.

When this was said, those five hundred brethren were established in the state of Arahanth.

Then the Elder Ananda announced the message from Anāthapindika and the others, saying: "Lord, five kotis of noble disciples, led by Anāthapindika, are longing for thy return." The Master said: "Then take my bowl and robe." So he took his bowl and robe and went forth. The tusker went and stood across the way. "What is he doing, Lord?" they asked. "Brethren, the tusker desires to give you an alms. 'Tis long indeed that he has served me. It is not right to hurt his feelings. Turn back again, brethren." So the Master took the brethren and went back. Then the tusker entered the jungle and gathered plantains and all sorts of fruits, piled them in a heap, and on the morrow offered them to the brethren. Even those five hundred brethren could not finish up so much. At the end of the meal the Master took His bowl and robe and set forth. But the tusker passing through the brethren stood before the Master and barred the way. "What is the elephant doing, Lord?" said they. "Brethren, he wishes to be rid of you, and to turn me back."

Then said the Master to the tusk: "Pâriley-yaka, this going of mine is not to be turned back. In this life you cannot enter the trance, attain Insight, or win the fruits of the Path. Stay you here."

Thereupon the great beast, when he heard that, thrust his trunk into his mouth and followed behind them weeping. If he could have made the Master turn back he would have served Him all His life in that same way.

When the Master reached the entry to the village, He turned and said to the tusk: "Pâriley-yaka, beyond this point there is no place for you. The haunts of men are full of danger for you. Stay you here."

Thereupon he halted weeping, and the

Master passed on, leaving him behind; and when He passed beyond his sight, poor Pâriley-yaka died of a broken heart. Yet by mere faith in the Master, he was reborn in the Heaven of the Thirty-Three in a golden aura stretching a hundred and twenty leagues, with a retinue of a thousand fairies, and his name was Pâriley-yaka, son of a Deva.

F. L. WOODWARD.

Note: (i) The first para is a condensation; all the rest is a literal translation from the Pali commentary on the *Dhammapada*, cap. 5.

(ii) When one is reborn, after death, in the heaven world of the Devas, he is called Deva-puttu, "son of God".

"Nothing Lost"

Many years ago Marguerite Bigelow wrote a beautiful little poem entitled "Nothing Lost," which we reproduce here, as finely sounding the note of good Pâriley-yaka's life, and from the *Children's Newspaper* we take a beautiful record in prose of a little thing, a small courtesy, to a tired stranger, that was not only not lost but brought to the doer a great reward.

"Nothing Lost"

1. There was never a sunbeam lost,
And never a drop of rain;
There was never a carol sweet
That was sung, and sung in vain;
There was never a noble thought
But through endless years it lives
And never a blacksmith's blow
But an endless use it gives.

2. There was never a child's sweet laugh,
Or a woman's cheerful word,
That did not exalt the State
Where its tones were felt and heard.
Know then that it still holds true
From the skies to the humblest soil,
That there is no wasted love,
And there is no wasted toil.

"Lincoln's Messenger"

There has recently passed away in America, revered and respected by his fellow citizens, Mr. Harold F. Blake, who was one of Abraham Lincoln's trusty messengers during the American Civil War.

At one time thousands of American boys would have sacrificed all they possessed to gain his coveted position.

Before he was fourteen he served as a bandsman during the early part of the war. Shortly after his father removed to Washington, the boy attended an entertainment in a hall in that city, and, noticing a gentleman who was evidently tired standing near, he offered his seat, which was gratefully accepted. The gentleman proved to be the manager

of the Western Union Telegraph system, and he offered the boy an appointment as a messenger.

Great was the lad's surprise and delight when he found that his duties consisted of carrying despatches and messages for the great President.

Harold Blake carried despatches to the President during the years 1864 and 1865, and was given a pass of which he was very proud, bearing the words "Admit Bearer, A. Lincoln."

With such a beginning one might be sure that a successful future awaited the lad. In later years he was apprenticed to bootmaking, and became a manufacturer in boots and shoes. He retired at 60 and died a few weeks ago.

The Blue Star

MORE Light!" he exclaimed, awakening in the morning, when the dawn colored the clouds rosy and golden, and the sun appeared pale above the crest of the mountains.

"More Light!" he cried, at the burning hour of noon, while his eyes were following the soaring flight of swallow and lark in the limpid blue of the heavens.

"More Light!" he breathed in the night, when he fell asleep, his eyes fixed on the trembling stars.

People laughed at him, sarcastic remarks were flung at him: "Have you not light enough? The light surrounds us. It fills our valley with its golden rays! What more do you want?"

But he scorned their sarcastic remarks and repeated to himself the ardent cry for light, without minding the boys' shouting: "He wants more light! More light!" making faces at him and shrugging their shoulders in derision.

One day he saw on the crest of the mountain a blue light so clear and penetrating that he stopped working and stood in silence.

"Hey!" said one of his comrades, "what does he see yonder, that he keeps so still?" And they all roared with laughter, repeating in chorus: "He wants more light! He wants more light!"

But the man threw down his tools, lifted up his head, and cried aloud: "I have found the Light!" "Where is it?" "Where is it?" they clamored, "we can't see it at all!" shading their eyes and standing on tiptoe, with gathering scorn in their eyes.

In his desire to lead his brethren to the light he went from door to door, appealing to them to follow him in his Quest: "Come with me," he cried, "to the light that lights our souls, not the light that warms our bodies. We have to leave the valley, to climb the mountain top, to reach the Blue Spark whose radiance dazzled and comforted me."

But they all turned away from him, incredulous, devoid of enthusiasm. With increased derision they called out: "The fool! What does he mean, talking about the light of the soul? He cannot even show us the light he sees! Go on, leave us in our happy ignorance!"

The old men tried in vain to dissuade him from following the dangerous Quest. "Here in the valley you can easily earn your living. Everyone knows you. Why should you go?"

"Alas!" he sighed, "I cannot go on following the dull routine of everyday life. I cannot bear any longer the unsolved riddle of existence! Here

in the valley I see nought but misery and pain, relieved only by rare moments of fleeting happiness and trivial pleasures. I see but the tyranny of the strong over the weak, of the rich over the poor! There on the Mount, I will find Love and Unity!"

"Love! Have we not love in plenty here? Look at our wives, our girls and their sweethearts, our youths full of ardent desire!" "Oh no," he said, "that love is transient and fleeting, turning to indifference or hatred. I am in search of the Love Divine and Eternal."

"Does it exist anywhere?" cried out the old men in plaintive voices, "let us mind our business, it is enough to fill our lives. Why should we ascend the thorny paths to the unknown? You talk mere nonsense. You will find your death."

"My death! As if I were not doomed to die in this valley also! Am I to die without having achieved a single feat, without having lived my life! The Light my Light shall guide me!"

They scoffed and giped and taunted him; they pelted him with stones and shouted: "Be off, you fool!" Alone, but full of ardent desire he went his lonely way, without looking backwards, his eyes fixed on the Mount, whispering: "I will save you all the same!"

He went forth.....

The village behind dwindled more and more, the valley became narrower and narrower. Faint sounds reached him yet, the hue and cry of those who saw no more of him than a faint outline against the sky—the people who derided him, because he wished to lead them to the Star of Truth!

"The fool! The impudent, the arrogant fool! He wants more light, and plunges into the darkness of the jungle. He had an easy life, and he goes off into privations and perils!"

But the man.....he knelt and closed his ears to the distracting sounds of the world, and saw the Star sparkling through the trees more brilliantly than ever. That Star he vowed to win!

He went on his way. The diminutive village looked like a child's toy with its little houses, its ribbon of a river, its many-colored patches of cornfields and pastures. He watched it for a long time, following the agitated movements of the people in the gloomy streets and narrow lanes of the village, and mused: "Why all this commotion and agitation? We weep and we laugh, we love and we marry, we live and we die—what for? What is

the goal of these vain efforts? How futile and uninteresting are those lives!"

Long he strode on, his face scratched by the rough prickly shrubs, his bleeding feet reddening the rough stones on the way; Exhaustion closed his eyes despair filled his heart. The Star above was always receding in the distance; but the air was pure and light, purer and lighter than in the valley, where night and morning the vapors gathered. The purity of the Mount fortified his heart against the gathering distress and despair. He staggered on, reeling over the sharp stones, falling back again and again but to go forward once more, desperately clinging to the branches which struck him in the face, tumbling down when they broke between his trembling fingers. The slippery grass, the cutting stones, the prickly shrubs, the ever-recurring difficulties made the task well-nigh impossible. Without a murmur he continued his slow ascent, sustained by his ardent desire to reach the Star, to spread the Light among his ignorant brethren.

At last he reached the mountain top. The grass was soft, the flowers brilliant, the widened heavens showered upon him all the jewels of their scintillating stars. But the Blue Star—for which he had toiled and suffered—it had disappeared.

Utter dejection filled his heart. He asked himself if his ascent had really been in vain, if his soul had been deluded by the foolish fancies of the Great Illusion. He fell down on his knees, buried his emaciated face in his hands and wept bitterly, exclaiming: "I am left all alone! I have reached the summit, to find only empty space! I am alone! all alone!"

All of a sudden he was roused from his despondency by the sound of passing steps, and the crackling of branches. He looked in the direction of the village from which the sounds seemed to come, perceived the people he had left behind in the days of hope and energy, and heard their distant voices supplicating, for "Light, more Light, more Light!"

He listened in surprise, thinking to hear the old whisperings of his heart again. But an ardent voice shouted: "I have found the Light. The Light from above, the Blue Star of Truth and Love. Follow me!" Scoffing gibes, insulting remarks accompanied the eager cry: "Fool! Impudent fool! Arrogant fool! Do not leave the valley, you will meet disaster and failure. The ascent is impossible!" Such were the apparently sensible remarks of the wisecracks.

"Where is the Star!" exclaimed the Searcher with heart loud-beating. "I searched for it and lost

it, and they see it once more, and begin the Quest anew; they undertake the hard struggle again, which I have done in vain. Are we then but one in thought and feeling! Is there but One Light that lights every man? Living Sparks, do we represent but One Flame?"

Then only, his whole being changed, did he begin to understand the mystery of life. He stood alone on the mountain-top, but down in the valley his brethren, roused by his endeavors, had begun to ascend the Mount in Quest of Wisdom and Truth. The Blazing Star on the mountain top attracted the Soul of Man to the Quest of Beauty, Love and Unity.....

Gorgeous flowers, subtle odors, soft green meadows were forgotten; the Blazing Star—the Blue Light on the Mount—opened its arms of light to the unknown masses, the band of bold pilgrims.

And the man on the top of the Mount, who had lost his Star—now found the Star in his burning heart, and exclaimed in ecstasy: "O God! the Blazing Star is within my heart!"

And he heard a voice, grave but tender, full of love and compassion, speaking to him and saying: "Brother, you have won; you are free. I pass the Torch to you. Save thy brethren in the valley of darkness, who seek the Light, and aspire to the heights of Wisdom and Truth. Give them Light on the Path, as I have lightened thy path during the long and dreary ascent. Give them the Light thou hast won by thy earnest endeavor, thy great endurance, thy lofty self-sacrifice. Pass on the Light to the brethren who follow thee, and continue thy Quest.

"But before thou givest them the Light, wait patiently till they perceive the Truth in themselves; thus alone can man fully realise the creative force of Truth in the supreme hour of Illumination. Brother, thou art free; thou hast won. Lift up thy head! Look! The clouds are lifting, new peaks are rising in the clear sky. Learn at last the triumphal march of Evolution!"

And the man discerned a peak higher than the one on which he was standing, awaiting the ascending brethren to serve them and help them in their arduous Quest. He himself became the Blue Star, the Light of Wisdom!

And the man on the Mount saw a new Star appearing, The Blazing Star, a Star shining more intensely, more beautiful than the first—and his heart went out to the New Star, ready for the further Quest! SERGE BUSY (Senior Knight)

(Translated from *La Table Ronde*, Belgium)

Under the Scout Flag

Last month we looked at Australian Scouts, and French Scouts, and at Scouting in America. This month we come Home, and pay a visit to

THE GANDEVI SCOUTS AT UNAI



ARRIVED AT THE CAMP

Unai, a tiny village in Surat District, situated on the boundary land between the territories of Bansda State and Baroda Rāj, is a place of pilgrimage to which thousands of people repair on the Chaitra Pūrṇima (full moon day), to get a dip in the hot-water kunda, and to worship the Devi [Shining One] whose temple is located just near the kunda. Unai is reached by the Bilimora-Kala Amba Railway, after a run of less than two hours. Situated on the outskirts of the famous Dang forests, which are ruled over by Bhil chiefs, the scenery around Unai is perfectly sylvan. But the main attraction of the place is the hot water springs, which are found in one kunda.

The derivation of the word Unai is unknown. If one is fond of philological gymnastics, he might, if he wishes, trace the name through Ushna-toya; Unnoya; Unai. At least the first syllable of the name is recognisable—"un" in Konkāni and Marāṭhi means hot. Like most places in India, Unai has a past—a dim but venerable past, shrouded in a legendary haze. It is said that Shri Rāma, while travelling in search of His Consort Sitā came over to this side. He wished to perform a sacrifice but he could not get Brāhmanas; He therefore got hold of several non-Brāhmanas, shot an arrow into the ground, and

hot water spouted forth. He then told the people to take baths in the hot water to purify themselves, and then He asked them to wear the sacred thread, which is the distinctive prerogative of the twice-born. The place of sacrifice can still be seen a few miles away from Unai, deep in the jungle; but except on Chaitra Pūrṇima, and when the crowds are very large, people dare not go to see the place, as it is the abode of tigers. Soft white ashes are still dug out and reverently brought home from the place by those fond devotees who journey to it, from such distant places as Karachi and Madras.

As soon as a traveller gets within a few yards of the kunda, his nose begins to be oppressed with a sulphurous smell, which grows in intensity as he goes near; the water in the kunda is steaming hot—so hot that one cannot put his finger in the water. It is believed to possess medicinal properties, and is said to be very good for gout, rheumatism and for skin diseases. Only recently Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda camped there to try the water.



THE BUGLE-CALL

It was decided to take two troops of the Gandevi Boy Scouts to camp at Unai during the Fair time. The advance party left for Unai, with tents and all other necessary materials and implements, two days ahead, and selected a very beautiful and picturesque spot for camping. The next day the whole party left for Unai under the guidance of the Scout Leader. It was a regular camp. The reveille,

tea, meals, lights out—all were announced by bugle calls. To guard the camp sentries were mounted—one by day and two by night, each one doing his duty for the appointed time. To see the different items of scout discipline was the delight of the neighbouring campers. The camp was struck on



ON GUARD

the third day. Three lusty cheers, as the train bearing the scouts steamed out of the Unai Road station, gave the signal to the wondering crowds of people that these quasi-military people, who were an enigma to the police force at Unai, had departed.

A SCOUT

Judge McCormick of San Francisco says these are the thirteen mistakes of life:

1. To attempt to set up your own standards of right and wrong.
2. To try to measure the enjoyment of others by your own.
3. To expect uniformity of opinions in this world.
4. To fail to make allowances for inexperience.
5. To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike.
6. Not to yield in unimportant trifles.
7. To look for perfection in our own actions.
8. To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.
9. To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.
10. Not to help everybody, wherever, however, and whenever we can.
11. To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.
12. Not to make allowances for the weaknesses of others.
13. To estimate equality by some outside test: It is that within which makes men equal.

"To The Queen"

The following prophetic poem was addressed by Lord Tennyson in March, 1851, to our present Emperor's grandmother, Victoria the Good, on the occasion of the issue of his first volume of collected works. It nobly breathes the spirit of the duties which fall to the lot of those who live on thrones, and to the full did the great Queen earn "a thousand claims to reverence," not alone from the British people, but from her subjects of all races, creeds and colors. May the throne of her successors ever be broad-based throughout this mighty Commonwealth upon their peoples' will, inspired by that Divine Will which makes for unity unshakable amidst diversities innumerable.

Revered, beloved—O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior Kings of old,

Victoria—since your Royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel, greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base;

And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there;

Then—while a sweeter music wakes,
And thro' wild March the throats call,
Where all about your palace-walls
The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes—

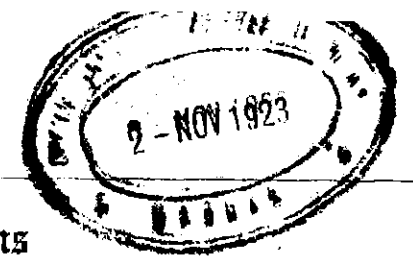
Take, Madam, this poor book of song;
For tho' the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say:
"She wrought her people lasting good."

Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her, as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet"

"By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea."



Big Bill and Billikins

"There goes Billikins!"

"But who is Billikins?"

Billikins is the survivor of the latest family of twins of Sea-Eagle and his wife, who have a nest near the top of a tall casuarina, or southern pine, within a hundred yards of the tidal river.

Loud quacks, like very noisy ducks, at morn and eve, had raised my curiosity for some time, but I put them down to migrant wild ducks, until one day the same noise came from a big bird circling overhead. Then I borrowed a field glass and Douglas Dewar's *Indian Birds*, and investigated; and so made the acquaintance of some interesting neighbors.

Half an hour before sunrise and sunset each day they sit side by side on a bare bough at the extreme top of the tallest tree, and preen their feathers. The night dew makes them look draggled and dingy at first, but as the sun rises their white breasts glisten, and before they fly off to begin their day's work they make a handsome pair, and fully justify Colonel Cunningham's description, quoted by Dewar:

One of the most splendid of large raptorial birds, owing to the brilliant contrast of the snowy whiteness of the head and under surface, with the deep ashy tints of the wings and back. There are few more striking objects than one of them as he sits on a bare branch overhanging a tidal channel, glancing around with his bold black eyes, and with all his beautiful plumage gleaming in the bright sunlight.

His scientific name is *Haliaeetus leucogaster*, the White-bellied Sea-Eagle. He is not however a true eagle, for their legs are feathered to the toe, whilst his are bare. He is a little larger than a kite, but flies quite differently and his tail is very short and blunt. A kite, whether the ash-coloured common Pariah with his forked tail, or the smaller Brahminy, or Garuda, kite with his snowy head and breast and beautiful cinnamon-red back and rounded tail, looks more or less heart-shaped in flight; his wings curve; but the Sea-Eagle flies square, like an aeroplane, with the wings slightly cambered at the tips.

At nesting season he is a very noisy creature. His "good morning, my dear," wakens all its neighbors, for he shouts everything at the top of his quacky voice, and when he comes home at night he can often be heard in the distance long before he is seen. They are very shy, and much resent being rudely stared at by humans, though they philosophically endure a court of crows, with now and again a kite or two, who often attend them. No notice is taken of a perky, rude crow, even if he sits down close

to their feet, and I have never seen an angry peck; but should one go near the nest, a swoop and a dash of the Sea-Eagle sends the crows flying in great haste.

The nest was brought, stick by stick, until a big platform was securely built in a convenient fork of the branches, with the nest itself hollowed out in the centre. Here Mrs. Sea-Eagle laid her eggs, probably a pair, and day after day brooded over them, quite invisible except when now and again she stretched out a long leg, or wing, to relieve the cramped position, or raised her head and took a look around. Her husband spent all the time, when he was not off foraging, on guard above, and when after a weary waiting the young ones burst the shell, one of the parents was never off guard. This was evidently necessary, for the crows became very excited when the eggs hatched out.

By and by a glimpse could be caught now and again of the brown, fluffy head of one of the youngsters, and after some weeks they began to stretch their wings and dance on the nest as if preparing to fly. Big Bill was a fine bold fellow, nearly as big as the old birds, but Billikins was more timid and quiet. In a few days we expected to see four birds in the air instead of two.

Then something dreadful happened. What exactly occurred no one really knows, but the field glass showed Big Bill with his head and one wing in the nest, and the body with one long leg and wing dangling on the side of the nest and blowing about in the wind. He had evidently been dead a day or two when we discovered him.

The gardeners suggested a "tree-dog" (*Maranai* in Tamil), a creature bigger than a cat that, they say, climbs well and attacks squirrels at night. A dreadful thought of a stray shot from a passing boat was rejected, for no neighbor would do it. We incline to the idea that, in dancing, Big Bill got over the edge of the nest, and in his efforts not to fall his leg became fixed in some crack in the wood.

Heavy gloom descended on his family; even the crows kept aloof. Billikins was not visible for quite a week and we feared he too had been hurt, but finally he moved about, though he never danced again. The parents fed him as usual with snakes, and smaller creatures which we could not identify.

Then one morning about ten o'clock loud cries overhead attracted attention and there was Billikins circling round and round, high up, with his father and mother. He whines like a kite, for he is not

yet full grown, but he goes off foraging for himself, usually with a couple of crows in close attendance.

I have an idea that more eggs are in the old nest, and that before long Billikins may have some brothers or sisters.

Now comes the more intimate part of the story. At first the birds would fly off if I merely looked at them, but in time they evidently came to feel my kindly interest in them. Morning after morning I drank my tea on the roof whilst they sat side by side on the top of their tree and greeted the rising sun. So we got to know each other. Their eagle eyes could scan my every action, and I could note all about them through the field-glass.

Gradually they seemed to become responsive in an intermittent manner. One day, for instance, the Chief Personage in our house was at home, and went on the roof to look at the Sea Eagles, having heard much about them. That afternoon as we were all drinking tea, overlooking the river, the father Eagle returned the call, and came sailing close past looking his very best. Neither before nor

since has he done that.

Big Bill's death made me full of sympathy for the pair, and I felt in some way responsible, as if my curiosity had not been good for them. As I sat at my desk, a loud quack sounded on the verandah, and I went quickly out, in time to see one of the Sea Eagles rising from near where I had my morning tea—an unheard of proceeding in such a wild-natured creature. I went up and found he had brought a big branch from the top of his pine tree; not a stick, like those he carried to his nest, but a freshly pulled off bough, as if he had come for help in their trouble and brought his best offering.

Then when Billikins took his first flight they circled just overhead as if to shew him off.

All imagination on my part? Well, it may be so. But, for me, a wild animal that becomes a friend of its own free will, is my choice. I will have no slave creatures about me, forced to endure my caresses, whether they like it or not.

C. C.

Nature Notes

"Caw Caw", goes on the crow all day long roosting on that palm tree. But do you know how active he is these days? One can see him very busy collecting material and carefully building the nest. See, there, both husband and wife gathering thorny sticks; now hay, and now cocoanut fibre! What different things do they want! Look at her pecking at that poor old ox under the morgosa tree. Do you know what she is doing? Well, I shall tell you. She eats the lice which trouble the poor old animal. Now, do you see how cleverly she snatches away a few locks of hair from the tail to provide a cushion in the nest for her eggs to cosily rest on? This is how the crow and the ox help each other.

"COO-OO, COO-OO". Ah! that is the familiar voice of our cuckoo from the mango tope. We have not heard her since October. Probably she had her holidays and lived amongst shady bushes where plenty of berries were available. Now we hear her so often, don't we? In our garden there are plenty of mango buds, fruits and tender mangoes, and that is why she has become our sweet guest. This is her mating period, and if you are watchful, you may see her one day laying her eggs in a crow's nest. Mother Nature never taught our guest any lessons in "nest-building, brooding, and care of the young"; and so our friend has taken to

this naughty way of cheating the innocent crow who in her ignorance, takes care of the young foreigner as her own. The moment the secret is known, the poor little thing away is driven as an outcast, and left to fight out its own in life.

The object of the following paragraph is to make Young Citizens interest themselves in the things that happen around them, and realise how Nature's children are dependent upon one another.

LOOK OUT THIS MONTH FOR

1. Leafless Udayan trees, along the roads, with long chains of flowers. When tender leaves appear, see if there are any caterpillars feeding on them.
2. Jamboo and Margosa fruits ripening and getting ready for the young crows and mainas.
3. Wasps carrying green caterpillars, and storing them in the clay cells as food for the future young wasps.
4. Your shadow at noon. In which direction is it? Is the Sun overhead, or slanting at noon, and if so in what direction?
5. Nests of wag-tails behind your bungalow verandas.

Homes of Greatness

BY G. S. ARUNDALE

FOR some long time an idea—I think it a brilliant idea, but that is probably because I have too much pride—has been permeating my mind, and I have been brooding over it in respect of ways and means to bring it to fruition on the physical plane. The opportunity having come, I want to enlist the active help of readers of the *Young Citizen* all over the world, for the idea has a world-wide application and, I venture to think, a world-wide service.

For about a year I was Education Member of the Council of H. H. the Maharaja of Indore, one of India's most enlightened Sovereigns, and, I could not fail to be struck by the fact that however much religion the people might have in their words, they seemed to have very little real touch with the spirit of it as revealed in the great. It seemed to be more a matter of form than of experience. And I began to cudgel my brains as to how I might help to draw them somewhat nearer to the big things of life, living as they were humdrum, often sordid, always narrow, lives.

Then came the brain wave, at least I hope it is a brain wave. It suddenly struck me that if there could be, in the heart of the city, some rooms, or a house, dedicated to Greatness, to great people, in which perhaps the Spirit of Greatness might find a Shrine, from which the Spirit of Greatness might radiate into his surroundings, which might inspire people to tune their lives to deeper and nobler harmonies of being—if there could be such a place, it might do much good. And then I thought that the house, or rooms, might be divided into two parts: one part as a kind of Shrine Room, where there might be pictures of the world's Greatest, irrespective of race, creed, sex, color, and of all those other divisions which seem so fundamental in terms of time, but which mean so little in terms of Eternity; and another part for an autobiographical and biographical library of works relating to the lives of great men, reminding us that we can make our lives sublime. In the Shrine Room I thought there might be, in addition to the pictures, scrolls underneath each picture containing a pregnant phrase epitomising the lesson the life teaches us, while the library might be used periodically for addresses on Greatness and on the principles of Greatness, so that people may become familiar with their destiny.

The thought then came to me that if such—well, what shall I call them, Homes of

Greatness is not a good title, some one suggested the title *Nāraratna Sangraha*—could be established in every town, at first on a small scale, indeed in every village, the Spirit of Greatness and all that it involves—self-sacrifice, simplicity, compassion, wisdom, brotherliness—might be enticed once more to dwell among us and to find increasing place in our daily lives, and so change the attitude of the world. I thought, too, that it would be a splendid idea if every school had its Home, or Shrine of Greatness; perhaps some inspired reader may be able to suggest a better name—so that the Youth of every country might grow up to recognise that true Greatness knows no distinctions of Nation, race, religion, caste, color or sex, that Greatness is common property, that the Great are the heritage of the whole world, and that we may well take pride in all great men and women, no matter where they lived, or what they did, whether they fought with our people or against them, whether they held one opinion or another. Thus shall we be paving the way for the eradication of divisions, and for the eventual introduction into, and use by, all schools everywhere, of a common history, depicting the common strivings of mankind to achieve a common goal.

The more I thought of my idea, the more I felt it might be useful; and at last I spoke to H. H. the Maharaja on the matter. His Highness expressed his appreciation of the plan and ordered a definite scheme to be prepared. He also allotted a house in the centre of his capital for the purpose. Funds will be forthcoming for the necessary expenditure, and I am hoping that by the end of this year, we may be sufficiently advanced to open 1924 with the first Shrine of Greatness in India. But if, with the help of readers of the *Young Citizen*, I am able to make a suitable scheme, I am further in hope that possibly at Adyar another Home of Greatness may be established, should the necessary funds be forthcoming.

Of course the vital question is as to whom to select. In the first place, living Greatness will have to be rigorously excluded, for humanity is yet sufficiently evolved to recognise and reverence Greatness in *whomsoever* shown, and we should have endless disputes and quarrels were we to include those whom the future will appraise at their true value, but whom we do not understand. I am even inclined to think that we must go back

half a century or so, unless there are instances about whom no dispute or doubt exists. In the second place, we must be very catholic in our choice. If we begin excluding X or Y or Z, simply because they do not fit in with our own conceptions of what is right and correct, if we exclude a man or woman because he or she belong to a faith of which we do not approve, or stood for opinions adverse to our own, then we shall be in danger of excluding Greatness which should be included. People whom a considerable section of a Nation regards to-day as having contributed in no small measure to such additional or increased happiness, prosperity, sense of brotherhood, as the Nation knows at the present time, whether in the religious, political, social, military, educational, industrial, commercial, scientific, literary, musical, agricultural, or any other field of human endeavor, should be included; but not those who have merely attained notoriety, and who have done the Nation more harm than good in general estimation. If it be difficult to make the selection within recent times, then the selection must be made further back, until the flow of time corrects the perspective of vision. For exam-

ple, we are sufficiently sane in England to be able to accept Robert Bruce as a National hero, but then a lot of water has flowed under the Thames since the times in which Bruce lived. In what case would be Bradlaugh? I hope, and think, our modicum of sanity would enable us to include him too, but it is quite certain that the nearer people come to the times in which they are living, the less are they able to see through the personality, and the weaknesses each no doubt has, the grandeur of the soul and of his mission. As we live our ordinary lives in the world, we are far too apt to see people's weaknesses rather than their qualities, and we miss one of the most beautiful facts in the world—a fact which now, and then emerges in current thought—that most of us are trying to lead big lives, at least from time to time, and have our periodical moments of true Greatness. There is much more sacrifice in the world and real heroism than the world realises, and, *en passant*, I may mention that it is one of the objects of the editors of the *Young Citizen* to make it a means of bringing out into public view many of the acts which might otherwise remain hidden, exploring especially, of course, the field of Youth.

(To be continued)

All India laments the death of Sir Narayan Chandavarkar, but few, probably, recognised through the very obvious conservatism a visionary of somewhat extended sight. It was easy to judge Sir Narayan by appearances, but intimacy with him revealed the visionary and one who longed that the world should understand the supreme importance of harmonising duty with happiness. The inner soul hardly ventured into the open, but quiet chats gave a glimpse of it, and one cannot but wish that he could have allowed himself to be to the world more as he really was. His intellectual and cautious side was, however, the side he presented to those with whom he came into more formal contact, but the real Sir Narayan is shown, through the particular temperament, dominant in this life, in his



eagerness, expressed some time ago to the junior editor of the *Young Citizen*, that love and happiness should become the main-springs of life. We ought to love duty, to learn that duty is supremely worth loving. We ought to make work interesting, to learn that only work, of the right kind, is interesting. And he added: "Speak the truth pleasantly is India's contribution to the science of truth; and if we could only realise that by adding pleasantness to truth we make it possible to speak it, we should find it much easier to be truthful." Sir Narayan was an incorrigible optimist, however much some may have found him in some ways rather the reverse. May he return soon from a well-earned rest to give even more freely of his fine convictions.

Young Citizens as Heroes

It is wonderful how many chances a boy or a girl may have for becoming a hero, if they do "a good turn every day", and learn to "be prepared" to help another at any moment. Let me tell you of some boy and girl heroes, and then of some older ones.

There was a boy named Thomas Hall, 14 years old, in Liverpool, living in a house in which a fire broke out, and the staircase was in flames, so that he and a brother, two years older than himself, could not get down from their upper room and escape. The elder boy was choked with the smoke, and fell down nearly senseless. Thomas dragged him upstairs to an attic, pushed him through a small window on to the roof, clambered with him on to the roof of the next house, and there the firemen climbed up and carried them both to safety.

A little boy of nine was run over by a motor-car and taken to a hospital. He was bleeding so much that the only chance of saving his life was to fill his blood-vessels with blood from a living person, to make up for what he was losing. His sister offered to give blood from her own body to keep him alive, and it was poured into him; but he was too badly hurt, and her loving sacrifice could not keep the life in him.

Little Joan Webb was only six, but she was a brave little creature, for when she was knocked down by a motor lorry, and was carried home, she said: "It's all right, mummy; I won't cry, or I shan't get better. Hullo, daddy," as her father came to her, "I'm all right." But she felt very ill, and wanted to say her prayers, and asked if she might say them in bed, as she could not kneel down as she had been taught to do. Of course her

mother said: "Yes," and she began saying: "God bless mummy and daddy," and died, brave to the end.

A young miner, George Smith, risked his life to save that of a dog, which had fallen into a disused coal-pit, 65 yards deep. Mines which are being worked have a cage which is pulled up and down by machinery, but that had all been taken away, so how was George to go down and bring the dog up? Besides, in an old mine, poisonous gas sometimes accumulates at the bottom, and it is dangerous to go down. But George could not bear to let the dog suffer. So he fastened two rails across the mouth of the shaft, and rigged up a pulley, and rope, with the help of his friends, took a bag with him, and was let down the shaft. How glad the dog was to see him! But he must have been rather puzzled by being popped into the bag. Up went the bag and the dog, and then the rope was let down again for George, and up he came safe and sound.

William Smith was a young miner, very happy, because he was going to be married. But down in the coal-pit, where he and his younger brother were working, there was suddenly a loud crack. Smith looked up at the roof, saw it would fall, pushed his brother into a safe place, and gave himself to death to save him. The roof fell, and he was killed, but his brother was rescued.

A Swiss soldier lost both his legs and arms, which were amputated to save his life. A Fund was raised for him as he could not work, and he sent part of it to a Home for the Blind, retaining enough to live upon for five years, saying that he could not live longer than that.

Little Brothers

S. Francis of Assisi, who loved all beings very much, used to speak of "my little brother the ass," and wild birds would come to him fearlessly, and perch on his shoulder or his hand. All good Young Citizens are kind to their little brothers the animals, and so are old citizens too. For all our lives live, because they are parts of the one life, and to hurt another is to hurt oneself. The domestic animals, horses, cattle, donkeys, dogs, cats, fowls, come to us to be helped forward in their evolution, and we should train them kindly like little children, and

they will love us, sometimes more dearly and faithfully than do human beings.

Horses are very friendly, if they are well treated. You should never hit a horse if he shies; a horse is often timid, and if he starts away from a thing and you hit him, he thinks that the pain is the result of the thing he started aside from, and shies the next time he sees it; but if you pat him and speak to him kindly, and coax him to go up and smell at the thing that frightened him, he will never shy from it again. My own life was once saved

by this habit of being on very friendly terms with a splendid mare I used to ride. I always gave her a piece of sugar after I had mounted her, and we were on very intimate terms. I never struck her, and she felt my own condition so quickly that when I rode her after an attack of malarial fever, which had left me very weak, she paced along as soberly as an old cart-horse, though her usual method of going along a road was a springy dance, varied with an occasional jump into the air, or a playful shy, pretending to be frightened. But she was really frightened one day. It was on a level crossing, and the man at the gate, which was closed, opened it, and I passed on to the line, not noticing that the gate on the other side was closed. A train was coming up, and the mare was so scared that she stood stock still between the rails, and would not move. I patted her neck and called her by name, gently pressing the rein on her neck to turn her to the other line of rails behind us, and the habit of obedience to voice and rein, and her trust in me, conquered the fear, and she stood, facing the train, but in safety, though she trembled as it rumbled past us, and pointed her delicate ears at the ugly thing.

When a horse is too old for work, he should be put in a field with a shed, and made comfortable. At Adyar we had an old pony of Mme. Blavatsky, and he lived very happily for years, tethered with a very long rope, as the grounds had no hedges, and residents would give him bits of bread and apple, and sugar, and he had quite a good time.

Another old pony, just set free from work, whom we expected to live in the same way, refused to stay with us, his mistress says, because she got a

motor-car instead of him. She writes, quite sadly: "All visitors to Adyar got to know Jimmy, the old and much-loved pony belonging to our schools. He died in harness, the other day, after many years of service, faithful to the last, and before dropping, his last act was to paw the ground, in response to the greeting of a very loving servant, who shared her rice with him daily, feeding him out of her hand. Many witnessed his body being lowered with the utmost gentleness and care into its last resting-place, under the mango tree under which during life he always rested. Strange to say he died just one week after the purchase of a motor car, and one wonders if heart-break had something to do with his death. But it would have been cruel to go on working him; he was too old and weak.

Here is a funny story about a naughty young horse, as mischievous as a boy. It is told by Mr. Horace Hutchinson in a London newspaper, *The Westminster Gazette*, to shew that horses have "a sense of humor," can enjoy a bit of fun. But only the young one enjoyed the joke in the following case. Mr. Hutchinson says: I told the story of a mischievous young filly, in California, unhitching, with her teeth, the bridle of a staid old mare, from the gate-post over which the bridle end had been thrown to keep the ancient equine lady at a standstill, and trotting the poor old thing up and down, to the obvious delight of the youngster, and the obvious bewilderment of the elderly party. I discussed the episode from the point of view of the sense of humor which the act of the filly seemed to show.

Next month we shall talk about cats.

MY CREED

To live as gently as I can,
To be, no matter where, a man;
To take what comes of good or ill;
To cling to faith and honor still;
To do my best and let that stand
The record of my brain and hand.
And then should failure come to me,
Still work and hope for victory:

To have no secret place wherein
I stoop unseen to shame or sin;
To be the same when I'm alone
As when my every deed is known,
To live undaunted, unafraid
Of any step that I have made;
To be without pretence or shame,
Exactly what men think I am.

THE BUILDER.

THE CAMEL'S HUMP

The camel's hump is an ugly lump
Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
From having too little to do.
Kiddies and grown-ups, too-oo-oo,
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,
We get the hump,
The cameelious hump,
The hump that is black and blue.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

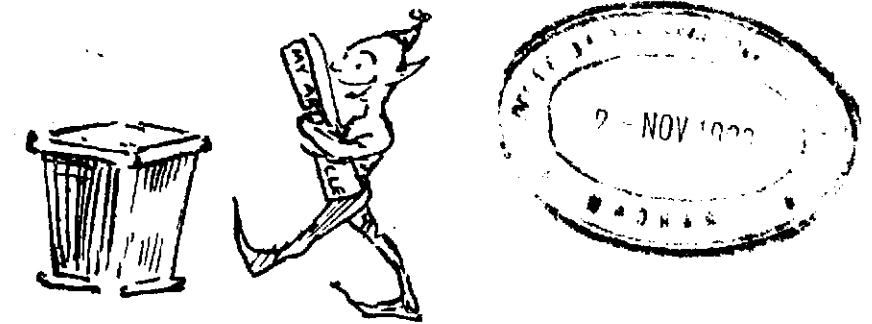
TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

Whate'er thou lovest, man, that too become thou
must. God, if thou lovest God; dust, if thou lovest
dust.

* * * * *
Immeasurable is the Highest; who but knows it?
And yet a human heart can perfectly enclose it.
Trench

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All communications must be written on one side of the paper only, or they cannot be inserted. Uninvited communications must be accompanied with a fully stamped and directed envelope for return in case of rejection. Otherwise, if declined, they will be destroyed.



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All literary communications must be sent to the Editor. Business communications to the Manager.

All communications must bear the name and address of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, Editors.

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The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL. I

MADRAS, 1st JULY, 1923

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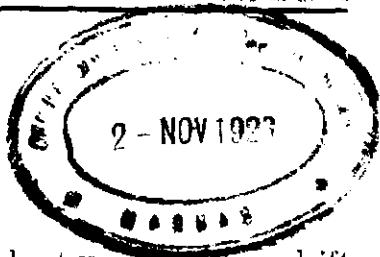
The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

FROM THE FRONT
IN THE WORLD'S SERVICE—SHRI KRISHNA
THE AUTUMN FESTIVAL. By Rabindranath Tagore
BUDDHIST STORIES: III. THE WEAPON OF GOODWILL
THE YOUNG CITIZEN
HOMES OF GREATNESS
LITTLE BROTHERS —PUSSIES IN THE GARDEN, ETC., ETC.

From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.



THIS month, I want to talk to you about Ideals, for great Ideals are as necessary for the building of character as wholesome food is necessary for the building of a body. Let me explain to you why this is so. The body built by food, that we call the physical body—the body you are using all day long—is made up of materials which are taken in as food; the food is broken up in the body, undergoes various changes which prepare it for use, and then it is turned into flesh and blood and nerve. The health of the whole body depends on the food which is put into it.

Now exactly the same is true of a body which you cannot see, which is called the mental body, by the Vedāntins the Manomayakosha, because the mind, the thinking part of us, uses it. You use your mental body for thinking, as you use your hand for taking hold of anything. The mental body is made of thoughts, as the physical body is made of food; good thoughts make it healthy and strong; bad thoughts make it ill and weak. It does less harm to put poison into your physical body, than to put an evil thought into your mental body. If you think many good thoughts you are building a good mental body, or, putting the same thing in another way, you are building a good character. But if you think bad thoughts, you are building a bad mental body, or a bad character. And remember that you are doing this all day long. Another thing to remember is that other people's

thoughts are drifting about you, and they drift into your mental body. If a bad thought drifts in, throw it out at once. How? By thinking a good thought. You cannot think of two things at once.

The next point to understand is the meaning of the word Ideal. An Ideal is a thought, or idea. But many thoughts come into the mind and go out of it, drifting about like dry leaves in a wind. So all ideas are not Ideals. Only ideas which remain in the mind, which do not drift in and out, which are not mere visitors, but which live in the mind like a man in his home—only these regular, fixed ideas are called Ideals. That is the first step: an Ideal is a constant, or fixed, idea, or group of ideas. But not all fixed ideas are Ideals. It must be a fixed idea which is true, noble, pure and good. One other step we must take: an Ideal is a fixed idea which shapes right conduct. If courage be your Ideal, you will become brave. If patience be your Ideal, you will become patient. If gentleness be your Ideal, you will become gentle. To build up your character, you must have an Ideal of the character you wish to have as yours.

How, then, shall you go to work? First, make up your mind what you want to be—a patriot, a philanthropist, a hero, an artist, a teacher, a lawyer, a statesman, a soldier. You will begin by learning what you can about people

who actually were, to some extent, that which you want to be. You pick out their good qualities only, the qualities connected with their particular type, and put these together: thus you make the ideal patriot, hero, artist, statesman. Then you have to make yourself like your Ideal. This you do by thinking. "What a man thinks upon, that he becomes." So you put this Ideal before you as an example; you think about it every morning; you try to imitate it in your daily life. And gradually some likeness of the Ideal will begin to shine out in yourself, and, almost unconsciously, you will begin to be a little like that about which you think.

If you find it more easy, you can take a single virtue as an Ideal, and keep this before you, till you find yourself practising it without any effort; it has become second nature to you. The brave boy acts bravely when the chance comes in his way. If you also would act bravely, make Bravery your Ideal; think about it every morning, try to practise it when there is a chance, and presently you will find yourself acting bravely without being conscious of any effort to be brave. Courage will "come of itself".

Nations, as well as individuals, should have Ideals. When Italy was divided into many small States, poets and idealists wrote about "United Italy," Italy as a single Nation. Mazzini preached this Ideal, and presently her young men became fired with the Ideal, and a party was formed, which called itself "Young Italy". Gradually more and more people took this "United Italy" as their Ideal, and Garibaldi appeared, and King Victor Emmanuel gathered an army, and the people rose in support, and France helped them, and Italy became one Nation, and is now one of the great Powers of Europe. It was much the same with Germany, which was also composed of a number of separate States; but her poets sang about "The German Fatherland," and the King of Prussia, and his Prime Minister, Bismarck, and his General, Moltke, cried out to the German people, and they sprang up in answer, and they became a Nation. But because

some false ideas, thoughts of domination by force and crushing others, joined themselves to the true ones, the One Nation, the true Ideal, was poisoned, and Germany fell and is again broken up. Ideals create facts, and until there is a living Ideal facts are not shaped into history.

What shall be our Ideal of Empire? Shall it not be a Federation of free Peoples under One Monarch, a Federation too strong to be attacked, too united to be afraid? Shall it not exist for the good of the whole world, for the helping of backward peoples, for the spreading of knowledge and happiness, for the upholding of justice, for the protection of the weak? Shall not all its citizens have the whole Empire for their Motherland, and all its Peoples as their family? Shall not the clamor for Rights be stilled, and the strong voice of Duty be the arbiter alike for Peoples and for individuals? Shall not goodness be encouraged, and evil made difficult? Shall not all religions be honored, and none be privileged? Shall not Righteousness and Wisdom alone hold authority, and Character be the road to Power? Let us make such an Ideal our Ideal of Empire, and then shall the Indo-British Commonwealth bring blessing to the whole world.

But even when the Architect has drawn his plan, he needs the Builders to carry it out. If there are no Builders, the plan will remain only a scrap of paper. The Builders are the virtues which are needed for skilful and effective work, and these we must develop in ourselves, if our Ideal is to become a power in the world. When some noble building is being erected, the Architect is there with his plan of the whole; then there is the Master-BUILDER, who directs all the actual work, and distributes it to the Overseers, who divide it among the workmen. For us, the Architect is our Ideal; who is the Master-BUILDER? Our Master-BUILDER is the Will, the strong, unwavering, directing power. And we must clearly understand what we mean by the Will.

All round you, in this beautiful world, are quantities of objects which give you pleasure,

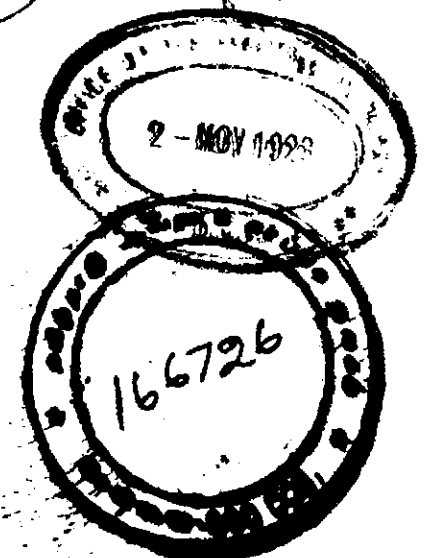
and you like to have them for your own. If you are quite a little boy or girl, you jump with joy when father brings you home a big ball, a drum, or a doll. Learned people call these "objects of desire," because you want to have them, you "desire" to have them for your own. They give you pleasure. If you are older, you like to have a cricket bat, or a racquet, or a football, or a hockey-stick, or a cycle; these give you pleasure, and you want them, you desire them. When you are a man, you like to have a set of golf-clubs, a motorcycle, a horse, a carriage, a car; you desire these things. They are all toys, suited to different ages, all "objects of desire". Some of you like books, books of many kinds; and older men want money, and success in their professions, and Government posts, and places of power and influence, and fame. All are toys, all "objects of desire". Now Desire is the emotion, or feeling, in you which comes up when some outside object comes before you, or when you think of it, an object which, you think, would give you pleasure, if you had it. It is always aroused in you *by something outside yourself*, and you try to grasp, to take hold of, that object, and make it your own. In all this, there is no harm, if you do not injure anyone in gaining what you want. These objects are intended to arouse your desires, so that you may exert yourself to get them, and thus may develop your faculties of mind and body. When you

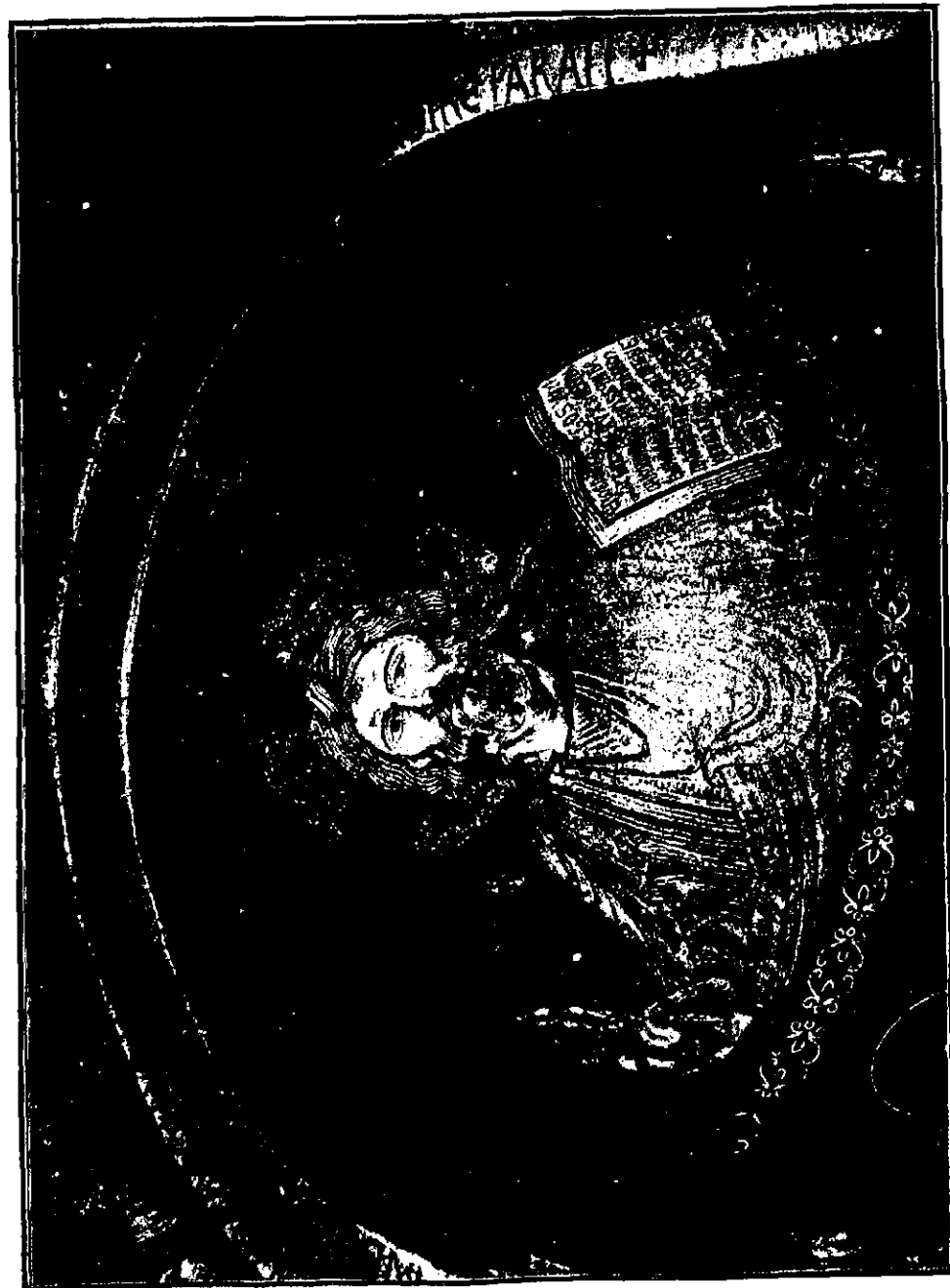
have them, you get tired of them, but in working for them, you have developed your faculties, and those remain, and grow stronger in each incarnation. You coax a baby to try to walk by dangling a toy in front of him, and he kicks, and tries to crawl to it, and presently his leg-muscles grow stronger, and he learns to balance himself and he walks! He outgrows the toy, but the power to walk remains. Nature, which is God manifesting in forms, coaxes us, who are only big children, to exert ourselves to grasp things which we outgrow, but the power we have developed remains, and is born with us, life after life.

But Desire is not Will, and we began by asking what we mean by Will. Will is a power which directs our actions, and as Desire also directs our actions, Will and Desire have that much in common, and Desire is often called "the lower form of Will". We have seen that Desire is awakened in us by outside objects which attract us, and it moves us to actions which get hold of those objects. It does not make us act *unless awakened by something outside us*. Will is the Power of the Self, the Atmâ, the highest manifestation of the triple Spirit, the Hidden God in us, Power, Wisdom, Activity, the Inner Ruler Immortal. We will try next month to understand something of what is meant by Will, the Power of the Hidden God, who is our SELF.

Persevere

1. Drive the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron's red.
2. When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.
3. Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?
4. Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try and try again, boys,
You'll succeed at last.





In The World's Service

The Bodhisattva or the Christ

BY A SERVER

IN the first number of *The Young Citizen* the Lord Buddha was spoken of, the great Being who is the Supremely Wise, having reached full Illumination. It was He who had been, during long ages, the Head of the Teaching Department of our globe, and who, under many names, had taught our fathers in the elder world. Then, you remember, He "passed away from earth, giving into the hands of His beloved Brother, the Lord Maitreya, the high office of the Teacher of Devas (Angels) and of Men".

The Holy One, the new Bodhisattva, had been perfecting Himself age after age, until He was ready to take the place of His Predecessor. You may read much about Him in the Indian books under the name of the Rishi Maitreya, always tender and kind, trying to make peace and to win people to love one another. He went to the court of Dhritarashtra to try to persuade Duryodhana not to fight with the Pandavas, and whenever He is spoken of, He is like a Sun of Love. As the Lord Gautama was called the Buddha of Wisdom, so will the Lord Maitreya be called the Buddha of Compassion.

His first manifestation in the outer world, after He had received His great office of the Supreme Teacher, was as the wondrous Babe, the gracious playful Child, the Krishna, who is the chief Object of devotion for hundreds of millions of Hindus. He came, in fact, to give such an Object of devotion, lest India should grow too dryly intellectual. From His very birth He was wonderful, and all who surrounded Him loved Him—men and women, boys and girls, cows and birds. As a little boy, He would play with the girls who tended the cows, and

make them all dance in a circle, hand in hand and one day He suddenly created so many forms of Himself that the milkmaids found Him dancing between each pair of them, and every one of them held on each side the hand of a dancing Krishna, who laughed up at them with lovely eyes full of merry glee. He taught them love—love for Himself, love for each other, love for all living things, and He would play on His flute melody so enchanting that the animals followed Him, and the birds wondered at strains so much sweeter than their own. His life was as brief as it was exquisite: the milkmaids of His childhood became a community of holy women, living on, after He had passed away, devoted to Him alone, and the Krishna-cult of India, the worship of the Child, the Boy, the Youth, flowered into deathless beauty, so that in every Indian home, in the women's quarters, that figure of joyous immortal Youth shines out unfading, the centre of a devotion as pure as it is passionate. The Krishna who is worshipped never reaches maturity.

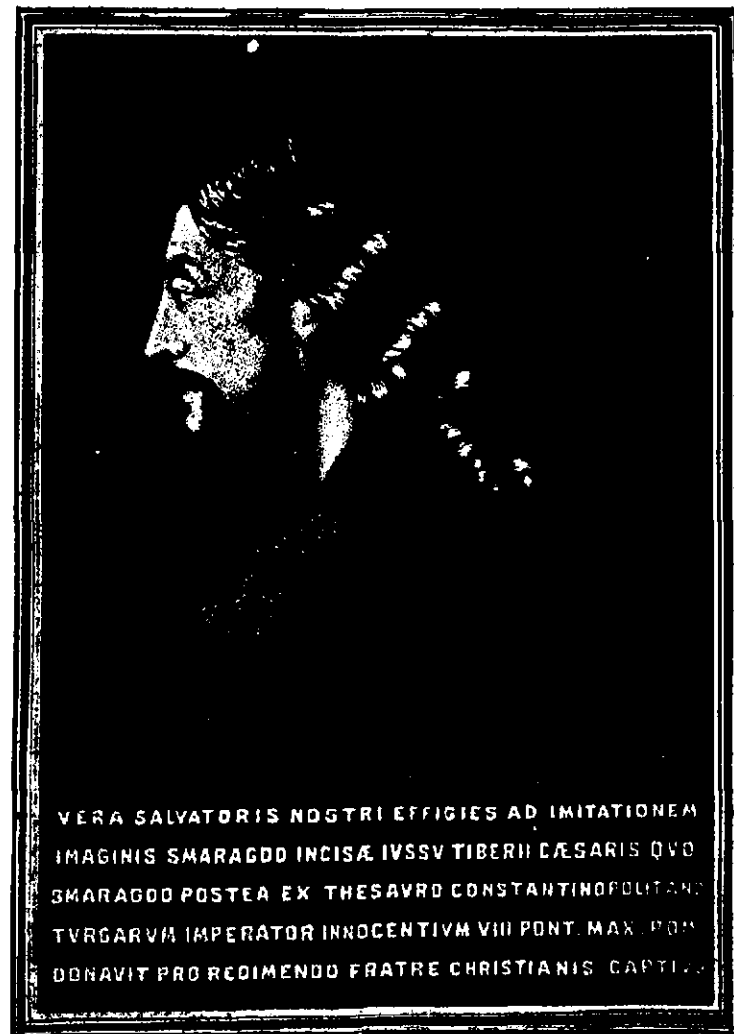
In startling contrast with that incarnation of radiant joy was the second manifestation of the Bodhisattva, that which, in the West, is named the life of the Christ. He has there been termed the "Man of Sorrows," and a halo of mournful pathetic beauty has surrounded Him in the hearts of His followers. This is chiefly due to the identification of the historic Christ with the Christ of the Mysteries, the Christ whose story is repeated by every human Spirit as he treads the Way to Liberation—the Way of the Cross. The real nature of His coming is well indicated in the words of a Christian Scripture: "Who, being in the form of God"—the divine form of

the liberated Spirit—"thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men."

He took upon Himself the body of His well-beloved disciple Jesus, and so is always called Jesus Christ. (Christ is the name of an office, and is a term taken from the Mysteries, "The Anointed One".) In that body He worked for some three years of perfect service, and was cruelly murdered at the end, leaving behind Him the record of a ministry so exquisitely beautiful and tender, that it stands out to Christendom as that of "the Savior," of the Perfect Man. Strength and gentleness in Him found perfect mating;

He shielded fallen women, showed sweetest tenderness to little children, rebuked the oppressors of the people, fed the hungry, healed the sick, made friends of the despised, sought to raise the sinner. "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more," was His word to the offender against divine and moral law. Down the centuries His love and pity have shed their holy light, and His most sacred name is that of the "Friend of Sinners," the true Son of Man as He is verily Son of God.

It is for the Coming of that most Holy and most Loving One that the world is now waiting, the Coming of Him whose name is Maitreya, the Compassionate.



A true likeness of our Savior, in imitation of a portrait carved on an emerald at the bidding of Tiberius Caesar [regn. A. D. 1437] which emerald, taken from the Treasury of Constantinople, the Sultan of the Turks offered to Pope Innocent VIII, as ransom for his brother, who had been captured by the Christians.

The Heir to the Imperial Throne

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES FROM MANY POINTS OF VIEW

BY WALTER T. ROBERTS

1. At Home

[This article was, of course, written before the Duke of York, on his marriage, set up a separate establishment.]

YORK HOUSE, the bachelor home of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, is a modest-looking dwelling, tucked away in a corner of a quiet courtyard known as Ambassadors' Court, which forms part of S. James Palace.

There is nothing about the exterior (or, indeed, for that matter, the interior) to suggest that it is the dwelling of the heir to the throne of a King who rules over the richest and widest Empire the world has ever known.

No scarlet-clad guardsmen guard the Prince's house; sentries, to be sure, are on guard at the entrances to S. James Palace, as they are on guard at the entrances of all the royal palaces in London; but S. James Palace differs in this respect from other royal palaces: the courtyards in it are public thoroughfares through which anybody can walk, and many visitors to London (and indeed many Londoners) have passed through Ambassadors' Court without ever guessing that they passed by the house in which the Prince of Wales and his brother live.

It was in the middle of 1919 that the Prince of Wales decided to set up an independent establishment at York House, and it may be noted that he did so with the cordial consent and approval of his parents.

Up to that time the Prince, of course, had his home at Buckingham Palace.

In setting up his bachelor establishment, the Prince was greatly helped by Sir Sydney Greville, who was the first member of the Prince's household, and he acted as controller of it until recently, when he was succeeded by Vice-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey. Sir Sydney Greville, since 1900, had been a member of the Royal Household, and had acted for many years as private secretary to Queen Alexandra.

The Prince always had a great liking for him, and when, at the age of eighteen, His Royal Highness came into possession of the revenues

of the Duchy of Cornwall, he appointed Sir Sydney Greville to act as his treasurer, and he naturally turned to him for assistance in setting up his new household.

York House, when the Prince decided to take up his residence there, was already partly furnished, but much of the furniture was drab—it was early Victorian—and the Prince had most of it put away and replaced by the furniture he had in his apartments at Buckingham Palace, which he had spent some years in getting together, with the aid, by the way, of his mother, who is an extraordinarily good judge of the quality and value of old English furniture.

In this connection, I may relate a little incident in the Prince of Wales's Oxford days, of which there is a reminder at York House in the shape of two reproductions of Chippendale chairs.

The Prince, not long after he had gone into residence at Magdalen College, purchased the two chairs from an Oxford dealer. His Royal Highness paid fifty guineas for the pair and thought he had got a bargain.

Not long afterwards the Queen and the Princess Mary visited the Prince at Oxford, and His Royal Highness with some pride pointed out the Chippendale chairs to his mother.

Her Majesty examined them attentively, and then asked the Prince how much he had paid for them.

Her Majesty smiled at the Prince's reply. "You paid quite three times what they are worth," said Queen Mary; "the chairs are just tolerably good, but quite obvious reproductions."

The Prince has the chairs still, but there are no other "bargains" of the same kind to be found in York House.

The Prince went very carefully into the probable running expenses of his household with Sir Sydney Greville. A monthly sum was arrived at to cover table expenses, servants' wages, and board, lighting, coal, etc.

Once a month since, the Prince has gone personally into the household accounts, and if a sufficient decline in prices has taken place to

warrant a reduction in the sum set aside to cover the running expenses of the establishment, a reduction is made. This has been done on three occasions since 1919.

The Prince of Wales since his young boyhood has been taught by both his parents, but perhaps more particularly by his mother, to study economy; but His Royal Highness has a generous nature, and certainly is not inclined to be parsimonious or niggardly. In the running of his bachelor establishment he observes the precept he often heard his mother give utterance to: "It is bad to be parsimonious; it is foolish to be extravagant."

It may be mentioned here that, although the Prince of Wales is certainly the wealthiest member of the Royal Family, and that the revenues he receives from the Duchy of Cornwall are more than sufficient to cover his expenditure at the moment, yet the necessity for the Prince to be careful as regards his expenditure exists.

If, and when, the Prince marries, he will not only have to spend a considerable sum of money on setting up his new establishment, but he will, of course, find his expenses very much greater than they are at present. This is, in fact, one of the considerations that prevents the Prince of Wales from starting a racing stable, though it may be added that the atmosphere of the race course is not one that especially appeals to the Prince. The sport of Kings makes the strongest appeal to him, so far as racing itself is concerned. But the race course itself does not attract him particularly.

The Prince set up his bachelor home in a very modest way; he started with five rooms for his own use, namely, a dining-room, smoke-room, writing-room, bed-room, and dressing-room. In addition, there were two writing-rooms for the use of the Comptroller of his establishment, his Secretary and Equerry.

But it was obvious that such an establishment was too limited for the Heir-apparent; two reception-rooms were quickly added to the personal apartments of the Prince, and the establishment was still further, though not greatly, enlarged, when it was joined by the Duke of York.

Although the royal bachelor establishment is

run on strictly economical lines, it is one of, perhaps, the best-managed households of its size in England.

The chief chef at York House is a great culinary artist, who has made a special study of his royal employer's needs—one of which often is a light dinner prepared at short notice.

Not much entertaining has been done at York House. What has been done has been on a small scale; it has consisted chiefly of men's dinner and lunch parties, to which never more than a dozen guests have been invited.

Here is a short account of a dinner party at York House, given to the writer by one who had the honor of being the Prince's guest.

Dinner was served at a round table and places were laid for ten, two being occupied by members of the Prince's household. An Admiral was the chief guest of the evening and sat on the Prince's right. There were five items on the menu, including a wonderfully palatable *Pêche Melba*.

"The Prince did not talk much, but he seems to possess the art of making others talk, and he is a wonderful listener, always seeming to be intensely interested in what is being said to him. The conversation ran a good deal on service topics and on hunting. Politics as a subject of conversation is as much taboo at the Prince's dinner table as it is at the dinner table of his father.

After-dinner coffee was served in the smoke-room. The Prince smoked a rather large bulldog-headed briar pipe. Four of the men played auction bridge; the Prince did not play, but chatted to his guests, two of whom, by the way, were friends made in France during the War. The party broke up at eleven o'clock."

All entertaining at York House is done in the name of the Prince of Wales, who always acts as host.

A dinner or lunch party may be given at the instance of the Duke of York, but the Prince of Wales, even if he were not present at it, would nominally be the host, and would be represented by his brother.

This arrangement was entered into, I believe, at the instance of the Duke of York when he joined his brother's household, the object of it simply being that the Prince of Wales should

always be the official host at any entertainment given in his own home.

The relationship between the Prince and his brother is of the most cordial kind, a fact that is reflected in the smooth way in which the royal bachelor household is conducted and managed.

Although it has two masters, there is no conflict of any kind in the management of it, because the will of the one master invariably coincides with the will of the other.

The Duke of York has, of course, his own Equeries and Secretaries who have working apartments of their own, but the Duke shares the reception-rooms, smoke-room, and dining-room with his brother.



From a Raphael Tuck Postcard

AS COLONEL OF THE WELSH GUARDS

The social engagements of the two Princes are always numerous; etiquette forbids the host and hostess, who are not of royal rank, sending invitation cards in the ordinary way to the Prince of Wales or his brother, and no invitation cards, except to regimental dinners or public

functions, are to be seen in the Prince's smoking-room.

When the Prince of Wales desires to honor any friend by becoming his guest, he intimates to him through one of his Secretaries (or personally, if he knows him intimately) his wish to do so, and his host arranges to receive His Royal Highness at a date that may be most convenient to him.

Before the Prince of Wales went on his Indian tour, his engagement-book showed social engagements made six months ahead; and yet His Royal Highness found it impossible to visit anything like all his friends who wished to have him as a guest.

But since his return from India, the Prince has greatly curtailed the number of his social engagements and public engagements, and has been enjoying, in the company of his most intimate friends and relations, a very well-earned holiday.

This article, as the title indicated it would, has dealt mainly with the conduct and management of the royal bachelor establishment, and nothing has been said of the Prince's working hours, a subject on which much might be written.

It must suffice here to say that there are delivered daily to the Prince of Wales at York House three mails, that bring His Royal Highness some hundreds of letters (apart from his private correspondence), dealing with matters more or less of an official character. Although the letters are, in the first instance, dealt with by the Prince's secretariat, he is made acquainted with the contents of them; he inspires the replies to many, and personally attends to a considerable number.

Even at the time when His Royal Highness is supposed to be enjoying a holiday, he gives at least three hours a day to attending to his official correspondence, and matters connected with his public duties.

When he is not taking a holiday, the Prince, in the performance of public duties and in attending to official affairs, works four or five days a week at the rate of nine or ten hours a day.

When one reads in the newspapers that the Prince has spent an afternoon on the golf links,

or riding in a steeplechase, it means that in order to enjoy such recreation or sport the Prince may have to "burn the midnight oil" in his writing-room at York House, until one or two o'clock in the morning.

The Prince, during the past month, has found it necessary to enlarge his household, and among those who have recently been appointed to positions in it is Captain H. F. Lascelles, a cousin of Lord Lascelles, who looked after the Prince's correspondence when he was in India. The Prince's Private Secretary, Sir Godfrey Thomas, is an unobtrusive but very important person in the royal bachelor household. He is one of the most tactful persons imaginable.

It is inevitable that the Prince of Wales has from time to time to refuse a great many requests for favors from people to whom he is particularly anxious to avoid giving the least offence. Missions of this kind can be safely left in the hands of the Prince's Private Secretary.

One may imagine how much of the time of a very busy official the performance of such tasks takes up. Yet Sir Godfrey Thomas never appears to be flurried or flustered by those with whom his position brings him into daily contact.

Here is an example of the careful attention given to quite small matters by the Prince's Secretary. A young school-boy managed to secure Queen Alexandra's signature in his autograph-book. The boy sent the book to the Prince of Wales, asking if he would honor him by signing it. So numerous are the requests the Prince of Wales receives for his autograph, that His Royal Highness has had to make it a rule not to sign a book for any person whom he has not personally met. And to this rule the Prince makes no exception.

In the ordinary way a printed form explaining the Prince's rule on the matter is sent to the seeker of the Prince's autograph. But it was noted by the Private Secretary that the book was signed by Queen Alexandra; he brought the matter to the Prince's notice, who directed him to write a special letter to the boy explaining why the Prince could not sign the book.

And there are hundreds of matters too numerous to mention that the Prince of Wales's Private Secretary has to attend to. One of his

duties is to keep the Prince informed on all matters that His Royal Highness possibly may have to speak on or discuss with people he is to meet at some public function or dinner. Often the Prince at York House spends a couple of hours with his Secretary after breakfast, learning from him details of matters upon which His Royal Highness may have to speak at a lunch or dinner.

The Prince's Secretary must be a mine of information upon an endless string of topics; and the Prince, it may be noted, has an extraordinarily quick and receptive intelligence, and is able to memorise wonderfully quickly and with great exactitude information he receives from his Secretary.

Perhaps an article on the royal bachelor establishment would be incomplete without at least a brief reference to the time when it may cease to be a bachelor establishment.

For some time past rumor has named several, but especially one girl, who may become the Princess of Wales. It is, however, worth noting that rumor has not in any way—so far, at all events—suggested that the Prince is likely to marry any of his girl relations, and for that very reason one might perhaps hazard a guess that His Royal Highness may do so.

The plain fact is that in such matters the Royal Family have a way of keeping the facts a very closely guarded secret, until it suits them to make them public. How close a secret the engagement of the Princess Mary to Lord Lascelles was kept may be judged by the fact that it only became known to Queen Alexandra the afternoon before the engagement was officially announced, and it came as quite a surprise to Her Majesty.

There are two facts concerning the marriage of the Prince of Wales if, and when, it takes place, that may be stated with certainty. These are that His Royal Highness will never be asked by his parents to marry against his will, nor will the Prince ever marry against the wishes of Their Majesties.

—Good Housekeeping

2. As a Stamp-Collector

While it is generally known by young Canadian stamp-collectors that King George is



From the Sketch

STARTING FOR A RACE

a stamp enthusiast, many do not know that the Prince of Wales also is a brother stamp-hunter.

Prince Edward first began collecting stamps when he was but ten years old. It is said that his father allowed him half a crown a week (60 cents) with which to buy stamps for his collection. Shortly after he received his weekly allowance he would hurry down to the stamp shops, where he would spend hours looking for needed specimens. It still is one of his favorite hobbies, and when in London he is frequently seen in some dealers' establishment, "looking for new ones".

The Prince's own likeness has appeared on Newfoundland stamps. His portrait first appeared (along with other members of the Royal Family) at the age of four, on the half cent denomination of the 1898 issue. He was next shown in the uniform of a Cadet at the Royal Naval College on the three cent value of the coronation series of June, 1914. The stamp bearing his portrait, which the Newfoundland Post Office proposed to issue in commemoration of his visit in 1919, evidently failed to materialise.

The Prince of Wales' collection has now assumed notable proportions. The issues of British North America have long possessed a special fascination for him, and no doubt during his tour in 1919, his collection of "Canadians" was added to. Other specialties of the Prince are French Colonies and Liberia. In 1906, he made his debut as an exhibitor, his entry being a specialised collection of French Colonies. He also showed an unusual collection of Liberia in pairs. He is reputed to have a partiality for three cornered stamps, also those of his namesake Colony, Prince Edward Island.

The Prince has been for two years the Honorary President of the Royal Philatelic Society, an office previously held for many years by King George

—*Canadian Boy*

3. As a Sportsman

His Royal Highness' sporting proclivities and disregard of personal danger, have not infrequently brought him face to face with risks, and have even caused accidents, by no means to the liking either of those responsible for his safety,

or of the general public. And only recently the English press opened its columns to many letters, begging the Prince to remember his exalted rank, and the fact that the Nation's hopes are centred in him, as indeed the hopes of the whole Commonwealth. How far he has paid attention to the affectionate warnings of his future subjects we do not know, but here is an account of one of the not infrequent "exciting incidents," which cause the uneasiness:

The Prince of Wales was the central figure in an exciting incident at the Army point-to-point steeplechases at Arborfield Cross, near Reading. He was riding Prince Henry's horse, Ocean III., in the race for the Earl of Cavan's Cup, in which there was a water-jump. He cleared the jump well the first time round, but in the second round, while holding a good position in the race, his mount blundered at the bank and plunged into the water, which was some feet deep.

The Prince was thrown into the boughs of a small willow tree on the farther bank, and scrambled through the water to the bank, but seeing his horse struggling in the water up to its neck, he jumped back into the water to its assistance. An eye-witness, describing the incident, said:

"The horse was rapidly sinking in the mud, but, entirely unaided, the Prince got hold of its head, turned it to the tail-end of the jump, and brought it out amid the cheers of hundreds of spectators. It was one of the most plucky things I have ever seen, as the horse might have drawn him right under in the mud. The Prince's one idea was to get the horse out, and he seemed absolutely unconcerned as to his own safety. There were tremendous cheers for him afterwards."

The Prince was apparently none the worse for his adventure. During the previous races he had been down at the water-jump, watching the horses take it.

To think first of his horse shows the Prince's true sporting instinct, not the false type of so-called sportsmanship, which is out to kill, but the true type, the ideal of which is to serve all creatures in the old spirit of chivalry.

Buddhist Stories

II. GUARD YOUR THOUGHTS

ASERMON was preached by the Master, when dwelling at Sāvattthi, on "The Wandering Mind," concerning a certain Churchward.

They say that a clansman at Sāvattthi once heard the Master preach. Thereupon he left the worldly life, took the mendicant's robes, and later on received full ordination under the name of the Elder Churchward (*Sangha-rakkhita*), and in a few days became an Arahant or Saint. Now his youngest sister bore a son, and called him, after his uncle, Nephew Churchward. Well, the boy grew up and, taught by his uncle, he also took the robes, received full ordination, and when the rainy season came, started to spend it in a hermitage in a certain village. He was given two sets of robes, one of eight cubits, another of seven cubits length, and thought to himself: "The big one shall be for my teacher, and the little one will do for me."

So when the rainy days were over, saying, "I'll pay a visit to my Teacher," he started off and begged his way from place to place. When he got to the monastery, his teacher was away. So he swept out the day-room, put water for his feet, set a seat ready, and sat down to watch the road by which he would return.

At last he saw him coming, and went to meet him, relieved him of his bowl and upper robe, said, "Sit down, Master," and made him sit; then took a fan and fanned him, gave him water, washed his feet, brought out the robe and laid it at his feet, saying, "Master, please wear this robe," and so stood fanning him. Then said the Elder: "Churchward, my robes are all complete. Use it yourself." "Master," said the other, "from the very time I got this set of robes, I made up my mind that it was for you. Do take it and wear it."

"No! No!" said the Elder. "I've three robes already. Wear it."

"Don't say that, Master. If you accept it, great will be my reward."

Well, the old man was firm in spite of his request repeated again and again. So at last, as he stood fanning him, the other thought to himself: "When the elder was a householder, I

was his nephew. When I took the robes, I became a dweller along with him. Even thus, my Teacher will not go shares with me. 'Share and share alike,' say I, else what's the use of being a mendicant? I'll turn householder again."

Then he thought: "It's a tiresome thing, that household life. Besides, if I went back again, how should I get my living?" Thereupon he fell into this train of thought:

"I'll sell this long robe, and buy a she-goat with the money. She-goats soon have kids. When she has kids I'll sell them off and make my pile. When I've made my pile I will take home a wife. She'll bear me a boy of course, and I'll call him by my uncle's name. Then I'll put my wife and child into a little cart, and off we go to call upon my uncle. As we rattle along I say to her: 'Give me the baby! I'll carry him.' 'No! No!' says she. 'You can't carry a baby. You drive the cart. I'll carry him.' But being unable to hold him, she'll drop him in the track of the wheels, and the wheel runs over his body. Thereupon I'll say: 'There! You would not give me my own son, nor could you carry him yourself. Now I'm a ruined man.' So saying, down on her back I'll bring the ox-goad, like this," and at the thought, as he stood fanning him, down on the Elder's head he crashed the fan.

The Elder never turned a hair, but thought to himself: "Now why, I wonder, am I struck on the head by Churchward?"

Then, as he read his every thought, he said: "Churchward, you could not strike the woman. But what fault is there in an aged mendicant like me?"

Then thought the youngster: "Alas! I'm done for. My every thought is known to my teacher. What's the use of remaining a mendicant?" So, throwing down the fan, he began to run away.

But the lads and novices pursued him, caught him, and took him to the Master, the Buddha. When the Master saw those brethren, He said:

"Why are ye come here, brethren? Have ye got a mendicant there?"

"Yes, Lord. This, my young fellow, was dis-

satisfied and ran away. We caught him and have brought him unto Thee."

"Is this true, brother?"

"True, Lord."

"But why, brother, hast thou done this grievous sin? Art not thou the son of a Buddha, He of mighty will? Didst not thou give up the world under a training such as mine? Failing to tame thyself so as to proclaim thyself either a Stream-winner or a Once-returner, or a Never-returner, or an Arahant, why didst thou do this grievous sin?"

"Lord, I was dissatisfied."

"And why art thou dissatisfied?"

Then that brother told all his story, from the day when he got the robes in the rainy season, right down to the striking of the Elder. "Therefore, Lord, I ran away," said he.

Then said the Master: "Come, brother. Check the wandering mind: for the nature of mind is

to spring to life, to come into being through settling on an object far away. Thou must needs strive to set it free from slavery to Lust, Anger and Illusion." So saying, He sang this verse:

The fugitive, flickering mind,
Hard to guard and hard to bind,
Wandering, dwelling apart,
Bodiless there in the cave of the heart.
They who subdue this mind
Leave all the fetters of Death behind.

When the Master had said this, Nephew Churchward realised the Fruits of Initiation, of Stream-winning: the others became Stream-winners, and the discourse was a blessing to the multitude.

F. L. WOODWARD

Note.—Each of the Four Great Initiations in Buddhist Doctrine has two "degrees," first, one enters the Stream, and afterwards is conscious of its results; this "second degree" is called *The Fruit*.

The Old System and the New

The contrast between the old and new methods of dealing with so-called criminals is well illustrated in the two following extracts from the *Children's Newspaper*. The first shows the results of the old method, and the second gives us an idea of one of the many new experiments which are now being made, especially in America.

In a speech made from the dock, a prisoner, who pleaded guilty to the charge of burglary at the London Sessions, stated that out of 66 years of his life he had spent 43 in prison.

At 12 he was sent to a Reformatory, and from there he was sent to prison. From that time he was convicted over and over again.

"I have never," he declared, "had an opportunity of being anything but a criminal. In the whole of my life I have never been given a chance!"

Many times, it appeared, he had been flogged; he had served terms of hard labor and of penal servitude; every kind of punishment had been inflicted on him; yet at 66 he is still either unwilling or unable to get a living.

How different this man's life-story might have been had he received the treatment given to the prisoners in what is described as a "new kind of prison" which is to be built by the State of Illinois (U. S. A.).

Its shape will be round, and every prisoner's cell

will be on the outside, so that light and air may fill it. In most prisons the cells get little of either; the prisoners suffer both in health and spirits.

Nor is it only the physical health of the inmates of this prison that will be looked after. Their characters are to be trained as well. Good behavior will win privileges, one after another, until at last the man or woman who has passed through all other grades will be promoted to the Honor Farm, where there are no restrictions upon liberty in the shape of walls or iron fences, where the occupants are put on their honor not to run away.

This, it is believed, will have far more effect than any other form of treatment in turning those who have committed crimes into good citizens. The whole course is designed to show that it pays better to be a good citizen than a bad one.

Life's Mirror

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,

There are souls that are pure and true—

Then give to the world the best you have.

And the best will come back to you.

For Life is the mirror of King and slave;

'Tis just what we are and do;

Then give to the world the best you have.

And the best will come back to you.

The Young Citizen

BY GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

I WROTE in May, among other things, of the spirit of Internationalism growing upon the world, a spirit which the Indian student in his rightful eagerness for his Motherland's freedom must not allow himself to ignore, or to be without its due influence in that Nationalism which, without doubt, is the first consideration. India, of course, thanks to the labors of a number of Indian patriots, the value of whose early struggles has of late been somewhat ill-appreciated, is a member of the League of Nations and has been represented by Indian statesmen. So that from the standpoint of the outside world India is more of an organised Nation than one sometimes realises, when one contemplates from within the devastating effect of the many disintegrating forces at work in various parts of the country, notably in the Presidency of Madras, and in the Panjab. But there are many other International forces at work directly or indirectly strengthening the League of Nations, and certainly making for that wider spirit of citizenship within the Nation, on the existence of which the hope of achieving in the not too distant future some appreciable measure of Universal Brotherhood very largely rests.

It is good that we have in the world a League of Nations. It is good that India belongs to it. But the League of Nations stands or falls upon the conception of citizenship obtaining in the various adhering countries, and if the conception is to be broad and idealistic, the youth of every country must be made aware of the many and diverse ways in which disunion is slowly but surely being transmuted into harmony, suspicion into understanding, hatred into goodwill. It is the broader outlook that is wanted, and one is not a little thankful to see that, among the young, this broader outlook is not merely being accepted, but being translated into effective practice. I wonder, for example, how many of my readers in any part of the world are aware that in 1921 and in 1922 there have been held International Conferences of Students' Societies. These very important signs

of the times receive all too little publicity in the press, though they are of immense significance, as showing that the youth of many Nations are growing alive to the fact that before them lie duties and responsibilities, extending far more widely than those which fell to the lot of the preceding generation.

In 1921, the following countries were represented: Germany, Denmark, Great Britain, Norway, Holland, Sweden, Switzerland and Tchecho-Slovakia. In 1922, the meeting was held at Leipzig, under the presidency of Herr Walter Zimmermann, the head of the Union of German Students. The countries represented at the first Conference were also represented at the second Conference, and there were also representatives from the following countries, where no actual organisation exists, or where there is no affiliation to the International body: Austria, Bulgaria, Esthonia, Finland, Greece, Hungary, Lithuania, Russia, and Turkey. India seems to have been unrepresented, as also China and Egypt and Japan, although all these countries have Students' Associations more or less active, and with more or less effective organisations.

The important thing was to get the young men to meet, and they did meet not only once but and it is hoped twice; that they will meet again this year in October at the Hague, on the invitation of the Dutch Students' Association. I think that we in India ought to get into touch with this International organisation, and the *Young Citizen* is accordingly writing to obtain further details, which will in due course be communicated to its readers. It would be good if, in 1924, India, too, could be officially represented; but I do not know to what extent the Bombay, Madras, Bihar and United Provinces Students' Federations, which used to be active, are still in existence. Such as are should deal with the question of an All-India representation of Indian students at their ensuing meetings, and in the meantime try to get into touch with each other, so that some kind of common policy in this connection may be reached. Sooner or later, India

ought to take the lead. She cannot too soon be represented. In the days before the Non-Co-Operation movement came to stultify public life even more among the students than among their elders, I dreamed of a Students' National Convention for the whole of India, a committee of the existing Federations being organised by individual Federations, so as to make the necessary arrangements. Such a body might by this time have exercised a very potent influence on the world's youth, immensely furthering the understanding of India on the part of foreign countries, and so facilitating India's pathway to Swâraj. But I now fear my dream is further off than ever from realisation, and if individual Federations are themselves languishing, then indeed we are in sorry straits. I hope to hear, however, from some readers that things are not quite so bad, and that young men in various parts of India are keeping alive the organisations which once were flourishing. It is as vital for Indian youth to be organised as for the youth of any other country, more vital in fact, for there is more headway to be made up.

What we want now is not to bother about differences, but rather to remember that differences enrich if we take them in the right way, and to go full steam ahead with all that makes first for common citizenship of the country, and then for that larger citizenship which recognises world duties and world-responsibilities. Some of us who believe in the very near coming of a Great World-Teacher find in the knowledge a force of tremendously unifying effect. What do Nations matter? What do Religions matter? What do differences of customs matter? What do differences of opinion matter? The World-Teacher comes to all, has a message for all, comes to harmonise the differences, to resolve the discordances into which the ignorance of mankind has allowed the world to fall. We may expect, perhaps, to have differences for long ages to come. Nations will continue as separate entities for a long time. The different Religions will continue to shed their teachings upon their devotees. Customs will continue to differ, and opinions too. But will not His work be

to make them known to be distinctions without differences? Useful distinctions, no doubt distinctions which are needed for the growth of the world, and of all that lives upon it: but distinctions which proceed from a common source, and are but multitudinous aspects of their common origin as color is but the breaking up of the one white light. One color cannot be said to be *true* than another, nor purer. And in the same way, differences of faith are but differences of expression; not differences of meaning. And differences of Nations are equally but differences of expression, as are differences of opinion, custom, caste.

But at the root there must be sincerity, goodwill, respect for others, a desire for co-operation. Without these at the root of the expression of our faith, our Nationality, our opinions, our caste life, the expression may grow into anti-brotherhood forms in the garb of pride, sense of superiority, a conviction that the truth has its repository in us alone and in what *we* believe, what *we* think, what *we* do, what *we* feel, in *our* National outlook, garbs of anti-brotherhood which there is every danger of our failing to recognise for what they really are. Then, we shall be lulling ourselves into a sense of false security, and while believing ourselves to be saviours shall in reality be destroyers. I earnestly hope that youths all over the world are accustoming themselves to take for granted as little as possible the shibboleths and superstitions of their elders. What may have been good enough, or bad enough, for their elders is emphatically not good enough for them, and they need to challenge, as I have already said, almost every convention, every accepted outlook, however deep down the roots may appear to be. And among the conventions and superstitions most to be feared by youth, because of their hoary age and consequent strength, are those which at present still separate Nation from Nation, Religion from Religion, Race from Race, despite the World-War and all that it is supposed to have accomplished. Youth must to-day unite that which their elders have so long kept separate.

Lord Robert Cecil—A Man of the Hour

VERY prominent in the world's eye to-day is Lord Robert Cecil, a man respected by all classes and political parties in England, and now touring America in order to convert her to the gospel of the League of Nations. In the newspapers we read of Ex-President Wilson "listening-in" at Washington to Lord Robert lecturing at New York, and think how Wilson must rejoice that the work he began but was

not strong enough to carry through has found its protagonist, who seems to be one-pointedly dedicating himself to fostering what he looks on as the one hope of Europe and the world.

Lord Robert Cecil belongs to a family which has made its mark in English History through many generations since the days of Henry VIII., and it is not a little remarkable that, despite his long tradition of Toryism, he should be a



leader of the New Hope to-day, a political pioneer. To quote from *Current Opinion* for April: "Cecil is out, frankly, to reconstruct the world on a foundation of peace instead of war. He is the opportunist with ideals. He is a Christian Machiavelli. With his broad forehead, large bones, stooping shoulders, loose joints, shambling gait, easy clothing, and long, nervous fingers, he might be a monk in mufti; but

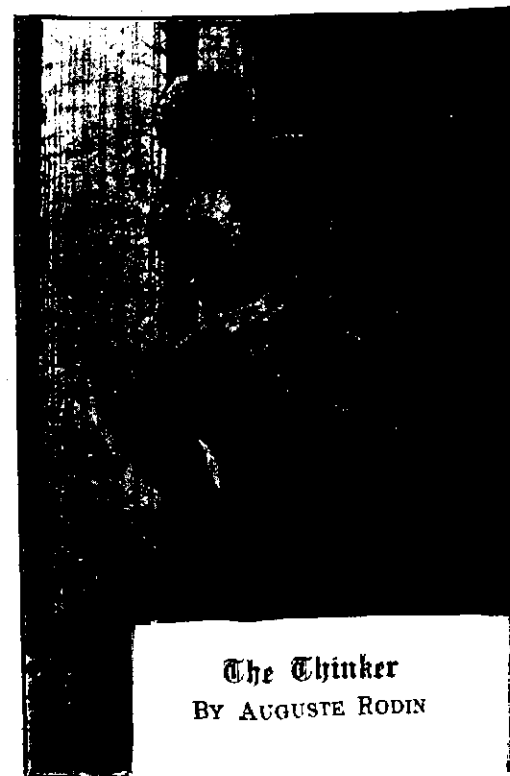
he is no mere Mystic. Without a trace of wit and with no graces of eloquence, he is as angular in diction as he is in anatomy, and is wholly concerned with the matter rather than the manner of his oration. You may agree or you may disagree with what he says, but, in either event, he is the man who has been there—who knows what he is talking about, who must be heard, whether his sentences parse or not.

He has a most formidable scowl and a most winning smile. And since he consecrated his life to a cause instead of to mere controversies, it is the smile that has won the day." The last sentence here gives us the key to Lord Robert's power—it is since he "consecrated his life to a cause" that his sincerity and singleness of aim have made him, as some maintain, the most generally trusted statesman in the Indo-British Commonwealth, though working outside Cabinets and party machinery. Hear his own words, written in 1920, to the magazine *Outward Bound*. He begins an article entitled "Every Race and the League of Nations," with the words: "When Viscount Grey wrote those five words 'we must learn or perish,' he pointed with an impressive gesture to the central pivot on which the world's future swings. The alternative is at once splendid and terrible. If we do not learn—if we stand by the old vicious system of rivalries—then hostilities will grow more

gigantic until Asia, Europe and America are swept into a maelstrom of inter-racial world-war, in which all we have patiently built up since the Goths smashed Rome will perish. We shall revert to the human pack, looting, as H. G. Wells has said, 'amid the ruins of civilisation for non-existent food'.

"If we learn—if we substitute the principle of Co-operation for that of hostility then there lies before us a vista of peace and all that peace brings. The real hope and the *one* hope of the future lies in getting the Nations of the world to understand that their prosperity, their life, their existence depend not on perpetual rivalry with their neighbors, but on co-operation and a common life—just as society has been based on the common life of individuals."

Are not these words of wisdom, worthy of a leader of Young Citizens of to-day, who have the task before them of making a fair new world, fit for heroes, saints and sages? H. V.



The Thinker
BY AUGUSTE RODIN

This fine figure, "The Thinker," is by one of the world's foremost sculptors, Auguste Rodin, a Frenchman, who died only a short time ago, and who won world-wide fame for the almost unexampled force and virility of his works. The

most famous is called "The Portal of Hell" inspired by Dante's *Inferno*, but "The Thinker" is probably the most inspiring. The original is now in the possession of the British Nation.

The Homes of Greatness

NOW to give a practical example of what I want from every country in the world, let me quote from the letter I have received from the able Editor of the *Teacher's World*, England's foremost educational journal, with a very large circulation. I do not know how far you will agree with him in the selection he has made, or in the views he expresses, particularly in the second paragraph of his letter, but the selection is certainly interesting, and the divisions he has created are even more interesting. He has, of course, drawn mainly from western history, and has probably been forced to omit many heroes, saints and martyrs, whose names and achievements ought to be included, but whose light even now has not been able to pierce the barrier of frontier and of National distinctions. Such omissions readers in such countries will perhaps be able to supply. Here is the letter:

We are sending you a few suggestions we have gathered, and hope that these will prove useful; and we also include a list of great men. The danger of such a list is narrowness and exclusiveness. To be just, many must be included whose record is tarnished, but whose motives were pure. We have divided the list into chambers or classes, and over the door of the "Home" which includes the chambers, we would suggest the following lines should be inscribed:

The Light of Lights looks ever on the motive,
not the deed;

The Shadow of Shadows on the deed alone.

With regard to the descriptions to appear beneath the pictures, we would suggest that the errors as well as the achievements and aspirations are recorded. If they are not, there is a danger of falsity as well as narrowness. The sort of list we would suggest is:

I. GREAT TEACHERS

(a) RELIGION.

Moses
Lao-tse
Confucius
Buddha (Gautama)
Jesus of Nazareth
Paul of Tarsus
Francis of Assisi

(Portrait in Fresco
by Giotto)

(Portrait in Regola Savonarola
del Ben Viveri, 1498)

Muhammad

(b) PHILOSOPHY

Socrates

AND MORALITY Plato

Epictetus
Marcus Aurelius
Kant
Condorcet
Hegel (for his Philosophy of History—not for his Logic)
Jeremy Bentham
David—as writer of the Psalms

Some great Greeks.
(cf. Livingstone's *The Greek Genius and its meaning to us*, published by the Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E. C. 4.)

Lucretius
Dante
Cervantes
Shakspeare
Goethe
Wordsworth
(who, like Dante combines intense national and local feeling with universal sympathies)
Sir Rabindranath Tagore

II. CREATORS OF GREAT WORKS OF ART

Pheidias
Leonardo da Vinci
Michaelangelo
Shah Jehan—builder of the Taj Mahal.

In this chamber should also figure pictures of great temples and cathedrals, that in themselves represent the brotherhood of man in its aspiration—that can be assigned to no one architect, no one designer. Beneath these could be emblazoned Ruskin's mighty words:

"All else for which the builders sacrificed has passed away—all their living interests, and aims, and achievements. We know not for what they labored, and we see no evidence of their reward. Victory, wealth, authority, happiness—all have departed, though bought by many a bitter sacrifice. But of them, and their life and toil upon the earth, one reward, one evidence, is left to us in those heaps of deep-wrought stone. They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honors, and their errors; but they have left us their adoration."

III. THE MERCIFUL

Oded—who wished to spare the captives. (2 Chronicles, XXVIII 6-15)
 John Howard—who visited prisons all over Europe
 Elizabeth Fry
 Thomas Clarkson
 Wilberforce
 Zachary Macaulay
 The Earl of Shaftesbury
 Mary Slessor, the factory girl, who became a missionary in Calabar
 Gregory the Great (Portrait in the Sforza Book of Hours)
 David Livingstone
 (One would need a whole chamber for missionaries of all creeds and denominations)

IV. TEACHERS OF BROTHERHOOD

John Ball
 Francis of Assisi and the Friars (Portrait in Fresco by Giotto)
 John Bunyan
 Rousseau
 Robert Owen
 Condorcet
 Mazzini
 John Ruskin
 (Here are examples of the need of qualification. These men's motives were pure, but their methods, though seeking to give some their rights, were ready to wrong others) but the truest teacher of pure and disinterested "Socialism" is Jesus of Nazareth

V. FRIENDS OF THE DUMB BROTHERHOOD

Marten (of Marten's Act, 1822)
 Mrs. Sewell
 Blake
 John Massfield

VI. CREATIONS OF MAN'S GENIUS

Beatrice
 Mr. Greatheart (Pilgrim's Progress, Pt. I an idealised Oliver Cromwell)
 Don Quixote
 Abou Ben Adhem
 Evangeline

VII. GREAT "TORCH-BEARERS"—PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

(a) ASTRONOMERS LIKE

Galileo
 Tycho Brahe
 (Alfred Noyes' *The Torch-Bearers* will help here)

(b) PHYSICIANS LIKE

Jenner
 Harvey
 Lister
 Pasteur, who "Would in the still small circle of a lamp Wrestle with death, like Herakles of old, To save one stricken child."

(c) MEN OF SCIENCE LIKE

Isaac Newton

(d) GREAT INVENTORS

(Whose era follows that of the Men of Science and whose "chamber" should come next to it)

James Watt
 Crompton
 Jacquard (there is a statue of him at Lyons)

(e) GREAT DISCOVERERS

Columbus
 Vasco da Gama
 La Salle
 Bishop Selwyn, and many an obscure missionary—male and female

VIII. GREAT HISTORIANS OF MANKIND—RECORDERS OF ITS PROGRESS.

Herodotus
 Writers of the various Books of the East

Thucydides
 Plutarch
 Gibbon
 Grote
 Mommsen
 Lord Acton

IX. GIVERS OF GREAT IDEALS.

King Arthur and his Table Round
 Ignatius Loyola
 Aristides
 S. Louis

X. UNITERS OF MANKIND BY THE ART OF MUSIC

David
 Handel
 Beethoven
 Mendelssohn

XI. FRIENDS OF CHILDHOOD

Jesus of Nazareth
 Gregory the Great
 Sir Thomas More
 Thomas Treherne
 Michael Sadler
 John Wood
 Sir Rabindranath Tagore
 Sarojini Naidu
 Dr. Barnardo
 Margaret Macmillan
 Pestalozzi
 Froebel
 Thring
 Thomas Arnold

National heroes—or some of them—should not be excluded, for if their view of brotherhood was not world-wide, it was wider than the view of most. We suggest a Chamber for

XII. PREVENTERS OF OPPRESSION

(Brothers of the Sword of Defence)

William the Silent
 William of Orange
 William Tell
 Alfred the Great
 Julius Caesar—"who made war on the Republic in order to save the Provinces from ruthless oppression"
 Kosciusko
 Garibaldi
 Marshal Foch
 Horatio Nelson
 Abraham Lincoln
 Woodrow Wilson

The description underneath will generally have to be written for the purpose, no doubt. But sometimes the words of a poet will serve, e.g., for Thomas Arnold, the lines from "Rugby Chapel":

But thou would'st not alone
 Be saved, my father! alone
 Conquer and come to thy goal,
 Leaving the rest in the wild ...
 Therefore to thee it was given
 Many to save with thyself;
 And, at the end of thy day,
 O faithful shepherd! to come,
 Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

Others, like Jeremy Bentham and Lord Acton, will have written their own epitaphs.

Jeremy Bentham: "The way to be comfortable is to make others comfortable: the way to make others comfortable is to appear to love them: the way to appear to love them is to love them in reality. *Probatur ab experientia* per Jeremy Bentham, Queen's Square Place, Westminster. Born Feb. 15, Anno 1748. Written 24th Oct., 1831."

Lord Acton: "But the weight of opinion is against me when I exhort you never to debase the moral currency or to lower the standard of rectitude, but to try others by the final maxim that governs your own lives, and to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which History has the power to inflict on wrong."

In these suggestions, we have stressed Western History, feeling that it is on that side that you are most in need of assistance and suggestion, and we hope they will prove of some use to you.

Will readers of the *Young Citizen* now come forward with their suggestions, and with constructive proposals and lists, and, where possible, with pictures? In many cases picture postcards are available, and these would be distinctly useful. And I am not without hope that if the idea of Homes of Greatness catches on, publishers all over the world will make a point of making and keeping stocks of pictures at varying prices for schools, for villages, for towns and cities. What an internationalising force such places would have, how valuably they would educate public opinion gradually to pass beyond the confines of Nation into the wider regions of Universal Brotherhood?

I am particularly anxious that Indian readers should kindly help me to obtain a comprehensive list of Indian great men and women, who labored in the past to give their Motherland nobility and civi-

sation. As far as possible I want either definitely historical characters, or characters accepted as historical by the people in general, whether or no the scientific historian includes them among those he officially recognises. If we get good pictures, I may perhaps be able to induce the senior Editor of the *Young Citizen* to open a picture gallery of the World's Greatest Men and Women in the *Young Citizen* itself, so that our magazine may itself become a monthly Home for Greatness.

So please, readers, send me lists prepared on some definite plan. The plan of the Editor of the *Teachers' World* may be looked at as an example, but other plans may be thought better. In the case of each selection it should be justified in a few brief sentences, and, where possible, I should like to have either actual extracts from the writings of those selected or appreciations of their worth by well-known writers.

Swarājya in Miniature

(IN THE FIELD OF WOMEN'S EDUCATION)

THE Shrimati Nathibai Damodhar Thackersey Indian Women's University is a concrete embodiment of the idea of Swarājya. Swarājya is an accomplished fact in this University. For the last seven years it has got on fairly well without assistance from Government. It takes its stand on self-determination. Government's sympathy and help will be welcome, provided the right of Self-determination is not interfered with. The following is a brief summary of the main features of the University, which give it its distinctive, almost unique character.

The authorities in the Indian Women's University have a two-fold aim in view. They wish to foster respect for authority and at the same time build up in the alumni of the University a sense of sturdy independence, which will enable them to rise to their full stature. Secondly, they seek to bring secondary and higher education within reach of the middle classes—and even the poorer classes—by introducing certain reforms in the courses of study and system of examinations which are in vogue in other Universities in India. The following are some of them:

1. Vernaculars are made the media of instruction and English is a second language, compulsory in higher and optional in secondary education.
2. The importance of vernaculars is recognised by making them the media of instruction, and secondly by giving the first place to the study of the vernacular of the province.
3. Simple arithmetic is necessary for the Entrance or Matriculation examination but other branches of mathematics are optional.
4. Domestic science and hygiene is a compulsory subject throughout.
5. Examinations have—more prominently in some Universities while less so in others—assumed the

nature of a bar to a student's progress instead of being the means to ascertain whether a student is fit to take the next higher step. In this connection the following facilities are given:

(a) When a girl fails in one subject only, she has to appear in that subject only at the next examination. At examinations in the College course, a student can also prepare for the next higher examination, and appear simultaneously for one subject of the lower and the whole of the higher examination.

(b) When a girl gets 40 per cent or more marks in a subject she is exempted from appearing in that subject.

(c) Students are allowed to appear for examinations without keeping terms at a recognised institution. Care however is taken to see that they have opportunities to learn scientific subjects properly.

(d) Examinations are arranged at places of residence of students, to save the trouble and expense of travelling long distances with male escorts.

The following institutions are working under the supervision of the University authorities:

1. One Arts College at Hingne Budruk, near Poona. This will be shifted to the new buildings that are being erected nearer the city, in June next.
2. Another Arts College at Ahmedabad. There are about 30 students in these Colleges.
3. The normal school or Training College for Women to prepare teachers for vernacular primary schools. There are 40 students in this College.
4. The High School at Hingne Budruk.
5. The High School in the City of Poona.
6. The High School at Ahmedabad.
7. The High School at Surat.

8. The High School at Malavan in the Ratnagiri district.

There are about eight hundred students in these High Schools, which teach up to the Entrance examination of the University.

9. Classes:—One Maráthi and one Gujaráthi are opened in the Mahārání High School at Baroda to prepare students for the Entrance Examination of the Women's University.

Schools may be opened in any part of the country with the local vernaculars as the media of instruction, and if they come up to the Entrance standard they will be recognised by the University, and small money grants, according to the funds that may be available, will be given them.

The primary and the secondary course together cover a period of nine years, and the higher course is completed in three years, so that a girl who is put to school at six and promoted year after year will become a graduate of this University at the age of eighteen. This arrangement is eminently suited to our social conditions. The age of marriage is rising to about 15 or 16 and by that time a girl can complete her secondary education. This University has turned out fifteen graduates so far, and they are designated G. A.'s or graduates in Arts.

The government of the University is vested in the Senate consisting of 80 ordinary and four ex-officio fellows. The ordinary fellows are elected by six electorates. Registered bodies conducting schools and colleges affiliated to the Women's University elect 20, patrons contributing Rs. 1000 or more elect ten, graduates of Indian or other Universities contributing Rs. 10 annually elect fifteen, educated ladies 10, contributors of Rs. 5 annually, 15, the Senate elects 10, the eldest male heir of the Damodhardas Thackersey family 5, in all 80.

A fellowship lasts for five years and sixteen vacancies that occur automatically every year are filled up by elections in April or May of each year. Principals of affiliated Arts Colleges and trustees are ex-officio fellows. Ladies and gentlemen from different provinces of different communities and religions and of different shades of political opinions are included in the 2,500 electors and 84 fellows.

The wherewithal to run the affairs of this University is obtained by voluntary taxes (subscriptions). Tax-payers paying more than Rs. 5 annually get a place in one of the electorates. Others paying smaller taxes have no direct representation but their help too is equally important.

The late Sir Vithaldas Thackersey put the affairs of the University on a sound financial basis by his princely donation of 15 lakhs in the 3½% G. P. Notes. The University itself and the institutions solely maintained by it are, in consideration of this splendid gift, named after the mother of the donor, Shrémati Nathibai Damodhar Thackersey. The successors of Sir Vithaldas are equally sympathetic and are carrying out his intentions in letter and in spirit. There are two absolutely necessary conditions laid down by the donor. One is that the University should collect a fund, which will produce an interest of Rs. 52,500 annually, that is, equal to the interest of his gift. When this is done the corpus of the gift will be transferred to the University. Till then, only the annual interest of Rs. 52,500 is to be given to the University for current expenses from year to year. The second condition is that new buildings should be erected not very far from the city for the College, and in order that money available for current expenditure may not be reduced, money required for the buildings, up to Rs. 1,86,000 is to be advanced by the donor without interest. This loan without interest is to be paid off from collection of subscriptions. When the loan is wiped off, additions are to be made to the Permanent Fund. The current expenditure of the University is Rs. 70,000 per year. Rs. 52,500 are given by the successors of the late Sir Vithaldas, Rs. 7500 is the amount of the interest on the invested funds of the University and Rs. 10,000 are contributed by sympathetic annual donors. The condition of collecting a fund that would produce an annual interest of Rs. 52,500 is very hard indeed, but there is an excellent motive at the back of it. The object of the donor in putting this condition was to ensure the permanence of the University. A great relieving feature is that no time limit is prescribed. In case better class people fail in extending sufficient help to this National movement, the promoters of the University propose to try their utmost, by approaching tens and hundreds of thousands of lower and poor middle class people, and they hope to build up the necessary fund by collecting their contributions even of a few annas each. They have already made a small beginning in this direction. They have faith and they have patience, and their successors, if not they, are sure to fulfil the necessary condition.

Hingne Budruk,
Poona City.

D. K. KARVE.

Are You Lazy?

"IT may be accepted as a fact that no child is naturally lazy." So wrote a school medical officer in an article in the *Times Educational Supplement* entitled: "Why Are Some Children Lazy?"

"The perfectly normal child," he states, "may be tired, bored, uninterested, but not lazy." Laziness, nowadays, is looked upon as a symptom, as the "manifestation of some underlying abnormal condition"; hence the first step in every case of laziness is the diagnosis of the particular abnormal condition which gives rise to it. This abnormality may be physical or mental, and the writer considers that in probably ninety per cent of cases the causes are definitely physical. In most cases, the laziness is a "protective state"—the measure adopted by nature to prevent the overstrain caused by the extra effort which is necessary to overcome some slight or partial physical defect. For example, the child may be able to see sufficiently well to read the type of his school-books or the writing on the black-board only when a slight, and usually unconscious, extra effort is made. This means a definite strain on the eyes, and nature's protective measure against this strain manifests as the so-called "laziness" of the child. The same thing may come about through slightly defective hearing, nature's protective measure being to cause the child to pay attention only intermittently. Then the habit of day-dreaming becomes established—for the child's mind is never idle—and, as the habit grows, the child pays less and less attention to the class-work. Mild degrees of adenoid growth also frequently cause slight impairment of the sense of hearing, the impairment being in some cases intermittent, accentuated from time to time by slight catarrh of the nasal passages. Other physical causes which bring about similar effects are the various forms of anæmia, minor and unrecognised cases of cretinism (the amount of the secretion of the thyroid gland being insufficient), the irritation of vermin insects even when the child appears outwardly clean, and many other causes, especially any and every debilitating illness.

The remaining ten per cent of cases of laziness are due to mental causes, and, when every possible physical cause has been excluded, the next and the most difficult task is to determine the particular mental defect responsible for the child's condition. The first step is the estimation of the child's intelligence quotient, and if this is found to be much below normal, he should be put to work with his

mental equals—either in a special school for mental defectives, a special class for backward children, or simply in a class of children a year or two younger than himself, according to the degree of the defect. The writer urges that, where necessary, teachers should not hesitate to put a child in a class where the average age is a year or two less than his own, but does not refer to the difficulty sometimes experienced by teachers where this course is resorted to, namely, the discouragement and depression which, in the case of sensitive children, often results. It is true that in some cases the initial discouragement soon wears off and the child recovers his self-respect in reaction to the environment of mental equality, and the occasional sense of superiority he may experience if he finds himself, in certain respects, in advance in knowledge or capacity of his new class-mates.

There is a small class of children with a mental quotient of parity in whom no physical cause can be found for their condition. An interesting case is given of this class:

"This child rarely spoke, would sit for a whole lesson apathetic and indifferent to what was going on around her, and did not mix with other girls of her own age in the playground. She was extremely reserved, and in speaking to her one saw that she was very antagonistic and hostile towards any advance on one's part. Always timid, she was at times lachrymose, at times defiant. Yet the child could read well, and would occasionally take books from the school library. Her voice was hoarse and guttural, and had been so ever since an illness in infancy.

"Careful inquiry into the child's early history revealed the following series of facts. She was the youngest member of a family of ten, and had been much teased by her elder brothers. In a crowded house she had come off second best in many of the minor comforts and amenities of home life, having to give way in many things to her sisters and brothers. Thus there was established a sense of inferiority and an unnatural timidity.

"During the winter of 1914-15, she was just of an age when she would begin to mix with other children, joining in their games out of doors, but her hoarse and guttural voice gained for her the nickname of German or Bosch. Unable because of her sense of inferiority and her timidity to retaliate upon the bodies of her tormentors for this insult, she took it greatly to heart, and this worry became a powerful but suppressed factor in

her life. Unfortunately it was not realised at the time how much the child suffered on this account, and her complaints, which were rare, were laughed at. When I saw her she was in a condition exactly analogous to shell-shock. Now that this girl's condition is diagnosed I believe that in time she will get rid of her distressing complaint. Her teacher now knows on what lines to treat her, and she is already showing signs of response."

The causes in cases of this type are distinctly emotional in origin, and remind one how inevitably the spheres of the physician and the psychologist are tending more and more to overlap, rendering any clear line of demarcation between them almost impossible.

Another type of case, in which the laziness is periodic, can only be accounted for by recognising that "dual, alternating and even triple personalities are much more common than is generally supposed," and in many such cases "enquiry will elicit the fact that the child had meningitis, or perhaps convulsions or minor epileptic fits"—such minor fits easily passing unnoticed. Other cases are more simply explained, as, for example, the fretful impatience of the child of very quick intellect at being obliged to accommodate his speed to

slower minds, or, most frequent of all causes, fatigue, pure and simple.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the principles outlined in this article, for the subject is one that concerns every teacher the world over, and, though the conclusions reached may be well known to the up-to-date educationist, they are far from having penetrated to the rank and file of teachers, especially in those countries where education generally is more backward. The most vital point is the supreme necessity for the closest association together of the teacher and the doctor in the work of diagnosing the causes in every case where a child's work and progress are unsatisfactory. From the teacher's point of view, nothing increases his difficulty in handling a class more than the presence in it of one or more "lazy" children, and it is clear that this difficulty is altogether avoidable if the proper steps are taken, or either the cause of the laziness can be remedied, or else the child should be transferred to a more suitable environment. And even more important is it to remember that in trying to force the so-called "lazy" child to work, the teacher may be doing him real and far-reaching harm, which with proper care could easily be avoided

Young Citizens As Heroes

AFINE story of heroism comes from Sydney, Australia. Several bathers were carried out in a strong tide into the channel, but all except three managed to land on the rocks. A sixteen-year old school boy, named Arthur Mandellson, was one of those swept away, but, not thinking of himself, he turned to the assistance of a young man and a girl. Securing hold of both, he struck out across the channel, and by a strenuous effort reached the rocks. He thus saved the lives of his comrades, even though his own life was in equal danger.

Here is a story of brotherliness to animals. The other day, near Manchester, a crowd of people gathered because a lamb was seen at the bottom of a deep well, and as is often the case, no one seemed to think of rescuing the poor little creature. After all, many may have argued, the well was very deep and it was only a lamb. But Boy Scouts do not argue in this way, neither did Councillor Owen Llewelyn Williams, for he and Boy Scout Walter Thomas Pugh rushed for a rope, went down the well and brought up the lamb, to the pathetic delight

of its mother, which had been bleating helplessly on the edge of the well.

The other day, a gigantic wave swept over a road near the sea at Biarritz, France. The result was that seven children were swept into the sea, and many others were in imminent danger, for the road was crowded. A young Englishman, Robert Partridge, signalled his holiday by diving immediately into the sea and bringing all seven safely to land.

A hospital nurse was passing by one of the canals that run through London, and, to her horror, saw a child fall in and being carried away by the current. In she jumped, fully dressed, brought the child to the bank, handed it over to its people, and refused to say who she was, hurrying away as quickly as possible. In vain the grateful parents tried to find out the name of the brave rescuer, and would have failed, had not the nurse developed pneumonia as the result of the immersion, the story thus coming out. She has been recommended for the Royal Humane Society's medal for bravery.

But it is not only boys and girls, men and women

who can do brave things. Love makes all creatures brave and what do you think of a brave cat? Pussy's kitten fell into a well, and pussy ran round mewling for help, while kitty struggled in the water. Up runs a kind policeman, and he catches up a bucket, and tries to scoop the kitten into it, but fails. Then, being a sensible man, he tied a rope round mother pussy, and let her gently down to the surface of the water near the kitten. Pussies hate water, but mother-love is stronger than fear, and she catches her kitten by the back of the neck and both are pulled to the top, kitten and pussy. Very proud must she have felt, and how she must have purred, and rubbed herself against the good policeman's leg.

A remarkable story of the parental devotion of two sparrows comes from Staffordshire, England. Hovering over a railway wagon full of coal, the birds attracted the attention of the workmen, who had come to unload it, by their obvious distress. The cause of the agitation was investigated, and there was discovered a little nest containing several eggs. Evidently the nest had been made at the colliery siding some time before, and the little mother and father had accompanied it throughout the journey, surely with great difficulty and with great fatigue. These little fellow-citizens of ours have provided us a good object-lesson in devotion.

The following appeared in *New India* the other day:

Two days back, as Mr. Gopala Rao, a Scout and a Patrol Leader of Ashoka Rovers, Madras, was going to the Y. M. I. A. along the Benfield Road, near the railway crossing, he found a victoria with its turning mechanism broken. The horse was dangling by the leather straps. There was a huge crowd watching the spectacle, while the animal was getting choked, and the coachman was helpless. The Scout got down from the bus, and with great difficulty persuaded two persons to help him to lift up the carriage by its front wheels, got all the straps and harness loose, and set the horse free. After replacing the wheels on the road, he washed his hands at a tap close

by and proceeded on his way. What then was the wonder of the people, when they found that the carriage was not his?

Brother Scouts! Be prepared to render help to your fellow-men.

Perhaps this is not exactly a heroic action, but it was none the less a brave deed, for a terrified animal may cause serious injury in its plunging and kicking. The difference between the Scout outlook and the outlook of many others is quaintly illustrated in the correspondent's observation—"what then was the wonder of the people when they found that the carriage was not his!"

We publish with special pleasure the following account of the heroism of Kaushal Kishore, 5th G. K. P. Troop, Bansi, United Provinces, which has been sent to us by Mr. Ayodhya Das, Scout Commissioner:

In the forenoon of May 1st, Ram Shankar, a boy of the Ratan Sen School, Bansi, with a few school students went to the other side of the river to make some purchases. On his return he tried to cross the river by wading. His brother Tameshwar Prasad and Scouts Kaushal Kishore and Lallan Lal with some other persons were bathing in the river. When Ram Shankar first reached the other side the Scouts were in the act of undressing.

The river is fordable at many places: men who want to cross usually do so by this method, but in other places it is very deep. When Ram Shankar began to wade, Kaushal Kishore warned him of the deep parts, but unfortunately the boy came the wrong way and suddenly found himself in deep water. Being unable to swim he was soon struggling to keep himself afloat but without success, and when he came to the surface again he was in a precarious state. Kaushal Kishore immediately swam to his rescue and as he had nothing which he could throw to him to grasp, he at once caught hold of him with his hands, but Ram Shankar clutched him round the neck and both went under. When they came up again Kaushal Kishore found that Ram Shankar had lost consciousness, and he towed him to the bank, and after nine or ten minutes artificial respiration the boy recovered sufficiently to be taken home. These facts are corroborated by Tameshwar Prasad and the other Scout students who were present.

It is good that the Scout movement should provide such outlets for the heroism of India's youth. Heartly congratulations to Scout Kaushal Kishore.

KNOWLEDGE

I used to think I knew I knew,
But now I must confess
The more I know I know I know,
I know I know the less.

Little Brothers

JANE

BY AN OLD PUSS

I WANT to tell you about my darling Puss, because perhaps you have never been acquainted with one; if you have, you will love to hear of her; if you have not, then it is good that you should hear about her.

She comes third of the three people who have taught me most in this life, and helped me. The first is a great soul, now in a woman's body, who, in one sense, seems far away because she is so far above everybody else, and yet so near and understanding. The one person on earth that if you had done a dreadful thing you would want to fly to, and know that she would not cast you off; she has such a wide outlook on life, she could not do a petty thing, nor could she do a thing that "wasn't cricket"; so chivalrous, she never fails to defend another and stand by the weak.

The second in a man's body: one who was entirely selfless; all desire or thought of self had been transmuted; he gave away everything he had, for he always found some one worse off than himself; he never wanted anything for himself; the soul of honor, he could not swerve from his knowledge of the truth, and he was ever seeking truth; the only person I have met who could not be a snob.

The third person is in my puss' body: she is a lovely White Puss, not deaf (people *will* ask me if she is deaf). She is a lady through and through; she could not have done a vulgar thing, nor could she have behaved clumsily.

She came to me in a strange way. I saw her sitting all forlorn and very smutty and thin in one of those soldiers' huts, the first year of the Great War, one of those places where the soldiers were encouraged to drink tea and coffee and eat stale buns. The old maids of the different places gladly found employment in their otherwise dull existence, and came and waited on them; sometimes they were not too wise, like the rest of us, who are learning.

The White Kitten (she was quite wee) came and gave me a gentle "me-ouw," quite soft and sweet. My heart went out to her. I took her up, buttoned her in my coat, it was a bitterly cold night, and I had to walk across the sea front; she was so small and cold and thin; I took her back to the house I then had; she began to purr on the way.

I had not had a puss since I was a child; I did not know what a puss could be to one or do for one. She was lovely and white in a few days, but so sad and pitiful and wistful and wondering. Oh! I love

my puss. We moved from that house when one of the household had finished work there, and gone off to the War; my puss came with me. I called her Jane.

We found ourselves alike in many ways. I had no idea how puss-like I am, nor how near to that stage of evolution.

When we arrived at a new place, we both went round every corner, she smelling, I looking, she taking in everything the same as I did. Having finished the inspection of the house, we inspected the garden, the flowers, the vegetables, the trees, and then the fields beyond. She was in type like me; had the same nature; she flew at people the same as I do; she summed people up the same as I do; and she noticed if a small thing or a piece of furniture had been moved a quarter of an inch, as I do.

One day a man, saying he was a cat-lover, wished to take her up; I warned him that Jane would brook no liberties, but he, being a man and thinking he knew better than I did in his own estimation, took Jane up in his arms, and she scratched him all down the face, exactly as I should have loved to do, if any one had taken a similar liberty with me.

Jane always came if I called her, and we went quite long walks together, she a little nervously if we went far beyond her usual beat. She was not good to dogs. I have seen her keep two quite large ones at bay and, horrible sight! I have seen her get on a dog's back and scratch him atrociously, because he dared to look into the garden when I was near; I think the same instinct led her to try to protect me with the man. Jane was a small kind of cat; she had the most adorable eyes that spoke devotion, dark green. I have seen one other person with those same sort of eyes, but only one; they were eyes that looked into your soul. I never saw Jane look at any one quite as she looked at me.

Jane often had kittens, and she used to bring her mate to introduce to me. She always wanted me, to share her joys and sorrows and pains. She was troubled from time to time with canker of the ear, and when it began I used to put ointment deep down inside in the ear. I always did it by myself; no need to hold Jane, she would always come to have it done, a little soft "me-ouw," if I hurt her very much, with rather a reproachful look, was her only remonstrance. When her kittens were near to arrival, she would not leave me, and when they had come she went through a little fight with

herself as to which should claim her attention, the kittens or me. I always tried to help Jane to be the best cat I knew, as I understood it, and insisted that as she had brought the kittens into the world they were her first responsibility. Thus I helped her over her short quandary. I could see she did not want me to feel neglected, but I reassured her; all went well; she was a wonderful little selfless mother.

She understood most things and very much that was said; she always knew, days before, if I were going away; I was constantly away and when I was going, I had always to submit to most reproachful looks; she also always knew when I was expected back, and was there to meet me.

Many of her kittens were lovely, long-haired and white; sometimes they partook of hersweet nature, sometimes they were more ordinary.

We had a terrible tragedy, twice repeated. I shall never forget the morning when I came down to find all the kittens, born and well the day before, dead, and Jane licking them, and as I came into the room lifting one in her mouth and placing it in my hand, thinking, I suppose, that I could give it back to her. Her piteous look of not understanding and asking me to explain is not to be described. A dog had come into the garden the night before, and she had really gone mad over it. Twice in Jane's life this happened. Poor Jane!

Once when she had a lovely set of kittens, I kept one myself. I may add that I was always seeking good homes for Jane's kittens among friends and acquaintances, and their friends and acquaintances. This one, Topsy by name, was of a very different temperament from Jane. Jane needed meat to eat to keep her well and was an excellent mouser; Topsy rarely ate meat and was always up in a tree and caught so many birds. Jane on rare occasions caught birds, and then I had to go through the heart-ache of having them brought to me, often not quite dead; this, of course, was Jane's etiquette, and I am sure was the most self-sacrificing thing she could do, to give her great prize, the prize of her hunt, the bird, to me. Oh! Jane was sweet! I loved the bird too!

When Topsy was grown up, Jane was not always very friendly to her; another trait like me, jealousy! The time came again when Jane was going to have a family; Topsy kept close to her and both close to me, would not let me go out of their sight. In my ignorance I thought they would fight and anticipated another tragedy, but no, just the reverse. Topsy was evidently taught by Jane all about the family. When the first kitten's cry was heard, I shall

never forget the look of wonderment and joy on Topsy's face, as she heard that first kitten's cry. I have learnt with animals to interfere as little as possible, and knowing Jane to be quite equal to taking care of herself, if she let Topsy come near, I concluded all would be well; happily so it proved. After they had arrived, the loud purrs of the two cats drowned the little "me-ouws" of the kittens. You wondered where all the purr came from, and how they could keep it up hour after hour. It was an unforgettable occasion. The kittens were never left alone; if Jane left them, Topsy would sit by the basket and look at them, but I never saw her get into the basket nor touch them, until they were about three weeks old. Later, Topsy had her own kittens, and on one occasion the baskets were side by side, each with her kittens, each full of purr, each looking after their own; even then they never both left the families for the first fortnight. If I went into the room, the purr increased; they looked on me as a great-grandmother cat.

I was very particular that my pussies did not steal, and I trained them to wait for their food until I came to give it them. The cook put it ready on the kitchen table, Jane being present, but she had to wait to begin until I went down to the kitchen and gave her leave. The cook often left the room and left Jane sitting beside the plate of food. Only once, in four years, did Jane forget herself. I could not think what had happened, for Jane came and found me, looking thoroughly ashamed, rubbed herself against me but hiding her head. I stupidly thought that she was in a hurry for me to go down and put her off; but no, she was very persistent; at last I went down with her, to find the plate empty. I scolded her and told her how unworthy was her behavior; she never did it again. Topsy was easily taught to do the same, and wait.

Jane's way of bringing up her kittens was methodical, delightful and very instructive. Supposing the kittens were born on a Sunday, on every subsequent Sunday a change in management took place, showing the progressive instinct in the mother. The first week they were never left except for an occasional and hurried visit to the garden, and a very hurried return. The second week, beginning on Sunday, the little mother would stay away half an hour or less, twice a day. The third week she would leave them frequently, but not for longer than about a half an hour at a time. On the fourth Sunday, the beginning of the fourth week, she would sit a few yards from them and watch them. I forgot to say that the second week they were taken

out of the basket on to the floor. At the end of the fourth week, she would pay two visits to my bedroom to smell all round, to see if the coast was clear, preparatory to carrying the kittens into that room on the fifth Sunday. The evening of the fifth Sunday was the regularly appointed hour; they were carried in one by one, and deposited under a chest of drawers, Jane triumphantly jumping on to my bed to tell me that the thing was done! I let them stay all night, but on this occasion I had to interfere, and put them back during the day. Each evening that week the ceremony was repeated. On the sixth Sunday Jane carried them downstairs to my morning-room; during that week they were treated to a dead mouse and shown how to play with and eat that, and also to a dead shrew, and shown how to play with and not eat that.

Jane's kittens were rather late in lapping, generally the fourth week; but I have known them not learn till the fifth and even the sixth week. The routine of this bringing up did not vary in the four years, and Jane had kittens twice every year.

Topsy went to live in a happy home, and Jane is now with a cat-lover. When I left England, I had to say good-bye to her. I always hope that she knows I can never forget her, and I am sure that one day we shall meet again. The dear puss is a wanderer like myself; we were like sisters in the great world family, and I bless her.

AN OLD PUSS

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any Nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain: that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

To A Young Genius

BY CHARLES MACKAY

If thou wouldst win a lasting fame;
If thou the immortal wreath wouldst claim,
And make the future bless thy name,
Begin thy perilous career;
Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear;
And walk thy way without a fear.
And if thou hast a voice within
That ever whispers—"Work and win,"
And keeps thy soul from sloth and sin;
If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed;
If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn,
Nor curse the day that thou wast born
To feed on husks, and he on corn;
If thou canst dine upon a crust,
And still hold on with patient trust,
Nor pine that fortune is unjust;
If thou canst see with tranquil breast
The knave or fool in purple dressed,
While thou must walk in tattered vest;
If thou canst rise ere break of day,
And toil and moil till evening grey,
At thankless work for scanty pay;
If, in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
Of those who strive to pull thee down;
If thou canst bear the averted face,
The gibe, or treacherous embrace,
Of those who run the self-same race;
If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To reconcile thee to thy kind;
Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come; go on, true soul!
Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal!
If not—what matters?—tried by fire,
And purified from low desire,
The Spirit shall but soar the higher.
Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,
And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy
Thy secret peace, thy inward joy;
And when thou sittest on the height,
Thy song shall be its own delight,
And cheer thee in the world's despoil.

My Magazine

A Lucky Day

Little Amarawathie is just three
Years old to-day.
"Now, mother, may I go to school?"
I heard the darling say.

"My dearest child", the mother said,
You'd better go and play
Until the wise astrologers
Find out a lucky day."

So Amarawathie played and played
Till she was tired of play;
She played on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

Then Sunday came, but, all the same,
The child was driven to play,
Until the wise astrologers
Should find a lucky day!

But alas for the wise astrologers!
Their wisdom went astray!
Neither stars nor calculations
Could tell a lucky day!

And alas for Amarawathie!
Forever doomed to play,
Because the wise astrologers
Could find no lucky day!

Now Amarawathie was a child
Who knew a thing—or two,
And before next Monday morning
She'd decided what to do.

On a wireless wave a word she sent
By the power of her baby mind;
And the answer came as fast as it went,
Borne on the wings of the wind.

Soon Monday came. At ten o'clock
She stood outside the gate;
She called a passing rickshaw;
She feared she might be late.

Just in the nick of time she reached
A garden, green and cool,
And the children ran to greet her, saying
"We are glad you've come to school!"

And then sweet music called them
And with folded hands they stood
To sing their happy morning thanks
Around the circle made by Love
True, Beautiful and Good.

So Amarawathie learnt to draw,
To write, to read, to sing;
She played with many a pretty thing,
But singing she liked best.

All round the ring—just like the rest—
She ran, and quickly learnt to swing;
She heard the sweetest stories
About giants, fairies, birds

The story of Three Bears she thought
By far the most interesting!

At last the children said "Goodbye,"
The rickshaw wheels went round,
And Amarawathie hastened home
To tell what she had found.

"O Amarawathie, naughty girl,
Why did you run away?
I told you not to go to school,"
(I heard her mother say)

"Until the wise astrologers
Had found a lucky day."

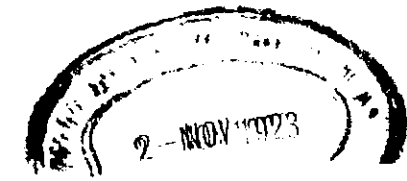
Then Amarawathie sweetly smiled
And most politely said:
"Dear mother, please forgive me
I'll explain my escapade.

"Very early in the morning
Of this most delightful day
From the wisest of the astrologers
A message came, to say:

"Dear Amarawathie, go to school—
You cannot miss the way,
For whatever day you go to school
Will be your luckiest day!"

A. E. P.

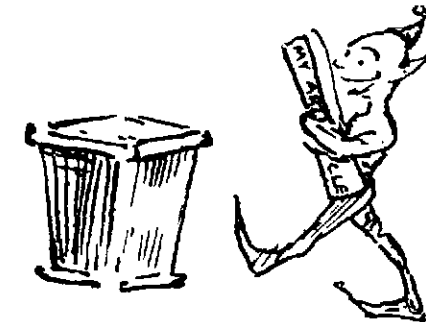
Musaeus College, Kindergarten, COLOMBO



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ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, *Editors*.

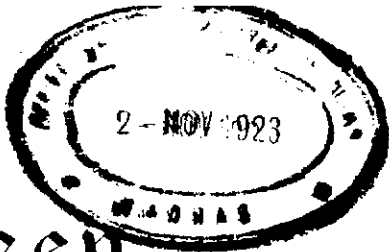
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The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL. I

MADRAS, 1st AUGUST, 1923

No. 5

From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

LAST month's talk finished by saying that we would try "to understand something of what is meant by Will, the Power of the Hidden God, who is our SELF". Nearly all religions declare that when Brahman, the Supreme, the All, manifests, He manifests with three Qualities: Sat, Chit, Ananda, Existence, Consciousness, Bliss. And so we find that in religions, Ishvara--the Lord of a system, Brahman in miniature--is spoken of as having these three qualities or aspects, and then we call them Power, Wisdom and Activity (or Love, because the Activity is shown in the Emanation or Creation of Beings; Love is an active feeling, and seeks expression), and people worship a Trimurti, or Trinity. As all things in His worlds come from Ishvara, man's life is part of His Life, and the human SELF is a limited reproduction of the Supreme SELF, and has also three qualities, so that our own SELF is triple, a little reproduction, as just said, of Him, and we say that that living SELF, called a Jivâtma, manifests, shows himself, as Will, SELF-Realisation and Intellect, or Activity. Will is the Power of the SELF, and it is the Power which directs our actions, when we are no longer acting in answer to objects which attract or repel us, but when we act rightly, that is, in accord with the Divine Will. It moves us from within, not from without; it carries out the Will which moves the worlds.

Now if the Will is to move us to Right Activity, we have to develop various Virtues, fixed

qualities which are our "character". We say that a person has a strong Will if he acts by his own Will, and a weak Will if he is acted on by outside attractions or dislikes. A virtue is the expression of the Will in action, and one of the very first we need is COURAGE. Courage is the expression of the Will in the face of danger, steadily set to the accomplishment of a definite purpose. It does not mean blind recklessness and indifference to danger, but an open-eyed recognition of a danger, and the determination to face it. Some of the bravest soldiers have a feeling of fear as they face a hail of bullets, but Courage is shown by the quiet firm advance, despite the realisation of the risk. The realisation of the risk depends on the development of Imagination, a mental quality which pictures a thing before it takes place. The unimaginative man, stolid and blunt-nerved, goes on blindly, not realising the danger; while the imaginative man pictures the danger vividly. The first may be seized with panic, if a sudden realisation of the risk of mutilation or death flashes upon him in the midst of the battle; while the second cannot be shaken with terror, for he has deliberately gone forward, though realising his peril, and facing it all the time.

PHYSICAL COURAGE of the "bull-dog type," as it is sometimes called, does not always connote a high level of evolution. For, as said above, it may be merely the outcome of dull imagination and little-developed nerves. The fine type of

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In the September Number of

The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

FROM THE FRONT
IN THE WORLD'S SERVICE—THE LORD MUHAMMAD
THE AUTUMN FESTIVAL. By Rabindranath Tagore
BUDDHIST STORIES: IV. HASTE TO DO GOOD
THE YOUNG CITIZEN
HOMES OF GREATNESS
VISIT TO A TIBETAN LAMA
A MAN OF THE HOUR: LORD WILLINGDON
IN HIS NAME: A HINDU WIDOW

Physical Courage is where the imagination is vivid and the nerves are highly strung, and both are kept in steadiness and obedience by the unswerving open-eyed Will. Such Courage may at all times be depended on, and that is the Physical Courage at which our Young Citizens should aim.

"Presence of mind" is the instant recognition of the best thing to do in a moment of unexpected danger. A motor-car comes suddenly whirling round a corner without blowing its horn. A man with presence of mind sees at once whether he had better stand still, jump forward or backward; he does at once the thing which removes him from the spot of danger. A man without this useful faculty hesitates, jumps the wrong way, goes forward and then backward, and very likely gets run over. Presence of mind may be called effective Courage, Courage alert and ready to act, the mind awake and calling on the Will.

MORAL COURAGE is the same steady Will, facing moral difficulties and dangers instead of physical. Many a man who is brave physically is a moral coward; he fears ridicule, mockery, censure, reproach, the cold looks of friends, the sneer of the worldling. To be morally courageous is to be a real Hero, one who can stand alone, quietly and steadfastly, not blatant and offensive but calm and unmoved. Such Heroes become reformers of abuses, righters of wrong, defenders of the down-trodden, champions of the oppressed. All good causes need such a Hero as leader, who is bright in face of reverses, calm amid the surge of difficulties, cheerful through a long strain of endurance, with eyes ever fixed on the goal, indifferent to the obstacles that intervene. Obstacles exist in order to be overcome.

INTELLECTUAL COURAGE is shown by the facing of mental problems without an eye to the resulting solutions, by the willingness to gaze at the unveiled Sun of Truth, fearless of any blinding by the light. The intellectually brave man follows Truth wherever her light may gleam, and refuses the shelter of a lie, however the storm may rave. This form of Courage can only be

developed by scrupulous accuracy in all things, such as in making observations and in recording them, in avoiding all exaggeration, all conventions that deceive, all pretence of every kind. It has been written that all "Virtues are forms of Truth," and that is natural, since it is also written that "Brahman is Truth". The Universe is built upon Truth; Nature, the expression of Ishvara, works with undeviating accuracy, by inviolable laws; therefore she can be trusted, and science is only possible because Nature is an expression of Truth. If an experiment, say in chemistry, does not work out, it is not because Nature fails us, but because we have blundered in our preparations, have omitted some condition necessary to bring about the result. One great value of the study of science is that it teaches accuracy; it is truly said that "Nature never forgives"; she changes not if the ignorant disregard her laws; they only injure themselves, the law is changeless. But it is also true that "Nature is conquered by obedience," and the man who has knowledge can bring about the result he desires, by balancing against each other laws which interfere with him, and leaving free play to those which subserve his will. There is one thing that we must not forget, in relation to what I have said above about Truthfulness in word and deed, that we must not confuse Truthfulness with rudeness or unkindness. A wise Chinese Sage remarked that "some people think they are truthful when they are only rude". We all come across people who are proud of saying unpleasant things and declare: "I like straight forwardness, and I always speak out my mind." But a person's mind is often prejudiced and harsh in its judgments, and speaking out such a mind is often mischievous and spiteful. Therefore Manu teaches us that we should not speak "an unpleasant truth". Occasions arise when a teacher, an employer, a superior who is responsible for our guidance, may be obliged by his duty to us to tell us where we are wrong or mistaken. But such a truth, unpleasant to our vanity or pride, may be necessary for our safety and our progress, and that cannot rightly be called unpleasant, since the best in us welcomes it and is glad of it.

SPIRITUAL COURAGE is the realisation of the SELF, the SELF who can fear nothing because he lives in all and includes all. "The fearless Eternal," says our Hindû brother, seeing that only in that realisation of Eternity is the annihilation of fear. "Brahman is fearless." Brahman is fearless because He includes all. He is Love, and because all are part of Himself and live in His Life, He loves all. Fear is only an expression of the great "heresy of separateness," of the vice of Hate. We fear a person, or a thing, that we think can injure us, and we desire to escape from it whether by repelling it if we are strong enough, or by running away from it if we are weak. This repulsion is a form of hatred, driving men and animals apart. It is worth noticing that a great Yogî, who has utterly purified himself from repulsion, can walk fearlessly in the jungle, and the tiger will fawn at his feet. We only see this, among ordinary men, in little children who have always been surrounded by Love, and who are sometimes perfectly fearless with fierce animals—a savage dog, or even a wild beast, will not hurt them. You can read, on p. 153 of this number of *The Young Citizen*, the story called "Two Big Pussies," as an example of this. Lions and tigers, you know, are only big cats. I can tell you a way of getting rid of timidity, of fear, if you have the patience to practise it regularly. First, if we want to get rid of a weakness, we do not think of it, for that makes more of it; we think of its opposite. So

if we want to get rid of fear, we think of Fearlessness. You remember that it is written: "What a man thinks upon, that he becomes; therefore think upon Brahman." We can therefore think on "Brahman is fearless". "Brahman is Fearless. Brahman is the SELF. The SELF is fearless. That SELF am I." So if you are timid, sit down quietly in the early morning after your bath, and say to yourself seven times, or some multiple of seven, these splendid words. Say them slowly, steadily, thinking as you say them, and do this every day. After a few weeks, if you do it regularly, you will find yourself losing the timidity, the feeling of fear, and you will be growing brave. Things that used to frighten you will frighten you no longer. Quite unconsciously, you will have lost the feeling of fear. But you must do it *every day*, for a thing that you do every day becomes a habit; but if you break it off for a day you lose much of what you have gained. It may take you longer, if you are very timid, but if you go on steadily, you will become brave, for "what a man thinks upon, that he becomes". The law cannot be broken.

This four-fold Courage we must all develop, if we would be worthy to take part in the battles of the future. The fourth includes them all, and the remaining three are but the gracious blossoms which spring from the one root of all great living, the realisation of the SELF. "I am that SELF. That SELF am I."

The Unregarded Sky

If, in our moments of utter idleness, we turn to the sky, which of its phenomena do we speak of?

One says it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; and another, it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night? All has passed, unregretted as unseen.

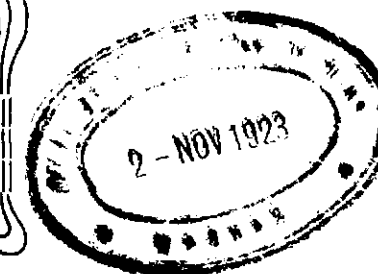
—JOHN RUSKIN



In The World's Service

Shri Krishna

BY NARA



SHRI means blessed, and is used among Hindûs as a title of honor; it is like saying the Lord Krishna, as Christians speak of the Lord Christ. Many of the great Servants of the World took birth in India, because India is very old in civilisation, and her peoples were highly spiritual, educated and refined when Europe was still chiefly forests and huge morasses. So these great Ones often found it convenient to take an Indian body.

Hindûs are divided into four great castes, or types; the Teacher, the Warrior, the Merchant, the Manual Worker. The Warrior caste is called the Kshatriya, the protecting caste; the equivalent term in English would be knightly; the Way of the Kshatriya is the Way of the Knight. Chivalry, generosity, courage, protectiveness, strength, vigor, self-control, these are the knightly virtues. The Sanatana Dharma *Advanced Text Book* says of the rules of the Kshatriya that they were intended

to draw out all the energy and strength of his character, and to turn them to unselfish ends, and to make him feel that everything he possesses, even life itself, must be thrown away at the call of duty. His virtues are generosity, vigor, courage, strength, power to rule, self-control, and the like.

And the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* says:

Prowess, splendor, firmness, dexterity, and also not flying from battle, generosity, the nature of a ruler, are the Kshatriya duty, born of his own nature.

Shri Krishna belonged to this Knightly Order, and He was a great Warrior as well as a most wise Teacher. He came to break the power of His own splendid caste, which kept invaders out of India, in order that the great treasures of Indian wisdom might be poured out over the thirsty earth. His finest and most spiritual

teaching was given on a battle-field, in a war-chariot yoked to splendid white horses, drawn up in the midst of a space between two huge armies, gathered over against each other in battle array, as the flight of missiles was about to begin. He was carrying no arms that day, secure in the plenitude of His unrivalled strength, and playfully indifferent to the perils of the field. He drove the white horses as the charioteer for His friend Arjuna, and whithersoever the white horses flashed, *there* was victory.

He had met Arjuna—the friend of many former births—at the Choice of Draupadi, when she selected her future husband. Arjuna was victorious in the shooting-match which was held, and on him fell the choice of the gracious and lovely bride; and then also he met that Friend of friends, Krishna the Yâdava, who was to be his Teacher and his Guide.

This mighty Warrior and Statesman came, at a critical time in the history of India, to open up the way for a new era, the era in which we are still living. His story is told in the great epic poem, the *Mahâbhârata*, and it is wonderful to see His tact, His firmness in essentials, His courtesy veiling an unchanging will, His steady forcing of the plan which He came to carry out; as Ambassador, He follows to the last point the duty of the Messenger of a King—a King refused his Crown by armed wrong; among hostile Kings He speaks for peace; He meets insult with perfect self-control. But when peace is refused, the gage of war is lifted fearlessly. A perfect pattern to the Man of Action; the type of the Hero as Statesman.

Then He reveals on the battle-field of Kuru the wondrous depths of Wisdom of the Divine Man,

and teaches the Yoga of Sacrifice, the path of Service. "The Lord's Song is meant to lift the aspirant from the lower levels of renunciation, where objects are renounced, to the loftier heights where desires are dead, and where the Yogi sits in ceaseless contemplation, while his body and mind are actively employed in discharging the duties that fall to his lot in life. That the spiritual man need not to be a recluse, that the Union with the Divine Life may be achieved and maintained in the midst of worldly affairs, that the obstacles to that Union lie not outside us but within us—such is the central lesson of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*." To do faithfully our own duty; to discharge fully every obligation; to work without looking for reward; to realise that God is the only real Worker, and that we should live to carry out His Plan on earth; such was Shri Krishna's teaching. "Work with me," He said. "Work for duty's sake, and for love's sake." "Do not think of what you will gain, but act because right activity is to serve God and to benefit the people."

Most people work hard in order to gain something which they want, and they are very disappointed if they do not gain it. Shri Krishna calls that "working for fruit," and He looks on it as a very poor way of working. "Miserable are they that work for fruit," He says; for if they do not gain it they are unhappy. But the true worker, the Server, he who works for love and duty, he is never disappointed; for his reward lies in doing the right action: "Let your motive be in the action only, never in its fruit"—that is, in its results. That is a lesson which every true Server must learn. Then he is not affected either by success or failure. Sometimes that which looks like failure brings about success. A general sends a message to the officer commanding a small body of men to capture a well-guarded hill; the task is an impossible one, but the officer does not hesitate; he leads his men to the charge; they are decimated, fall back, and charge again, and so on till they are killed to the last man. Have they failed? No; while they occupied the enemy's attention, a great flanking movement had been made, ensuring the victory, and when the story of the battle is told, the names of the heroes who

failed to capture the hill will be inscribed in the roll of the victors. So may Servers fail in the eyes of the world, and die defeated; but their defeat will have ensured the triumph of their cause.

Shri Krishna's teaching and example are needed in our modern world, and this divine Song of His has spread all the world over, and has been translated into many languages. People read it and love it in the Arctic Circle, and in the lands that are nearest to the Antarctic Pole.

No teaching—except the Christian Bible—is so widely spread as this exquisite little book. To every Young Citizen Shri Krishna speaks, and He says:

Janaka and others indeed attained to perfection by action; then having an eye to the welfare of the world also, thou shouldest perform action.

Whatsoever a great man doeth, that other men also do; the standard he setteth up, by that the people go.

As the ignorant act from attachment to action, O Bhārata, so should the wise act without attachment, desiring the welfare of the world.

Let no wise man unsettle the mind of ignorant people attached to action; acting in harmony with me, let him render all action attractive.

That, in an earlier manifestation, is the Shri Krishna who is now the World-Teacher, but who had not then, as Super-man, attained that lofty height. As He said to His disciple Arjuna, later on, He could not again give him the *Bhagavad Gītā*, for when He had given it, He was in "a state of high yoga".

After He—the mighty Rishi—had, when the Lord Buddha passed away, taken His place as World-Teacher, He again showed Himself to His ancient people in another way, when intellectuality threatened to kill devotion, as the Founder of that Cult in India which still embraces within its fold the vast majority of the Indian people. The philosophers may worship the Mighty God; the intellectual thinker may be inspired by the One All-pervading Self; but the Form under which God is worshipped in the myriad homes of India, the Form to which is poured out a devotion and a passionate love that no religion on earth can possibly exceed, is the Form of Shri Krishna; not the Statesman, the Warrior, not the One whom you think of

when you read the great story of the *Mahābhārata*, but the Shri Krishna who was the Lover of Men, the Child and the Youth who is to every Hindū heart to-day exactly what the Hebrew Prophet spoke of when he said: "Thy Maker is thy Husband." Lover and Beloved, God and the human Spirit, Krishna-Rādhā.

the lap of Ya-shoda, and yet strangely apart from the adoring women who surround Him. The Youth, playing on his wonderful flute, the magic notes of which drew round Him all living creatures. The Youth in the Līlā with the Gopīs, where, while He plays, He multiplies Himself between each pair.

It is He, known of old as the Rishi Maitreya, who was told by His own Guru that He would one day be the Teacher of the World, who came to found this Cult of Love, in which He is the Object of Love,

Such is the Divine Form that holds the heart of India captive in chains wrought of Love's flowers to-day, and while they call Him Krishna, Christians call Him Christ; but He is the one Lord of Love, who is worshipped by both.

It is Shri Krishna as Child and Youth that we have in our pictures; the lovely Child, sitting in



appearing in the fascinating Form of Child, of Youth, the Heart of the Hindū Home.

It is wonderful and beautiful that the three Great Religions of Hinduism, Buddhism and Christianity should all, under different names, look up to One Being as the World-Teacher, as the Returning Lord. Did not the Shri Krishna of the *Bhagavad Gītā* declare, as the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri said last month, in the great meeting in Queen's Hall, London, claiming India's Freedom, quoting His own words:

Whenever there is decay of righteousness, O Bhārata, and there is exaltation of unrighteousness, then I Myself come forth:

For the protection of the good, for the destruction of evil-doers, for the sake of firmly establishing righteousness, I am born from age to age.

In the solemn hush that fell upon the great

crowd following the mighty words, the Indian continued:

The Lord Krishna stands for Unity and Love; your Christ stood for the same great principles. The Lord Shri Krishna is coming to demonstrate that principle.

Is there not to-day decay of righteousness? Is



there not hatred and revenge, where pardon is needed between the Nations? Does not the shattered world need a new civilisation, and are not the Youths of all Nations dreaming of great Ideals which they long to realise? How splendid will it be when the Young Citizens of Europe, and with the new ideal of the Christ as Bringer of a brotherly civilisation, call for His help; when the Young Citizens of India look to Shri Krishna to guide them to a new Kurukshetra, where the weapon shall be life-giving love that uplifts, not death-dealing hate that destroys; when the Young Citizens of Buddhist lands shall appeal to the Lord Maitreya to come to the suffering world and heal its wounds with His all-embracing Compassion; and then, when He comes in answer to their appeals, in one startled, but triumphantly joyous, recognition, shall realise that These Three are the One Being they all worship, and, under His supreme inspiration, shall build the foundations of the New Age, the Age of universal Brotherhood.



AS MUSIC FELL

And all things stayed around and listened. The gulls sat in white lines along the rocks; on the beach, great seals lay basking, and kept time with lazy heads; while silver shoals of fish came up to hearken, and whispered as they broke the shining calm. The wind overhead hushed his whistling, as he shepherded his clouds towards the west; and the clouds stood in mid-blue, and listened dreaming, like a flock of golden sheep.

And, as the heroes listened, the oars fell from their hands, and their heads drooped on their breasts, and they closed their heavy eyes; and they dreamed of bright, still gardens, and of slumbers under murmuring pines, till all their toil seemed foolishness, and they thought of their renown no more.—CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-75)

Buddhist Stories

III. THE WEAPON OF GOOD-WILL

F. L. WOODWARD, M. A.

BODY'S A VESSEL OF CLAY was the text of the Master's teaching one day at Savatthi, concerning some brethren who were ardent in meditation.

Once at Savatthi, the story goes, some five hundred brethren, receiving from the Master's lips a meditation-exercise for gaining Arahantship, said: "Let us struggle along the Path," and so went their way together a hundred leagues, till they came to a big village. When the villagers beheld them, they made them sit down to rest upon seats prepared, served them with choice food and broth and the like, then asked them: "Whither go ye, venerable sirs?"

"To some pleasant spot," was their reply.

"Oh, venerable sirs!" begged the villagers, "stay here with us three months, and in your company, established in our pledges, we'll keep the rules of the goodly life." Then, seeing their consent, they added: "Not far from here is a mighty forest. Dwell ye there, venerable sirs." So saying they sent them on their way, and those brethren entered the forest.

Now in that forest dwelt some tree-fairies, who said: "Some venerable ones are come! If they dwell here, it is unfit for us to climb the trees with wife and child, and live as we are wont to do." So they came down to the ground, and this was their thought: "If the venerable ones spend the night in this place, surely they will depart on the morrow."

However, next day those brethren, after going their begging-rounds in the village, came back again to that same forest. Then the fairies said: "This company of brethren must have been invited by somebody for to-morrow's meal. That's why they have returned. So they won't go to-day, but to-morrow surely they'll be gone." So those fairies waited and waited there upon the ground in this way, till half a month was spent.

Then they thought: "It seems these venerable ones will spend full three months here. If that be so, it is unfit for us to climb the trees

with wife and child, as we are wont. Yet sitting on the ground is painful for us tree-fairies. What can we do to drive these holy men away?" So they hit upon a plan. In the places where the brethren spent the day and passed the night, and in the glades where they walked up and down, the fairies caused them to behold ghosts' heads without bodies, and ghosts' bodies without heads, and made them hear the sound of ghostly voices. Moreover, divers ailments broke out among those brethren, so that they sneezed and coughed, and coughed and sneezed again.

"What ails you, brother?" said one. "Ts-shoo! Ts-shoo!" sneezed the other, "I've got a sneezing fit!" "And I-I've got a c-cough!" barked the other. "To-day," complained a third, "I saw a head without a body at the end of the walk." "And I," said another, "in my sleeping place, I beheld a body without a head." "And I," was the reply. "I heard a dreadful voice, no human voice! We ought to leave this place at once. It is no pleasant place for us! Let us go back to the Master!"

So off they went, and in due time came into the Master's presence, saluted Him and sat down on one side. Said the Master: "Well! brethren. So you could not live in that place?" "It is so, Lord. While dwelling there, all sorts of frightful sights were seen by us. So comfortless it was, that we said: 'We ought to leave this place,' and so we did, and are come to you."

"Brethren, you must go back to that same place." "O Lord, we cannot!"

"Brethren, ye went there without a certain weapon of defence. Now go ye and take a weapon with you." "Weapon, Lord! What weapon?"

Said the Master: "I will give you a weapon, and that which I give unto you, take it and go thither." Thereupon He sang to them "*The Song of Good-Will*" (*Metta-Sutta*), which beginneth thus:

He that is proven apt for highest good,
By understanding what alone brings peace,
What should he do? He should be capable
And straight, yea, most upright: of gracious speech;

And gentle, void of all conceit of self,
Contented, too, and quickly satisfied...

and so He taught them the whole song. Then He said: "Brethren, do ye chant this song from the forest outside the hermitage; then ye may enter the hermitage."

So they saluted the Master and went out, and in due time they reached the place again. Outside their dwelling-place they sang the song together, then entered the forest. And all through that grove the fairies took on a heart of goodwill towards men, came forth to meet and greet them on their way, offered to take their bowls and robes, begged to be permitted to rub their weary limbs, set up sure guards on every side, and then sat down along with them. No fiendish sounds were heard, and calm was the heart of those brethren. There sitting in their appointed places both by day and night, they set their hearts on gaining Insight (*panna*). They fixed their minds on the body's rise and fall, its growth and decay, and thus reflected: "Like to a potter's vessel is this body-self, so

fragile and impermanent it is." And so they grew in Insight.

Now the All-Enlightened One, as He sat in His fragrant chamber, was aware of their struggling for Insight, and He spake unto them thus: "Even so it is, brethren! Like to a potter's vessel is this body-self, so fragile and impermanent it is." Thereupon He sent forth a radiant image of Himself, although a hundred leagues away was His body, so that it seemed as if He sat before them there in that place, scattering the sixfold rays of glory round Him. And then it was that He sang this verse:

"Body's a vessel of clay;
Mind must be made like a fort," let him say.
Let him give battle to Māra, arrayed
In the weapons of wisdom, unafraid:
Let him conquer and guard him and passionless stay.

At the end of this discourse, those five hundred brethren, as they sat there in that very place, gained Arahantship, along with the Perfect Understanding; they worshipped the Master's golden-shining body, sang His praises, and went their ways.

NOTE.—This is translated from *Dhammapada Commentary*, 3, 6. The words "five hundred" in eastern parlance mean "a large number," just as we say "scores" for, say, fifty or so. *Māra* is the personification of Evil.

THE FAIREST ACTION

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife
His adversary's heart to him doth tie;
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth, it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow?
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW,

—*Children's Newspaper*

The Earl of Reading: A Man of the Hour

By LORD RUDDELL

(In John O'Lendon's Weekly)

ROMANCE lurks in strange places. Belsize Park, for example, with its solid, comfortable, mid-Victorian houses, does not look a romantic spot. Nevertheless it has its romance, for here Rufus Isaacs, now Lord Reading, Viceroy of India, resided during his boyhood and early manhood. It is recorded in the newspapers that he has just shot six tigers, one eleven feet long. That made me think of Belsize Park. What his ambitions were in his early days does not appear probably they were not startling but it is certain that the City men who sat side by side with the handsome young Jew on the knife-board of the Hampstead omnibus never imagined that he was destined to become Attorney-General, Lord Chief Justice, Ambassador to America, and finally Viceroy of the Indian Empire.

Although, as explained, appearances do not favor such a theory, I am inclined to think that Belsize Park must have been a hotbed of romance. Mrs. Isaacs, senior, was a true romantic, with a consuming passion for English and French fiction, which she gratified on every possible occasion.

Her husband, on the contrary, was an able business man. His son early displayed romantic tendencies by falling violently in love with a charming young lady, whose parents did not favor the matrimonial aspirations of a youth

with little money and no tangible prospects. Like the City gentlemen on the knife-board, they could not foresee what was in store for this ardent lover. Mr. Isaacs, senior, seeing danger, banished his son by packing him off as an apprentice on a tramp steamer. With his little legacy of love letters next his heart, young Rufus Isaacs set out on his travels, feeling, like thousands more, have done in similar circumstances, that all prospects of happiness were ended, and that early death was the only relief from intolerable anguish.

However, after undergoing many hardships, at the expiration of some twelve months, during which he visited the Argentine, India, and other foreign parts, he returned to London and entered his father's business. Of this he soon tired, not having any liking for conveying cargoes of fruit from Continental ports. Then he joined the Stock Exchange, where he remained for several years. His next idea was to try his luck in America, so, one morning early, he left home for Euston, en route for Liverpool and New York. However, his mother's tears caused

her husband to dispatch two of his other sons to Euston to retrieve Rufus. On hearing of his mother's grief he abandoned his intention and returned home. His mother then begged him to read for the Bar. Luckily for himself, he



Reading

took her advice, and thus began a great career. He was called in 1887, at the age of twenty-seven, and before long secured a lucrative practice. He took silk in 1898, and speedily became a fashionable leader.

His popularity and success may be estimated from the fact that his income amounted for some years to £30,000 in his day, a colossal figure. Sir John Simon's income is said to be much larger, but fees are now charged on a more liberal scale than formerly. In 1904, Mr. Rufus Isaacs entered Parliament, and six years later became Attorney-General. At this time he was the trusted confidant of both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, and one of the recognized leaders of the Liberal Party. Lord Fisher used to say that life is strewn with orange peel. In 1913, Sir Rufus Isaacs experienced the truth of this wise epigram in connection with the Marconi case. Having successfully surmounted his difficulties, he became Lord Chief Justice in the following year at the age of fifty-three, the successor of a brilliant line of great men.

On his appointment as Lord Chief Justice, he was made a peer under the title of Lord Reading. Then came the War, during which he played many great parts. He became a member of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet and one of his most trusted advisers; he was Mr. Lloyd George's co-adjutor at the Treasury, and later went to America as Ambassador, in which capacity he conducted the negotiations with President Wilson which led to America joining the Allies. After the War, Lord Reading returned to the Bench, having received first a viscountcy and then an earldom for his services. In 1921, he was appointed Viceroy of India, the ruler of 250,000,000 people and head of one of the most ceremonious and dignified courts in the world.

After this amazing story, which reads like a tale by Dumas, who shall say that Belsize Park is without romance? Could any of Mrs. Isaacs's novels have had a more unlikely and extravagant plot? Strangely, Lord Reading himself is only half a romantic. There are two Lord Readings—one the adventurous, restless spirit which has made him what he is, and the other the cautious, conventional, reserved lawyer. Lord Northcliffe had similar characteristics. He

was half romantic and half business man. It is curious that both he and Lord Reading should have hailed from Hampstead.

These two interesting personalities raise a nice problem in eugenics. Lord Reading had an energetic business-like father and an easy-going romantic mother. Lord Northcliffe, on the other hand, had an easy-going father and an energetic and business-like mother. Both were members of large families. Mr. and Mrs. Harmsworth had fourteen children, and Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs nine. Apart from temperament and ambition, Rufus Isaacs possessed many great implements for carving his way through the jungle to success: a dominating and ingratiating personality, enormous mental and physical drive, that enabled him to work longer and harder than his competitors. The capacity to work continuously on a ration of four hours' sleep is rare. He had it. A wonderful memory, a handsome person, and a sonorous musical voice. Quickness of apprehension and the power to grasp complicated facts and figures, an even temper, a kindly disposition, the genius for friendship, great gifts as a negotiator, wit, humor, the power of words and of silence.

At the Bar, Lord Reading was a discursive but effective speaker. To quote Lord Fisher again: "Reiteration leads to conviction." Lord Reading's success as an advocate was due to the art of selecting and reiterating the right points. His greatest forensic effort was the defence of the late Lord Russell, editor of the *Liverpool Post*, in a charge for criminal libel. An examination of the shorthand notes of the trial will show that when speaking Lord Reading paid but little attention to form. His sole objective was to convince the jury. During recent years he has changed his style to suit his present requirements. He has become at once more concise and more oratorical.

Of his powers as an administrator I cannot speak: India is too far off and questions of Indian administration too controversial. We may be sure, however, that with characteristic industry and energy he has done his best. Lord Reading is not bookish. His mind does not run that way. All his life he has been a man of

Brothers, let us squander our morning in futile songs.

First Boy: Look there Thakurdada, a Sannyasi is coming.

Second Boy: It's grand! We shall have a game with the Sannyasi. We shall be his followers.

Third Boy: We shall follow him to the end of the earth, and nobody will be able to find us out.

Thakurdada: Hush, he has come.

The Boys: (*Shouting*) Sannyasi Thakur! Sannyasi! Sannyasi Thakurad!

Thakurdada: Stop that noise! The father will be angry.

First Boy: Sannyasi Thakur, will you be angry with us?

Second Boy: We shall become your followers for this morning.

Sannyasi: Excellent! When you have had your turn, I shall be *your* follower. That will be splendid fun!

Thakurdada: My salutation. Who are you, father?

Sannyasi: I am a student.

Thakurdada: Student!

Sannyasi: I have come out to fling to the four winds my books.

Thakurdada: I understand. You want to be lightened of your learning, to follow the path of wisdom unburdened.

First Boy: Thakurdada is wasting time with talk, and our holiday will come to its close.

Sannyasi: You are right, my boys. My holidays are also near their end.

Boys: Have you long holidays?

Sannyasi: Oh no! extremely short. My school-master is already after me.

First Boy: You frighten us! Even *you* have school-masters?

Sannyasi: What boy is that under the shade of that tree, merged in his manuscripts?

Boys: He is Upananda.

First Boy: Upananda, we are Sannyasi Thakur's followers; come and become our chief.

Upananda: Not to-day. I have my work.

Second Boy: No work. You *must* come!

Upananda: I must finish copying manuscripts.

Third Boy: Father, you ask him to come. He won't listen to us.

Sannyasi: (To Upananda) What work have you, my son? To-day is not meant for work.

Upananda: I know it is our holiday. But I have my debt to pay, and I must work.

Thakurdada: Upananda, your debt! To whom?

Upananda: My Master has died, he is in debt to Luckeswar. I must pay it off.

Thakurdada: Alas! that such a boy as you must pay your debts, and on such a day! The first breath of the autumn has sent a shiver through the white crest of flowering grass and the shiuli blossoms have offered their fragrance to the air, as if in the joy of reckless sacrifice; and it pains me to see that boy sitting in the midst of all this, toiling to pay his debts.

Sannyasi: Why, this is as beautiful as all these flowers—his paying his debts. He has made this morning glorious, sitting in its centre. Baba, you go on writing, let me watch you. Every line you finish brings freedom, and thus you fill your holiday with truth. Give me one of your manuscripts, and let me help you.

Thakurdada: I have my spectacles with me; let me also sit down to this work.

First Boy: We shall also write. This is great fun.

Second Boy: Yes, yes, let us try.

Upananda: But it will be such a great trouble to you, father.

Sannyasi: That is why I join you. We shall take trouble for fun. What do you say to that, boys?

The Boys: (*clapping hands*) Yes, yes.

First Boy: Give me one of the books.

Second Boy: And me also.

Upananda: But are you sure you can do it?

The Boys: Oh yes!

Upananda: You won't be tired?

Second Boy: Never.

Upananda: You will have to be very careful.

First Boy: Try us.

Upananda: There must be no mistakes.

Second Boy: Not a bit.

Sannyasi: Babu Upananda, what was your master's name.

Upananda: Surasen.

Sannyasi: Surasen, the Vina player.

Upananda: Yes, father. Was he known to you?

Sannyasi: I came to this place with the one hope of hearing him.

Upananda: Had he such a fame?

Thakurdada: Was he such a master, that a Sannyasi like yourself should have come all this way to hear him? Then we must have missed knowing him truly.

Sannyasi: But the Raja of this place?

Thakurdada: The Raja never even saw him, but where could you have heard him play?

Sannyasi: I suppose you know that there is a Raja whose name is Vijayaditya.

Thakurdada: We may be very provincial, but surely you don't expect us not even to know him.

Sannyasi: Very likely. Surasen played the Vina in his court, where I was present. The Raja tried hard to keep him permanently in his capital but he failed.

Thakurdada: What a pity that we did not honor him.

Sannyasi: But that neglect has only made him all the greater. God has called him to His own Court. Upananda, how did you come to know him?

Upananda: At my father's death I came to this town seeking shelter. It was at the end of July, and the rain was pouring down in torrents. I was trying to find a corner in Lokanath temple, when the priest came and drove me out, expecting me to be of a low caste. My master was playing the Vina in the temple. At once he came up and, putting his arms round my neck, asked me to come to his house. From that day he brought me up, suffering calumny for my sake.

Sannyasi: How did you learn illuminating manuscripts?

Upananda: At first I asked him to teach me to play the Vina, so that I could earn something and be useful to him. He said: "Baba, this art is not for filling one's stomach." And so he taught me how to use paints for copying books.

Sannyasi: Though Surasen's Vina is silent, I hear the undying music of his life through you. My boy, go on with your writing.

Boys: (*Starting up*) There he comes, lucki's owl! We must run away. (*They go*)

Enter Luckeswar: (*Aside*) Horror! Upananda is sitting exactly on the spot where the pearl is hidden. I was simple to think he was a fool seeking to pay off other people's debts. He is cleverer than he looked. He is after my pearl. I see he has captured a Sannyasi to help him.

Upananda!

Upananda: What is the matter?

Luckeswar: Get up from that spot at once! What business have you to be sitting there?

Upananda: And what business have *you* to be shouting at me like that? Does this place belong to you.

Luckeswar: It is no concern of yours if it does or does not. You *are* cunning! The other day this fellow came to me, looking innocent as a babe whose mother's milk had hardly dried on his lips. And I believed him when he said that he came to pay his master's debts. Of course, it is in the King's statute also.

Upananda: I sat down to my work here for that very purpose.

Luckeswar: That very purpose: How old am I do you think? Only born overnight?

Sannyasi: But why did you suspect him and of what?

Luckeswar: As if you know nothing! False Sannyasi:

Upananda: (*getting excited*) Won't I just smash his teeth with this pestle of mine?

(*Luckeswar hides himself behind the Sannyasi*)

Sannyasi: Don't be excited. Luckeswar knows human nature better than any of you here. Directly he sets his eyes upon me, I am caught, a Sannyasi false from his matted hair to his bare feet. I have passed through many countries and everywhere they believed in me, but Luckeswar is hard to deceive.

Luckeswar: (*Aside*) I am afraid I am mistaken. It was rash on my part. He may curse me. I still have three boats on the sea.) (*Taking the dust off Sannyasi's feet*) My salutation to you, father. I did make a blunder. Thakurdada, you had better take our Sannyasi to our house. I'll give him some alms. But you go first; don't delay. I shall be there in a minute.

Thakurdada: You are excessively kind. Do you think that father has come crossing hills and seas to accept a handful of rice from you?

Sannyasi: Why not; Thakurdada! Where that handful of rice is so very dear, I must claim it. Come, Luckeswar.

Luckeswar: I shall follow you. Upananda, you get up first! Get up, I say, with your books and other nonsense.

Upananda: Very well, I get up. Then I cut

off all connection with you for good.

Luckeswar: That will be a great relief to me. I was getting on splendidly, before I had any connection with you.

Upananda: My debt is paid with this insult that I suffer from your hands.

Luckeswar: My God! Sepoys riding on horses are coming this way! I wonder if our Raja also—I prefer Upananda to him. (*To Sannyasi*) Father, by your holy feet I entreat you, sit on this spot; just on this spot; no, slightly to the left, slightly more. Yes, now it is all right. Sit firmly on this plot of grass. Let the Raja come or the Emperor; don't you budge an inch. If you keep my words, I'll satisfy you later on.

Thakurdada: What is the matter with Luckeswar? Has he gone mad?

Luckeswar: Father, the very sight of me suggests money to my Raja. My enemies have falsely informed him that I keep my treasure hidden underground. Since this report, our Raja has been digging an enormous number of wells in this kingdom. When asked for reasons, he said it was to remove the scarcity of water from this land. And now I can't sleep at nights, because of the fear that a sudden fit of his generosity might lead him to remove the water scarcity from the floor of my own dwelling.

Enter the King's Messenger

Father, my salutation! You are Apurva Ananda?

Sannyasi: Some people know me by that name.

Messenger: The rumor is abroad of your extraordinary powers. Our Raja is desirous of seeing you.

Sannyasi: He will see me whenever he sets his eyes on me.

Messenger: If you would kindly—

Sannyasi: I have given my word to somebody that I shall remain immovable in this place.

Messenger: The King's garden is close by.

Sannyasi: All the less trouble for him to come.

Messenger: I shall make known to him your wishes. (*Goes*)

Thakurdada: Since an irruption of Rajahs is apprehended, I take my leave.

Sannyasi: Do you gather my scattered

friends together, and keep them ready for me.

Thakurdada: Let disasters come in the shape of Kings or of anarchy, I firmly hold by you. (*Goes*)

Enter Luckeswar: I have overheard all. You are the famous Apurva Ananda! I ask your pardon for the liberties I have taken.

Sannyasi: I readily pardon you for your calling me a sham Sannyasi.

Luckeswar: But, father, mere pardon does not cost much. You cannot dismiss Luckeswar with that. I must have a boon—quite a substantial one.

Sannyasi: What boon do you ask?

Luckeswar: I must confess to you, father, that I have piled up a little money for myself, though not quite to the measure of what people imagine. But the amount does not satisfy me. Tell me the secret of some treasure, which may lead me to the end of my wanderings.

Sannyasi: I am also seeking for this.

Luckeswar: I can't believe it.

Sannyasi: Yes it is true.

Luckeswar: Then you are wider awake than we are.

Sannyasi: Certainly.

Luckeswar: (*Whispering*) Have got on the track?

Sannyasi: Otherwise I shouldn't be roving about like this.

Luckeswar: (*Touching his feet*) Do make it a little plain to me. I swear I shall keep it secret from everybody else.

Sannyasi: Then listen. I am on the quest of the golden lotus on which Lakshmi keeps Her Feet.

Luckeswar: How bold. This takes my breath away. But do you think you can find it unaided? It means expense. Do one thing; let us go shares in it.

Sannyasi: In that case you will have to be a Sannyasi, never touching gold for a long time.

Luckeswar: That is hard.

Sannyasi: You can only prosper in this business, if you give up all others.

Luckeswar: That sounds very much like bankruptcy. But all the same I do believe in you—which astounds even myself. There comes our Raja! Let me hide behind the tree. (*Hides himself*)

The Young Citizen

BY GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

I FEEL strongly impelled to write this month on two words that come into my mind as I sit down to my typewriter—joyous appreciation. I know, too, why I feel the impulse, or shall I say the intuition. There is so little of joyous appreciation in the world, at any rate among the elders; and one senses the starvation that is the inevitable result. It is impossible, for example, to open a newspaper without reading on almost every page any amount of the reverse of joyous appreciation—fault-finding, the imputation of base motives to all save to those with whom the paper happens to be in agreement, insinuations of all kinds, distortions, and lies, of course. The effect is to spread the disease of misunderstanding, suspicion, and the like, which breeds hatred in due and inevitable course. What a difference to the world if we all began by attributing good motives even for actions and utterances with which we may be profound by in disagreement. We might fight the attitude thus expressed, but we should cease to throw mud at the owner of the attitude. What a difference it would make! If only we could assume that those who work against us, differ from us—provided always they work against us honorably and with good manners—are animated by purity of motive and personal friendliness. The difficulty is that so degraded has public life become that, except rarely, we cannot be sure that our opponents are working honorably, for we far too often have to note the complete absence of good manners.

For my own part, I have made it a rule, which I think I keep fairly rigidly, not even in thought to impute bad motives to any one, unless I am driven to the imputation by overt acts which allow of no other conclusion. If I find myself worried by actions which seem to be unfriendly, or perhaps even hostile, I try, as far as I possibly can, to turn my attention away both from the doer as well as from the action or words. I am by no means always quite strong enough to be positive in my goodwill, and the

turning away is a concession, perhaps, to weakness. But I would rather turn away than brood. I would much rather turn away than intensify the unbrotherliness by reciprocating it. And there is always the probability that the apparent unbrotherliness, or mischief, or whatever it may be, has its origin in something entirely unconnected with myself, and that I am but the scapegoat, because I happened to be handy and on the spot, for an outburst which had to have some outlet for lack of transmutation. But even if the unbrotherliness is real, and consciously directed towards myself, it is my karma, and if I want to have done with it, I had better turn attention away from it, if I do not feel able to meet it with positive goodwill.

Now there is so much of this criticism, and all the rest of it, about, that it is impossible to escape from it. We have all suffered from it from time to time, and I know of no place in the outer world which is immune from it. People will gossip, and we must fain breathe the atmosphere of gossip—a stifling atmosphere it is, too. How to minimise it, and to keep as free from it as possible? Let me tell you what I do. I try as much as possible to pick out of the happenings in the world those which seem to be of best augury for the future, and I try to make these stimulate in me an attitude of joyous appreciation, to use the words with which I began these notes. Of course, I am continually being brought back to earth by one thing and another; but I want to be in a state of joyous appreciation for as long as I can. When I read the newspaper, any newspaper, and I read personal criticisms, imputations of motives, and so forth, I cannot help thinking of the other side, of the individual's own point of view, just as I should know my own point of view were I criticised in my turn, and I should know that there is much to be said for me as well as against me. I remember well, when my marriage was a subject for public interest and by no means always friendly comment, that I could see what was

behind all the unkind and untrue things, things which ought not to have been said, for they were not true, and those who published them could not, therefore, possibly have known them to be true. The critic did not like Theosophy, or was orthodox, or wanted to attack the senior Editor of this magazine, and found that my marriage could be worked into a convenient weapon. There was always something in the way of an ulterior motive in the background, and the moment one sees what it is one shrugs one's shoulders and goes ahead, provided one has an easy conscience oneself, as I had.

I never had, and have not now, the slightest personal feeling against the worst of my then opponents. They attacked me. It was my karma. They were not, and are not, my judges. My conscience was, and is, easy in this respect. It is quite a simple matter, therefore, to

feel no illwill; and brotherliness is so much needed in this sad world of ours that I would do very, very much to see that I encourage it to the utmost. So, with me, the unbrotherliness, the misunderstandings, and all the other signs of being at cross-purposes, are done with as soon as possible, albeit I have not infrequently an uphill struggle to get out of them, and I climb back with relief into my world of appreciation, which I try to make as joyous as I can. But I confess it is a Mark Tapley job more often than not. Young friends who read these notes, make the worlds you live in worlds of appreciation rather than worlds of criticism. Stand against that which makes our present-day world so grey and cold. Make positive brotherliness the keynote of your lives, be others what they may and will. Their attitudes are not your business at all, but your attitudes are your business, and you must purify your surroundings, not pollute them.

Royal Greetings to Youth

King George and Queen Mary sent messages to be read in the elementary schools of the Empire on Empire Day. The King's message was addressed to all the children; the Queen's, specially to the girls.

The King's Message

On this day, my people in all parts of the world join to celebrate their unity and to draw closer the common ties which hold them together.

Each of our many peoples has its own life to live, each has its own work to do; yet all are members of one family, sharing their sorrows and joys.

You have learned how the Empire was built up by brave and wise men and women in the past. It is only by courage, wisdom and unselfishness that it will endure. It is a great inheritance. Your fathers and forefathers made it. Its future welfare and good name are, under the Providence of God, in your hands.

Do not think of it as a thing far away from you. Every one of you counts, and what you do and learn now will decide how far you will be able to play your part worthily when you grow up.

Get knowledge, be brave, honorable, and kind, thinking of others before yourselves, and always

play the game. So will you fit yourselves to hand down this community of Free Nations to your children and grandchildren as a great instrument for justice, peace, and goodwill, which will deserve the respect and esteem of mankind.

The Queen's Message

On this day of memory and hope, which is also the birthday of good Queen Victoria, this is my message to you, the daughters of our world-wide family of Nations and peoples.

Think always of what you can do to make your homes happy, and how you can best prepare yourselves to make happy homes for the generations of children which will follow you. In our vast Empire, there are many kinds of homes and many different customs. The home which fosters clean minds and kind hearts is God's Temple; and the spirit of the good home, whether it be rich or poor, is one of the best things in the world. You can learn many lessons at school which will help you to become wise and useful citizens of the British Commonwealth; but you can learn and practise nothing better for yourselves and all members of the great British family than the simple lessons of love, kindness, and unselfishness which, in cloud or sunshine, are the strength and beauty of life.

Homes of Greatness

I AM beginning to receive replies from a number of countries, regarding their respective great men and women—in no case an exhaustive list, but the names of those who, under no circumstances, may be ignored, if popular opinion is to be taken into consideration. Scotland, for example, sends me a preliminary list; clearly, however a number of Scotland's great warrior-heroes have been omitted, I do not know why. I am, therefore, making further enquiries, and shall hope to place a more complete list before readers of *The Young Citizen* in the course of a month or two.



PRINCE RAKOVZKY

was born in the midst of Hungary's continuous struggles against Austrian domination. When only twelve, he was present at the historic defence of the ancestral castle Munkacs by his heroic mother, Helen Zrinyi, against the Austrians under Count Caraffa. The castle falling, the young Prince was taken by the Austrians to Vienna, and there brought up in an ultra-Catholic atmosphere. On reaching his majority, he returned to Hungary and began that long struggle for the liberty of his Motherland, which has given him his title to be held, with his great predecessor Hunyadi Janos (C. 1387—1456), in the utmost reverence by the people of Hungary, even to this day. Hunyadi Janos did, in the 14th-15th centuries against the Turkish dominance, that which the Prince Rakovzky did in the 17th-18th against Austrian dominance. In both cases the ultimate result was defeat, but the fight was in both cases heroic. It is of interest

Hungary sends me two pictures of those whom she regards as her two greatest men, one of Prince Franz Rakoczy, and the other of the great Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth. The Prince Franz Rakovzky, Prince of Transylvania, whose historical dates are 1676—1735,

to note that the Prince Rakovzky's attitude towards religion was practically identical with that of the great Indian Emperor Akbar. Prince Rakovzky was confronted with the bitter antagonism between the Calvinists and the Roman Catholics, as Akbar was confronted with the divergencies between the Hindus and the Musalmâns. Prince Rakovzky was an ardent Catholic, while most of his followers and subjects were equally ardent Protestants. Insisting on the most complete toleration towards the latter he lost the support of the Pope as well as, for the time, that of the French King Louis XIV. Akbar was as ardent a Musalmân, but enjoined the most broad-minded tolerance towards the majority of his subjects—the Hindus. Indeed, a perusal of the pages of history makes abundantly clear the fact that all really great leaders, those who have left an indelible mark on the souls of those they led, as upon the soul of the Nation with which they were associated, display, far in advance of the times in which they lived, the most complete tolerance and brotherhood. The only form of intolerance they know is of wrong, of cruelty, of injustice, and even here it is intolerance of the wrong rather than of the doer of it.

Louis, or, as he is called in Hungary, Lajos Kossuth, was born in 1802 and died in 1894. He was the natural successor, once more, of Rakovzky and Hunyadi Janos in Hungary's struggle for liberty—this time again against Austria. Once again, how-



KOSSUTH LAJOS

ever, in the end, Austria triumphed, and Kossuth died, as the Prince Rakovzky had died, a fugitive. England, at this time far more the heart of the world's Liberty than she is to-day, received him rapturously, as ten years later (1861) she received the great Italian hero, Garibaldi.



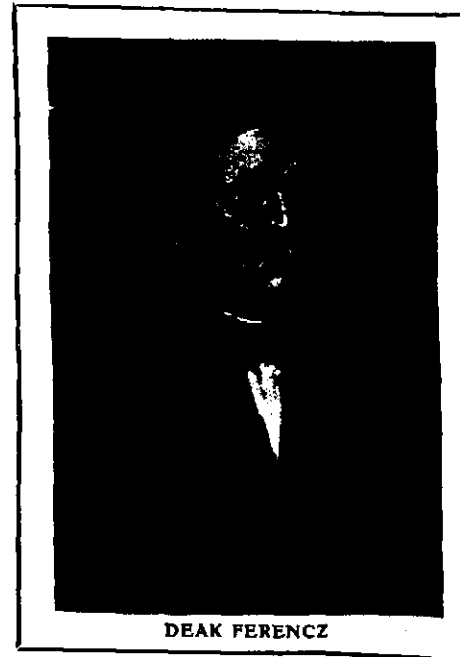
JOKAI MAURUS

Maurus Yeokei, as my Hungarian friend tells me the spelling and pronunciation should be, was the most celebrated Poet in Hungary of the last century, and his portrait, of which the picture is a reproduction, hangs in one of the great picture galleries. He was

a most prolific writer, and published many hundreds of volumes. Strangely enough, as the critics observe, none of his work is in the least degree slipshod. One of his finest works has been translated into English under the title of *Timar's Two Worlds*. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says of him: "If one can imagine a combination, in almost equal parts, of Walter Scott, William Beckford, Dumas père, and Charles Dickens, together with the native originality of an ancient Magyar, one may, perhaps, form a fair idea of the great Hungarian romancer's indisputable genius."

Franz Deak (1803-1876) was remarkable in that during a period of Hungary's greatest oppression by Austria, when practically nothing could be done openly, he used every possible means to keep alive the ancient traditions of the people and to inspire them with the hope that, as their past had been great, they might expect their future to be even greater, if they would but live as true Hungarians should. He was an active opponent of violent non-co-opera-

tion, which some misguided patriots were at the time trying, to their eventual undoing, and worked on constitutional lines for freedom on the basis of the Reforms granted in 1848. Indeed, the work of Deak for Hungary reminds one irresistibly of the work of those who, in India to-day, are working on constitutional lines for India's freedom through a National Convention. The Kossuthites were the extremists and non-co-operationists of their day, and it is of interest to note that, despite the wars with Austria, which seemed at the time to be the only means of Hungary's regeneration, in reality it was Deak's work, and not Kossuth's, which paved the way for such freedom as Hungary enjoyed. Had there been less Kossuth, patriot though he was and great, and more Deak, the whole fate of Europe might have been changed, for Deak realised, as a truly great statesman must, that hatred ceases not



DEAK FERENCZ

by hatred, but by opposing to it firmness tempered by goodwill and a high sense of ideals.

Religious and National Greatness

"Those of you who would have India great, those of you who would see her mighty, remember that the condition of National greatness is the teaching of religion to the young. Teach them to be religious, without being sectarian. Teach them to be devoted, without being fanatical. Teach them to love their own faith, without decrying or hating the faiths of their fellow-citizens. Make religion a unifying force, not a separative; make religion a builder-up of Nationality, not a disintegrator; make

religion a fostering mother of civic virtues, the nurse and teacher of morality. Then shall the boys and girls grow up into the great citizens of the India that shall be; then shall they live in an India, mighty, prosperous and free; then shall they look back with gratitude to those who, in the days of darkness, lifted up the light, and gave the religious teaching which alone makes good citizens and great men." (ANNIE BESANT: *The Birth of New India*.)

Pussies in the Garden

BY AN OLD PUSS

I HAVE often said: "Leave an animal free and he will teach you much!" Follow him, do not insist that he should follow you; let him train you. They are so unsophisticated and unspoilt. There is no pretence in animals, they cannot lie. Let them teach you to retrace your steps and show you how civilisation—so-called—has warped you and given you a wrong perspective in your outlook on life. They can teach you much to alter this attitude.

I have already introduced you to Jane. When Jane had three lovely white kittens, able to follow me into the garden, about seven or eight weeks old, we used to have a lot of fun and many games together. They looked on me as a grandmother puss, which, indeed, I am. At the sound of my voice, Jane, followed by the three white balls, all perfectly clean and well kept, toilets done dozens of times in the day and hair smoothed, would race out and down the path on to the terrace in the garden. One day Jane took them up into a small apple-tree and left them happily playing. I sat on the wall and watched results; as grandmother puss, I had seen many wee kits play before, and knew what was likely to happen. They could not get down; it was so easy to run up, but how to get down? It looked so far and it seemed so high to baby kittens. I took no notice; Jane also, with a half wicked look on her face, took no notice; she went on cleaning her perfectly white body, her frequent occupation at any available odd moment, in consequence of which she always looked scrupulously well kempt and dressed.

I had a good friend staying with me at the time, devoted to cats, who felt that I was somewhat cruel not to run at once to the white trio's help; but I bided my time, and I knew dear Jane. I saw that she was watching her three kits, and, perfect mother that she was, I knew she would let no ill betide.

Piteously they began to meow; Jane went on with her afternoon tidying of her coat; louder and louder grew the calls for help; still apparently no notice taken, though to a careful observer it would be noted that Jane gave very hurried licks to her coat, side-glances at the trio, and that she had a mischievous look on her face and a twinkle in her bright eye.

Suddenly, with no warning and with arched tail, Jane sprang up the tree, gave a lick to each kit, and jumped down again, and sat herself under the tree. A few seconds passed, the meows began again, the

process of running up and kissing them was repeated, but this time she gently took one by the scruff of the neck and slowly led it down, not carrying it but gently guiding it. The other two followed. Next day they tried the tree again and after the first meow, they apparently remembered the method of descent. After that every tree was tried and played with.

I have already introduced you to Jane's daughter Topsy. She was long-haired, half as big again as Jane, her fur shook as she ran to meet you. She liked to lie on your shoulder, head and two paws in front and tail and two legs hanging behind. When she did this, a sort of sick feeling came over me, as I thought of all the foxes, etc., that are killed so that vain people may carry the skin on their neck and shoulders, and hang dead heads and legs around them.

Topsy was so alive and alert. I never knew her cross, nor did she ever scratch. Jane used to be very cross to her sometimes, but she never resented it, nor did she ever lose her serenity. I could not persuade her not to kill birds. It is difficult, I think, to know how much one should interfere with their natural life and habits. I loved the birds, and naturally did all I could to protect them.

It happened that Topsy discovered a nest in a stone-wall about 2½ feet from the ground and far in the wall. She would sit for hours watching for the old bird to feed its young. I then arranged a netting so that the bird could go in and out freely, and Topsy could not sit at the hole; but I watched and found that naturally the birds went through terror each time, as they saw the white ogre so near the door of their house, whenever they brought food to their young. I hated to see them so frightened, so I thought I would try and shut Topsy up for a day, and see what happened. It was a lucky thought and the birds did as I expected; finding Topsy not there they carried their young ones away to a safe abode. I could never find them. They were taken out of the garden and saved. Topsy was very disappointed at finding them gone, and her look of reproach and questioning directed towards me was wonderful to watch.

Here I am in the mountains, and have time to watch the birds. I was out yesterday when I suddenly heard a bird's call of alarm; I expected to see a cat, but I discovered that I was the cause of the alarm. A mother bird had just taken her brood out, I should think for the first time, as they were all

together and she feeding them; at the sight of me she was terrified, gave the alarm to the youngsters who immediately hid in the grass under the hedge, and herself flew to the top of a bush in a very exposed position, calling loudly to attract my attention. She continued to call, so as to draw my attention from her young. She kept this up for several seconds, until I had pity on her pain and anxiety and walked

away. As soon as I went away, she returned and hid herself and the young ones. It is pitiful to see birds and animals so afraid of us. What ages it will be before we can regain their trust? We seem to be very poor guardians to our younger brothers, and they can teach us so much of the realm of realities, of love and of oneness.

Puss Laughs

Some persons have a special dislike for some particular animal, and Lord Roberts—as gallant a soldier as ever lived—could not stay in the room with a cat. The writer, sitting in S. James Hall in the orchestra, waiting for a musical recital, heard a slight commotion behind her, and looking round, saw a lady fainting: a friend, supporting her, said: "There must be a cat somewhere near," and sure enough, one was found under a seat. The following quaint story is from the *Manchester Guardian*:

In *Letters to Somebody*, Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson

relates that during his term at the War Office "Roberts and I fell foul of each other over a most attractive tabby, belonging to the housekeeper. The cat was, as usual, coming up to my room at tea-time to get his saucer of milk, when 'Bobs' nearly fell over him on the stairs. He issued orders for the immediate execution of the cat." Sir Guy cancelled the order, whereupon the Commander-in-Chief sent for him, and, after a stormy interview, promised to relieve the cat, if measures were taken to confine him to the basement. This undertaking was fulfilled until the day "on which Roberts left the War Office for ever. I made a point of accompanying him to the door of his carriage. When I got to the bottom of the stairs I chanced to glance up, and saw the cat looking down between the banisters, with the most "Cheshire cat" grin on his face I ever saw."

Big Pussies

The extraordinary spectacle of a lion playing with a child has been witnessed at Vryheid, in Natal. A Dutch farmer, accompanied by his wife and little boy, was out shooting game. Suddenly their attention was drawn to the child who had toddled a short distance away to gather wild flowers. Crowing with delight, the boy was pulling the hair of a full grown lion, and the animal appeared to be enjoying the operation. Spell-bound

and horrified, the parents stood and watched for a few moments. The farmer could not fire because of the child, and, moreover, his gun contained only shot for birds. The lion skipped sportively round the boy until, startled by loud shouts from the parents, it walked quietly away. After him went a lioness, which up to then had been lying concealed in some long grass.—A South African paper

My Fairy

Hidden in a foxglove-bell
A little fairy lay,
So tiny was her perfect form
You might have passed that way
And not have spied her there at all;
But I was out that day
To find a fairy if I could.
And so I wandered through the wood
With eyes and ears in play,
And all at once I heard a laugh,
A little laugh among the trees,
Like hare-bells ringing in the breeze,
And then I saw my fay!
A darling little winsome sprite,

So dainty in the woodland light,
I caught my breath in sheer delight
To see her there so gay,
Attired in flower petals bright
Of columbine and aconite,
And on her little head
A wee, wee cap of milk-maid white,
Secured with spider thread.
Wings she had none; I soon knew why,
For just then came a butterfly
Which lighted on the fox-glove's rim;
And, ere I had the time to sigh,
She flew away with him.

Nature Notes

Little Flower

There is a creeper near my window spreading out thin stems, heart-shaped leaves and beautiful pink flowers. I have watched it for days and days together, and was very much struck by its regularity in opening and shutting its petal cup. After my bath, when I used to sit for my morning prayer at 5.45, this flower used just to open, and seemed to say: "My offerings too". Every day at this very moment I could hear the ki, ki, ki, ki, kda, kda, ki, ki, of the kingfisher from the pond nearby. It almost looked as if the bird's music inspired the flower to wake up from its sleep. This little flower spends a few hours of interview with its guests, the bees, butterflies and ants on matrimonial matters. Being afraid of sunstroke it goes to sleep at 11 o'clock. Even this little flower is regular in life. If a Scout takes note of a few flowers which close and open their petals at different hours in the day, a flower-dial can easily be made, just as unerring as the Sun-dial. This involves a good deal of patient accurate observation.

The Monkey Among Birds

Many Young Citizens must have observed the ways of the monkey among birds, I mean the Crow, during last month. Every Scout is sure to recognise two kinds of crows, one of an absolutely black stalwart kind, the other ash-necked. It is the former which built its nest last month and now has a family of three ugly young ones. Of course the crow does not consider her children ugly," காகத்தைக் குத் தன்குஞ்சு பொன்னுஞ்சு (Fam. Proverb). This month the latter variety can be seen about, busy collecting material for nest-building.

The Monsoon

These days in Madras we are having high wind, shaking the branches even of big trees, hither and thither. It suddenly stops in the noon, and begins again at night. These are signs of the approaching South-West Monsoon. With the first shower of rain, we shall have the croaking music of our amphibian friends, the Frogs and Toads. But you

might ask me: "How is it we do not hear their music or see them about much now-a-days?" They are having a long summer sleep without food. One can see these slumberers under pools tones or mire, living on pure air, breathed through their porous skins. The frog music we hear after the first rains is an indication of their marriage festivities. If you go out in the early mornings after rains, you can see many a pond and shallow pools with floating layers of mucous-like stuff, with black mustard-like things inside, which are nothing but the eggs of frogs—Frog-Spawn. If you meet with it collect some in a bottle containing water and keep the bottle in a fairly warm place. In a day or two, fishlike creatures come out of the eggs. It is now you have to be careful to supply fresh water, lest the poor creatures should die. Rear only a dozen of them and remove the rest to any tank near by. Feed the young ones (young frogs are called Tadpoles) with moss or any waterplant. You must observe patiently for a few months, before you can see the tadpoles changed into frogs.

An Explosion

There was an explosion at noon to-day a few yards from my house. I was almost frightened, and ran out to see what the matter was. What was it, after all? Nothing but the bursting of a ripe Arka fruit. The result was the release of the interned prisoners, the snow-haired seeds. Freedom at last—and away they flew with the wind. At this time a curious thing happened. A small yellow-breasted Sun bird caught one of these seeds, threw away the seed proper, and used the soft cottony stuff for her nest. This bird would require the cotton of at least fifty such seeds to soften her nest's inner apartments. What a wonderful give and take policy Nature's children have! The plant gives the bird soft material for nest-building, and the bird undertakes to disperse the seeds, establishing the plant colony far and wide.

V. S. R.

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER

Pardon, Lord, the lips that dare
Shape in words a mortal's prayer!
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace;
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

A Scout Camp in Cochin



SALUTING THE FLAG

Cochin is a little Indian state on the West Coast of South India. But little though she is in size, her achievements in the way of helping her Young Citizens are remarkable. She is very legitimately proud of the large percentage of her children who are in schools and colleges, her very high percentage of literacy. Education both among men and women is remarkably widespread, and this little State leads India in this matter. Recently she has made yet another effort on behalf of her Young Citizens, by placing within reach of them the immense possibilities of the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movement. It is noteworthy that in this little State the cry of "Don't forget the Girls" is not necessary. They are not forgotten! H. H. The Mahârâja of Cochin, who is an enlightened ruler and greatly esteemed and loved by his people, is the Patron and Chief Scout of the Scouts, and takes a keen interest in the progress of Boy Scouting. The Cochin Boy Scouts are members of the great International Brotherhood, which acknowledges Sir Robert Baden-Powell as its Chief, who in India is represented by His Excellency the Viceroy, as Chief Scout for India and Burma. The ideals

for which the B. S. A. in Cochin strives are set out in a statement of its aims which reads thus:

AIM. The aim of the Boy Scouts Association is to help boys and girls in the State, irrespective of race, caste or creed, to become good citizens of the Motherland and the Empire, reverencing God and His Messengers, living as loyal subjects, and subordinating personal interests to the welfare of others, abstaining from violence in thought, word and action; to form their character by training them in habits of observation, obedience and self-reliance; to teach them services useful to the public and handicrafts useful to themselves and to promote their physical development and health, so that they may be made effective members of the Great Scout Brotherhood of Service.

The Association was launched on the 14th March, 1923, and, under the guidance of a watchful and enthusiastic Executive and a keen State Commissioner, has made very good progress on sound lines. Two training Camps, one for Scouters and the other for Patrol leaders, have been conducted on the most up to date lines, and the methods and conditions of training followed at Gillwell Park have been adopted. The photographs show you some views of the Camp and activities. The whole camp was run as a troop of boys, and the campers were themselves responsible for the discipline and sanitation of the Camp. No servants were allowed. The Camp-site was ideal. It was a portion of the Cochin



FLAG SIGNALLING

reserve forest, with the Alwaye River winding its way in what looked like rapids. The inspiration of the woods, of the luxuriant plant and bird life around, contributed in no small measure to the success of the Camp. The campers were quite happy and cheerful.

The camp kitchens provided a variety of food, variety often (especially in the earlier part), being more a matter of accident! The Scoutmaster had the best of this variety as he, gipsylike, wandered from Patrol to Patrol every day for his food.

One of these pictures shows you the grinding of an axe. A Scout who knows to grind an axe properly will not have to grind his teeth in impatience often. Axemanship was one of the things which the campers took a delight in. This does not mean that they denuded the forest of all trees! You see a Camp kitchen in another picture. Another picture shows



EATING

you the little group of Patrol leaders in Camp. They are all wearing their Scout Badges. The fellow who is demonstrating the Grinding of the Axe was the Chief of the Camp. He has been with us for some time as a Scouter, and perhaps many readers of *The Young Citizen* know him.

The Scouters who have passed out of the Camp have all started troops and, to quote their own words, are doing their best to develop and let grow in their troops the spirit that brooded over the Camp and which was its main feature.



YARNING

The Camp had some distinguished visitors, among them the Chief State Commissioner. They had also inspiring messages from the Hon. Commissioner for India, from the Prov. Commissioner of Madras, and from the Chief Minister of the Mahârâja.

Scouting is going ahead in Cochin, and H. H. the Chief Scout will soon have a model movement in the State, to help and foster which he and his trusted advisers are doing their best. Well may the Chief State Commissioner be proud of his work.

K. M.



INSTRUCTION



REVEILLE



INSPECTION



AXE GRINDING



COOKING

Rebelle

PERFUME OF EARTH

By H. CHATTOPADHYAYA

(Shama's Pub. Ho. Madras, Price Rs. 3)

The first part of this well-printed quarto volume consists of seventeen short poems and a foreword. This young poet of India has achieved the difficult task of thinking in English poetry, and shows a growing mastery of its rhythm and wealth of choice phrases, which is very rare among those who attempt to handle a foreign tongue. Of the shorter poems, mostly in rhymed couplets, we like best "Festival," "Camels," and "The Mouse-Trap". Of the longer ones, "Moment of Soul" is perhaps the masterpiece of the volume for beauty of thought, and skill in handling the rhymed couplet in a style of which William Morris was the master word-painter. We quote a few lines which are flawless:

Attuned to every speck of earth and sky
We stand, and in our beings catch the cry
Of growing grass, the delicate noise of wings
Among the leaves, the throb of little things.
And each a priceless portion of our own
Large growth, which knowing, we become alone
Re-lit with the pure flame that Deep to Deep
Scatters to separateness in our dim sleep
Of pains and pleasures.

Our poet has a touch of his own, and shows that he has studied Nature closely. Yet, except one reference to the mango, not a single hint or word is there in these poems that might lead us to guess the Nationality of the poet, or the scenery among which he strays. It is of Nature everywhere, and not

confined to a district or a climate, that he sings. We might guess, perhaps that he is a worshipper of Keats; but he shows a rare restraint in the use of the epithet. The second part is a short one-scene play, called *The Marriage of the Rat* and is based on an Indian folk-tale.

A female rat is caught by a crow, who quarrels in wordy warfare with another crow, and, like Æsop's crow, drops her prey, which falls into the lap of a Yogi, by whom it is changed into a fair maiden; but, again like Æsop's woman, changed once more into a cat, Nature will out and show herself when occasion offers. In brief, the girl is impressed in turn by various mighty Beings who call upon the Yogi—the Cloud God, the Wind God, The Sun God, the Mountain. But when (and here perhaps the poet is thinking of the mountain which gave birth to a mouse after much to-do) she beholds a fair mountain rat, far grander and more important than the mountain, with him she falls in love at once, and begs the Yogi to change her into rat-form. The little play, which has many jewels in it, ends thus:

O Sage! I would be changed into a rat;
And in his holy dwelling, hollow and dim,
Live with this wondrous God and worship him,
Till pounced upon by Death, the cruel Cat.

L.O.G.

THE LEAF THAT WAS AFRAID.

1. One day, the wind was talking to a leaf. He made her sigh and cry, as leaves sometimes do when the wind is about.

"What is the matter, little leaf? Why do you cry?" asked the twig on which the leaf grew.

"The wind told me," said the leaf, "that, some day, he would blow me away from you." Then she sighed again.

2. The twig told the branch, and the branch told the tree.

The tree laughed, and said, "Do not be afraid little leaf; you need not go until you want to."

Then the leaf stopped crying, and was happy. All through the summer, she grew and grew.

3. One day in the autumn, she looked at the other leaves, and saw how beautiful they were. Some

were yellow, and some were red, and some were both colors.

Then the leaf asked the tree: "Why are the leaves red and yellow?"

"They have finished their work," said the tree, "and are so happy that they dress in beautiful colors. They are ready to fly away."

4. Then the leaf wanted to go too; and while she was thinking about it, she also grew very beautiful.

One day, the wind asked her: "Are you ready to go now? The leaf said: "Yes."

5. Then the wind blew very hard, and away went the leaf with many other leaves, to cover up some little seeds and keep them warm all through the winter.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

—School Paper

Odds and Ends

The King of Siam has started a "Boy Scout" troop, named the Tiger Scouts. They are honorary guards of the Palace and act as soldiers. In some field manoeuvres, machine guns and rifles were used—hardly consistent with the Scout Law that the Scout is a friend to all. We doubt if the Chief Scout would acknowledge them.

The Rulers of Indian States are starting Scout troops. Mysore led the way; Baroda has its Scouts; Indore has its Scout organisation; Cochin has held its first camp—see pages 156, 158; Pudukkottai has also begun. Madras officers have, we believe, started this movement in the southern States.

The Association France-Grande-Bretagne—France—Great Britain Association has lately invited a party of three hundred British boys to France from towns that have "adopted" French towns and villages in the devastated districts of France. They were received by the French Government officially. A party of girls is also being arranged.

An open-air whist drive held by Bath Young Men's Christian Association was in full swing in a garden on one of the lofty hills overlooking the city, when from an adjacent meadow a skylark rose, pouring forth so glorious a cascade of song that, by mutual consent, play was suspended while the company listened. Not until the skylark folded his wings and dropped like a stone to the meadow, did the players return to their game.

A chimpanzee in the Zoological Gardens, London, has been taught to wash himself. He was given

warm water, a basin, soap and a sponge. He made a good lather with the soap, tore up the sponge, and cleaned the walls of the cage with the towel. Next day he still destroyed the sponge, but he washed himself all over, and dried himself instead of the cage. Then he made the towel into a turban. Then the sponge was given up and a piece of house flannel substituted. With that he washed his face, and then scrubbed the floor with it. On the whole, he enjoys himself.

Lone Wolf and Panikhah, the last of the hardy and powerful sleigh dogs, who stood at the North Pole with Admiral Peary in 1909, have just died. They outlived their master by three years, for the Admiral died in February, 1920.

A blue Dane—a large and powerful breed of dogs—was so mourned on his death by his mistress, Baroness Gore Nordhoff, that she was stated to be ill in bed as a result of her grief. The following notice appeared in a London paper:

Died on May 12, at Torquay, Tom, dear dog, a blue Dane. He saved the life of his owner twice during the war. He jumped over the high bank into a canal and saved a child without being told to do so. He was the noble, gentle companion and friend of his happy owner during nine years, and she mourns him.

Two Boy Scouts cycled from Bombay to Kashmir a distance of 2,063 miles in thirty days, each carrying on his cycle 45lbs. weight of luggage. Passing through Gwalior at night they met two bears, and were chased by the animals, but frightened them away by firing revolvers. Two Scouts walked from Bombay to Mahabaleshwar, 228 miles, in eight days and eight hours, carrying their kits.

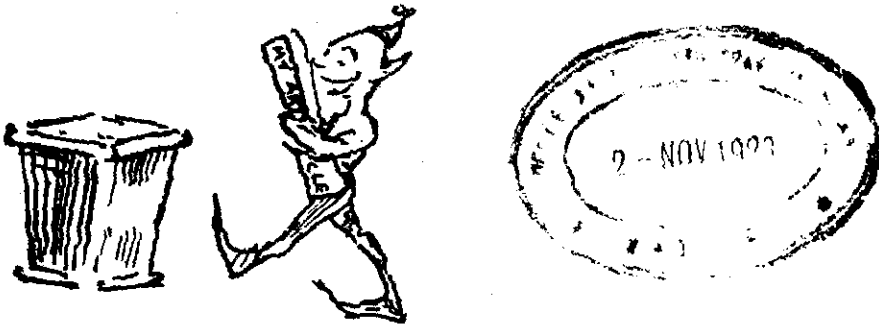
TRUE PRAYER

Who pants and struggles to be free,
Who strives for others' liberty,
Who, failing, still works patiently,
He truly prays.
Who, loving all, dare none despise,
But with the worst can sympathise,
Who for a truth a martyr dies,
He truly prays.
Who, when a truth to him is known,
Embraces it through smile or frown,
Who dares to hold it, though alone,
He truly prays.
In musing, strength must come to dare,
Petitions are but empty air,
Brave action is the truest prayer.
Thus learn to pray.

ANNIE BESANT

Editorial Notices

All communications must be written on one side of the paper only, or they cannot be inserted. Uninvited communications must be accompanied with a fully stamped and directed envelope for return in case of rejection. Otherwise, if declined, they will be destroyed.



News paragraphs, if short and well written, will be welcomed, and used if suitable. All the work done for this paper, except the actual three P's, printing, pulling, paper, is done for Service, not for payment. The probable losses are borne by a "cheerful giver".

All literary communications must be sent to the Editor. Business communications to the Manager.

All communications must bear the name and address of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, Editors.

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The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL. I

MADRAS, 1st SEPTEMBER, 1923

No. 6

From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

2 - NOV 1923

WE HAVE been thinking of the great value of COURAGE, but we know, of course, that many other virtues are necessary for the building of the character of a good citizen. Under Intellectual Courage, I laid stress on the fundamental virtue of TRUTH, for is it not written that "Brahman is Truth," and that all virtues are "forms of Truth"? Truth is peculiarly an Aryan virtue, and Shri Krishna once said that He had never spoken an untruth even in jest. How rigid was the great King Harischandra in truthfulness, and who can forget how Bali, having pledged his word to the "Dwarf," kept it to his own earthly ruin, even when his Guru cursed him because he would not break it, and Vishnu, who had hidden Himself as Dwarf, blessed him, because even under such circumstances, "this Bali would not lie". If you want to be really truthful, never break your word, if by any exertion you can keep it, and be careful how you make promises, so that your word may be trusted. Many people promise carelessly, and do not mind breaking their promise. That undermines the whole nature, and gradually leads the careless person to serious breaches of truth, so that others lose faith in him. One phase of Truth is FIDELITY, a very beautiful, but a difficult virtue. You remember how Yudhishtira would not enter Svarga, when he was told that his dog could not go in with him. His answer was that in that case he would stay outside, for his dog had been faithful to him through all his wanderings, and he would not be unfaithful to him.

Fidelity to King, to Country, to Leader, to Friend, is the virtue of a strong character.

One of the most precious possessions is our Honor. It includes so many virtues, and yet is a little more than any of them, or than all of them put together. It includes Courage, and Truth, and Fidelity, and Courtesy, and Self-respect, and Dignity, and Tenderness, and Gentleness. There are vices to which a man who is honorable cannot stoop; he cannot do a mean, a base, an unfair thing; he cannot lie, he cannot betray, he cannot desert a friend, or strike a foul blow at an enemy. If he commits an error, he admits it as soon as he sees it. If he makes a mistake, and is shown it or discovers it, he acknowledges it promptly, and if his mistake has wronged anyone, he apologises. To the human character it adds a subtle beauty, difficult to describe, as fragrance to a flower, as bloom to a peach, as polish to steel.

Now if we lift up these great ideals, and try by them to attract the youth of a country, it is because it is by the recognition of these ideals, and by the partial realisation of them in character, that the Young Citizens of a country may become its servants, may devote their lives to its uplift. And above all countries, India needs that devotion from her children to-day, for not only the future of India depends upon it, but the future of the world. Look at the world to-day, how torn by dissensions, how miserable, how ugly it is. Unless the Youth of India, and the

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In the October Number of

The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

FROM THE FRONT
IN THE WORLD'S SERVICE: THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS
BUDDHIST STORIES: V.
KHIRI, THE MAIDSERVANT. By Rabindranath Tagore
THE YOUNG CITIZEN
A MAN OF THE HOUR
HOMES OF GREATNESS
SIR RASH BEHARI GHOSH, A GREAT INDIAN

Youth of the world take up the crusade for Brotherhood, for Righteousness, for Beauty, for Happiness, all that has been won will go down in red ruin, and Sisyphus will be once more the emblem of Humanity.

The old often forget that the future is with the Young, and that each generation must take its own road, and do its own work; for

God fulfils Himself in many ways,

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Perfection is many-sided, and just as the diamond-worker cuts many facets on his gem, so that the white light, refracted at various angles, may break up into many-colored radiance, so does the great Jeweller shape humanity into many generations, that each generation may refract His own white Light in a different color. Perfection lies in variety, where forms are many; the Spirit alone is one, and there only is unity desirable.

As we read history, we see that the great movements by which Humanity progresses, or a Nation has been shaped, have all been sown in the hearts of the younger generation of the time, and, nourished by the warmth of young enthusiasm, have sprouted into growth and have redeemed their land, or led mankind onwards. It was the Youth of Italy who gathered round Mazzini, and changed United Italy from a poet's dream into a political fact. And in the higher warfare of the Spirit, it is the glowing enthusiasm of Youth which must lead in the van, and change the forlorn hope into the victorious army. Age bargains like a merchant, to see how much it can gain; Youth pours out like a lover, to see how much it can give. The things of the Spirit are not merchandise; we cannot chaffer with the Divine.

In the spiritual warfare of to-day, that is to change the social shambles into a Brotherhood, it is in the Youth of every country that lies the hope of the future. And it is a fact full of cheer that, in every country, Youth is responding to the divine-human call, and is showing an eager passion for Service that is the promise of success in the coming days. In every country, young men and maidens are stretching

out strong hands, eager to help. We see in India, the Youth of India enrolling themselves as teachers of outcastes, as helpers of the weak; we see the Râmakrishna Missions springing up in town after town, for the personal helping of the poor and the sick; we see the Servants of India consecrating themselves to the Service of the Motherland. In Great Britain, we see a Club of Helpers, ready to sacrifice themselves in numerous ways of practical service; we see the beginning of a world-wide movement for the changing of the social system, that the transition may come by reason, not by force. In France, the reaction from materialism is beginning among the Young, and France's redemption to idealism is being wrought by young enthusiasm. As we look at the Young, we see the direction in which the world is moving, and we see that it is towards Spirit, towards Brotherhood, towards Reality, away from materialism, from competition, from the unreal and the empty. And we see, spreading everywhere, the Scout Brotherhood, and the note struck of Internationalism.

The many organisations in which the Young are banding themselves for the helping of others are promising signs of the spirit which is spreading among them. The Golden Chain for the children, with its pledge of kindness to all living things, of gentle speech and gentle act, lays a sound foundation for noble Youth. The Round Table, with its chivalrous spirit and its high ideals, is a training ground for youths and maidens, who have left childhood behind and see manhood and womanhood opening in the near future. Then follow the Order of the Citizens of To-morrow, the Order of the New Age, and the many Leagues of Service, wherein the trained and disciplined powers may be consecrated to the common weal. We have here a graded Education in Citizenship, which is already showing fair fruit. From the old Central Hindû College and School, where were held up fair ideals as a training ground for National service, there has emerged a band of old boys and teachers, second to none in their present usefulness. It is as though it had been created to draw together from every part of India lads and young men who sprang forward at the

cry of the Mother, eager to learn and eager to serve. These have been welded into a group of Servers, and into the Brothers of Service, bound together by a common love and by common ideals, embodying the purest and highest spirit of the old C. H. C., and ready to carry that spirit into new forms. Among these and many others will the great Teacher, belief in whose Coming has spread throughout the world, find His most devoted disciples, men and women ready to follow, ready to obey, ready to give everything to His Service, everything they possess in mind, body, or estate. Apt to devotion, they have been trained for Service, and stand with hearts alight, with intuition awake, waiting for the Coming of the Lord.

Look around at these many movements, all going in one direction; we see the front line of the outposts, advancing to the civilisation of the future. These, in every country, consist of the Youth of both sexes, in whom the social conscience, seeking to help the helpless, is awake and is fast developing. Their natural leaders are men and women who are still young, who have the enthusiasm and energy of Youth, enriched and ripened and made wise by battling with the outer world; with such elders as have preserved the plasticity of their brains and the generosity of their hearts. The ideal General would be a man wise with the experience of a long life, but inspired with the passionate idealism of Youth, full of a trust in mankind limited only by his insight into individual character, flexible in details but unswerving in purpose and in principle, quick to utilise the new ideas conceived by the Young, so adapting them to the conditions of the moment as to render them achievable.

A force thus composed and thus captained would be irresistible, for it would combine all the elements necessary for success. The future is with the Young, and the swiftness of the world's progress depends on their acceptance of high ideals, and their self-surrender to the Service of Man. The ideals will be rendered articulate by the Prophets of the time, who, guided by their vision of the future, will embody the ideas necessary for the realisation of that future in

glowing language, and thus fascinate the eager susceptibilities of the young.

Such a Prophet was Giuseppe Mazzini, who created Young Italy, for Youth cannot arouse enthusiasm among the Young by preaching its crude ideas—though containing the germs of the True and the Beautiful—clothed in language not yet mastered, and inspired by energies not yet disciplined. The Prophet's insight is needed to arouse the Young, in whose hearts and brains, indeed, are seething the ideas which will be realised in the future; for these can only be rendered effective by being made articulate, and this articulation demands wisdom and not only feeling. A chaos may contain every element which is necessary for a cosmos, but, while still a chaos, it wins no admiration. A block of marble may contain the possibility of an exquisite statue, but it needs the chisel of genius to hew away the superfluous material, and reveal the gracious lines of the form which shall win the worship of succeeding generations. No great movement can arise until the ideals of the future are germinating as seeds in the brains and hearts of the Young; but that movement can only become effective when the sunshine and the rain of the Prophet's words have stimulated these germinating seeds to rapid growth. The Youth only recognises the ideals hidden within him when the fervor of the Prophet has made articulate, and therefore purposive, the inarticulate longings which before merely caused unrest.

Two conditions are necessary for a great movement: (1) The power in a considerable number of the Young to assimilate new ideas, *i. e.*, the Young have arrived at the stage in evolution in which these ideas are attractive, because they satisfy longings already existent within them; (2) the presenting of these ideas to them in a form which fascinates their imagination, and renders purposive the longings hitherto only vague and disturbing. Unstable equilibrium is necessary for movement, but the instability must be of the nature that leads to healthy growth, not to disease and degeneration. A man might set before a pack of hounds a fine ideal of a civilised State; his eloquence would be wholly wasted, since his audience would be

sniffing after the scent of a fox or a jackal, and there would be no response to words and ideals wholly unintelligible to it; so must the Young have reached the stage at which they can grasp and respond to the ideals of the Prophet; without their responsiveness, he is but a Voice crying in the wilderness, a Sower of seed where there is no fertile soil. He is impotent, he can do nothing, without them. But neither can they do without him, for the plan of the architect is needed as well as the material for the building.

Who makes a movement, leader or followers? History answers: "Both." An unorganised mass of people is a mob, potent only to destroy. Knowledge and discipline transform the mob into an effective instrument for defence and construction. A great individuality is impotent, unless it can attract around it the force of numbers. A Cromwell, a Napoleon, only conquered because they aroused in others a passionate devotion, and were heroes worshipped by their soldiers, who were ready to follow them to death.

Moreover, the followers must be full of noble ideas, if the movement is to be strong. Cromwell's Ironclads were men who had "a conscience in what they did," to borrow his own expression. They were full of a sense of duty—duty rightly or wrongly conceived. This, and this alone, gives the stability of purpose and the unswervingness of execution necessary for triumph in face of difficulties and dangers. So also Napoleon's soldiers were fired with a passionate enthusiasm for Liberty, with the idea of striking off the fetters imposed so long by Feudalism on the limbs of the people. Without ideals no great forward movement has ever been successful, and the Prophet must formulate that which inspires the leaders and impels the followers.

The rejection of leadership, where a leader is worthy, is due to vanity rather than to a noble and rightful self-confidence. Vanity is the result of an over-estimate of our own capacities and an under-estimate of the powers of those around us. It is a bladder, which collapses when it comes up against the sharp points of circumstances. It

may be known by its arrogance and by its insolent contempt of others. The self-confidence, the self-reliance, necessary for all good work, is based upon a true self-analysis—a recognition of the One Self who dwells in one's own heart, as much as in the hearts of all around one, and a careful measuring of one's own capacity for Self-revelation. It may be known by its quiet strength and its gentle bearing, by its patience and its perfect courtesy, for with it goes the recognition of the One Self in its antagonists, the seeing in each of "the One Self equally dwelling". Moreover, it understands also that suitable conditions must be present if the Self is to be made manifest. A clear and eager mind, a tender and brave heart, a pure and useful life—these are the conditions of Self-revelation; only under such conditions can the Self show forth his illimitable powers. As well try to make the opposing electricities leap across from the two poles and join, flashing into light, in an atmosphere loaded with moisture, as look for the manifestation of the all-conquering power of the Self through untrained brains, through hard and narrow hearts, through unclean and frivolous lives. To expect such manifestation is vanity. Law is as rigid in the subtler worlds as in the denser. We can utilise the tremendous forces of Nature only as we provide the apparatus necessary for their successful evocation. In vain do we rely on their assistance unless we work according to law. Nature laughs at the ignorant tyro who would play with her energies, or, if he be too presumptuous, strikes him down.

Shall we try untrodden paths, confident in the God within us? By all means, if we have provided the apparatus through which He can flash into manifestation. Such righteous Self-confidence makes the leaders of men. It is true that such men may, nay, will, make mistakes. Should we, for fear of falling, shrink from hewing out the new path? Nay. But here again arises a condition. Mistakes which are made recklessly and thoughtlessly, without previous observation of the circumstances and careful consideration of all the factors we can grasp—such mistakes have only pain as fruit, a pain that may indeed

be useful as teaching us to be less foolish in the future, but a pain that might have been escaped.

But a mistake which is due only to lack of a knowledge which we do not yet possess, which follows on a course carefully chosen after the strenuous exertion of our best faculties, and is the result of a choice based on such experience as we possess, such faculties as we have created, and such conscience as we have made by similar efforts in the past—such a mistake is truly a step upwards, ripening indeed the bitter fruit of pain, but a fruit which contains within itself a seed of experience which shall result in growth.

The growth and development of a strong

individuality is essential for the Young Citizen, who would play a useful part in the building of the new civilisation, of the future Commonwealth of Nations. But let us develop strong individualities in order that we may render strong Service, rather than in order that we may ourselves be strong. Let each regard himself as a block of marble, to be hewn into the most beautiful form, to be chased with the most delicate lines, to be polished to the last possibility of brilliance, not in order that it may be an isolated though beautiful fragment, a separate perfection, but that it may be a stone fit to build into the Temple of Humanity, its beauty heightened, not diminished, because it is an exquisite part of a perfect whole.

Like some hero of the ocean,
Like some warrior of the field,
Fight the fight of faith and freedom,
Fight till death and never yield!

CHORUS. "No surrender, no surrender!"
Ever be our battle-cry;
No surrender! no surrender!
Win the fight, or die.

Evil deeds are all around you,
Evil thoughts come in your breast;
Face them all with heart unflinching,
Fight, and leave to God the rest.
No surrender! etc.

Though the world deride and mock you,
Nail your colors to the mast!
God's own strength will fight within you,
Till the strife is overpast.
No surrender! etc.

Fierce temptations will assail you,
Sins of greed and sins of lust;
Show that ye are God's own freemen,
Strike the tyrants to the dust!
No surrender! etc.

So your soul shall grow in greatness,
Grow in light and liberty;
God's own Peace shall dwell within you,
God's own Truth shall make you free.
No surrender! no surrender!

Ever be our battle-cry;
No surrender! no surrender!
Win the fight, or die.
—Colin Sterne



The Lord Muhammad

THE FAITH OF ISLAM WAS PLANTED in a land whose state was described in burning words by the spokesman of an embassy, of those whom the Prophet had redeemed, to a King with whom they sought refuge from fierce persecution:

O King, we were plunged in the depths of ignorance and barbarism; we adored idols, we lived in unchastity; we ate dead bodies, and spoke abominations; we disregarded every feeling of humanity and the duties of humanity and neighborhood; we knew no law but that of the strong; when God raised among us a Man, of whose birth, truthfulness, honesty and purity we were aware; and He called us to the Unity of God, and taught us not to associate anything with Him; He forbade us the worship of idols, and enjoined us to speak the truth, to be faithful to our trusts, to be merciful and to regard the rights of neighbors; He forbade us to speak evil of women, or to eat the substance of orphans; He ordered us to fly vices and to abstain from evil; to offer prayers, to render alms, to observe the fast. We have believed in Him; we have accepted His teachings.

The history of the time confirms these scathing words. Into that seething hell of lust and bloodshed a Child was born, who put out its flames, and turned it into a temple of science, whence came the teachers who brought light into Europe, and made possible there the renaissance of learning.

This Messenger of God came into the world in A. D. 570, in Mecca, born into the Koreish clan. Orphaned before his birth, his mother surviving it but a few years, he grows up in his grandfather's house, a quiet, silent boy, loving, gentle, patient, beloved by all, strange blossom on that Arab stem. In early manhood, he travels over the country, outwardly a trader, but who may say what thoughts were his, as his deep eyes pierced through the vices of the people to the strength, virility, courage and

possibilities of devotion in that strong Arab race. At the age of 24, his kinswoman Khadija, much his elder, for whom he was trading, found him so faithful, so frugal, so pure, so trustworthy, that she wedded him, and they—young man and older woman—lived in a marriage so perfect that it remains one of the ideal marriages of the world, lasting till she passed away, leaving him a widower at 50, after six and twenty years of happy married life. For fifteen years that life was quiet and honored; the little children loved him, running out and clinging to him as he walked the streets; his neighbors called him Al Amin, "the trustworthy," for he was never known to break his word, gentle, kindly, helpful.

But the inner life; what of that? Storms of anguish that drive him into the desert alone, month after month, throughout those fifteen years; he flies into the silence of the sandy wastes, lies stretched upon the ground in prayer, refuted in lonely cave; bitter doubts assail him; wild questionings of his own soul; what is the voice he hears? "In the Name of thy Lord, cry!" What is he to cry? Why should he cry? Illiterate, untrained, doubting, despairing. Is it not his pride, his conceit, his ambition, that send this impossible call? For fifteen years these times of agony assail him, rend him, torture him. At last, comes a Night of nights, as he lies on the ground in his agony, and a light shines out in the darkness, and the Angel of the Lord is there: "Rise; thou art the Prophet of God; go forth, and cry in the name of Thy Lord." "What shall I cry?" he murmurs. Then the Angel carries him away, and tells him of the Unity of God, and the mystery of the Angels, the building of the world, and the making of man, teaches him of

the work he is to do, his mission as the Prophet of God. Forth he goes and rushes home; falls on the ground, dazed and anguished; cries to his wife: "What shall I do? Who am I? What am I?" Softly and steadfastly answers the faithful wife: "Nay, thou art true and faithful, thy word is never broken; men know thy character. God does not deceive the faithful. Follow the Voice. Obey the Call." The words of the wife, the first disciple, give the touch needed by the human heart that fails before the greatness of the mission, and He stands up, no longer merely Muhammad, but the Prophet of God, the Man who will turn the lawless Arabia into a settled State, a mighty Power; whose followers will re-light the torch of science that fell from the palsied hands of Greece and of Egypt; will found mighty Empires; and who will be moved by devotion to the Founder of their Faith, second to none that is found in other Faiths. Among all the many creeds of men there is none that is more earnestly believed, more passionately followed, than that spoken by the mouth of the Arabian Prophet; and if the proof of belief, as Bain says, be in conduct, then watch the Muslims, and see how His word rules still the actions of their lives. Never is a Musalmân ashamed to kneel in prayer, though scoffers may be around him, and those who hate his Prophet. See how faith in Him has overcome all fear of death. Where is heroism greater than that of the African dervishes, who charged over the space swept by the Gatling guns, and died, row upon row, ere they could even reach their enemy, going to death as other men go to their bridal, for the love of their Prophet and for the faith of Islâm.

As the number of His followers increased, fierce persecution broke out, and tortures horrible, unbearable almost by flesh and blood. They tear them to pieces; they thrust stakes through their living bodies; they put them on the burning sand, with faces upturned to the Arabian sun, and with heavy rocks upon their breasts; they bid them deny God and His Prophet. Then came out the strength of those virile natures, and they died, murmuring: "There is but one God, and Muhammad is His Prophet." They cut off the flesh of one man, bit by bit, and asked:

"Would not you rather that Muhammad were in your place, and you at home?" "As God is my witness," he answered, "I would not be at home with wife, children and substance, if Muhammad were for that to be pierced by a single thorn."

At last, the Prophet is left with only one follower in Mecca, Abû Bakr, and His nephew Ali, and He leaves the city, A. D. 622—the Hijra, or Hegira, and goes to Medina, and becomes the ruler of the State, and ten years later passes away from earth, leaving behind Him words that can never die.

Here is a characteristic anecdote of the unperturbable calmness of the Prophet: "Sleeping one day under a palm tree, He awoke suddenly to find an enemy named Du'thur standing over Him with drawn sword. 'O Muhammad, who is there now to save thee?' cried the man. 'God,' answered Muhammad. Du'thur dropped his sword. Muhammad seized it, and cried in turn: 'O Du'thur, who is there now to save thee?' 'No one,' replied Du'thur. 'Then learn from me to be merciful,' said Muhammad, and handed him back the weapon."

He had been inculcating the duty of charity, of giving alms, and He went on:

Every good act is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity. An exhortation addressed to your fellow-men to do virtuous deeds is equal to almsgiving. Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity; assisting the blind is charity; removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity; giving water to the thirsty is charity.

Feed the hungry and visit the sick, and free the captive, if he be unjustly confined. Assist any person oppressed, whether Muslim or non-Muslim.

Or again:

To gladden the heart of the weary, to remove the suffering of the afflicted, hath its own reward. In the day of trouble, the memory of the action cometh like a rush of the torrent, and taketh our burden away.

He who helpeth his fellow-creature in the hour of need, and he who helpeth the oppressed, him will God help in the Day of Travail.

What actions are most excellent? To gladden the heart of a human being, to feed the hungry, to help the afflicted, to lighten the sorrow of the sorrowful, and to remove the wrongs of the injured.

Who is the most favored of God? He from whom the greatest good cometh to His creatures.

The best of men is he from whom good accrueeth to humanity.

All God's creatures are His family; and he is the most beloved of God who trieth to do most good to God's creatures.

Great was the value He placed on truth:

No man is true in the truest sense of the word, but he who is true in word, in deed, and in thought.

When you speak; speak the truth; perform when you promise; discharge your trust; commit not fornication; be chaste; have no impure desires; withhold your hands from striking, and from taking that which is unlawful and bad. The best of God's servants are those who, when seen, remind of God; and the worst of God's servants are those who carry tales about to do mischief and separate friends, and seek for the defects of the good.

A man must live by his own work:

Those who earn an honest living are the beloved of God.

God is gracious to him that earneth his living by his own labor, and not by begging.

Verily, it is better for any of you to take your rope and bring a bundle of wood upon your back and sell it, in which case God guardeth your honor, than to beg of people, whether they give or not; if they do not give, your reputation suffereth, and you return disappointed; and if they give, it is worse than that, for it layeth you under obligation.

Broad-minded was He and courteous:

And behold! a bier passed by Lord Muhammad, and he stood up; and it was said to him: "This is the bier of a Jew." He said: "Was it not the holder of a soul, from which we should take example and fear?"

When the bier of anyone passeth by you, whether Jew, Christian, or Muslim, rise to thy feet.

And here are some general rules of conduct:

Lord Muhammad said: "My Cherisher hath ordered me nine things: (1) To reverence Him, externally and internally; (2) to speak true, and with propriety, in prosperity and adversity; (3) moderation in affluence and poverty; (4) to benefit my relations and kindred, who do not benefit me; (5) to give alms to him who refuseth me; (6) to forgive him who injureth me; (7) that my silence should be in attaining a knowledge of God; (8) that when I speak, I should mention Him; (9) that when I look on God's creatures, it should be as an example for them; and God hath ordered me to direct in that which is lawful.

Listen to Him on the value of knowledge:

Excessive knowledge is better than excessive praying; and the support of religion is abstinence.

It is better to teach knowledge one hour in the night, than to pray the whole night.

Whoever seeketh knowledge and findeth it, will get two rewards; one of them the reward for desiring it, and the other for attaining it; therefore, even if he doth not attain it, for him is one reward.

Acquire knowledge, because he who acquires it in the way of the Lord performs an act of piety; who speaks of it, praises the Lord; who seeks it, adores

God; who dispenses instruction in it, bestows alms; and who imparts it to its fitting objects performs an act of devotion to God. Knowledge enables its possessor to distinguish what is forbidden from what is not; it lights the way to heaven; it is our friend in the desert, our society in solitude, our companion when bereft of friends; it guides us to happiness; it sustains us in misery; it is our ornament in the company of friends; it serves as an armor against our enemies. With knowledge, the servant of God rises to the height of goodness and to a noble position, associates with sovereigns in this world, and attains to the perfection of happiness in the next.

Ali, His son-in-law, took up that side of the Prophet's teaching, and led young men to study, and to master science above all, giving of it this fine definition:

Enlightenment of the heart is its essence; truth its principal object; inspiration its guide; reason its acceptor; God its inspirer; and the words of man its utterer.

Many think of Islâm only as a conquering religion, a maker of Empires. But the triumphs it won in knowledge through six centuries were greater than those won by the sword. For one hundred years, the followers of Ali studied, while the other side of the Musulmân world was fighting and conquering; one hundred years of quiet study, and then the work began; and what a work! From the eighth century till the fourteenth, in the hands of the children of Islâm is gripped the torch of science. Wherever they go, they carry learning with them; they conquer, but where they conquer they found schools, universities. The Universities of Cairo, of Baghdad, of Cordova in far western Spain, grow up under the shadow of the Prophet. Christian Europe crowds to Andalusia, to learn from the Musulmân teacher the elements of forgotten science; they bring astronomy; they translate the *Siddhânta* of India and other books; they write treatises on astronomy, on chemistry, on mathematics. Pope Sylvester II., who sat on the Papal throne of Christendom, as a youth was a student in the University of Cordova, and learned there the mathematics that brought him later under the charge of heresy, and of being the child of the devil. They invent: what do they not invent? They take up mathematics from the Hindû and the Greek; they discover equations of the second degree; then the quadratic; then the

Binomial Theorem; they discover the sine and cosine in trigonometry; they discover or invent spherical trigonometry; they make the first telescope; they study the stars; they measure the size of the earth within a degree or two, by measurements taken on the shores of the Red Sea. What are these men who grow up under Islâm? They make a new architecture; they discover a new music; they teach scientific agriculture; they bring manufactures to the highest pitch of excellence; but is that all? No. In philosophy, they are still greater; in philosophy they dive into the very Being of the Supreme; they declare the One Absolute, and the relation of the many to the One; they proclaim the unity of the human Spirit with the Divine; they deal with time and space, and the acute metaphysical brain of Arabia writes the most marvellous philosophic truths, pure Vedânta, as all true knowledge ends in that.

Out of the teachings of Ali and his disciples flowed also the wonderful Mysticism of Sûfis. Forty-five poor Muslims, in the year after the Hijra, bound themselves to live as a community, leading ascetic lives, basing themselves on the words: "All is from God." Thus the universe is His mirror, all beauty is from Him, all love from Him. It flowered wonderfully in Persia. Here is one quotation from Jâmi:

Thou art Absolute Being; all else is but a phantasm,

For in Thy Universe all beings are one.

Thy world-captivating Beauty, in order to display its perfections,

Appears in thousands of mirrors, but it is one.

Although Thy Beauty accompanies all the beautiful,

In truth the unique and incomparable Heartenslaver is one.

And again, from *Gulshan-i-Raz*:

Not-Being is the mirror of Absolute Being,

Whence is apparent the reflection of God's splendor.

When Not-Being became opposed to Being

A reflexion thereof was at once produced.

That Unity was manifested through this Plurality;

One, when you enumerate it, becomes many. Numeration, though it has One for its basis, Hath, notwithstanding, never an end. Since Not-Being was in its essence clear, Through it the hidden Treasure became manifest.

Repeat the tradition: "I was a hidden Treasure,"

That thou mayest plainly behold the hidden mystery.

Not-Being is the mirror, the universe is the reflection, and man

Is the personality concealed in it, like the eye in the reflexion.

Thou art the eye of the reflexion, while He (God) is the light of the eye;

By means of that eye the Eye of God beholds itself.

The world is a man and man is a world.

No clearer explanation than this is possible:

When thou lookest well to the root of the matter,

He is both the Seer and the Eye and the Vision.

Evolution (as taught in the 13th Century)

I died from the mineral, and became a plant.

I died from the plant, and reappeared in an animal.

I died from the animal and became a man.

Wherefore then should I fear? When did I grow less by dying?

Next time I shall die from the man,

That I may grow the wings of the angel.

From the angel, too, must I seek advance; "all things shall perish save His Face":

Once more shall I wing my way above the angels;

I shall become that which entereth not the imagination.

Then let me become naught, naught; for the harpstring cryeth unto me: "Verily, unto Him shall we return."—*Mesnavi*, a collection of the Sayings of the Dervish Jelâl.

Islâm cannot die, for it has spoken, in exquisite language, immortal truths.

Buddhist Stories

IV. HASTE TO DO GOOD

HASTE TO DO GOOD was the text of a sermon preached by the Master, while He dwelt at Jeta Grove, concerning a certain Brâhmana named "Little One-Cloth".

They say that in the days of the Buddha Vipassi, Lord of the Ten Powers, there lived a Brâhmana called "One-Cloth the Great". This man was re-born in our era at Sâvatthi, and was now called "Little One-Cloth". He and his wife alike had but one waist-cloth each, and they shared an upper robe. So when the one of them wanted to go out of the house, that one took the upper robe. Now one day, when it was noised abroad that there would be preaching at the temple, the Brâhmana said: "My dear, I hear there is to be a sermon. Would you rather go to hear the Law by day or by night? We can't both go, as we have only one upper robe between us."

The good wife replied: "Goodman, I'll go by day." So she took the upper robe and went off to the preaching, and the Brâhmana passed the day at home.

At nightfall, the Brâhmana took the cloth and went and sat before the Teacher and listened to the Law. As he listened, the fivefold joy uprose in him and ran through all his limbs; and he felt a longing to make an offering to the Teacher, but this thought crept in upon him: "If I give Him this cloth, my wife and I will have nothing to wear." Then came crowding in a thousand thoughts of stinginess, and then again arose the feeling of devotion, and in turn the stingy thoughts prevailed. Thus his selfishness, as it were, grappled with and turned out that feeling of devotion. Thus he kept thinking: "I'll give it! No, I won't! Yes, I will!"

As he thus wrestled in thought, the first watch of the night passed away and the middle watch began.* Herein too he could not make up his mind to give the cloth, and the third watch of the night began. Then said the Brâhmana to

* Note.—On the eve of Full-Moon day, called uposatha, the pious Buddhists attend the monastery at sunset, where they sit listening to the preacher till sunrise of next day. This period is divided into three watches of four hours each. The third watch begins at 2 a.m.

himself: "Here have I spent the first and second watch in a struggle with thoughts of stinginess and thoughts of charity. If this stingy thought of mine prevails, I shall never get a chance to save myself from drowning in the Four Woeful States—I'll give the present." So, overwhelming the thousand thoughts of stinginess and letting those of devotion prevail, he took the cloth and laid it at the Master's feet, crying in a loud voice: "I've won! I've won! I've won!"

Now it so happened that King Pasenadi, the Kosalan, sat there listening to the preaching of the Law. On hearing this noise, he said: "Ask him what he has won." The Brâhmana, questioned by the King's ministers, told them all. On hearing it His Majesty exclaimed: "This Brâhmana has done a doughty deed! I'll confer a favor on him." So he sent him a pair of cloths. The Brâhmana gave them straightway to the Master. Again the King presented him with a double gift of two, four, eight, even sixteen pairs of cloths, and on each occasion the Brâhmana gave them to the Master.

Finally, the King sent him thirty-two pairs of cloths, and, to remove the reproach of having freely given away whatever he got, keeping nothing for himself, he made the Brâhmana keep one set for himself and take one for his wife, and so gave the remaining thirty to the Goal Winner, the Tathâgata.

However, even if the Brâhmana had given away one hundred sets of cloths, His Majesty was ready to do his part. (Here says the Commentary: "In a former birth One Cloth the Great had kept for himself two sets out of sixty-four received, while as Little One-Cloth he now kept two out of thirty-two thus given.")

After this, the King, saying: "This Brâhmana has done a doughty deed! Go, fetch two bed-coverlets from our royal wardrobe," despatched some messengers. They did so. These two coverlets His Majesty gave to the Brâhmana, and they were worth a thousand pieces each. Said the Brâhmana: "Such as these are much too grand for my poor carcase! These are fit for the Buddha's Church alone." So he hung one coverlet over the Master's

bed in the Scented Chamber, and the other he hung above the place where the brother-mendicant regularly took his meal in his own house.

Next evening, the King Pasenadi paid a visit to the Master, and, recognising the coverlet, asked: "By whom, Lord, was this offering made?" "By One-Cloth," was the reply. "This Brâhmana," thought the King, "has joy in the faith that is in him." Accordingly he sent him a further present of four elephants, four horses, four thousand pieces of money, four women, four maid-servants, and gave him as many first class villages to hold, thereby making him the Gift of the Four.

Thereupon arose a talk in the preaching-hall. "Oh," said the brethren, "a wondrous deed is this of Little One-Cloth. In the twinkling of an eye he won the Gift of Fours. He got the fruit of his righteous deed as soon as it was done."

In came the Master and asked them: "What are you talking about, brethren, as you sit here?"

They told him, and He said: "Brethren, if this One-Cloth had been able to make his present in the first watch of the night, he would have won the Gift of the Sixteens. Had he done it in the second watch, he would have won the gift of Eights. As he did it late, at early dawn, he only got the Gift of Fours. Let him that doth good deeds grasp the thought that rises and do them there and then. A good deed done tardily hath its own reward, but that reward is tardy too. Wherefore we should do good deeds the very moment that the thought of doing them ariseth." So saying, He linked up the present with what happened long ago, preached them the Truth and sang this verse:

Haste to do good: thy thoughts from Ill restrain.
Sloth in good deeds makes one for Evil fain.

Whereupon many brethren won the Fruits of Entering the Stream.

[Trans. from the *Dhammapada* Commentary on verse 116.]

F. L. WOODWARD

PEACE

"Peace be to North and South, to East and West,
Peace be to all above and all below,
Peace, all-embracing peace.
The Peace of quiet lakes and hills and woods.
The Peace of summer eves and moon-lit nights,
The Peace of ocean calm and starry skies,
The Peace of faithful and contented hearts;
The Peace and blessings of the Holy Ones,
Flow unto me—and out from me to all.
Peace be from me to all, from each to all,
In all the three worlds dwelling,
Peace, Peace, Peace.
Nay, let there be no more of me and mine,
Let me but live a centre in the Peace,
Lose, whelm, forget, and merge myself in Peace.
Peace all embracing, all pervading Peace,
Peace to all Beings, everlasting Peace!"

A TRUE ARTIST

A true artist finds pleasure, not only in the aim of his creation, but also in the very process of creation, in the treatment and moulding of his material; the very art of production is to him delightful and satisfying, it is not toil.

RICHARD WAGNER

Autumn Festival

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(Concluded from p. 148)

Raja: Do you think your charms will be potent enough to bring you success?

Sannyasi: It is not impossible.

Raja: In that case do not forget me.

Sannyasi: I shall bring him to your court.

Raja: Yes, his pride must be brought low.

Sannyasi: That will do him good.

Raja: With your leave I take my departure.

(Goes.)

(Returning) Father, I am sure you know Vijayaditya personally. Is he as great as the people make him out to be?

Sannyasi: He is like an ordinary person—it is his dress which gives him a false distinction.

Raja: Just what I thought. Quite an ordinary person!

Sannyasi: I want to convince him that he is very much so. I must free his mind from the notion that he is a different creature from others.

Raja: Yes, yes, let him feel it. Fools puff him up and he believes them, being the greatest of their kind. Pull down his conceit to the dust.

Sannyasi: I am engaged in that difficult task.

(The Raja goes)

Enters Upananda: Father, the burden is not yet off my mind.

Sannyasi: What is that troubles you, my son?

Upananda: In my anger at the insult offered to me, I thought I was right in disowning my debt to him. Therefore I went back home. But just as I was dusting my master's Vina, its strings struck up a chord and it sent a thrill through my heart. I felt that I must do something super-human for my master. If I can lay down my life to pay his debts for him, this beautiful day of October will then have its full due from me.

Sannyasi: Baba, what you say is true.

Upananda: Father, you have seen many countries; do you know of any great man who is likely to buy a boy like me for a thousand khan? That is all that I need for the debt.

Sannyasi: What do you say to trying Vijayaditya, who used to be so fond of your master?

Upananda: Vijayaditya? But he is our Emperor.

Sannyasi: Is that so?

Upananda: Don't you know that?

Sannyasi: But what if he is your Emperor?

Upananda: Do you think he will care to pay any price for a boy like myself?

Sannyasi: I can assure you that he will be ashamed of his full treasury, if he does not pay your debt.

Upananda: Is that possible, father?

Sannyasi: Do you think in God's world Luckeswar is the only possibility?

Upananda: But I must not idly wait for chances. In the meanwhile, let me go on with my work and pay off in small parts what I owe.

Sannyasi: Yes, my boy, take up your burden.

Upananda: I feel ever so much stronger, for having known you. Now I take my leave.

Enter Luckeswar

I give it up. It is not in my power to be your follower. With an infinite struggle I have earned what I have done. To leave all that at your bidding, and then to repent of my rashness till the end of my days, would be worse than madness; it would be so awfully unlike myself. Now then, father, you must move from your seat.

Sannyasi: (Rising): Then I have got my release from you?

Luckeswar: (Taking out a jewel case from under some turf and dry leaves): For this tiny little thing I have been haunting this place, like a ghost, from the morning. You are the first human being to whom I have shown this.

(Holding it up to him and then hastily withdrawing it): No, impossible! I fully trust you, yet I have not the power to put it into your hands even for a moment. Merely holding it in the light makes my heart palpitate. Can you tell me, father, what kind of man is Vijayaditya? If I try to sell it to him, are you sure he won't take it away by force? Can you trust him?

Sannyasi: Not always.

Luckeswar: Well, that does not sound promising. I suspect, after all, this will lie underground, and after my death nobody will be able to find it.

Sannyasi: Neither Kings nor Emperors, but the dust will claim it as its final tribute.

Luckeswar: Let it; that does not trouble me. But my anxiety is lest some one should discover it, when I am no more..... However father, I shall never forget about that golden lotus. I feel sure you will get it some day; but all the same I cannot be your follower.

(Goes)

Enter Thakurdada

Sannyasi: After long days I have learnt one thing at last, and that I must tell you.

Thakurdada: Father, you are very kind to me.

Sannyasi: I know why this world is so beautiful—simply because it is ever paying back its debt. The rice-field has done its utmost to earn its fulfilment, and the Betasini River is what it is because it keeps nothing back.

Thakurdada: I understand, father. There is one who has given Himself in creation in His abundance of joy. And Creation is every moment working to repay the gift, and this perpetual sacrifice is blossoming everywhere in beauty and life.

Sannyasi: Wherever there is sluggishness, there accumulates debt, and there it is ugly.

Thakurdada: Because where there is a lacking in the gift, the harmony is broken in the eternal rhythm of the payment and repayment.

Enter Luckeswar: What are you two people conspiring about?

Sannyasi: About that golden lotus.

Luckeswar: Have you already given away your secret to Thakurdada? You hope to be successful when you do business in such a manner? But is Thakurdada the proper man to help? How much capital has he, do you think?

Sannyasi: You don't know the secret. He has quite a big amount though he does not show it.

Luckeswar, slapping Thakurdada on the shoulder: You are deep. I never thought of that. And yet people only suspect me and not you, not even the Raja himself..... Father, I can't

bear Thakurdada to steal a march on me. Let all three of us join in this business. Look here, a crowd of people is coming this way. They must have got news that a Swami is here. Father, they will wear out your feet up to the knees, taking the dust of them. But I warn you, father, you are too simple. Don't take anybody else into your confidence..... But, Thakurdada, you must know business is not mere child's play. The chances of loss are eleven to one—keep that in mind. I give it up. But no, I must take time to decide. (Goes)

Enter Villagers

First Villager: Where is the Sannyasi they talked about?

Second Villager: Is this the man?

Third Villager: He looks like a fraud. Where is the real one?

Sannyasi: A real one is difficult to find. I am playing at Sannyasi to amuse boys.

First Villager: But we are not boys.

Sannyasi: I know the distinction.

Second Villager: Then why did some one say that some Swami is somewhere about?

First Villager: But your appearance is good. Have you learnt some charms?

Sannyasi: I am willing to learn. But who is to teach me.

Second Villager: There is a proper man. He lives in Bhairapur. He has control over some spirits, and there is no doubt of that. Only the other day a boy was about to die. And what do you think this man did? He simply let the boy's life-spark fly into the inside of a panther. You won't believe it, but I can assure you that the panther is still alive, though the boy died. You may laugh, but my own brother-in-law has seen the panther with his own eyes. If anybody tries to injure it, my father rushes at him with his big stick. The man is quite ruining himself by offering kids twice a day to this beast. If you must learn charms, this is the man for you.

Third Villager: What is the use of wasting time? Didn't I tell you in the beginning, that I didn't believe a word about this Sannyasi? There are very few people in these days who have magic powers.

Second Villager: That is true. But I was told by Kalu's mother that her nephew knew a San-

nyasi who overturned his pipe of *ganja*, and there came out a skull and a full pot of liquor.

Third Villager: But did he see it with his own eyes?

Second Villager: Yes, with his very own eyes.

(*They go*)

Enter Luckeswar: I can't stand this. You must take away your charm from me. My accounts are all getting wrong. My head is in a muddle. Now I feel quite reckless about that golden lotus, and now it seems pure foolishness. Now I am afraid Thakurdada will win, and now I say to myself, let Thakurdada go to the dogs. But this doesn't seem right. It is sorcery for the purpose of kidnapping. No, no, that will never do with me. What is there to smile about? I am pretty tough, and you shall never have me for your disciple. (*Goes*) *Enter Boys*

First Boy: We are ready for the Autumn Festival. What must we do?

Sannyasi: We must begin with a song.
(*Sings*)

The breeze has touched the white sails,
The boat revels in the beauty
of its dancing speed.
It sings of the treasure
of the distant shore,
It lures my heart to the voyage
of the perilous quest.
The captain stands at his helm,
with the sun shining on his face,
and the rain clouds looming behind.
My heart aches to know how to sing to him
of tears and smiles made one in joy.

Sannyasi: Now you have seen the face of the Autumn.

First Boy: But where is it, father?

Sannyasi: Don't you see those white clouds sailing on?

Second Boy: Yes, yes.

Third Boy: Yes, I can see them.

Sannyasi: The sky fills up.

First Boy: With what?

Sannyasi: With light. And don't you feel the touch of the dew in the air?

Second Boy: Yes.

Sannyasi: Only look at that Betasini River—what headlong rush to spend herself? And see the shiver in the young shoots of rice. Thakurdada, let the boys sing the welcome song of the

Autumn, and go round the forests and hills yonder.

(*Thakurdada sings and the Boys join him*)

I have spread my heart in the sky
and found your touch in my dreams,
Take away that veil from your face,
let me see your eyes.
There rings your welcome at the doors
of the forest fairies,
Your anklet bells sound
in all my thoughts,
filling my work with music.

(*The boys go out singing.*) *Enter Luckeswar.*

Thakurdada: Hallo! Our Luckeswar in a Sannyasi's garb!

Luckeswar: I have become your disciple at last, father. Here is my pearl-case and here are the jewel caskets. Take care of them.

Sannyasi: Why has this sudden change come over you?

Luckeswar: The Emperor Vijayaditya's army is marching towards this town. Nobody will dare touch you, so you are the safest man to whom I can entrust my treasure. I am your devoted follower—protect me;

Enters the Raja: Father!

Sannyasi: Sit down. You seem to be out of breath. Rest awhile.

Raja: No time for rest. I am informed that Vijayaditya is almost upon us. His flag has been seen.

Sannyasi: Very likely. He must be feeling eager to acquire new dominions.

Raja: Why do you say new dominions?

Sannyasi: Why do you take offence at it, my son? You also had a similar idea.

Raja: Oh! no! that was quite different. But whatever that might be, I ask your protection. Some mischief-makers must have carried tales to him. Please tell him they are all lies. Am I mad, that I should want to be the Emperor? Have I got the power?

Sannyasi: Thakurdada!

Thakurdada: Yes, my master!

Sannyasi: Simply with this rag upon my back and a few boys as my followers, I was fully successful in making this day glorious. But look at this wretched man—this Emperor—he has power only to ruin it.

Raja: Hush! Somebody may overhear you!

Sannyasi: I must fight it out with that—

Raja: I won't allow it. You are becoming dangerous. Can't you keep your sentiments to yourself?

Sannyasi: But I have already had a discussion about this with you, haven't I?

Raja: What an awful man you are! Luckeswar, why are you here? Leave this place at once.

Luckeswar: Sire, I can tell you, it is not for the pure pleasure of your presence that I am here. I should be only too glad to get away. But I am fixed to this spot. I have not the power to move. (*Enter Vijayaditya's Courtiers*)

Minister: Victory to the Emperor Vijayaditya! (*They all bow*)

Raja: Stop that stupid jest! I am not Vijayaditya. I am his most unworthy servant—Somapal.

Minister (*To the Sannyasi*): Sire, the time has come for you to come back to your capital.

Thakurdada: My master, is this a dream?

Sannyasi: Whether your dream or theirs is true, who can tell?

Thakurdada: Then—

Sannyasi: Yes, these people happen to know me as Vijayaditya.

Thakurdada: But this new situation has made things critical for me.

Luckeswar: And for me also. I surrendered myself to the Sannyasi in order to be saved from the Emperor. But I do not know in whose hands I am now.

Raja: Sire, did you come to try me?

Sannyasi: And also myself.

Raja: What is to be my punishment?

Sannyasi: To leave you to your memory.

Enters Upananda: Who are these people? Oh! here is the Raja. (*About to leave*)

Sannyasi: Upananda, do not go! Tell me what you had come to say.

Upananda: I came to tell you that I had earned this three kahan by my day's work.

Sannyasi: Give them to me. They are too valuable to go for clearing Luckeswar's debt. I take these for myself.

Upananda: Must you take these, father?

Sannyasi: Yes, I must. Do you think I have

mastered my greed, because I have become a Sannyasi? These tempt me beyond anything else.

Luckeswar: This sounds ominous! I am undone.

Sannyasi: Where is my treasurer?

Treasurer: Here I am.

Sannyasi: Let this man have a thousand kahans from my treasury.

Upananda: Then does he buy me?

Sannyasi: You are mine. (*To the Minister*). You were troubled, because no son had been born to my house. But I have earned my son by my merit, and here he is.

Luckeswar: How unlucky for me that I am too old for such adoption!

Sannyasi: Luckeswar.

Luckeswar: Command me!

Sannyasi: I have protected your jewels from the grasp of Vijayaditya. Now they are given back to you.

Luckeswar: If the Maharaja had given them back in secret, I could feel secure. Who is to save them now?

Sannyasi: That is my business. But, Luckeswar, something is due to me from you.

Luckeswar (*Aside*): Curse me! I knew it would come at last.

Sannyasi: Thakurdada is witness to my claim.

Luckeswar (*Aside*): There will be no lack of false witnesses for him now.

Sannyasi: You wanted to give me alms. You owe me a handful of rice. Do you think you will be able to fill an Emperor's hand?

Luckeswar: But, Sire, it was a Sannyasi's hand which gave me courage to propose what I did.

Sannyasi: Then I free you from your promise.

Luckeswar: With the Maharaja's leave I take my departure. Everybody's eyes seem to be turned upon these caskets. (*He goes*)

(*Enter the Boys. They shout*)

SANNYASI THAKUR: (*They suddenly stop and are about to run away.*)

Thakurdada: Boys, do not go.

Sannyasi: Raja, leave me. (*Raja goes*)

(*To his courtiers*) And you also. (*They go*)

Now back to our festival.

The Young Citizen

BY G. S. ARUNDALE M. A., LL. B.

I AM often asked which country I love best—England or India. The reply with me is not as simple as it might be with many others. I suppose I am not wrong in saying that for Dr. Besant India is the country above all other countries. India is her real Motherland. But, as for myself, while at present my work for the most part lies in India, and India is thus my adopted Motherland for the time being, I somehow regard neither India nor England as countries to which I could be exclusively attached, or even dominantly attached. My country is YOUTH, Youth throughout the world; and ultimately and in the long run I know no other. On the whole, India is the most pleasant country to live in, largely because of her wonderful past, which still broods over the very soil on which we walk to-day, largely because the world's Greatest have had Their homes within her borders. But to me the word "country" means the Youth of the world, and I am happy among the Youth of any country, for I feel that in the hearts of the Youth of the present generation is kindled the fire of universal brotherhood, only dimmed, I pray not quenched, where ignorant elders still strive to perpetuate that hatred which the world is at last outgrowing. Reactionaries throughout the world, the die-hard in Britain, the Poincarist in France, the Militarist in Germany, the Non-Co-Operator in India, are keeping back the Youth of the world from their rightful heritage, thus retarding not only the world's progress, but possibly delaying the coming of the world's Great Teacher. They all are die-hards, for the spirit of the old world still lives in them.

I feel that the teacher in every civilised country in the world has the duty of guiding its Youth to this heritage that undoubtedly is theirs. The teacher, while he must stimulate ardent and self-sacrificing patriotism, must also inspire his pupils with the truth that for them patriotism is not enough, much though it be. It is time to begin rapid strides in the direction of a World-Brotherhood, in which Nations shall live as independent units, in perfect accord with their fellow independent units, in which there

shall be one great common goal, approached, it may be, by as many diverse paths as there are Nations. Already a stride has been taken through the World-Brotherhood of Scouts, and in the various Orders and movements for young people which have as their note a brotherhood which transcends all distinctions of race, creed and color. And in the Theosophical Society we have the greatest of all the movements, without exaggeration I may say the inspirer of them all, for it proclaimed brotherhood at the very time when brotherhood was most denied, and won acceptance for this great principle of the new world, an eternal fact of nature, in the teeth of virulent opposition and persecution. If the world is appreciably nearer brotherhood, it is because of the Theosophical Society, which has won recognition for the principle, and has made possible its many expressions in the brotherhood movements of to-day.

I want to pursue this theme in a little more detail, so I propose to resume it next month and perhaps examine it further still. In the meantime, let me print an arresting definition of Brotherhood from the pen of the Welsh General Secretary of the Theosophical Society. Peter Freeman:

WHAT IS BROTHERHOOD?

I have been taught that BROTHERHOOD
Is a Life to be Lived,
Not a Creed to be Believed.

BROTHERHOOD is a Fact, not a Theory.
BROTHERHOOD is Active, not Passive.
BROTHERHOOD is Service, not Self.

BROTHERHOOD includes the Weak, as well as the Strong.

BROTHERHOOD includes the Foolish, as well as the Wise.

BROTHERHOOD includes the Sinner, as well as the Saint.

BROTHERHOOD is Here, as well as There.
BROTHERHOOD is Now, as well as Hence.
BROTHERHOOD is All, as well as Some.

BROTHERHOOD embraces all At Home and all Abroad.
BROTHERHOOD embraces all Above and all Below.
BROTHERHOOD embraces all Alive and all "Passed on".

BROTHERHOOD is International, not only National.
BROTHERHOOD is Universal, not only Local.
BROTHERHOOD is Spiritual, not only Physical.

BROTHERHOOD requires Knowledge, not Superstition.
BROTHERHOOD requires Skill, not Ignorance.
BROTHERHOOD requires Wisdom, not Innocence.

BROTHERHOOD claims the Maid as well as the Man.
BROTHERHOOD claims the Master as well as the Mute.
BROTHERHOOD claims the Mammoth as well as the Microbe.

BROTHERHOOD is Joy, not Sorrow.
BROTHERHOOD is Right, not Wrong.
BROTHERHOOD is Awake, not Asleep.

BROTHERHOOD means Tolerance, not Neutrality.
BROTHERHOOD means Unity, not Equality.
BROTHERHOOD means Friendship, not Idolatry.

BROTHERHOOD is Omnipotent, Omnipresent,
Ominiscient.
BROTHERHOOD is LOVE for All, for LOVE is BROTHERHOOD.

To live BROTHERHOOD is to live with GOD.

BROTHERHOOD is an IDEAL, let us make it REAL.

Remember, my friends, all over the world, wherever it is, wherever you may be, and whoever you meet: "He's my BROTHER."

And so, as Tiny Tim observed:
"God Bless Us, Every One!"

Kiwi the Thrice Distinguished

YOU really must meet Kiwi the New-Zealand, he is so very intriguing. When you do know him, you will be unable to forget him.

Mr. Lilley, the British Scientist, who came out to New Zealand, to study the plants, trees, stones and the formation of the land, was able to tell us much of the past of New Zealand. It has been up above the waters for a longer time than has England, according to his conclusions, and it is steadily rising higher and higher above the waters each year.

Aeons ago, it was just a sea of boiling mud, thrown up by volcanic action. In time, this mud hardened and became land.

(This is where Kiwi came in.)

Whakarewarewa still carries on, with her boiling lakes and boiling mud, geysers and quakes. She is the safety-valve of New Zealand, and shows us how the Great Architect of the Universe works, even to this day.

To carry him successfully over the liquid mud, Kiwi has enormous feet with large splay toes, which are just the thing—considering. Then he has long stick-like legs; no feather beautifications upon them to bog him. His feathers are not feathers, but spikes of a kind. The reason of his thusness is his secret, which so far he has kept, on silence and about which he refuses to speak. Other things about him speak for themselves, so he can't keep them secret.

He is a big bird, about as big as a turkey. For all these centuries there have been no ground

enemies in New Zealand, so the birds have been in complete possession and know no fear. As there were no enemies to fly away from, Kiwi did not trouble to grow any wings and they have atrophied. His wings do not grow at all after he hatches, but are tiny, useless little things upon his ungainly body. Kiwi by adapting himself to circumstances has become unique.

Most birds wear their nostrils close to their heads. Not so Kiwi. As the mud hardened gradually on the top into earth, the worms which Kiwi lives on (you won't think any the worse of him for that, will you?) had to be dug for deeper and deeper. So Kiwi's beak lengthened and lengthened above the nostrils, which are at length at the end of his bill?

Nature did not show her usual wisdom in that case; it is most difficult to worm and snuffle at the same time, with your bill about a yard underground and your nostrils so far away. Try!

Or, perhaps worms counted more in the scheme of the "then things," and their work may have been more valuable, and Nature took this way of protecting them. Anyway it gives the worms a sporting chance.

Kiwi is a solitary, he meditates, worms and snuffles. Still he has his great pride. He has won there distinguished conduct medals:

He refuses to grow wings.
He prefers pins to feathers.
He has completely lost control of his nostrils.

I knew you would love him.

M. M. C.

A Man of the Hour

H. E. BARON WILLINGDON OF RATTON, G. C. I. E.

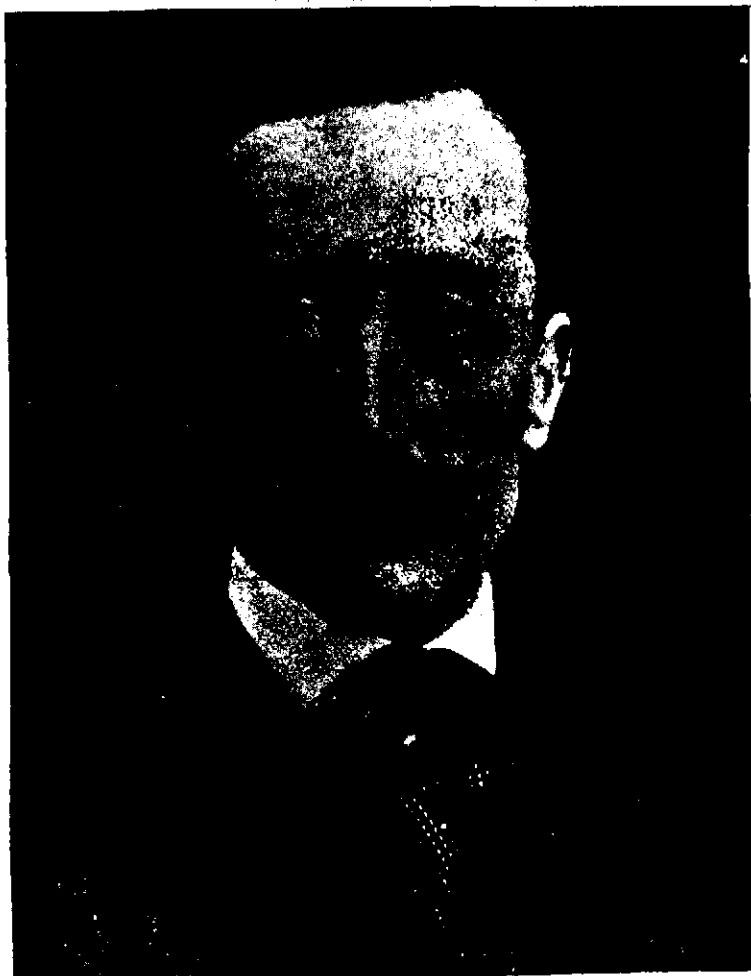
OUR present popular Governor, Freeman Freeman-Thomas, first Baron Willingdon, came to us after five years of experience in the duties of an Indian Governor in Bombay. He is rightly popular, having, with the constant active help of his comrade-wife, broken down the social barriers heretofore existing in Madras between Indians and British, showing to all he meets the same genial friendliness and courtesy, completely ignoring the difference which existed in previous Governorships between white and colored guests in Government House.

He has shown great interest in improving the capital city both in beauty and in convenience, the "Willingdon Bridge" being only one of the many objects which recall him to the minds of the people. Lady Willingdon is also indissolubly connected with various institutions for the benefit of women and children, such as the Women's College and Hospital, the Children's Hospital, Baby Welfare and Nursing. Those who admire her ceaseless and strenuous activity, often fear that she must be exerting herself beyond her strength.

Lord Willingdon has had the privilege of seeing established the Reformed Legislative Council of Madras, and passed, apparently without effort, from the seat of the autocrat to that of the Constitutional Ruler, taking obvious pleasure in associating with himself the Executive Council and the Ministers in the Government of Madras. In no Province, perhaps, has the inconvenient invention known as diarchy caused less friction than in Madras. His co-operation with the reforms has been complete. The term, "our popular Governor,"

therefore represents a fact, not a compliment.

We cannot perhaps better show the kindly spirit in which he encourages any effort for the helping of the younger generation, than by quoting a letter written by him to Mr. G. S. Arundale, in connexion with a journal he was then editing, an encouragement which we hope we may take as though it had been primarily addressed to its successor, our *Young Citizen*. Lord Willingdon wrote:



I understand that To-morrow will appeal more particularly to the youngmen and women of India and Ceylon, to those indeed upon whom we must rely to complete the work we, the older generation, have begun, the work of making India a full and equal partner in the great Commonwealth of Nations that forms, the British Empire.

Those of us who have lived and labored in this country during recent years, and have realised the great awakening that has taken place among all classes of its citizens, will gladly, cordially welcome the assistance of a journal whose main purpose will be to create a sense of the immense responsibility for the future that lies upon our youthful citizens, to encourage high principle, honor and courage in their characters, to urge them to use the short time given them in this life, not in pursuing their own petty personal ambitions but in

trying to do some good to others, and to assist them to have complete faith in "religion," whatever their denomination, as the only solid foundation on which to build up the greatness of their Nation, and a profound belief in a great Providence, who "shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will".

It will be with the greatest regret that Madras will see the departure of T. E. Lord and Lady Willingdon, for in these times of difficulty we can ill spare them from our midst. They have identified themselves with the interests of India, and India will not fail to keep their memory green.

The New Youth

When the established order of a Nation is overthrown or in jeopardy; when the present is chaos and the prospect despair; when the greybeard rulers can only stammer their perplexity and the old men dream nightmares: then young men begin to see visions of imperious clearness.

For the youth of higher mental training at the University these visions have a special insistence, giving him a new self-consciousness, a deeper sense of responsibility and of destiny. It was the students of Central Europe who, in the days of Napoleon, roused a shattered Nation to the People's Victory of 1813. More recently, it was the students of Czecho-Slovakia who formed the backbone of the Bohemian revolution in 1918, which broke up the splintering Austrian Empire, and hastened the end of the Great War. But the chaos did not end with the war, and throughout Europe students are driven by this quickened sense of responsibility to organise themselves anew for the task of reconstruction.

Hence the movement in 1919 at Strasburg to form an International Confederation of Students; for the task is one for the whole comity of Nations, and the students felt they must get together internationally. Thereby they hoped alike to draw their education from a wider range of sources, and to gain that other education in international understanding and sympathy, which is not provided in any University curriculum.

But for the next two years the scheme remained a pious hope. The Confederation at its foundation, and subsequently, rested in the hands of leaders whose strong national prejudices stood in the way of a true development of the movement. Holland, Switzerland, Scandinavia, refused to join it under such conditions; Central Europe was excluded. Appeal was made to English students to save it from a failure, which would breed future calamity, by entering and bringing a broader outlook and a fresher atmosphere.

The National Union of Students of the Universities and University Colleges of England and Wales was formed a year ago in response to this appeal. It is a Federation of the Students' Unions in the different Universities and Colleges, and represents over 50,000 students. It established a head office in London, and promptly set about the task of promoting international fellowship among the students throughout Europe. It has taken a leading part in two International Conferences of students; at Leipzig, April, 1922, and at The Hague,

January, 1923. At both it was successful in checking tendencies to national rivalries, and in lifting European students forward to a better and healthier fellowship.

The next such Conference will be held in England during the last week of September. It will be a Council meeting of the International Confederation representing the students of some 17 European countries; and concurrently a Conference on practical measures of co-operation with countries not yet in membership with this body. These other countries will also be represented, and it is hoped to draw them all into the Confederation. The meetings will take place at Oxford, after a preliminary reception in London.

Among the activities of the Union are educational tours, either directly arranged or assisted by it, in conjunction with the wide fellowship of students throughout Europe. Two special tours last summer, to Germany and Hungary, were very successful, and this Easter vacation three tours are being held: to France, Belgium and Czecho-Slovakia. In the summer, in addition to general tours, there will take place special visits abroad of students in particular faculties—medicine, engineering, agriculture, etc.—to see hospitals, works and institutions of interest to their study.

The head office also supplies information and advice to innumerable students going abroad, and welcomes foreign students coming to England. It puts hundreds of students into correspondence with foreign students, and in many other ways serves to promote our share in international fellowship, and to provide wider educational facilities for students. It has also entered into correspondence with overseas British Universities throughout the Empire, and is fostering the growth of an Imperial solidarity among all British students.

Lord Robert Cecil has consented to take the position of Honorary President of the National Union. Its student President for this year is from Oxford. Representatives from each constituent University or College Union form its Executive, and a permanent full time Secretary is in charge of the work at the head office in the University Union, Malet Street, London. The finances of the Union are used with the utmost economy, but their meagre amount proves a heavy handicap on its efficiency.

A Visit to a Tibetan Lama

By E. B. NOBLE

IT was during a stay at Kalimpong, situated amongst the Himâlyan Mountains and within sight of the eternal snows.

I had made friends with the Secretary of the Buddhist Society, an educated Tibetan called Ishering Phuntshoy. He told me that one of the Grand Lâmas, or High Priests, was expected in a few days on his way back to Tashilumpo, the city where dwells the Tashi Lâma, the spiritual Head of the Buddhists of Tibet, as the Dalai Lâma is the political Head.

We were duly informed of the arrival of His Holiness with his retinue, and his permission was asked and granted for an interview. Our guide met us in order to conduct us up to the monastery, which is situated two miles away in the side of the mountain. In passing through the bazar, I asked what we should take as an offering, as it is not etiquette to go empty-handed. We were told that dried fruits would be the most acceptable, and also a scarf without the presentation of which no ceremony would be complete. Having secured a quantity of dried grapes, dates, etc., we then called at our guide's office to get a servant to carry our bundle. The former is engaged in the tea-trade between China and Tibet, and we saw piled up quantities of the brick-tea so largely used by the Tibetans. He also showed us with great pleasure two chests of medicine, which he had received as a present from the Mission to Tibet under Dr. Mc. Govern which had passed through on its return recently.

As we wound our way up the mountain path which led to the monastery we looked down upon the narrow road which is the route of traders and pilgrims into Tibet. It passes through Kalimpong and is known as the Rishi Road.

We saw many cavalcades of mules and pack-ponies, which come laden with wool and skins and take back brick-tea and other provisions, also Chinese porcelain and European utensils and machinery. I had, a few days before, when riding along this road met one cavalcade of 33 ponies and mules, each laden with a pack of black Tibetan wool hung on each side of the saddle. A scarlet tassel about a yard long dangled from their necks and about a dozen cow-bells round their collars made a considerable tinkling as they trotted along. The whole set was accompanied by only two men, who came along a few hundred yards be-

hind so that one had to keep close to the inside of the road to escape being hurled over the khud into the deep valley below. We also noticed on each side of the road small heaps of stones, surmounted by a pot with votive offerings.

The monastery is a new one, not quite finished. The site had been given quite lately by the Government of Bengal. It is a very beautiful one commanding lovely views of the surrounding valleys and of the snow peaks beyond. As we turned a corner and came within view, we saw it surrounded by the innumerable praying-flags fluttering in the breeze. These are long stripes of white material about a foot broad and a few yards long, attached by one side to long bamboo poles. On these prayers and mantrams are printed. They are found in varying sizes round every Buddhist house in the neighborhood. The waving effect is very pretty. "Horses of the wind" they are poetically called by the Tibetans.

The monks, or lâmas, were busy chanting their prayers in the Temple when we arrived. While this was going on, we were taken round and made an offering of a scarf to the golden statue of the Lord Buddha. The workmen were still busy covering the walls with pictures in brilliant colors of blue, orange, purple, green etc. The monks who were kneeling at small stools, continued their chanting, which sounded soft and harmonious as we walked round.

His Holiness was not quite ready for us; he was preparing two candidates for the priesthood; so we were taken into the guest-room. This was furnished all round the walk with low divans covered with Tibetan rugs and leopard-skins. In front of these were low tables, and in the centre of the room a large earthenware tea-pot simmered on a small stone. We were invited to be seated and the monks brought us some small bowls of hot tea, prepared with butter and salt. I found this quite palatable, and as I had learned that one must drink at least one third for politeness sake; I did so, but to my dismay I found that as fast as I did this, an attendant monk filled it up again; with the tea we eat dried apricots. Presently we were told that the Lâma was ready to receive us, and our party of three, consisting of an American, a Scotswoman and a Parsi, were ushered up the stairs between rows of attendant monks.

We entered, and bowed low to a very intelligent

and benevolent-looking man of about 50, with cropped hair without head covering, and wearing the regulation dress of a Tibetan monk, viz. a long tunic of dark red cloth, faced both at neck and wrists with white, and tied with a waist cord. He sat on a raised dais in front of which was a table with vases of peacock's feathers, and many small images of the Buddha, which are given to devotees. He received us very graciously and invited us to be seated on the low divans round the walls. Our Tibetan friend acted as interpreter, and after we had severally confessed our ages without reserve, and given full and particular reasons why we were in that part of the country, an interesting conversation followed which ranged over such subjects as Buddhism in America, the *Light of Asia* of Sir Edwin Arnold, reincarnation, karma, the work of Dr. Annie Besant in India, etc. He then said that we had probably all met before in some former incarnation in connection with Buddhism, and that our karma had brought us all together again in this incarnation.

During our talk, beautiful Chinese bowls heaped up with sweet buttered-rice had been brought in, a large one for the Lâma and smaller ones for the

guests. We eat this with small turquoise-studded silver spoons. Tea was also again offered but declined. At frequent intervals other pilgrims and devotees came in with offerings of fruit cakes, etc. to His Holiness, and he gave us his blessing, placing scarves round our necks. These scarves are made of white Chinese crepe and about half a yard wide with fringed ends, and seem quite an indispensable part of the ceremony. The Lâma must keep large quantities by him, as one was given to each visitor. The monks seem very fond of animals; we had noticed a tame fawn, a monkey, and many pet dogs in the lobby and below, and during our interview with the Lâma a small black and white guinea pig capered round his feet.

So ended our visit to His Holiness Gyeshe Rimpoche, whose name means "the precious one who has attained unto wisdom". He is said to have found his Guru when about 20 years of age and then to have spent 12 years in meditation in the caves of Tibet, until he found illumination or initiation. The people believe him to have attained all wisdom.

E. B. NOBLE

Two Citizen Heroes

Germany and France are at war, a real war though not called war; the French have occupied a part of Germany, and hold it in pawn. Germans are naturally angry, and sometimes revenge themselves by killing a French soldier, or destroying a railway line. Seven Germans were lately in prison for some such act, under sentence of death. They are now set free, and this is how their freedom was won. The French were building a bridge of boats across the river, from the German land they occupied to their own land on the other side of the Rhine. The Rhine is a deep river and the current runs swiftly, and one of the boats swung sideways; into the river tumbled two French engineers, and the strong current swept them away and they could not swim. On the German bank of the river stood one Max Fladt, who kept an inn, and he saw the two Frenchmen, his enemies, being carried away to their death. He tore off his coat, plunged into the river, struck out strongly to the drowning men, and pulled them through the swift current into safety on the land. The story reached the ears of the French General, and off he went to Max, thanked

him warmly for his generous courage, and prayed him to ask some gift from France in return for the lives he had saved. "Give me the lives of my seven fellow-countrymen, sentenced to death by your Court," said Max; and that is why the seven Germans stand free to-day.

In South Africa, the Boer-British treat Indians very badly, and persecute and insult them in all sorts of cruel and wicked ways. One day, a little Boer girl was walking along the side of a Dam, and fell into the water, sinking at once. An elderly Indian saw her fall, threw off his coat, but had no time to take off his heavy boots, and sprang fifteen feet into the water, which was 20 feet in depth. After the first dive, he came up unsuccessful, but he dived again and brought up the child. The current was running swiftly, but fortunately he was a strong swimmer, and was able to bring the child of his oppressors to land.

Homes of Greatness

BY G. S. ARUNDALE

I AM very much obliged to the Welsh General Secretary of the Theosophical Society for a comprehensive list of Welsh National heroes. There are eleven of them in all, and the justification for their selection lies in the fact that these eleven were chosen for the statues erected at the City Hall, Cardiff, to be representative of Welsh greatness. A millionaire Welshman, Lord Rhondda of Llanwern, was the donor of all the statues in 1916.



DEWI SANT

of his very numerous names. Of Dewi Sant another great Welshman, Gerald, said:

He was a mirror and pattern to all, instructing both by word and example; excellent in his preaching, but still more so in his works. He was a guide to the religious, a life to the poor, a support to the orphans, a protection to widows, a father to the fatherless, and a model to teachers; becoming all to all, so that he might gain all to God.

Dewi Sant lived in the sixth century, was born in a village called Tyddewi in Pembrokeshire, and his mother was a descendant of Vortigern. It is related that he was born in a storm, and that at his baptism water came forth from dry ground and enabled the blind to see. So great was his modesty and desire to learn, it is said, that he never looked up at his master's face the whole time he was at school. The following interesting story is told of him:

A great meeting was once held in Llanddewi Brefi. We are told that one hundred and eighteen bishops, besides kings and princes, were gathered together, and people came

from all directions to hear the bishops preach. But who could make this vast company of people hear the message? "No voice, not even the sound of a trumpet can reach the ears of them all," said the bishops.

At last the old Paulinus got up and said: "There is one who is not yet present at this meeting, a man, eloquent, and full of grace, beautiful in countenance, elegant in form; invite him to speak, therefore, at my advice." Messengers were sent to Dewi without delay, but at first he would not come. "How can I do what others have failed to do," said he humbly. At last, however, he consented to go to the meeting, where he was received with all honor. He was invited to stand on a heap of clothes to speak to the people, but he refused, and taking a handkerchief which a lad had offered him, he placed it upon the ground, and standing upon it, began to preach to the multitude.

And now a wonderful thing happened, says a strange, yet beautiful legend: "And while he was speaking, a snow-white dove descending from heaven sat upon his shoulders; the earth on which he stood raised itself until it became a hill, and standing on the top, he was seen by all as on a high mountain, from whence his voice was heard like a trumpet, and was understood by all, both near and far off; on the top of which hill a church was afterwards built." After this Dewi was made Archbishop by the consent of all the bishops and nobles. He was made Archbishop of Caerleon, where he lived for some time, but soon he returned to his own monastery in Pembrokeshire, for there he could have more time for study and prayer.

His preaching, we are told, had a wonderful effect upon the people, uncouth and unlearned as they were. It "softened their manners and improved their morals," and after his death the whole country mourned. Six centuries later, the Cymry—Welsh men—"began to speak of him as a Saint" and called him the patron Saint of the Welsh Nation. In the statue he is represented as preaching to the multitude at Llanddewi Brefi. He was "an eloquent man, full of grace, approved in religion, who has an angel as a friend, a lovable man, graceful in countenance, distinguished in form, upright in stature."

Next comes Gerald the Welshman, dressed in his work-a-day clothes, pen case and ink horn in his girdle. He was born about 1147, was a great traveller and a great writer, and "did more than any one perhaps to keep alive that unquenchable spirit of the Cymry which has made their history so famous". He was a born fighter, yet never handled a sword. He describes the Welsh of his period in the following fine picture:

This people is light and active, hardy rather than strong, and entirely bred to the use of arms; for not only the nobles, but all the people are trained to war, and when the trumpet sounds the alarm, the husbandman rushes as eagerly from the plough as the

courtier from his court. They pay no attention to commerce, shipping or manufactures, and suffer no interruption but by exercising for war. They anxiously study the defence of their country, and their liberty; for these they fight, for these they undergo hardships, and for these they willingly sacrifice their lives. They esteem it a disgrace to die in bed, and an honor to die on the battlefield.



GERALD THE WELSHMAN

form of an endeavor to liberate the Welsh church from the domination of the English church, making Wales directly subordinate to the Pope at Rome. His journey to Rome is itself an epic, for he encountered so many hardships and difficulties on the journey, which he hoped would have the effect of convincing the Pope of the justice of the Welsh cause, that all his companions forsook him, and he had to make the greater part of the journey alone. He made in all three journeys to the Pope, on each occasion pleading his cause in vain, but each time being utterly undeterred by failure. Last of all the Welsh clergy themselves failed him, and he had to fight entirely alone for the rest of his life. The result was complete defeat so far as he was concerned; for the English church triumphed at every point during his life-time. But, as the centuries passed the Welsh people began to understand his indomitable courage, and gave him that homage to greatness which too often is paid when the individual concerned can no longer profit from it, and when the cause for which he suffered no longer needs it. It is one of the great tragedies of the world that practically all its greatest men and women, and the causes for which they have stood, are honored when the honor is immaterial, and are dishonored at the very time when honor and support are most vitally needed. The world is slow in recognising greatness, and in consequence makes but slow progress. Gerald the Welshman was honored only after he was dead,

but his qualities lived after him to inspire his fellow-countrymen; and his life, looked at from the larger standpoint is seen to have been a triumph even though it was a failure.

Perhaps the best known of these Welsh heroes is the great Welsh Queen Boadicea. The statue shows her appealing to the Britons to avenge the wrongs done her country and her home. She was the courageous wife of a feeble husband, Prasutagus, who had promised half his kingdom to the Romans if they would be friendly to him. But when he died his whole kingdom was seized, Boadicea was brutally flogged, and her daughters were subjected to treatment even worse than flogging. This shameful insult so affected the Britons that a large army gathered and placed itself under Boadicea, who led it in a great war-chariot in which were also her two daughters. A Roman writer thus describes her:

Her stature was of the largest, her aspect terrible, and yet calm, her voice deep and stern. Her hair fell below her waist in long golden locks, bound about her forehead by a golden coronet. She wore a tartan dress, and over it a cloak. This was her usual attire, but she also carried a spear.

She thus addressed her soldiers before the battle:



BOADICEA

To-day it is not as a queen of an ancient line, anxious to win back my kingdom and my riches, that I speak to you, but as one of the common people, who wants revenge for the wrongs done to this queen and to her daughters. The Gods, too, are ready to do what is just. Think how strong you are, and think of the cause of this war; then think that you must be either all killed or win nobly. Such is the firm resolve of a woman.

After a number of brilliant victories, defeat came at last—undisciplined, untrained valor succumbed to cold science. Seeing her army conquered, she took poison and died, rather than fall into the hands of the enemy. But here again though her cause ended for the time being in disaster, she has remained an example of magnificent womanhood and an inspiration to those who came after her. So we may say that here again out of failure came a great

triumph, as seems, indeed, the law. William Cowper's lines on Boadicea, though well known, are perhaps worth repeating here:

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien
Counsel of her country's Gods.

Sage beneath the spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess, if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish! write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhor'd
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, fair empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand States;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark, the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;

Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all the monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought, and died,
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

Next month we will read of the other Welsh heroes.

Correspondence

You ask for suggestions with regard to your plan of Homes of Greatness. May I offer a suggestion with regard to the list of "Uniters of mankind by the Art of Music"? I think any musician and almost all music lovers would agree that Bach should not be excluded from the list while Handel is included. I do not think there is any permissible standard by which Handel can be judged as greater than Bach. But there is no need for such comparisons at all, for both may well be included in your list. The same applies to the inclusion of Mendelssohn while Haydn, Mozart, Wagner and Brahms are omitted, as well as Chopin, Schumann and Schubert. The editor of the *Teachers' World*

limited his choice of western musicians to three. Personally if I had to choose three *only*, I should say that Bach, Beethoven and Wagner were the greatest.

One wonders too why the only English poet included besides Shakespeare is Wordsworth. Had Shelley written nothing but the "Ode to the West Wind" it should include him. Surely, too, Raphael should be included among the Creators of Great Works of Art, and I hope Charles Dickens will find a place under one or other of the heads. But I do not suppose the writer intended for a moment that the list should be considered exhaustive. D. H. S.

Canada's Boy Parliaments

We read in the *Children's Newspaper* a note about election campaigns for the Canadian Provincial Boy Parliaments. It was stated that great enthusiasm was aroused all over Manitoba.

The daily newspapers are publishing special Boy Supplements, meetings are being held frequently by the different candidates of both parties, and

everywhere people are talking of boys and the Boy Parliament.

Some of the campaign platforms include absolute prohibition of alcohol, raising the age for compulsory education, daily Bible study in the schools, enfranchisement of girls, more stringent juvenile tobacco regulations, and encouragement of amateur athletics.

Stamp Collecting

In the July issue of *The Young Citizen* reference was made to the Prince of Wales' interest in stamp-collecting, following in his father's footsteps. It may be of interest to Young Citizens to know that the other day in London an exhibition of postage stamps was held at which the King exhibited part of his own unique collection, including the 1 cent British Guiana stamp valued at about £ 8000, or Rs. 1,20,000. Curiously enough, while mistakes are not particularly prized as a rule, especially in printing, a printing mistake in a stamp often has the effect of giving to the stamp a very greatly enhanced value; and many of the exhibits consisted of precious, and and sometimes even priceless, mistakes. Indeed, an early issue of the penny stamp of our present King's reign has a value of £ 100, Rs. 1,500, if it has the right kind of imperfection, while an unused half-penny of the same reign, green, is worth £ 100, if it has 14 perforations instead of the usual 13 or so. The whole exhibition has been valued at £ 2,500,000 or Rs. 3,75,00,000.

Mr. Arthur Hind of America probably has the most valuable collection of postage stamps, generally computed as worth £ 250,000 or Rs. 37,50,000, and includes two stamps, affixed to their original envelopes, for which he paid no less a sum than £ 11,000 or Rs. 1,65,000. These two stamps are of the exceedingly rare Mauritius "Post Office" variety

and the history of their discovery is interesting. A few years ago a young lad obtained his father's permission to look through his old correspondence, and by chance came across the two envelopes which, when submitted to a stamp collector, were valued and sold at about £ 1600 or Rs. 24,000—a very lucky find, in the proceeds of which we hope the boy shared. The stamps changed hands from time to time, and finally Mr. Hind had to pay £ 11,000 to get them.

The London *Daily News* alludes, in connection with the exhibition, to the romance of stamp collecting in the following paragraph:

But for real romance one can hardly hope to beat a young Swedish forester who, separated from his sweetheart, wrote her a letter every day. He purchased his stamps at the local post office at Guliksberg without noticing that the surcharge on each appeared upside down. A philatelist discovered the mistake and got into touch with the forester, who wrote to his sweetheart asking if she had kept his letters. Fortunately she had thirty, and for each he got about ten guineas, enough to furnish the house and pay for the wedding. And after that who can deny the romance of philately?

Readers of *The Young Citizen* might, perhaps, be well advised to ask their fathers' permission to go through old correspondence. In all probability some of the rarest English varieties are lying neglected in some forgotten box or drawer which, if sold to-day, would bring a small fortune to their possessors.

In His Name

BY JAYALAKSHMI AMMAL

SUDDEN fits of coughing shook his whole frame, and he fell back on his bed moaning bitterly. As though to shut out his misery he closed his eyes, while tears streamed down his wasted face and fell on the clasped hands of his beloved wife, Nilā. She knelt at the head of the cot. When the tears fell on her hands, she started as though waking from sleep, then hid her face again with her hands. Her slender body shook as though torn by bitter sobs, but not a tear fell.

The dying man, opening his eyes, saw his wife; with the strength of the dying, he jumped out of his bed, and held out his hands to Nilā, saying softly; "My wife, my sweet wife."

Nilā looked at him standing tall, erect, and ah! so beautiful, with that pale beauty like the full-moon, beautiful but not dazzling. She gently pressed him back to his bed. As she knew that he was dying, she ran to his mother to call her. The

mother and wife came hand-in-hand. The former already had the traces of sorrow, but the latter was new to this bitter anguish. Her beautiful young face had the innocence of childhood, and the sorrow of coming widowhood. But these, mingling, made her look like some one lost to happiness as well as to sorrow. Nilā stood respectfully, far from the bed, while the mother rushed to her son, who saw her only and never glanced at his wife. What man and wife would think of themselves in the presence of an elder? His duty was first to his mother, the giver of life, then to his wife, the partner of it.

The dying man whispered; "Mother, my own sweet Mother! I am cursed. I cannot live to serve you in your state of helplessness, as you served me in my infancy. My Mother, be a mother to Nilā as you have been to me. Take care of her, cherish her. God knows she would follow me through

death. But don't let her. Let her have her share of happiness. She will never be happy without me. But, my Mother, you will make her so by the strength of your love. She will die like a flower uncomplainingly without love. Love her! Love her, Mother."

"I love your life, my child; Nilâ is a part of your life. Nay, not only of your life but mine too, for it was I who gave you life. Then, my son, will I not take care of her? Will I not cherish her?" So saying, the mother beckoned to Nilâ, who came near.

He took her hand and looked at her. Then he spoke low but distinctly: "Nilâ, you have ever been a loving wife, and may you ever be a faithful daughter to my aged mother." He suddenly dropped her hand and a sigh escaped his lips as he muttered: "She will not survive me, she cannot live without me." He turned to his mother saying: "Mother, bless me ere I die."

The mother blessing him, fell to the ground sobbing bitterly. Nilâ did not go to assist her. She seemed to be rooted to the ground where she knelt. Her husband put his hand on her bent head, and as he said: "May God's blessings be on you," his Spirit fled.

All the women moved round Nilâ with slow and silent steps. The men were gathered round the body of the departed soul, which was covered with a costly covering and fragrant flowers. All were silent when they saw the mother coming. Instinctively they knew they ought not to stay there, to witness their sorrow, and they left the room.

The mother threw herself on her dead son and wept. Recollection after recollection threatened her very life. Then the thought of her being alone overpowered all other feelings. The word "alone" seemed to be a phantom, dancing before her eyes. When she looked at Nilâ in her widow's garments, her face changed color. She suddenly came to know a horrible truth. Nilâ's look and bearing denoted some great resolution. Nilâ's face was pale, but she was looking almost divine and happy. She did not seem to think that she was separated for ever from her husband. What could all this mean, but that she would join him by performing sati? She would go through fire to her husband. The mother looked at her with loving concern, Nilâ's look of childhood's innocence was gone, but in its place was the seal of experience. The mother longed to save her. She remembered her son's words: "Love her! Love her, Mother!" Nilâ's iron self-control would fail her at the last moment, and she might die of a broken heart. She had not

as yet given vent to her anguish.

The mother went to Nilâ and, gently placing her hand on her shoulder, said with a tremor in her voice: "Take your farewell, my child, and come away."

"Not just yet," Nilâ murmured.

The men came back to carry the body to the burning ground, but Nilâ calmly said to them: "Wait, I too am coming."

She went in and came back in a bridal dress. What mockery of fate was this? The people whispered to each other that she ought not to come to the burning ground, and with that dress! But no one had the heart to tell her that she was now no more a bride but a widow. The mother silently made preparations to go to the burning ground.

The burning ground was reached and, after a long ceremony, the pyre was lighted. The flames curled round and round as though to grasp something more to consume. Nilâ bent down, and touched her mother's feet. The mother was in a dull stupor and did not realise the necessity for action. The crowd of mourners hastily left the ground, for who could witness the death of one so beautiful and young? Nilâ slowly went near the burning pyre, and knelt there praying.

Then in a sweet rich voice she cried aloud: "I am coming."

Before she could rise, the mother stood before her with such great sorrow and dignity that she compelled obedience.

"Nilâ, as the mother of your husband, I ask you to come home," she said in a gentle voice.

"But, Mother, I am going home to my husband," remonstrated Nilâ sweetly, but with firmness.

The mother tried to think of some plan by which she could prevent this sati, the dying with the husband. She could not control herself and gave way to heart-rending weeping.

She spoke with anguish: "My God! am I cursed that I should see my children die before me? Nilâ! Nilâ! my child! Will you desert me in my sorrow? Will you not be the stay and support of me, now that my son is dead? My daughter! It is a coward's act to run away from sorrow. Face the temptation of death, and live for the living. I lived for the sake of my son. Won't you live for the sake of his mother? My life will be a curse to me. Will you not make it a blessing by your love? Your love wound round my son like a creeper. Now I am the creeper; Will you not be my support?"

"Mother! I will live for you, and I will die for you, in his name."

Friends I have Known in Dog-land

BY A GROWLER

It thrills one when one sees how a dog will take charge of his mistress' belongings and guard them in her absence. I have known cases when a dog will adopt the baby of the household, adopting it in such a way as if he understood how to guard it and care for it. I know of an instance when the dog knew that a baby was coming, and took very special care of his mistress, guarding her and tending her for months beforehand, and never leaving her when the master of the house was out. His habit had been often to jump up when his mistress was ready to go for a walk with him, but when he realised that a baby was on its way he was never known to do it. This was noticed on two occasions during that particular time, and in between whiles he relapsed to his old habit of jumping up. I am telling you exactly what happened, these stories are no imagination.

As the time approached for the first baby to arrive nowhere could Crudles be found; the doctor arrived, no dog barked, but when the baby appeared and was rolled up in a blanket and placed in front of the fire Crudles slowly and quietly crawled out from under the bed, where he had evidently been all the while, and absolutely claimed the baby as his own from that day forward. A rather amusing episode took place when the doctor, thinking he had a right to look at the baby before leaving the room, found that he was put in his place by Crudles who allowed no such interference with his mistress' property. The father of the child had to be called to explain to Crudles before he would allow nurse or doctor to touch it.

There seems no doubt that he realised that his mistress was unable at the minute to look after the baby, and he was not going to permit any interference from strangers.

Needless to say, a very marvellous friendship grew up between Crudles and the child; he practically never left her, slept under her cot, went out with her to guard her, and woebetide a stranger who would ever look at her, or a dog who ventured within several yards! He was a wire-haired terrier.

Crudles' end was very sad, and he died for his little mistress and friend and at her feet, killed by a motor whilst out for a walk; he was just able to crawl to her feet, she fainted dead away, and Crudles just licked her and died, the child and the friend lay side by side on the road—she in a faint and the dog dead. The little girl could not speak of him for many

years; she was six years old when that happened. Nor was Crudles the only one who helped to guard those children, for later, in the same family, another dog took charge of the youngest boy in a very similar way, taking charge of the perambulator in the garden whilst the child slept. He was taught to bark when the child woke; this he faithfully did. On one occasion he was seen with paw on the perambulator, gently trying to wake the child by patting him, this, however, he was told was not his business, that he must bide his time until his little master woke. I have known several dogs who have a sense of honor peculiar to themselves and which showed itself in this way: we were a large family, and one fox-terrier. He always wanted to go for a walk, would go with the first starter, but you could never get him to leave the one with whom he started, even to go to his own particular mistress. He would always see that one safe back again to the house, first, then he would be ready to start off with any one else. We tried him over and over again, but he was never known to act discourteously as he, I am sure, considered it, and forsake one friend for another for selfish reasons. He was just the same when lying on a bed; that bed he guarded and allowed only the owner of the bed to go near it and refused to allow any other member of the family to approach it. The same chivalry was shown on whosoever bed he was on, for the time being he guarded that bed, the owner and his belongings.

Dogs have an extraordinary sense of danger and of anything unusual. I knew an Irish terrier who at midnight one night came scratching severely at his mistress' door, it was an usual happening as he always slept in the hall. She took no notice, she had just gone to bed. So the dog, receiving no answer, went to the room belonging to the daughter of the house where she was sleeping, and scratched loudly. No reply. He then ran up and down the passage barking madly, and then began to howl piteously.

At so unusual an occurrence the lady of the house came out of her room the dog seized her nightdress and dragged her, literally, along the passage, stopped dead at a corner and scratched violently against the wall, severely damaging the paint. She felt the wall and found it dangerously hot and on further examination it was discovered that a beam was on fire and that it was only a matter of a very short time ere the house would have been on fire.

The wise old friend had saved them all. Often dogs have knowledge of an approaching death, and I heard the other day, from a friend, the story of a dog who was heard to howl most pathetically and could not be comforted. His little friend, a child, was killed by accident that day. What sense tells them?

They know when you are sad, they know when you are happy, and are companions in either case. A dog has an extraordinary power of understanding and of sympathy, he is never *de trop* because he never hurts or intrudes, he just understands. How great is the comfort to one's soul if, in one of the lonesome hours, you feel a cold nose thrust into your hand, or a great paw put into your lap, and you see a pair of searching, sympathetic brown eyes looking at you beseechingly, and just saying: "I know, I cannot speak, but I love you and watch with you."

A silent sympathiser often speaks eloquently to the soul; words are superfluous.

What a wonderful world it would be if we could be on terms of friendship with all life, and feel at one with it. One day that will come, if we try to bring it about. God is in all life.

PUSSY'S TRAVELS.

The feat performed by a schoolboy's favorite cat in making her way back to her Edinburgh home

after an absence of three and a half months, although Tay and Forth intervened, deserves, one thinks, to be added to the records. On August 1 the cat, fully two years old, accompanied the household to the north bank of the Tay east of Dundee. Holiday quarters affected her habits, and she was reluctantly given away. A day or two later she rejoined her former household. A second attempt to dispose of her led to a like result. On August 24 she was taken to a farm on the north aspect of the Sidlaws, 11 miles from Dundee, and left amidst comforts such as appeal to the feline nature. She promptly disappeared from the ken of all concerned. On the morning of November 11 she sat in her accustomed place on an Edinburgh garden wall, waiting admittance. She was regarded very critically indeed, but, gaining entrance at last, she quietly took up the old routine, and triumphantly established the fact of her identity in the minds of all in contact with her. Satisfied as to the truth of this, one naturally speculates about her journey. Assuming that she travelled continuously during the 86 days she was missing, her average daily progress would be about one mile. This suggests a pathetic amount of side-tracking. One wonders, too whether she crossed the Tay at Perth, and, unlike Alan Breck, found Stirling Brig unguarded.—J.R.M.
—Scotsman

Little Stories

OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

IN AUSTRALIA

The many gracious and thoughtful actions of the Prince of Wales shown to all throughout his recent visit to Australia, enthroned him in the hearts of the most democratic of all Nations, as the following little stories will illustrate.

At a dance given in a certain home in M..... which the Prince attended, he signified that he would dance with the young daughter of the house. He was told that she was ill and in bed, and very sorrowful, as may be imagined. The Prince asked for a dance-programme and writing upon it his name, graciously sent it to the invalid with his regrets.

Another time, when passing down the River Yarra of Melbourne, the Prince overlooked amongst the crowd a band of little street urchins, who were

solemnly saluting him. Presently he heard shrill young voices uplifted counting backwards from ten. This caught his attention and he asked what was their meaning. It was a very difficult question to answer for, cut in their fierce democratic pride they were "counting out" the Prince as not one with his humblest subjects. For, a Prince who could not pierce through rags to the hearts which were honoring him by believing him to be beyond all unworthy pride, could not be their own Prince. As soon as the Prince understood, he had his boat stopped and just before they reached the last fatal number, took their salute and saluted in return. Then came their immediate apology and the "counting in" process was given by the proudest and happiest of that happy throng. M. M. C.

Nature Notes

Pine-apple Flourishes under paper

When a gardener waters a plant all the water is not used up by it. Some of it is drawn away by the Sun from the wet ground. So attempts have been made by practical men to avoid this unnecessary waste of water. "Popular Science" of August gives us certain interesting information regarding the above. Brown paper is obtained from sugar-cane fibre which was once of no value. 75000 rolls of paper costing \$ 200,000 are used every year to cover 3500 acres of pine-apple plantations in Hawaii Islands. The paper covering the ground under the plants avoids unnecessary evaporation of the moisture from the ground and also prevents the Sun baking the surface after it has been made wet by the rain. This paper covering prevents the possibility of weeds growing underneath. This method of growing pine-apples through paper has given rise to a 50% increase yield.

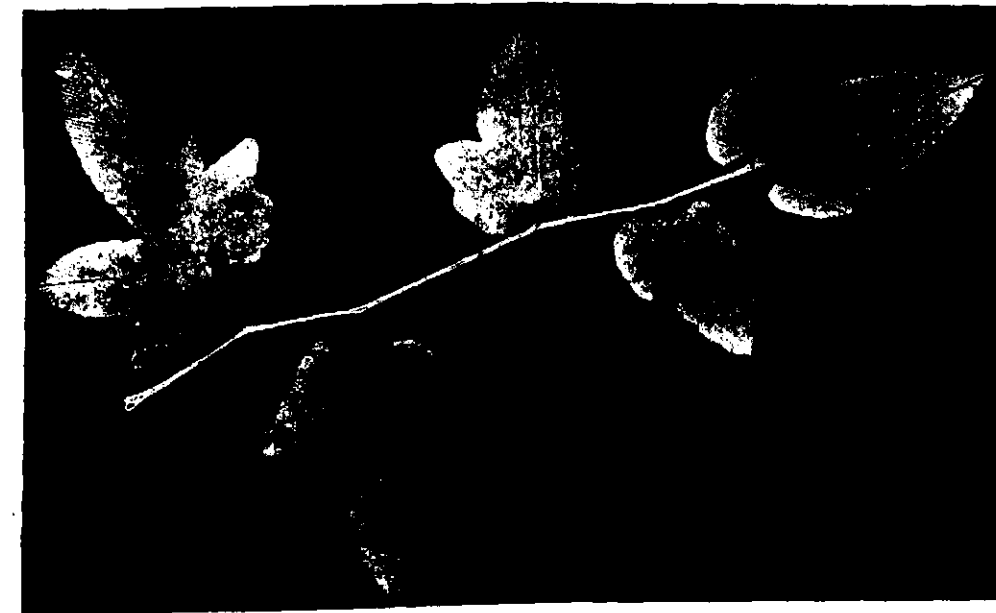
The Mystery of the Pollen

Certain weeds and grasses growing in foreign countries spread their fine pollen grains by means of

the wind. These when breathed in by any person irritate the nerves of the nose, causing sneezing, and later a disease known as "hay fever". The infection begins about the month of August and many are victims to it. Recently some methods of at least temporary cure have been successfully tried. Extracts of pollen from various suspected plants are got and are injected under the skin of persons. The extract of that pollen which is likely to give him the fever affects the skin. Within half an hour or so a white swelling, with an inflamed area surrounding it, arises. So the doctor injects that extract once in every two days about a dozen times. This injection is done long before the hay fever season begins and the person is rendered immune to it. This injection has to be done every year before the season.

Of course this method is like sending into our system small doses of the small pox vaccine. But it is different in the sense that this is a vegetable extract involving no torture to animals.

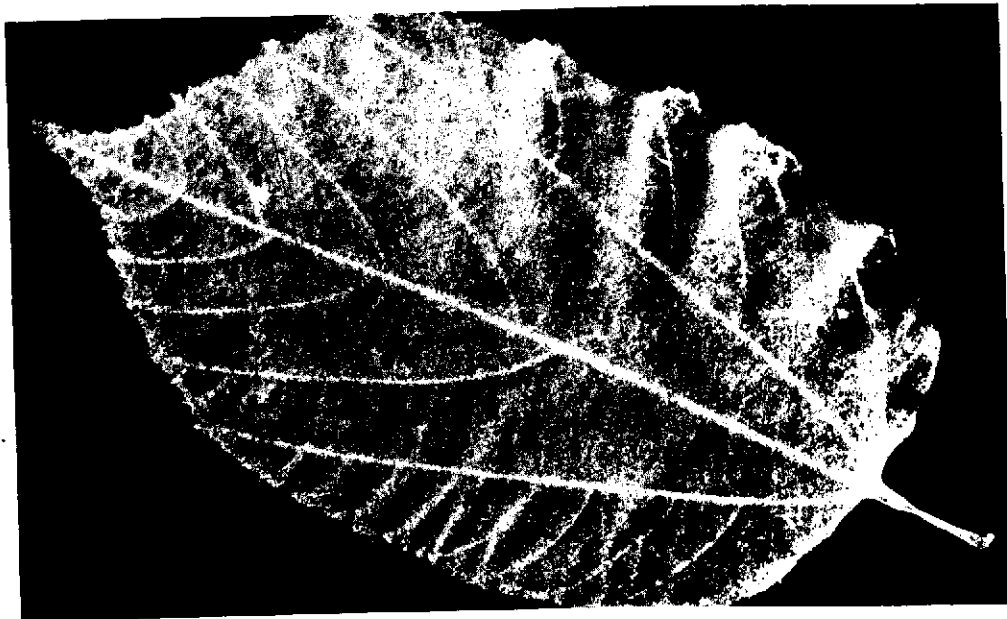
N. VAITHESWARAN.

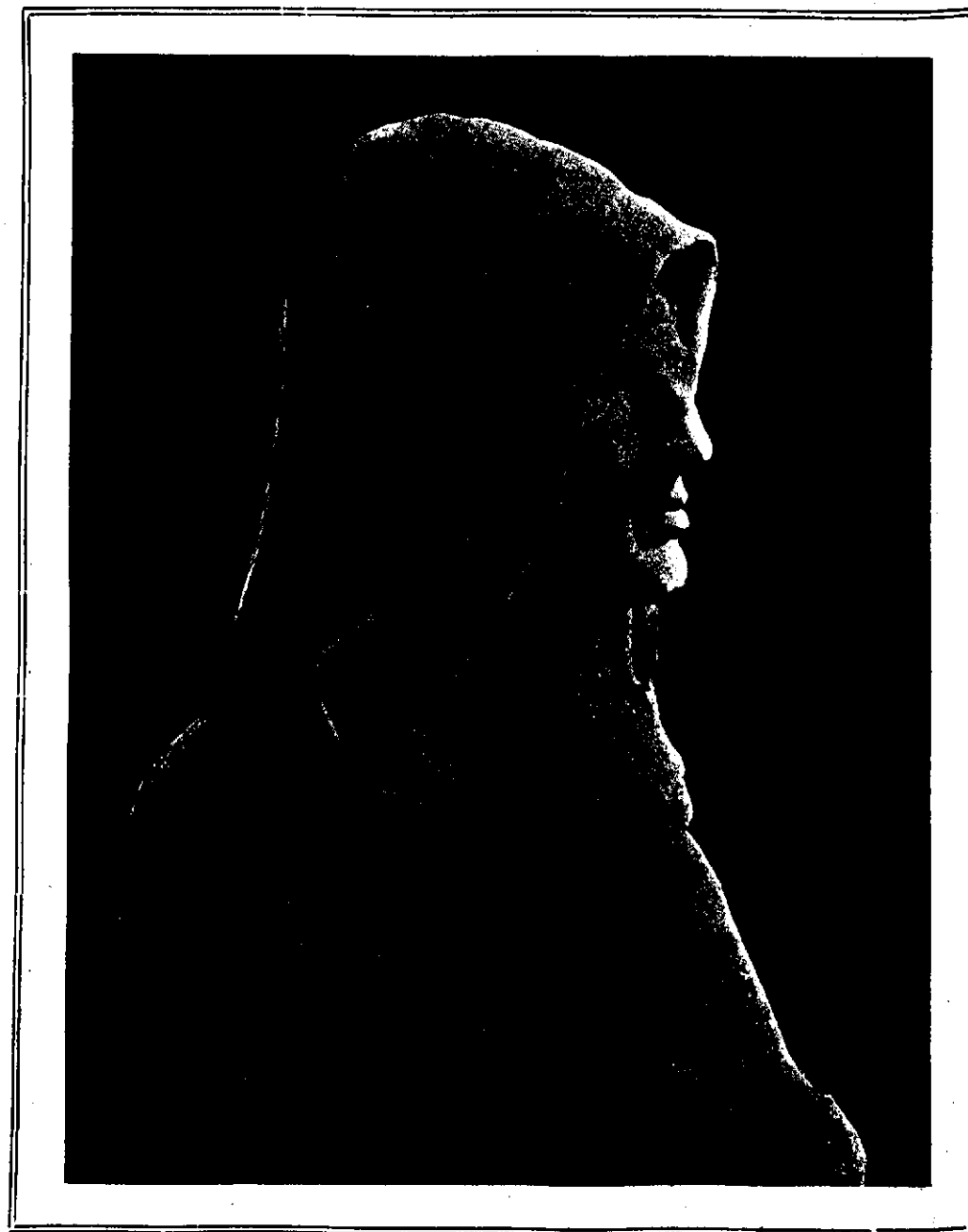


Curious Photographs.

Here is a curious experiment which some of our Young Citizens may like to try. Look at these four pictures. You may think that they are ordinary photographs, but they are not, though the sun made them. They are obtained by flattening a leaf

or sprig on sensitive paper and exposing it to the rays of the sun. The way to do it is to take an ordinary piece of photographic printing paper, place it in a printing frame with the leaf on it, close the frame, and expose to the sun until the reproduction is complete. Then develop the print in the ordinary way.





GIORDANO BRUNO
February 17, 1600

Editorial Notices

All communications must be written on one side of the paper only, or they cannot be inserted

Uninvited communications must be accompanied with a fully stamped and directed envelope for return in case of rejection. Otherwise, if declined, they will be destroyed.



News paragraphs, if short and well written, will be welcomed, and used if suitable. All the work done for this paper, except the actual three P's, printing, pulling, paper, is done for Service, not for payment. The probable losses are borne by a "cheerful giver".

All literary communications must be sent to the Editor. Business communications to the Manager.

All communications must bear the name and address of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, *Editors.*

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The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

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FROM THE FRONT
IN THE WORLD'S SERVICE: THE HIERARCHY
BUDDHIST STORIES: No. 6: INATTENTION
AN ADDRESS TO YOUTH: By C. Jinarajadasa
THE YOUNG CITIZEN
A MAN OF THE HOUR: THE EARL OF LYTTON
HOMES OF GREATNESS
TIGER-MEN AND MEN-TIGERS

VOL. I

MADRAS, 1st OCTOBER, 1923

No. 7

From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

LAST Month we considered some of the virtues needed for the building of character, and the part that Youth had played in the making of great movements, and we noted the many organisations which had sprung up to help in the training of Youth for widespread service. I came across an account of one, in turning over the pages of a magazine of 1914, that had been started with the object of encouraging social and civic service among young men of the higher classes, trained in British Public Schools and Universities. It was started by the Duke of Devonshire and was called by his family name, the Cavendish Association. Its objects, as formulated, were:

(1) To bring National, Municipal, and Social Service into the perspective of men of all Public Schools and Universities.

(2) To bind together such men when engaged in any of those forms of Service.

(3) To offer the services of representative speakers, lecturers, etc., to the Public Schools and Universities, and to supply a link between men leaving their Schools or Universities and those towns or districts in which they propose to work or reside.

It was proposed that such young men should serve on country and municipal councils and on educational bodies; also, that they should work on the committees of men's and boys' clubs. The Duke of Devonshire stated at a public meeting that "the object they had in view was to afford men of education an opportunity of placing themselves somewhere and somehow at the service of their country". Social and civic service was the aim of the

Association. The Archbishop of Canterbury was present, and well said:

Never before had there been such chances of active, useful, and, at the same time, perfectly natural service for young men. They must remember that they possessed the perilous inheritance of a great name. It was frequently said that divisions and schisms were never more marked than they were to-day. There was the organisation of conflicting interests in our industrial life. If things were as grave as certain people believed, then an appalling state of affairs was presented which it was the duty of all to try to remedy.

It was proposed that these young men should enter Local Boards of all kinds, so as to learn how to administer public business, and be trained to the efficient discharge of civic duties on a smaller scale, in order that they might be fitted to enter Parliament, and shoulder heavier responsibilities. I do not know what was the fate of the organisation, but the idea was good, and may inspire others to-day. For fine ideas do not die, though they may be buried out of sight for a time, as seeds are buried underground to germinate in due season.

There is no country in which social and civic service is more needed than in India, and in 1913 a number of earnest men tried to help the Motherland by serving as the nucleus of a movement for the uplifting of India by the introduction of reforms necessary for the National life. They felt that they ought to live the reforms, and not only to talk about them, and thus act as pioneers, to blaze a road through the jungle of social superstitions, evil customs and senseless

divisions. The general idea was put in the following words:

Believing that the best interests of India lie in her rising into ordered freedom under the British Crown, in the casting away of every custom which prevents union among all who dwell within her borders, and in the restoration to Hinduism of social flexibility and brotherly feeling:

I PROMISE

1. To disregard all restrictions based on Caste.
2. Not to marry my sons while they are still minors, nor my daughters till they have entered their seventeenth year. ("Marry" includes any ceremony which widows one party on the death of the other.)
3. To educate my wife and daughters, and the other women of my family so far as they will permit; to promote girls' education, and to discountenance the seclusion of women.
4. To promote the education of the masses as far as lies in my power.
5. To ignore all color distinctions in social and political life, and to do what I can to promote the free entry of colored races into all countries on the same footing as white immigrants.
6. To oppose actively any social ostracism of widows who remarry.
7. To promote union among the workers in the fields of spiritual, educational, social and political progress, under the headship and direction of the Indian National Congress.

There were no rules outside the promise, and people could take any clause or clauses of it, according to their own opinions or circumstances. A formal association was not sought; only groups formed themselves for mutual encouragement and help. Clause 7 never materialised, for I wrote to Sir Pherozeshah Mehta and Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, and asked them if the Congress would include such objects in its crusade for freedom. They, however, were strongly opposed to the idea, on the ground that it would introduce subjects on which opinion was very much divided; so no attempt was made to work Clause 7. The lectures published under the title of *Wake up, India*, were delivered to spread the above ideas, and they helped to form and stimulate public opinion. The education of girls has made great strides during the last ten years. Clauses 2, 3, 4 and 6 embodied reforms which have made great progress, and are now accepted by most educated men; but no success has been gained in carrying out Clause 5; the Color Bar still exists in the Dominions and Colonies. If

Hinduism is to remain a mighty power for good, it must discard all that fetters National progress. We can see in England how Christianity is adapting itself to new social conditions. Hinduism must do the same in India. It was sad to see in the great Hindu Sabha, meeting in Benares lately, that even Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya's silver eloquence failed to induce the gathering to pass a resolution against untouchability. It is to the Young Citizens that we must appeal to remove this abomination. The old, as a rule, are too encrusted by habit and prejudice to recognise their crime against Brotherhood.

One great difficulty the Youth of India have to face. When "English education" was imported here, the most valuable part of it was left behind—religious teaching and the building of character. Government gave a purely secular education; another group of foreigners gave a religious education. The Colleges and Schools teach either no religion at all, or Christianity, and in both cases they practically crush out religion in the Indian boys' hearts, either by indifference or by mockery. Their elders look on with a curious apathy; themselves brought up under these conditions, they do not realise the harm worked by them. They stifled both National pride and belief in religion, and while the injuries were largely repaired in the later life and patriotism and belief have grown, nothing can quite make up for the slain enthusiasms of youth, and while the head is brilliant, the heart is too often cold. But the lads of to-day, the students growing into manhood, these, although discouraged and disheartened, are not yet spoiled. Still their hearts glow when the Motherland is spoken of, still they respond to the keynote of Social Service. But unless they can be saved from the deadening influence which has chilled their elders, they will, in a few years, fall back into apathy and indifference.

On the other hand, we find some Christians of a nobler type, who link their Christianity to Social Service, who work for the uplift of the submerged, who honor good men whatever the color of the skin, who associate with the Patriot rather with the Collector. Their Christianity is

broad and liberal, spiritual and, therefore, tolerant—a noble type, the embodiment of altruism and self-sacrifice, men and women who incarnate the Christ-Spirit, in whom verily the Christ reveals His Beauty. The future of Christianity lies with these, the real followers of the Christ, and the anachronisms who find refuge in a few bigoted circles will soon vanish away and be forgotten. Then shall Christianity shine out resplendent, purged from its evil past, and entering on a great and useful future. The Christianity of the Christ shall replace that of the Churches, and shall hold out loving sisterly hands to the other great religions of the world.

So also must Islām make peace with Hinduism, and, while keeping to its own beliefs, respect the views of all Indians, Hindūs, Christians, Pārsis. One of the great duties of the Young Citizens is to prize their fellows for their character, and not for the religion to which they belong, into which they were born. To make a united Nation, we must win all the religions in it to live side by side, with mutual respect and toleration. Religions now divide neighbors, and throw them into bitter antagonisms. Let it be the work of every Young Citizen to live his own religion, and to love the religions of all the peoples of the world. For all true religion has two great truths: the Immanence of God and the Solidarity of Man. The Immanence of God means that God is living in everyone and everything; and the Solidarity of Man means that we are all one family, and that our interests are the same.

In the struggles of to-day, in which hatred bulks so largely, there is a splendid lesson for us all in the *Mahābhārata*, in the story that precedes the "Lord's Song," and that pervades the Song itself. "Fight, as the fiercest warrior

fighters, but from Duty, not from hatred." In the great battle of the Pāndavas and the Kurus, many of the noblest heroes were ranged on the side of those who were fighting against righteousness. These men belonged to the Kurus, and were bound to the Kuru Monarch by the ties of fealty and of service. Bhishma, the noblest of them all, was the guardian and the beloved teacher of the warriors against whom his King was fighting, and on the eve of the battle his old pupils sought him, to crave his forgiveness for fighting against him, and his blessing on their arms. Lovingly both were granted, and the younger men went sorrowfully away, because Duty had ranged them against the greatest Aryan of their time. They fought none the less gallantly because they loved the leaders against whom they sent their keenest arrows, and struck their hardest blows. In modern India, this noble Kshatriya ideal has practically disappeared, and hearts full of hatred range themselves against each other. Lost is the old honorable confidence in the adversaries' honor; lost the old chivalry, which once made India great. And so the battles of public life cease to be fields for the evolving and training of virile virtues, and become odious combats of savages, without ruth and without dignity. Our Young Citizens must try to recall and practise the noble feeling of the past, else will the entry of unworthy combatants soil the public life of India as of Europe. We have seen disgraceful scenes in the House of Commons, "the Mother of Parliaments," courtesy and self-control forgotten, the obedience to the Chair denied, where the keen rapiers of honorable debate were once wielded by the combatants. In India too, when a man differs from his party, he is befouled with the ascription of evil motives and unworthy intrigues, making public life a savage struggle instead of a chivalrous tournament.

Act then, so that future generations may see that you remember the heroes of the Past. Be you heroes in your turn, living heroism in these days, and not dreaming over the heroism of the Past. Live so that your names may shine in the eyes of your posterity as do the starry names of old. Let

the Rishis, looking down on India, see that you are descendants of their *minds* as well as of their *bodies*; let them be able to say: "These youths are worthy of the inheritance we bequeathed to them, and they will hand on enriched the legacy they received from us."



The Noble Army of Martyrs

BY A VOICE FROM THE PAST

WHEREVER the sky is reddening to the dawn of a new Day, there appear on the world's stage the men and women whom history crowns as Martyrs, those who see a truth to which others are blind, who see it with such clarity of vision and such passion of inner response to it, that they are impelled to proclaim it even at the risk of happiness, liberty or life. Without such men and women progress cannot be made, for the mass is ever slow-moving, and its inertia has to be overcome. A truth of the past becomes an orthodoxy of the present, and blocks the advance of the race. That which in its day was a stimulus becomes later a clog, and the discovery which was made from within becomes a dogma imposed from without. When its use is over, when its nutriment is exhausted and only the dry husk remains, then a new truth begins to emerge. One man sees and proclaims it—"Athanasius against the world"; a roar of execration meets him and drowns his voice, but others have caught his words ere he goes down, and it echoes out again from them. They in their turn perish, but the truth has spread from them to a wider circle, and so it goes on, until all men accept it, and, wondering at the blindness of their predecessors, they raise a statue to the dead martyr, while using some of the stones with which they are building his pedestal to fling at his successors in their own time. And so the world moves on.

What are the characteristics of the martyr, which mark him out for his glorious rôle? First, an eager intellect; second, a passionate heart. He must see a truth to which others are blind, and this demands clarity of vision. It is true

that when this has been seen by one, others may catch it from him who do not, at first sight, seem to be above their fellows in intelligence. Yet have they some new *quality* of mind in them which makes them recognise the new truth as soon as it is proclaimed in their hearing; their intelligence has the characteristic which will mark the intelligence of the future, even if it be not eminent in dealing with the matters environing them. Moreover, the first martyr may arouse in them an intense personal devotion which will drive them to follow him even into danger and death. But for the martyr who is blazing the path through the dense forest an eager intellect is a prime necessity, for how else shall he see?

But he needs also a passionate heart. For a man may see a truth in the clear dry light of intellect, and yet may feel no impulse to sacrifice to it everything that men hold dear. Copernicus saw that the earth moved round the sun, not the sun round the earth, but he did not publish his book till he lay on his death-bed, and therefore ran no risk of martyrdom for proclaiming the truth he saw. Bruno saw the same truth, and rushed through Europe proclaiming it; hunted out of one country, he fled to the next and reproclaimed it. Why? What was there in the relative stability of the sun and the fact of the earth revolving round it to make a man renounce home and country, face the wrath of Kings, lie for six years in prison, bear the tortures of the Inquisition, and walk calmly to a fiery death amid the howls of an infuriated mob? Why did he think it *worth while*? Because his passionate heart fired his imagination, and he saw what this bare fact

contained of infinite possibilities of progress for mankind. It meant an illimitable universe, throughout which was pulsing an illimitable and single Life. It meant that man was part of that Life, and that the body he wore was but a passing vehicle which might perish without marring the eternity of the Life. It meant that the Spirit in man was unborn and undying, with a past and a future of unimaginable splendor. It meant that each little life was only worthy, as it was consciously part of the Life Immortal, and was transfigured by the deathless glory of the whole, of which it was a part. It meant that man was no creature of a day, trembling at the wrath of a God, cowering beneath the threats of a Church, holding his existence at the mercy of another. He was an emanation of Life Eternal, he was a portion of God Himself; no Church could crush him, no priest could fetter him, no death could slay him; he held his existence by birthright not by favor, he was Self-dependent in the radiance of an Eternal Youth. Not for a moving earth and a stationary sun on the physical plane did Bruno suffer and die, but for the splendid conception of the One Eternal Life and Its illimitable manifestations in space and time.

GIORDANO BRUNO

Come with me to Rome, to the Field of Flowers, where now stands a statue of this Bruno, and then come with me backwards through three centuries, twenty-three years and seven and a half months, and gaze at another scene.

It is the 17th of February, A. D. 1600. A great crowd is seething in an open space in an ancient city. A confused murmur of voices arises, and some words may be caught: "A cursed heretic." "Serves him right." "Burning too good for him." "Obstinate as a mule." Monks slip about among the people, stirring them to fury. As they pass from group to group, fists are shaken in the air, clutching fingers are stretched out as though to seize and rend. In the midst of the crowd an open space is kept by armed men, and in the centre of it rises a high black pole. From the pole dangle fetters—a ring to clasp the neck, a larger one for the waist, others for the ankles; around it are

heaped up faggots and brushwood, and from a brazier near-by leap up flames, pale in the sunlight. Necks are craned in expectation; faces are turned to the corner of the space where a road opens into it—a road from which a path is kept, leading direct to the centre through the crowd; expectation rises high. We are in the Campo dei Fiori, the Field of Flowers, in Rome.

Hark! there is a roar, the roar of an angry mob—one of the most terrifying of sounds, human brutality set loose. The roar swells and swells, discordant yells and curses mingle with it. A procession has entered by the road, a procession of monks, and it advances through the crowd along the guarded path. There is a break in the procession, and in the midst there are guards; within their circle, in a space left vacant that all may see it, a figure walks alone. Tall and spare from long suffering is he, limping slightly, for he has known the torture of the rack; the face calm, but very pale from years of prison; the head held high with a touch of defiant scorn; tawny green-flecked eyes, steady but weary, looking outwards as though at some far vision, unseen by all save them; mouth set close and firm, curving into a grim smile and turned away, as a monk pushes against it a crucifix of iron; clad in a hideous robe, with lurid flames and grinning devils, ill-painted, grotesque and abominable, but powerless to destroy the dignity of the form it clothes. It is Giordano Bruno. It is the Nolan, going to his death.

The guards chain him to the stake; he stands there, with back against the pole, and head upraised, gazing into the illimitable expanse of space. The flames flash up, a cloud of smoke uprises and hides the strong calm face. Within that pall of smoke the martyr dies, but the life has left the frame ere yet the flames have scorched it, and *he* has gone home—home to the Master he adores, home for short respite, for brief rest, ere he takes again a body, and returns to the work he loves. The message he proclaimed in the sixteenth century is ringing through the world in the twentieth. For he taught the Ancient Wisdom; he brought to the western world the message of Theosophy, Messenger from the White Lodge.

Filippo Bruno, later called Giordano, was born in the ancient town of Nola, near Naples, a place which had kept alive the memories of Pythagoras, and was a cradle of Alexandrian neo-Platonic thought. From his infancy he had imbibed those ancient teachings, and he grew up in their atmosphere. At the age of fifteen he became a monk, and, on his taking the vows, he was given the name of Giordano, that of a famous Dominican, for the monks were captivated by his brilliant intelligence, and regarded him as a future pillar of their Order. Poor monks! they augured ill.

For some years the lad studied within the library of the monastery, and that, said the admiring monks, was very well. But the lad also observed, and that, if they had known it, they would have said was not so well. Presently he began to ask questions—unnecessary questions, troublesome questions, very soon dangerous questions—and that said the monks, was very ill. And then—wickedness—he began to write, and his caustic wit, at which they had so often laughed under the trees in the still evening, was turned on them, and there were gibes, and mockeries, and taunting nicknames, and at last, horror of horrors, sheer blasphemies. Quick, send off word to the Inquisition to send some of its Familiars to crop the wings of this young eagle, beating against the bars of the monkish cage, where only was wanted the useful domestic fowl.

Giordano Bruno heard of the coming Inquisitors, and, having no mind to submit himself to their tenber mercies, over the wall of the monastery he slipped, lithe and agile, and took the northward road. With him was another young monk, whom he loved as a brother, and who in turn, was tenderly attached to him. Many a gay joke cheered the fugitives as they took the way to Rome, for both were young, and both were joyous, and their hearts throbbed high with hope, as they faced the unknown future. From that day, until they captured him in Venice, the Inquisitors hunted him over Europe, but never succeeded in laying a hand upon him. Yet through all the many years of journeying in Europe, his road led straight to the Field of Flowers in Rome.

First the young travellers went to Rome

itself—a foolish visit—and soon had to fly from the Sacred City. Then to Noli, a little northern town—not to be confused with Giordano's birthplace—and tried to gain their living by teaching. Here Giordano picked up a lad, one of his scholars, who conceived for him a most passionate attachment, and the boy, when his master turned northward, clung to him, declaring vehemently that he would follow him whithersoever he went, were it even unto death. And truly it was to death he went, the gallant boy. For the three travelled to Geneva, where the stern Calvin had established a religious despotism, cruel as that of Rome, so that, ere long, threatened by the city authorities, headed by the equally ruthless Beza, it was thought well that, once more, they should slip over a wall and hie away. To Lyons they went, and then to Toulouse, and in Toulouse the Noli lad found his fate. For the Inquisition captured him, when he chanced to be away from his friends, and its terrible tortures racked the boy, to force him to betray his master into their hands.

Giordano made desperate efforts to find out what had befallen him, but behind its heavy iron-sheeted doors the Inquisition crouched over its prey. And the lad died, smiling in his death-agony and loyal to the last, and thus won the right to work in a future life with him for whom he died.

Northward to Paris went Bruno, sad at heart, but soon he lost sadness by plunging into energetic work, capturing the hearts of the Paris students, delighted with the contrast between his caustic wit and passionate fervor and the dry-as-dust lucubrations of their ordinary teachers. Henry III, the King at the time, also lost his changeable heart to the eloquent Italian, and some bright days of Court favor followed. But alack! when a professorship was offered to him it was coupled with the obligation to attend mass, an obligation which Giordano would have none of. Gloomy King Henry, a bigoted Catholic, frowned on his rebellious favorite, and the gathering storm warned the heretic to betake himself out of its range. To England, ruled by Protestant Queen Bess went he, and formed a warm and lasting friendship with noble Sir Philip Sidney, the pattern of knightly

honor. But he went alone, for the friend who had fled with him from his Italian monastery remained in Paris, lured by the bribes of royal favor and safe protection, and the warm heart of Bruno received a deadly stab, for he loved this comrade of his as he loved none else on earth.

But work must be done, whate'er be the pain at the heart, and work was plentiful for our Giordano in those stirring days. That eloquent tongue of his was ever ready to debate, and it was barbed with irony and sharpened with keen and mocking gibes. The staid and learned seniors of Oxford—in a famous tournament in which the lances were tongues and the armor was argument—were rendered furious by the charges of this Rupert of debate, and were bewildered by his sallies and the unexpected turns and twists of his ready wit, which seemed to assault them on every side at once, and to construct a new position for fresh attack while they were laboriously destroying an old one. Beaten in argument, they resorted to threats, and turning his back gaily on Oxford, after he had delivered a course of lectures, the Knight Errant of Liberty betook himself to London, and for awhile rested safely, protected by the enmity of Rome. For Rome was the bitter foe of Henry VIII's imperious and heretic daughter, and the mere fact that Bruno was a fugitive from the Inquisition was a recommendation to the Court of Elizabeth. Warmly did he write of that famous Queen: "No noble of her realm equals her in dignity and heroism; no lawyer is so learned, no statesman is so wise.....In the judgment, wisdom and prudence she displays in governing, it is difficult to find a Queen who approaches her." The high praise echoed in the halls of the Inquisition, and formed one of accusations which brought Bruno to the stake.

Presently, even England became too hot for the heretic, and in 1586, Bruno, greatly daring, crossed to France and held another debate in Paris. But, for this, once more he had to flee, and betook himself to Marburg, where the University gave him a doctor's degree, but withheld permission to lecture, thus arousing the wrath of the fiery Italian, who forced his way into the very house of the Rector himself,

and flung back the degree in his face, since a doctorate with no right of teaching was an empty form. Threat of prison was the answer to the insult, and once more was Bruno a wanderer. To Würtemberg he went, and there rested in peace, writing and teaching, for two years. To Prague, to Helmstadt, he went, ever finding his opinions his foes, and then to Frankfurt he betook himself to publish his last works. And there came to him the letter that lured him to his death—the fatal letter from Giovanni Mocenigo, the traitor, offering him protection and a home. The longing to return to Italy burned in the heart of the exile; her sunshine wooed him, dwelling beneath the grey skies of Germany. He turned his steps southward, and, after a visit to Padua, arrived in Venice.

O Venice, Queen of the Sea, most exquisite and fairy-like of cities, what wrought you of cruelty and wrong on this gallant son of Italy? Seized by the dark Familiars of the Inquisition, thrown into the gloomy prison-cell beneath the level of the waves, he is brought forth into the torture-chamber, and bound upon the rack. Thither is dragged Giovanni, to bear witness against the man he had betrayed, and his wan lips can scarcely syllable the charges of heresy which doom his friend to torment. The slow turning of the wheels strains the muscles well-nigh to tearing; agony intolerable rends every joint. But no word of recantation soils the writhen lips, and at last, the tortured body, broken and torn, is cast, a senseless heap, on the damp floor of its dungeon.

Eight years of prison follow—the last two lightened by renewed debate, for Rome sought to dishonor even more than to destroy. How great her triumph, if Giordano would recant, and return to the bosom of Mother Church. He is worn to a shadow with long imprisonment; his hair is white, as the hair of an aged man. His limbs are twisted and bent. Surely his courage must be outworn, his high heart broken? Nay, his Master has been with him in the dungeon, has stood beside him in the torture-chamber: "But a little longer, son of mine, and you shall come home to me again." The eyes are bright with courage as he stands before his judges; at last, at last, the day of his freedom approaches, and the long fight

nears its close. Undaunted his mien; fearless his ringing defiance. The morning of his triumph at last has dawned, and, in a chariot of fire, he goes home.

As we seek to place ourselves within the consciousness of such martyrs, we shall ever find them inspired by some vast vision of the future, which transports them out of the trivialities of the present, and makes all that the world calls precious but as the dust on the wheels of an advancing chariot. Rapt in that vision, they see not the gauds of earth; its prizes are valueless, its praise and its blame are but as empty air. They may have their hours of depression, their agonies of loneliness, their nights of almost despair. But they have but to open their eyes to behold the Vision Glorious, and ever in the depths of their Spirit there is peace untroubled and an unchanging joy. For they abide in the

Eternal, and their feet stand unshaken on that Rock.

In these modern days the Young Citizen need scarcely prepare himself for physical martyrdom, for the times have changed, racks are mouldering, fires are quenched. But if he would be a leader, none the less must he cultivate within himself the heroic qualities which make the martyr. Martyrdom is now on a higher plane, the plane of the emotions and the mind. He must live, not die, a martyr. There are still Ideals which are worth martyrdom; there is still a Service which demands the sacrifice of all the world holds dear. Fortune, fame, honor in the world's eyes, affection of family and friends, respect of those we love, good reputation—all that makes earthly life fair and sweet: these, these are the gifts they may pour out as libations in the Service of the Masters to the Progress of Man.

Battle Hymn of the Republic†

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where
the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of
His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the
evening dews and damps;
I can see His righteous sentence by the
dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in rows
of burnished steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so
with you My grace shall deal,"
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the
serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
before His judgment seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him,
be jubilant, my feet:
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was
born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that
transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die
to make men free,
While God is marching on.

†In the Civil War, U. S. A.

Buddhist Stories

V. HEALTH IS THE GREATEST GAIN

THIS discourse was given about King Pasenadi, the Kosalan, by the Master when He was staying at Jeta Grove.

There was a time when His Majesty used to eat as much as a whole gallon of rice at a time, together with sauce and curry-stuffs to match. One day, after breakfast, unable to shake off the drowsiness of over-eating, he came to see the Master, and kept walking up and down, looking very ill at ease. Then, yielding to his desire to sleep, but unable to lie down at full length, he sat down at one side.

The Master said to him: "What, Mahârāja, are you come here without taking your midday nap?"

"Yes, Lord, I am. I always have such discomfort after eating."

"No wonder," said the Master. "Over-eating, your Majesty, always means suffering." And He said to him this verse:

Sluggish, gluttonous and sleepy,
Wallowing idly to and fro,
Like a huge and grain-fed hog,
A fool again to birth must go.*

Then, after this bit of advice, He added: "Your Majesty, one should eat in moderation, for well-being consists therein." So, to advise him further, He added this verse:

He who, ever mindful, knows
In his food to keep the mean,
Finds his pains grow light and easy,
Guards his life and gently grows.

The King tried his best, but he could not learn the verse by heart. So the Master said to the King's nephew, Prince Charming, who stood by: "Learn this verse by heart, my lad." "And when I have done so, Lord, what shall I do?" asked the Prince. The Master replied: "When his Majesty is eating, as he is about to swallow the last mouthful, do you recite this verse. Then he will remember what it means, and will refuse that last mouthful. When the time is come for cooking his Majesty's rice, you will remove just as much as that last mouthful from the sum total of his food."

"Very well, Lord," replied the Prince.

Thus, at morn and eve, when the King was eating, as he was about to swallow the last mouthful, Prince Charming sang that verse, and on each occasion he lessened the whole by one mouthful. Each time the King heard the verse, he gave the Prince a thousand pieces. As time went on, he got used to supporting himself on just a single measure of rice, no more: and thus his body became lean and well at ease.

One day, he paid a visit to the Master, bowed down before Him and said: "O Lord, I am so happy now! I am quite able to follow a deer or a horse on foot and catch them too! Moreover, formerly I had a quarrel with my nephew. But now I have given him my daughter, the Diamond Princess, for his wife, and as dowry I have given her a village for a bathing-pool. Thus the quarrel I had with my nephew has been smoothed away, and thus I am so happy! Then again, the other day one of our royal gems was missing in the palace. It has now been restored to our hands, and thus I am so happy! And again, desiring to be on good terms with your reverence's disciples, I have installed a daughter of your clan in my household; and in this way also I am so happy now!"

Whereupon the Master said to him: "Yes, Mahârāja, health is the greatest gain. To be content with that one has is the greatest riches, and the best of kinsmen is the man one can trust. But incomparable indeed is the bliss of Nibbâna." So saying, He sang this verse:

Health is the greatest gain:
Contentment is the greatest wealth:
Best kinsman is the trusty friend:
Nibbâna is the Bliss supreme.

And when the Master had given this discourse there were many who won the Fruits of Stream-winning.

[Trans. from *Dhammapada* Commentary on V. 204.]

F. L. WOODWARD

* It is noteworthy that Pythagoras uses almost the same words. "To ramble up and down" is a synonym for re-birth again and again.

Khiri The Maid Servant

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Act I

Khiri: Some people have the means to be good in gorgeous comfort, and others like us groan under the burden of their goodness. Their charity grows fat in their easy chairs, while we carry out their mission with the sweat of our brows. They reap undying fame, and we early death.

(*A Voice from Without*)

Khiri! Khiri!

Khiri: There she calls! No time for poor me even to nurse my grievance.

(*Enter Rani Kalyani*)

Kalyani: Sulky as usual!

Khiri: That proves I am made of flesh and blood.

Kalyani: What is your latest grievance?

Khiri: That I made a wrong choice when I chose you for my mistress. Why should I come to a Rani's house, if I must serve a whole world of ragged riffraffs, cook for a needy neighborhood bred in dirt, and wear out my fingers washing their dishes? and all this with nobody to help me!

Kalyani: Help you could have enough if your tongue did not sting out all the servants I brought to my house.

Khiri: You are right. I have a sensitive mind, and cannot bear the least wrong around me. This fastidious delicacy of mine dooms me to solitude. The servants you had were pure-blooded robbers, blessed with a dangerously innocent look.

Kalyani: And what about yourself?

Khiri: Holy mother! I never claim to be an exception. I freely take all that I can lay my hands on. Yet I have but a single pair of them. The Creator made these to grab and to hold; therefore if you multiply hands about you, you divide your possessions.

Kalyani: But your solitude seems to be bursting with a crowd of nephews and nieces and a miscellaneous brood of cousins. Hasn't each of them a pair of hands for their share? You anger me and yet make me laugh.

Khiri: If only you laughed less and got

angered more, possibly you could have changed my nature.

Kalyani: Your nature change! Not even when you are dead.

Khiri: That is encouragingly true. It makes me hope that death will be cautious about claiming me. There! look at that lazy crowd waiting at your gate. Some of them have the story of a sick husband, who obligingly never dies, and some of an uncle, whose death remains for ever fresh with its endless claim to funeral rites. They bring their bags full of lies, to exchange them for solid silver. I never cease to wonder how certain people can have a special relish for being cheated.

Kalyani: The poor cheat because wealth is often meaner than poverty. However, tell me why, last evening, when I fed the poor, sweets were scarce and also milk.

Khiri: Very likely the pastryman and the milk vendor like to give you a fair chance to be cheated.

(*Enter Neighbouring Women*)

(*They shout*)

Long live Rani Kalyani!

Khiri: Listen to that! If their stomachs had missed their fill of good fare yesterday, their lungs would show it this morning.

Kalyani: Who is that girl with you, Piari? I never saw her before.

Second woman: It is the new bride come to our house. I have brought her for your blessing.

Khiri: It is easy to guess what you mean by blessing.

Kalyani: She has a sweet face.

Second woman: But not a particle of jewelry has she brought from her father's house.

Khiri: "They are all safely stored in your own chest"—whisper those who are in the secret.

Kalyani: Come with me into my room.

(*Kalyani goes with the woman and the bride*)

First woman: The uncommon cheek of that woman.

Khiri: It is tiresomely common.

Third woman: But this surpasses anything that we know.

Khiri: Because it benefits somebody else but you.

Third woman: Your wit makes our sides burst with laughter.

First woman: Whatever we may say, our Rani has the biggest heart in the world.

Khiri: In other words, she is the biggest fool under the sun.

Fourth woman: That is true. You remember how our blind Andi was loaded with money, merely for fun, it seemed to me.

Third woman: And that old witch of a potter woman took away from her a real wool-len rug as a reward for her facility in weeping.

Fourth woman: There is no harm in charity, but must it be foolish?

First woman: But she has such a sweet nature.

Khiri: A great deal of one's sweetness belongs to one's pocket.

Fourth woman: What I object to in her is her familiarity with vulgar people.

Third woman: She could easily have a better companion than Kedar's mother.

Fourth woman: It is simply courting the applause of the vulgar.

Khiri: Such is the way of the world. It is all give and take. She supplies food for our mouths, to gather back praise from them. She gets the best of the bargain. For food is vulgar, but praise is for the great.

Fourth woman: There they come back from the Rani's room—that woman with the bride.

First woman: Show us what you have got.

Second woman: Nothing but a pair of bracelets.

Third woman: It sounds like a practical joke.

Fourth woman: You remember Piari got for her newly-married daughter a gold chain besides a pair of earrings.

Second woman: Pity is not for the poor, but fortunate are they who have the reputation for it.

Fourth woman: The generosity of the rich is a mere hobby, full of caprice.

Khiri: If only Lakshmi, the Goddess of luck, were kind to me, I would show how to be kind in proper style.

Second woman: We pray that your wish may be fulfilled.

First woman: Stop your chatter! I hear the Rani's footsteps.

Fourth woman: (*loudly*) Our Rani is an angel of mercy.

Third woman: Wealth has been blessed by the touch of her hands.

(*Enter Kalyani*)

Kalyani: What are you all so busy talking about?

Khiri: They have been furiously ploughing the ground of your good fame, harrowing, hoeing and raking, weeding out every green thing that bore flowers, with me to follow their furrow, scattering seeds.

Kalyani: Before you go home, remember that if gifts had to flow parallel with expectations, they would have run dry and disappeared from the world within a few days of creation.

(*She leaves the room*)

Fourth woman: Isn't that spiteful? She must have been eaves-dropping.

Khiri: No need for that. She is old enough to know by this time that the praise that grows to excess before her face is generally pruned thin behind her back.

Fourth woman: Really, you people ought to control your tongues.

Third woman: If only you can do it, it won't matter much if the rest of us fail.

Khiri: Enough for the day's work of detraction. Now you can go home with eased hearts and try to forget the smart of receiving favors.

(*The women go—she calls*)

Kini, Bini, Kashi!

(*The girls come*)

Kashi: Yes, Granny.

Kini and Bini: Yes, Aunt.

Khiri: Come and take your meal.

Girls: We are not hungry.

Khiri: For eating hunger is not essential, but opportunity is. You will find some milk in the cupboard and some sweets.

Kashi: We are doing nothing but eat all day. Appetite has its limits.

Khiri: But good things are immensely more limited. Bini, why don't I see the silver comb you had in your hair.

Bini: Poor Khetu's girl.

Khiri: I understand. Benevolence! The plague is in the air in this house. It is fatal

for a girl of your circumstances. Rani indulges in wasting her means only to prove that they can never be exhausted. But for you to give is to lose for ever; do you not see the difference? Now then, off to bed.

(They go)

(Enter Kalyani)

Khiri: Life has become a burden to me, Rani.

Kalyani: You seem to bear it with wonderful ease.

Khiri: I swear by your feet, I am serious. I have news from home, that my aunt, my father's youngest sister, is on her death-bed.

Kalyani: A year is hardly past since I paid you the funeral expenses of this very same aunt, the youngest one.

Khiri: What a pity! But you seem to have a keen memory only about poor aunts.

Kalyani: Does it choke you to ask from me? Must you lie?

Khiri: Lies are necessary to give dignity to begging. Truth would be monotonous and mean.

Kalyani: But, have I ever denied you, when you asked?

Khiri: To neglect our weapons, when not needed, is the sure way to miss them in the time of need. But I must tell you that you encourage lies by believing them.

Kalyani: They will fail this time.

Khiri: I shall not despair about my next chance. Till then, my father's youngest sister shall never be mentioned again.

(Kalyani goes out laughing.)

Mother Devi of Luck, your favorite bird, the owl, must have carried you daily to this house. Could it, by mistake, alight on my shoulder, I would feed it with choice morsels of mice flesh till it became languid and lay at my door.

(Enter Devi Lakshmi)

Khiri: Visitors again!

Lakshmi: I am willing to leave, if I am not wanted.

Khiri: I must not be rash. That seems to be a regular crown on your head. And yet you do not look ridiculous with it, as a real queen would do. Tell me who you are.

Lakshmi: I am Lakshmi.

Khiri: Not from the stage?

Lakshmi: No, from my heaven.

Khiri: You must be tired. Do take your seat, and do not be in a hurry to leave. I know full well you have no mercy for those who have brains. It is, I suppose, because the clever ones need never die of starvation, and only fools need your special favor.

Lakshmi: Are you not ashamed to make your living by cheating your mistress?

Khiri: It is because you are perverse in your choice, that those who have minds live upon those who have money.

Lakshmi: Intellect I never despise, only the crooked minds I avoid.

Khiri: The intellect which is too straight, is only another name for stupidity. But if you promise me your favor, I give you my solemn word that henceforth my dullness will delight your heart. I shall be content to remain a perfect bore, shunned by all intelligent people.

Lakshmi: Do you think you will ever be able to spend a farthing in charity?

Khiri: With pleasure. For when charity grazes only at the fringe of one's surplus it adds to the beauty of the view, and it can also be made paying by good management. Only change our mutual position, and you will find the Rani developing a marvellous talent for devising means to get what is not her own. On the other hand, I shall become perfectly silly in swallowing lies and parting with my possessions, and my temper will grow as insipid as that of an egregious saint.

Lakshmi: Your prayer is granted. I make you a Rani. The world will forget you that you ever were a servant, unless you yourself help it to remember.

ACT II

KHIRI THE QUEEN

Khiri: Where is Kashi?

Kashi: Here I am.

Khiri: Where are your four attendants?

Kashi: It is a perfect misery to be dogged by servants day and night.

Khiri: Should the elephant ever complain of the weight of its tusks? Malati.

Malati: Yes, your Highness!

Khiri: Teach this girl why she must be followed by attendants.

Malati: Remember that you are a Rani's grand-daughter. In the Nawab's house where I used to serve, the Begum had a litter of pet mongooses; each of them had four maids for their attendants and sepoys besides.

Khiri: Kashi, do you hear?

Attendant: Moti of our neighborhood craves audience.

Khiri: Malati!

Malati: Yes, your Highness!

Khiri: What is the form of salutation expected from visitors in your Begum's house?

Malati: They have to walk forward, salaaming by touching the earth at each step, and then retire walking backward, salaaming again.

Khiri: Let Moti come before me in proper style.

(Malati brings in Moti)

Malati: Bend your head low. Touch the floor, and touch the tip of your nose. Once again; not so fast—step properly.

Moti: Ah my poor back! How it aches!

Malati: Take dust on the tip of your nose three times.

Moti: I am rheumatic.

Malati: Once again.

Moti: Long live Rani mother. To-day, being the eleventh day of the moon, is for fasting and alms-giving.

Khiri: Your Rani mother can ascertain the phases of the moon even without your help, if she finds it profitable.

Moti: Let me receive alms from our Rani, and take leave singing her praises.

Khiri: The first part of your prayer I prefer to ignore; the rest I graciously grant. You may leave immediately, singing my praises. Malati!

Malati: Yes, your Highness!

Khiri: Let this woman take her leave in proper style.

Moti: Then I go.

Malati: Not so easily. Bend your head down. Take up the dust of the floor on the tip of your nose. Once again, once more.

(Moti goes)

Khiri: Bini, what happened to the ring you had on your forefinger? Has it been stolen?

Bini: Not stolen.

Khiri: Then lost?

Bini: Not lost.

Khiri: Then someone has cheated you of it?

Bini: No.

Khiri: You must admit that a thing either remains, or is stolen, or lost, or

Bini: I have given it away.

Khiri: Which plainly means that someone has cheated you of it. Tell me, who has it?

Bini: Mallika. She is the poorest of all your servants, with her children starving. I have such a heap of rings, I thought.

Khiri: Listen to her! Only those of moderate means earn fame by spending in charity, while the rich in doing it earn ingratitude. Charity has no merit for these who possess too much. Malati!

Malati: Yes, your Highness.

Khiri: Mallika must be dismissed at once.

Malati: She shall be driven away.

Khiri: But not with that ring on her. What music is that outside my palace?

First Attendant: A marriage procession.

Khiri: A marriage procession in front of the Rani's house? Suppose I happen to object, what is there to prevent me? Malati!

Malati: Yes, your Highness!

Khiri: What do they do in a Nawab's house in such a case?

Malati: The bridegroom is taken to the prison, and for three days and nights two amateur flute-players practise their scales at each of his ears, and then he is hanged if he survives.

Khiri: Ask my guards to give everyone of the party ten strokes with a shoe.

First Attendant: Only ten strokes! It sounds almost like a caress.

Second Attendant: They ought to rejoice at this happy ending.

Third Attendant: Our Rani has the gift of humor, for which God be praised.

(Enter a Maid-Servant)

Maid: My pay has been in arrears for the last nine months. To slave and yet to borrow money to feed oneself is not to my taste. Either pay up my wages or allow me leave to go home.

Khiri: To pay up your wages is tolerably good, but it saves a lot of trouble to allow you to leave. Malati!

Malati: Yes, your Highness.

Khiri: What is your advice?

Malati: Let her be fined at least a hundred rupees.

Khiri: As she is poor, I remit fifty rupees out of her fine.

First Attendant: Rani, you are kind.

Second Attendant: How lucky for her to get fifty rupees for nothing!

Third Attendant: You can as well count it nine hundred and fifty rupees out of a thousand.

Fourth Attendant: How few are there whose charity can bear such a drain.

Khiri: You do make me blush. (*To the maid-servant*) Now you may go away with proper ceremony, and finish the rest of your weeping at leisure outside my palace.

(*Malati takes away the maid making her walk backwards with salaams*)

(*Re-enter Malati*)

Malati: Rani Kalyani is at your door.

Khiri: Has she come riding on her elephant?

Malati: No, walking. She is dusty all over.

Khiri: Must I admit her?

First Attendant: She should sit at a proper distance.

Second Attendant: Let her stand behind your back.

Third Attendant: She can be dismissed by saying that your Highness is tired.

Khiri: Malati!

Malati: Yes, your Highness!

Khiri: Advise me what to do.

Malati: Let all other seats be removed but your own.

Khiri: You are clever. Let my hundred and twenty slave girls stand in a row outside that door. Sashi! Hold the state umbrella over my head. Malati!

Malati: Yes, your Highness!

Khiri: Is it all right?

Malati: Perfect! Like a picture!

Khiri: Bring her into my presence.

(*Malati goes out and returns with Kalyani*)

Kalyani: Are you well?

Khiri: My desire is to keep well, but the rest of the world tries its best to wreck me.

Kalyani: I must have a talk with you in private.

Khiri: Nothing can be more private than

this. Only yourself and I. These are mere servants. Malati!

Malati: Yes, your Highness!

Khiri: Is it possible to send them away?

Malati: I shudder to think of it.

Kalyani: Then let me tell you briefly. Our Pathan King has forcibly robbed me of my lands.

Khiri: You are not joking? Then those villages Gopalnagore, Kanaigunge and

Kalyani: They no longer belong to me.

Khiri: That's interesting. Haven't you some cash left?

Kalyani: Nothing whatever.

Khiri: How funny! That sapphire necklace and those wonderful diamonds and that chain of rubies, seven rows deep.

Kalyani: They are all taken away.

Khiri: Doesn't our Scripture say that wealth is unstable like a water-drop on a lotus leaf? And your jewelled umbrella and that throne with its rich canopy—I suppose they also have followed the rest.

Kalyani: Yes.

Khiri: This is instructive. Our sages truly say that prosperity is like a beautiful dream, that makes the awakening all the more dismal. But have they left you your place?

Kalyani: The soldiers are in possession.

Khiri: It does sound like a story—a Rani yesterday and to-day a beggar in the street. Malati!

Malati: Yes, your Highness!

Khiri: What do you say?

Malati: Those who grow too high must have their fall.

Kalyani: If I may have shelter here for a short time, I can try to recover my lost fortune.

Khiri: How unfortunate! My palace is crowded with my servants—no space left where a needle can be dropped. Of course, I could leave you my room and try to rough it in my country house.

First Attendant: Absurd!

Second Attendant: It will simply break our hearts.

Kalyani: I cannot dream of putting you to such inconvenience. I take my leave.

Khiri: Must you go so soon? By the bye, if you still have some jewelry left, you may leave it with me for permanent safe keeping.

Kalyani: Nothing has been saved.

Khiri: How late it is. It gives me a headache if I am made to talk too much. I feel it already coming on. (*Kalyani goes*) See that my state chair and foot-stool are carefully put back in the store room. Malati!

Malati: Yes, your Highness!

Khiri: What do you think of this?

Malati: It makes one laugh to see the frog turning into a tadpole again.

Second Attendant: A woman craves your audience. Shall I send her away?

Khiri: No, No, call her in. I am in a delightful mood to-day.

(*Enter the Woman*)

The woman: I am in trouble.

Khiri: You want to pass it on to others?

The woman: Robbers came to my room last night.

Khiri: And you must take your revenge on me!

The woman: I ask for your pity.

Khiri: Pity for what you have lost yourself, and nothing for what you ask me to lose?

The woman: If you must reject my prayer, tell me where I may get it granted.

Khiri: Kalyani is the proper person to suit you. My men will go and show you her place.

The woman: Her place is well-known to me, I go back to her! (*Revealing herself*) I am the Goddess Lakshmi!

Khiri: If you must leave me, do it in proper style. Malati! Malati! Tarini, where are my maids?

(*Enter Kalyani*)

Kalyani: Have you gone mad? It is still dark, and your shouts bid fair to wake the whole neighborhood.

Khiri: What ugly dreams I have had all night! It is a new life to wake up from them. Stay a while. Let me take the dust off your feet. You are my Rani, and I am your servant for ever.

IT'S SOMETIMES HARD

To apologise.
To begin over again.
To take advice.
To admit error.
To face a sneer.
To be charitable.
To endure success.
To avoid mistakes.
To keep on trying
To obey conscience.
To profit by mistakes.
To keep out of a rut.
To forgive and forget.
To think and then act.
To shoulder deserved blame.
To dispute underhandedness.
To make the best of a little.
To subdue an unruly temper.
To maintain a high standard.
To recognise the silver lining.
To accept just rebuke gracefully.
To smile in the face of adversity.
To value character above reputation.
To discriminate between sham and the real.
But It Always Pays.

The Young Citizen

BY G. S. ARUNDALE

I WANT this month to yield place to a noble utterance of the late President of the United States of America, Warren Harding. It has been made a custom by a certain Christian knightly Order to which Mr. Harding belonged to send the banner of the Order—the "Beauseant"—on a symbolic mission to the various branches of the Order throughout the United States and Canada, a mission of brotherhood and of the revival of the truly Christian spirit. The sacred banner was handed to the late President for transmission to the temporary custody of one of the branches, and in accepting the office he wrote the following, actually while on his death-bed. Of course, the utterance has the Christian garb, but the truths are universal and, as I think, beautifully expressed. I am indebted to an American friend for the extract from the *San Francisco Journal*.

SIR KNIGHTS AND BROTHERS:

I am deeply sensible of the honor implied in my selection as the medium for the transfer of this sacred banner from the custody of the grand jurisdiction of the Commanderies of Ohio to the temporary keeping of the Knights of California. I am especially gratified that this designation has been made by my home Commandery, composed of Brother Knights with whom I have lived, in more or less intimate neighborly association throughout the greater part of my life.

It was a beautiful idea which brought about the reproduction of the banner under which the Knights of the Holy Grail went forth to battle to the death with the Saracens for the restoration of the Holy Land and its shrines to Christian hands, and to send it on a pilgrimage to the temples of the latter-day Christian Knights to re-awaken or reanimate their faith and devotion. The re-produced Beauseant will not encounter the storms, the fanaticism and the romances of Knighthood which attended the original banner, but I trust its journeys will encounter no less of conscience and no less of noble purpose.

I am sure the mission of the Beauseant will be a failure if its travels are made simply a matter of symbolism and pageantry. It bears emblazoned upon it the supplication—"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us; but unto Thy Name be the glory." We should glorify the Holy Name, not by words, not by praise, not by displays at arms, but by deeds and service in behalf of human brotherhood.

Christ, the great exemplar of our Order, repeatedly urged this truth upon his hearers. There was nothing mythical or mystical in the code of living preached by Jesus Christ. The lessons he taught were so simple and plain, so fashioned to be understood by the humblest among men, that they appealed to the reason and emotions of all. His words to the fishermen bore conviction to the learned men of the Roman bench. All of His teachings were based upon the broad ground of fraternalism, and justice, and understanding, from which flows always peace. "A new commandment I give unto you—that ye love one another." Surely in this was "all the law and the gospels".

I make bold to say, in reflective deliberation, there is nothing in Templar Knighthood, nothing in obligation, lecture or exemplification, nothing in practice where obligation is kept, which could not be openly and in equal simplicity proclaimed to the world. Some one has said, in speaking of our present-day civilisation, that "we need less of religion and more of Christianity". This may be crudely expressed but it contains a great truth. With the universal observance of Christ's commandment we would have the essentials of all religions. Perhaps I will best express my thought if I say we need less of sectarianism, less of denominationalism, less of fanatical zeal and its exactions, and more of the Christ spirit, more of the Christ practice, and a new and abiding consecration to reverence for God.

I am a confirmed optimist as to the growth of the spirit of brotherhood. Science and genius are lending their aid to the removal of the

obstacles to intercourse and attendant understanding among the peoples of the world. We do rise to heights, at times, when we look for the good rather than the evil in others, and give consideration to the views of all. The inherent love of fellowship is banding men together, and when envy and suspicion are vanquished, fraternity records a triumph, and brotherhood brings new blessings to man and to peoples in the larger sense.

Because I am holding temporarily a position of official prominence I have been privileged in being invited into association with many of our so-called secret fraternal societies. I find that each of them has at its foundation and the reason for its existence the furtherance of brotherhood and the Christian virtues of Charity, Mercy Justice and Brotherly Love.

Moreover, the practice of these virtues has been suggested by the ways of happiness in the daily lives of men. For example—and I am sure it will be no breach of faith to relate it—I was admitted into a fraternity of Alaskan pioneers, and I was obligated never to kick a dog, or to work a horse with a sore back or shoulder. Now that was a simple thing that Christ Himself would have urged; it was an expression of mercy and affection by these pioneers for the brutes who could not speak a protest, of considerate concern for a life of service. On the whole I am well persuaded that the many tenders of fellowship have come to me because men wish to have practised in official life the teachings of brotherhood and friendship which have sweetened their own pathways.

All of these fraternities, within their spheres, are doing fine and helpful work, and adding a redolent bloom to the gardens of human fellowship. Sometimes the real purpose is temporarily obscured or defeated by jealousies, or ambitions, or too much of symbolism or other attending developments. But the leaven imparted by devoted and enthusiastic brothers is

slowly but surely raising the standard of the whole mass. We can never have too much of it. Fraternity never long conceals a wrong intent; it can harbor no crime; it fosters no wrong. Inherently it demands good conscience and worthy purpose.

First of all these great fraternities in age and dignity and power, is the great Masonic Order. It is freely recognised as such. Its tap-roots run into every land in which Christ is known and His teachings treasured and followed. The journeyings of this replica Beauseant are strengthening the fraternal ties between Canada and the United States, even as we to-day feel a little closer touch between Ohio and California.

It little matters now that a mistaken idea sent the original banner at the head of armed hosts to recover by force and violence the land which had been hallowed by Christ's physical presence. Jesus Christ was the Father's gift for all the ages, and any land where His law is loved and followed is no less holy than that which His foot had trod. Christ was the Prince of Peace, and we, who seek to render His name glorious, must move in the ways of peace and brotherhood and loving service.

So I gladly and proudly join in sending this banner on its highly purposed journey, which is to continue probably beyond the span of the lives of those here assembled. Wherever it inspires more of real brotherhood, more devotion to Christ's simplest teachings, it will not have been borne in vain.

I charge that it shall not be held as a banner of militant force, not as a memorial of deeds of arms, not as a mere piece of ritualistic pageantry, but as the symbol of brotherhood, raised to the glory of our Grand Commander, whose law was love, whose reign was peace, and for whom the herald angels sang: "Glory to God in the Highest; on earth peace and good will toward men."

A NATION'S STRENGTH

Not gold, but only man can make
A people great and strong—
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep
Who dare while others fly—
They build a Nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A Man of the Hour

H. E. SIR GEORGE AMBROSE LLOYD, G. C. I. E.

T HIS Excellency the Governor of Bombay came to India with an already established reputation as one who was acquainted with eastern lands. When only 29 years of age, he was sent as a special Commissioner to investigate the conditions in Turkey, Mesopotamia and the Persian Gulf, as regards the openings for British trade, and such a duty gave him, with his acute intelligence, opportunities of studying character of which he must have availed himself. Less useful would have been his war experiences, as Captain of the Warwickshire Yeomanry in Egypt, Gallipoli, Mesopotamia and the Hedjaz, after sitting in Parliament as Unionist from 1910—1914.

Sir George Lloyd became Governor of Bombay in December 1918, and was plunged almost immediately into the troubles caused by the unfortunate Rowlatt Act, in the spring of 1919. He ordered the deportation of Mr. Horniman under the Defence of India Act, and while the action exposed him to much attack, those who knew the condition of Bombay at the time, held that the action was justified as a war measure. The out-breaks of violence in Ahmedabad and Virangam, far more dangerous than that in Amritsar and marked with shocking cruelty, were met with great self-control and moderation, no more force being used than was absolutely necessary to stop murder and arson.

The Non-Co-Operation movement, launched by Mr. Gandhi in April, 1920, though at first confined solely to the support of Islâm and the Turkish claims, soon widened out, and was at its strongest in the Bombay Presidency. He exercised great patience in dealing with it, but when efforts were made to seduce the Indian army, he struck at the leaders and struck hard, putting a complete stop to that phase of the movement. Similarly, when Civil Disobedience became a menace, he prosecuted Mr. Gandhi, though he had patiently watched his campaign for non-payment of taxes at an earlier stage. Speaking generally, he dealt with the difficult conditions he had to face with great discrimination and patience.

We may close this brief notice with a useful paragraph from his last speech to the Bombay University as its Vice Chancellor: "In India, the first and essential need appears to be that of unity. India, as a whole, has arrived at an advanced stage of its evolution, but further progress is now being retarded by dissensions which prevent the formation of a united front. These dissensions are fatal to the emergence of the Indian Nation, and they are caused by the suspicion and mistrust which the uneducated members of one religious community or social caste feel for those of another. Can that suspicion and that mistrust be eradicated, until the mass of the people are sufficiently educated to form for themselves right and independent judgments and to recognise where their true interests lie? I think not, and I am strongly convinced that to educate the masses of the people up to that point is India's first and vital need to-day. National unity will be delayed and little progress will be possible towards democratisation of the whole fabric of the Government, whilst this continues."

The Reform Act was not, we may say, wholly to his liking. The Bombay Government's report was preferred by many to the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme, and it is probable that the Governor himself preferred it. But he chose the ablest men available as Councillors and Ministers, and the first President of the Legislative Council, appointed by him, Sir Narayana Chandavarkar, proved to be an admirable selection. It is pleasant to notice that, in his farewell speech to the Legislature, he congratulated the Council on having "built up the beginnings of a sound and dignified tradition, and laid the foundations on which those who succeed you will do well to build".

Outside politics, the Governorship of Sir George Lloyd was an eventful one, and he has cut his name deeply into the history of Bombay. The great reclamation scheme and the most beneficent Sukkur Barrage, would neither of them probably have been pushed through under a less vigorous and virile Governor. The letter recalls the achievements of the old Indian Monarchs, who regarded irrigation as the primary duty of Kings; it is planned on large lines, and waters an immense area; Sindh will find its deserts turned into fertile soil. The benefit of such a scheme it is impossible to over-estimate.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Bombay, though marked with some disgraceful rioting, was, on the whole, a success, despite boycott proclaimed and stimulated by Mr. Gandhi.

Sir George Lloyd, personally, is not of those who "suffer fools gladly". An eager conversationalist, with a very swift and agile intellect, he grasps the meaning of the person with whom he is talking and answers him often when the speaker is half-way through a sentence; and this, though very agreeable to the quick-witted, is apt to disconcert the slow or the ponderous. Hence he is much liked by some, and a good deal disliked by others. Bombay, we fear, will have much to regret when he is replaced by his successor, utterly unknown in India.



Sir George Lloyd

Homes of Greatness

BY G. S. ARUNDALE

AS a Welsh writer truly observes, Wales is a land of song, and the laws of one of the Welsh Kings provide special privileges for the bard. Naturally, therefore, poetry and music have a special place of honor, and frequent National festivals are held, called "Eisteddfodau," where the greatest singers and musicians foregather to utter and proclaim the rhythm of God's Majesty.

The greatest Welsh poet was Dafydd ab Gwilym,



DAFYDD AB GWILYM

who probably lived between 1320 and 1380. He was specially the poet of Nature, and some of his descriptions are said to be wonderful. It is, of course, impossible to give any here, as readers of *The Young Citizen* are probably unacquainted with the Welsh language; but George Borrow, in his *Wild Wales*, says: "I have always considered Dafydd ab Gwilym as the greatest poetical genius that has appeared in Europe since the revival of literature." In the picture he is represented as a young man, and is just about to sing.

Our next great Hero is Howell Dda. He was a grandson of Rhodri the Great, whose one aim was to make Wales a powerful kingdom under one ruler, powerful because united. Howell Dda's objective was to make Wales still greater by unifying her under one system of laws. His method of accomplishing this great task was not unlike the proposal now before India that a National Conference shall be called in 1924 to decide what form Swaraj—Home Rule—shall take. Here is the account:

He first called a great Council at Ty Gwyn ar Daf, now known as Whitland in Carmarthenshire. This was really a parliament of the whole Nation. It was composed of four of the wisest men from each district, together with the bishops and all the chiefs of the tribes. It was called together at the beginning of Lent, and the forty days of Lent were spent in fasting and prayers. Special prayers were offered that Howell should have "the

assistance and direction of God's holy Spirit, that he might reform the laws and customs of Wales, to the honor of God and the quiet government of the people."

When the Lent season was over, Howell gave orders

that twelve of the wisest and most experienced men of those present should be chosen to make a strict enquiry into the old laws and customs of Wales, to retain all that were good, and discard those that were hurtful. The Archdeacon of Llandaff was to be the scribe, and a great labor the writing proved to be. Howell took as the basis of his new code of laws an old code which is said to have been drawn up Moel-



HOWELL DDA

mud, an old British ruler. The learned men at Whitland revised these old laws and adapted them to the new conditions in the country. We do not know how much work Howell himself did in this great task, but we can be sure that in matters of dispute he was always consulted, and his great mind and wide experience were of great value to those engaged in the work of compiling the laws.

There is probably no name better known to the



OWAIN GLYNDWR

average individual than of Owain Glyndwr, the great soldier-statesman, who was born in 1349. As in the case of many other types of greatness, Owain failed in terms of time, but surely triumphed in terms of eternity. His dreams for his country's freedom were not

realised in his own life-time, but his life has inspired his fellow-countrymen for centuries. "He was the champion of the Welsh peasant, and his dreams for the education of his countrymen are now being realised. His ideals still inspire his Nation." Thus writes Mr. Jones in *A Nation's Heroes*.

Llywelyn Olaf, the last Welshman to be Prince



LLYWELYN OLAF

of Wales, is another great hero. In the picture he is seen invoking Heaven, standing by the trunk of a tree, with a dead Welsh soldier by his side on the right, and his bard at his feet, with a harp. Once more there was failure to record. In the final struggle between the Welsh and the English, 200 Welsh heroes in the "great struggle for Welsh independence were left dead on the field". Llywelyn was captured, his head was cut off, and sent in mockery to the Tower

of London. Welsh hopes of independence were finally crushed in one form, but Llywelyn's spirit broods over his people, and is enabling them to rise to a higher destiny as a free Nation in a great Commonwealth of Nations.

Next we have Bishop Morgan who translated the Bible into Welsh and thus prepared the way for a great religious revival, and then William Williams, the immortal hymn-writer, who "gave to the Welsh people the means of expressing in song the praise which a Nation desired to give to God for its deliverance from oppression and for the sacred hope it had of final victory over all evil". He has written hymns in English, of which the following is an example:

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

... ..
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

That of which Bishop Morgan laid the foundation in the 16th century was made lasting in the 18th century by William Williams, for his poetic aspirations are the spiritual food of the Welsh people to-day.



BISHOP MORGAN



WILLIAM WILLIAMS

Sir Rash Behari Ghose: A Great Indian

BY HIRENDRANATH DATTA

THE career of Sir Rash Behari Ghose, patriot, lawyer, philanthropist and public man, is an object-lesson to all his countrymen, young as well as old.

Born on the 23rd December, 1845, of a middle class Bengali family in a remote village in the District of Burdwan, he received his early education at the District School of Bankura, from which he matriculated in 1860. In the beginning of 1861, he came down to Calcutta and took his admission in the Presidency College. His College career was uniformly brilliant. He occupied the first place at the first Examination in Arts, took his B. A. degree in 1865, securing the second highest place, and was first class at the M. A. Examination of 1866, English being his subject. The next year he headed the list of successful B. L. candidates, carrying off the University gold medal.

In February, 1867, he was enrolled as a Vakil of the Calcutta High Court. At the starting of his lawyer-life, cli-

ents and cases were naturally not plentiful, and he was able to devote his time assiduously to the study of law, and passed the Honor Examinations in Law in 1871. But it was not until 1884 that he received his doctorate. Before that, and as early as 1875, the Calcutta Univer-

sity had selected him for the Tagore professorship of law. He took for his thesis the law of mortgages in British India and produced that monumental work (Ghose's Law of Mortgage) which has now passed through five editions, and is looked upon by all lawyers as the standard work on the subject.

The concluding words of these Tagore lectures strike a high note and may be taken to be reminiscent of his early days at the Bar: "Laborious days are not always crowned with riches or honors, but a higher guerdon awaits those who pursue learning for its own sake. Learn therefore to labor and wait."

Sir Rash Behari Ghose labored and waited, and rich were his rewards. Before many years of professional life, he attained high eminence and soon was at the top of his profession, a position which he maintained until the end of his life. Many indeed were his forensic triumphs. Briefs poured in thick and fast. His services were requisitioned from all parts of India. In England

he would without doubt have been made the Lord Chancellor, but here all that was open to him was a Puisne Judgeship. Even that did not come to him, and the story goes that when Sir Guru Das Bannerji, his rival at the Bar, was promoted to the Bench in preference to himself, he [was down-



SIR RASH BEHARI GHOSE

hearted for a time. But what was his personal loss (if loss it really was) turned out to be for the country's gain. For Rash Behari Ghose in the shackles of office would have been a very thin person in comparison with Rash Behari Ghose as we know him.

In 1879, Rash Behari Ghose was appointed a Fellow of the Calcutta University, and he continued to be associated with it until the end of his days. For some years he was a member of the Syndicate, and President of the Faculty of Law. In 1915, the University of Calcutta conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy *honoris causa*. On that occasion the Vice-Chancellor in presenting him for that degree spoke of him "as pre-eminently qualified for the leadership of his educated countrymen, by reason of the massiveness of his intellect, the sturdy independence of his character, the moderation of his views, and the sobriety and soundness of his judgment".

Before 1904 Dr. Rash Behari Ghose, though always in touch with the political activities of his countrymen, had kept himself more or less in the background, though he had already served in the Bengal Legislative Council as well as in the Viceroy's Imperial Legislative Council, and had made some notable speeches, specially in connection with the Indian Tariff Bill, whereby Indian interests were being sacrificed to Lombard Street on the one hand, and Manchester on the other, and had carried through two private bills in the Imperial Legislative Council. It was in 1904 that the Government of Lord Curzon announced the partition of Bengal against the wishes and in spite of the protests of its people. This was followed by a great demonstration in the Calcutta Town Hall, over which Dr. Rash Behari Ghose presided and delivered a memorable speech. In 1906 he acted as the Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Calcutta Congress, and the address which he delivered on that occasion occupies a notable place in Congress literature. Dr. Ghose was the president of the abortive Surat Congress in the following year, and he presided over the Madras Congress in 1908. Since then he associated himself with all the public movements designed for the amelioration of the political status of his countrymen, and his quiet and unobtrusive political work was only terminated by his death.

Dr. Rash Behari Ghose was a finished scholar, and his readings in English Literature were both wide and deep. He was truly a man of culture, and his legal learning and extensive practice were never able to submerge the scholar in him. His speeches had a verve, a power of incision and an allu-

siveness, which were characteristic of him and bore testimony to his wide reading and culture.

Dr. Rash Behari Ghose's benefactions to the cause of education are well-known. In 1913, he gave ten lakhs of rupees to the Calcutta University for the promotion of scientific research, and the founding of the chairs or professorships in Physics, Chemistry, Applied Mathematics and Agricultural Botany. This gift he supplemented later on by giving another two and a half lakhs for the founding of certain travelling scholarships in connection with his *Alma Mater*. He also donated a lakh of rupees to the funds of the Hindu University at Benares, and sixty thousand rupees to the Belgachia Medical College, the first non-official Medical College in Bengal. When the National Council of Education, Bengal, was founded in 1906, he became its president, and guided that movement, filling the office of president until the day of his death. By his last will Sir Rash Behari Ghose (he had been knighted in 1915) gave the residue of his estate probably amounting to nearly fifteen lakhs of rupees to the National Council of Education, Bengal, for the promotion and encouragement of technical education, and with the help of this benefaction the National Council is now building a splendid technical institute in the suburbs of Calcutta which, when completed, will impart scientific, technical and industrial education to about one thousand students, and will have suitable laboratories, workshops and hostels attached to it.

The last will of Sir Rash Behari Ghose, which is now public property, is rather characteristic of the man. He insisted that it should be written in his own vernacular. By it he has suitably endowed the high grade English School, which he had established in memory of his father in his native village in the district of Burdwan, and the Shiva temples and guest-house, which he had consecrated there in memory of his deceased mother. The will also demonstrates that behind his rough exterior he possessed a generous and considerate heart, because there is not a single dependent or relation, however remote, for whom he has not made some provision in his will. For he was a warm and generous friend and had few enemies.

In private life, Sir Rash Behari Ghose was absolutely simple and unostentatious. He was never known to spend money on himself. He dressed simply, ate simply, lived simply, and died simply. In fact, he had a horror of ostentation in any shape or form.

Such was Sir Rash Behari Ghose. He is gone, but his works live after him. May our countrymen cherish his memory as it deserves to be cherished!

A Moon Story from Java

HAVE you ever looked up at the moon when it was full, and have you ever seen the Old Lady of the Moon with her white cat and a beautiful girl beside her spinning, spinning at her yarn? I dare say you have looked at the Moon, but it is not everybody who can see who lives there. That, of course, is because they have not got moon-sight. Look at the next full moon after reading this story, and see if what I tell you is not true, for this is what some of the Old Lady's children were told by her. Minnchaha's mother came from the Moon, you know, but that is another story.

Well, once upon a time there was a famous hunter, who was always wandering into the forest and over the world, seeking, seeking. Now there was a fairy who loved him but who could only take the form of a beautiful white cat, Kuchingputi. So great was her love that she would always follow him whenever he wandered, and would gladly take for her food whatever he threw away, even if it were the waste that he had to throw away after his meals. Kuchingputi was constantly thinking how to make him happy, and thought that probably the best way would be to give him a little daughter. But she could not for she was only a cat. It came about, however, that, because of this great and unselfish longing in her heart, the fairy who brings babies into the world put a baby-seed into the waste that was thrown out of the body of the hunter and whispered to her sister fairy to eat it, for if she did she would bring great happiness to her beloved master. Now you can guess that this was a great test of her devotion for a cat (even although it had been an ordinary cat) is a very clean animal and very particular about what it eats. Then the wonderful thing happened. This baby seed grew into a beautiful baby-girl and Kuchingputi was able to give to her beloved master the greatest gift she could think of, a beautiful daughter. The baby-girl grew into quite a big girl, and the three were very happy living together, but the hunter began to doubt whether this daughter was his own daughter, and thinking he would rather have a human child than a fairy daughter, married a human wife. But no other daughter came to him, and again his restless longing drove him into the forest.

Now his wife was not so devoted to him as Kuchingputi. She loved herself more than her husband and wanted all his love for herself, so she did not like to see how much Kuchingputi and the

fairy daughter and the hunter loved each other. She feared to hurt her husband by open unkindness to his dear ones, but when he left home she was very cruel to them, she would starve them and beat them. The girl bore this patiently, but the cat would sometimes fly at her and bite and scratch her as cats do when they are angry. The hunter knew nothing of all this, for when he returned from his wanderings the cruel mother would pretend she had been kind and show by some rice grains which had fallen amongst the girl's hair from an empty rice basket which she mockingly overturned on her head that she had given her plenty of rice.

The cruel treatment became very hard to bear, and as the hunter was thinking more and more about himself, Kuchingputi and the fairy daughter decided to run away.

They soon came to a beautiful clear water which watered a forest of fruit trees of all kinds. Here they made up their minds to stay. They ate as much fruit as they could and when the sun was going down, climbed into a tree to rest and sleep. Kuchingputi purred a lullaby to the swaying of the branches to make her daughter happy and send her to sleep. This is what she sang:

Sleep, my little one, sleep.
The fairies their watches keep.
Fruit in plenty on every tree
They have placed for you and me.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.
No more will you wake to weep.
All things selfish and unkind
We have left for ever behind.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.
Evening shadows round us creep.
The Lady Moon is watching nigh.
She will help us when we cry.
Sleep, my little one, sleep

Now the cruel wife was glad that they had left home, and thought that now she could have all her husband's love. But that same evening the hunter returned and finding Kuchingputi and the fairy daughter were not there to greet him, and did not return when the evening was passing into night, he set out to look for them by the light of the full Moon. As he approached the river he heard the lullaby, and as he listened he guessed that he had found his dear ones. He learned too that they had left him because of neglect and unkindness, and he was filled with remorse. Coming up under the tree he looked up and saw them, and called them to come to him once more and they would be cared for as never before, but in vain. They refused. Then

he tried to go to them, but they would no longer live with one who had loved them so little as to leave them to be cruelly treated. So as he climbed the tree, the tree fairy made the tree-top grow taller and taller, and he got no nearer to them. But the tree-top came near to the silver palace of the Lady Moon and she had heard their cry for help. She let down a golden ladder which touched the tree-top. Up ran the cat and the child right into the palace. The desolate hunter tried to follow but he could not. He tried, too, to descend to earth again, but he could not either. In despair he jumped up

to seize the moon with both hands but missed his aim and fell crash down to the ground and was killed.

How the cat and the child help the Lady of the Moon to spin those things she sends to children and those who love children in their dreams! It is not easy work, for her threads are very delicate and easily broken, but they do not mind, they are happy.

Look up, then, next full-moon, and if you are really gentle and kind you will see.

RETOLD BY M. W. B

Nature Notes

WAYS OF INSECTS

ANY are the insects that visit the various flowers in our gardens. Most of us know how busily the honey bee collects the nectar and pollen from the giniahs and marigolds in our garden. But how many realise where it takes it to, and how it again and again comes to the same group of flowers. These bees which we see about are called the workers whose motto is "Service". Serve whom? All those belonging to its community. The members of the community are these workers, the autocratic solitary queen—the mother of the colony—and the male members who are the off-spring of the unfertilised eggs of the queen. These are known as the drones. These busy worker bees, though not very good at sight, have the great capacity to recognise by scent and by means of their sensitive feelers; and thus they go in a zig-zag path and yet come back to the same flower. These unselfish worker bees have specialised organs where the rest of the members have no such organs, because they have not such specialised function. Through various stages in evolution the worker has grown them where the others have not. Probably the theory of "use and disuse of organs" has played a part in this case.

When one of these business-like creatures sits in the flower-cup—the golden pollen sticks to the hairy body of the insect. It cleverly combs the dust and stores it as a round ball in the special cavity of the hind limbs. In addition to this the nectar from the pollen is also collected, part of it assimilated for itself and the remaining converted into the sweet honey and stored in a special corner of the honey comb. This honey comb, which at first looks like an unorganised mob, is really full of creatures, each busy about its own purpose in life.

The comb is built by the workers with the wax

that oozes out of their bodies when wanted. With this material the bee builds the most beautiful and well-fitting chambers of the hexagonal and octagonal shape, so that there may be very little waste of space. Certain portions of this chamber are reserved for the Royal Queen. In one corner the pollen and honey are stored as food for the future young ones. In each one of the remaining cells a single egg is laid and carefully sealed. These servers have the great capacity to differentiate which eggs have to become the future queens, and which the workers and drones. Accordingly they are fed and taken care of, the sex and the function of each member being determined by the amount and the nature of food that is given to the young by the servers, directed by their natural instinct.

The drones have no other particular function than to compete for the place of the "one mate" of the Queen. Finally it dies after mating. Such being the motive it does not take much part in helping the bringing up or gathering the food for the Colony. So now and then, when food is scarce, the workers drive the lazy drones away from the colony, so that the remaining food may be used for more useful members. When they refuse to go, the workers sting them. When any one approaches the comb and is about to disturb it, the workers do not spare them. The sting is very sharp and poisonous. The pity of it is the sting as well as the poisonous glands come off from the body and soon the creature dies. "It tried to save others but could not save itself." How wonderful is the manifestation of nature even in these little creatures. It is for us Young Citizens to decide whether to be lazy drones or unselfish servers of our community—the world community.

N. VAITHESWARAN

Heroes

THERE are a number of heroisms to record this month. Here is an account of a blind hero, all the greater hero because of his blindness:

A baker's horse and van had been left unattended outside a house in Ashley Avenue. The horse suddenly took fright and galloped at great speed along the road towards a number of little children at play. Mr. R. Coe, who is totally blind, was leaving his garden when he heard the clattering hoofs of the runaway. Without a moment's hesitation, he stepped in the path of the oncoming animal. Waving his arms, he shouted, "Whoa! Whoa!" The horse obeyed the blind man's behest, coming to a standstill within a yard or so of Mr. Coe, who reached out and caught hold of the reins. He then led the animal, which had appeared mad but a minute before, quietly away. Mr. Coe is a remarkable man in many respects. Besides being a shopkeeper, he is an enthusiastic member of the Cheriton Gardeners' Society, and cultivates a 10-perch plot with wonderful skill.

Heroes do not stop to think, they act on intuition. The other day a good swimmer had a seizure while out in a bay in the Isle of Man. Mrs. Glass, a young woman looking on, saw that he was in difficulties:

"I didn't stop to think," she explained afterwards. "I just threw off my dress and shoes and stockings and swam as hard as I could. I supported the man, who was unconscious when I reached him, with my arms and body, and swam on my back, being assisted ashore by a helper who came into the water with all his clothes on."

A signalman saw a tiny child wandering on the railway line just as an express train was about to thunder by. He, too, did not stop to think. Locking the signal box, he rushed wildly to the scene of danger, and snatched the little one from the lines a moment before the train dashed past.

There is much heroism among railway men. Here is a fine example.

The train was travelling at over 60 miles an hour through Betley station, and the driver had just shut off steam before running down the incline into Crewe, when there was an inrush of steam and boiling water. The whole of the engine was enveloped, and although severely scalded, the driver, F. Davies, stuck to his regulator and applied his brakes. The fireman, who escaped the full blast of the steam, went to the assistance of the driver, who by this time was in an exhausted state. The train was pulled up, and it was found that the connecting-rod and Stevens.

under the engine had snapped, and the steel splinters had penetrated the plates of the fire-box. Fortunately the cylinders of the engine remained in position, otherwise the consequences would have been disastrous. Pieces of the broken machinery fell on to the four-foot way and damaged a number of the dynamos under the carriages.

The bringing of the train to a sudden stop caused some alarm among the passengers, but nobody except Davies, who is in hospital, complained of injuries.

And yet another:

A Crewe fireman has had a startling and trying experience, and has proved himself equal to a terrible emergency.

As the train was entering a tunnel a mile long the driver blew the whistle and then fell back struck by a fatal seizure. The fireman caught his falling comrade in his arms. But to stop the train in the tunnel was useless and dangerous, and so, holding up his stricken mate, he allowed the train to run on until it emerged into the light beyond, and then, with his disengaged hand, he shut off steam, put on his brake, and brought the train to a standstill just before his comrade passed away. It was an act which for presence of mind, promptness, and efficiency deserves an honorable record.

We are very happy to record the heroism of three British airmen, whose action shows once more that face to face with the great realities of life, with life's great dangers and sorrows, the differences which separate us so terribly in the outer world drop away as if by magic, leaving free to work that comradeship of universal brotherhood, which just now seems so hard to reach. The *Overseas Daily Mail* says:

A moving story of the heroism of three of the British airmen, who lost their lives when the Kotah pontoon bridge at Baghdad was broken on May 26, has come to light. The men, all of whom were N. C. O.'s of the Royal Air Force, were on board the gunboat Black Fly when she crashed into the bridge in trying to avoid a native barge. The gunboat, which carried 1 officer, 12 British and 21 Indian personnel, was carried away and turned turtle. Five British and one Indian were lost. Two of the British airmen, heedless of their own safety, devoted themselves to saving the Indians, who were in the boiler room. They were successful, but lost their own lives.

The third man, who was a strong swimmer, got safely ashore, but went back for his comrades and was drowned trying to save them.

Through the self-sacrifice of these men only one of the 21 Indians was lost. The five airmen were Corporal Mortimer and Aircraftsmen McCormick, Searle, Storrie

MAKING TIME

I always know that when I want a thing done, the busy person is the person who will be most likely to do it for me. So I always go straight to a busy man or woman. Why? Because an idle person will put off doing it till he can find time—which is probably never—but the busy man has no

time, so he is used to making it. However many extra jobs he has on hand he will make time to do them, and get them done quickly, for he knows something else will crop up before he has finished.—SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

(Children's Newspaper)

Playing A Game of Health

Seventy-thousand children of Czecho-Slovakia are playing a health game, with implements and teachers furnished free to them by the children of America. To date, the gifts of tooth brushes, for example, have totalled 77,199, and of tooth paste some hundreds more than that. The game part which attracts the interest of the child of any nationality comes in the competition with its mates. For instance, in a school which is playing the health game, all of the children are given a card on which are noted seven rules for health, such as tooth-brushing, fresh air at night, face-washing, and the like. On these cards are also noted the days of the month. The children keep these cards at home and check off the performance of the seven rules. Once each week the class-teacher checks up the scores. At the end of each month the results of the contest in cleanliness and health aids are announced, and the winners are decorated, and have their names inscribed on the honor roll which hangs in the school-room.

What would he do?

Speaking the other day in London, the Bishop of London, a learned and saintly man, uttered the following profoundly true thought:

Another powerful aid to right living was one's conscience. The fact that one could distinguish between right and wrong was one of the greatest witnesses to the truth of a living God. They had to train and educate their conscience. The way he trained his conscience was by daily putting to himself the question—"What would Jesus do? What would He do were He Bishop of London?" Let them constantly put the question to themselves—"What would Jesus do?" When they had trained and educated their conscience they would find it was more easy to obey it than to disobey it. Another thing that would help them was to remember the good

they saw in mother or wife. For Jesus appealed to us through the lives and characters of the best people we knew.

Each one of us might well copy the example of the Bishop, asking ourselves daily what our own Object of worship would do; and if we kept this question in the background of our minds throughout the day, we should become far truer followers of the Lord we worship. And the result would be a happier world. We are too apt to compromise with our conscience, letting the convenient usurp the place of the right, and thus true citizenship becomes degraded.

A Plea For Vegetarianism

The following, from *Science Siftings*, makes one wonder whether, after all, the cure for many of the world's ills is not vegetarianism. If the effect of meat-eating on monkeys be as is described, how much greater must the effect be on human beings, who should be supposed to be more delicately constructed than monkeys, and more susceptible to coarse foods. Perhaps the cumulative effects of generations of meat-eating have brought the world, or have partly been responsible for bringing the world, to its present pass. *Verb. Sap.*, but the question is as to whether we are wise enough to take the hint.

How much life is shaped and colored by what is eaten has been lately given more consideration. A doctor, investigating the influence of human ways of feeding on the dispositions of monkeys, reports interesting results. A protein diet heavy with meat and beans was fed to the monkeys during the first week. The animals became perceptibly dull and dispirited within three days; in another two days they slumped down, held their heads in their paws, and took no interest in anything; and the end of the week found the cage filled with melancholy pessimists. They took no exercise, regarding the world with sad and dreary eyes. Then for a week the diet was changed to vegetables, cereals, and fruit; and in three days the monkeys had brightened up, in five they were frisking about in their old happy fashion, and at the end of a week they were a band of optimists.

The Story of a Wise Pandit

WHO IS MOTHER

One day, a woman took her little son on her hip, and went to a nice pond in her village, which had been specially laid out for the village people by the great Pandit Mahāusada, who was ever thinking of the comfort of the people. The mother bathed her little son first, and then she put him down on her clothes on the edge of the pond and prepared to bathe herself.

While she was getting ready to go into the water a Yakkhini passed the pond and saw the child, a plump little boy, sitting there and playing with his toes. She became very hungry, for you see Yakkhins eat children, and she wanted to steal the child to eat it. So taking the shape of a woman, she came near the child and spoke to its mother kindly, praising the beauty of the child. "May I nurse it a little?" she said, "I would like to so much." The mother, not suspecting anything and pleased with the praises of the strange woman, allowed her to take the child on her lap to nurse it. She herself stepped into the pond and began pouring water from her chatty over her head.

While the mother was not looking, the Yakkhini, in the form of a woman, picked up the child quickly and ran away with it. The child's cry made the mother look round and there she saw to her terror that the strange woman was running away with her baby. She came out of the pond quickly, threw her cloth round her wet body and ran after the stranger, calling out loud: "My child, my boy! She is running away with my child!" The people gathered together on hearing the cries of the mother, and when she reached the running woman she tried to take the child away from her. But the Yakkhini persisted in saying that it was her own child and ran quicker. Quarrelling all the way the two women passed Pandit Mahāusada's house. He heard the quarrel and told the two women to come to him, which they did.

Now they both related their stories, and the great Pandit enquired whether they would follow his advice if he undertook to settle the quarrel. They agreed. So the Pandit told one of the men who had gathered around to make a line with a stick on the sandy ground. Nobody knew what the Pandit wanted. When the line was made the Pandit asked the strange woman to put the child on the middle of the line. She did so. "Now," Mahāusada said, "each woman will take hold of one arm and one leg of the child and pull it over to her side, and whoever pulls the child over to her side shall have the

child."

Both women began to pull the child, but when the poor little thing began to scream, the mother, seeing that the child was being hurt, let it go and the Yakkhini triumphantly took up the child and wanted to go off with it.

The mother began to cry bitterly when she saw that, and looked imploringly at the Pandit. So the Pandit stopped the Yakkhini and told her to wait. Then he turned to the gathered crowd and asked: "People, do you think that a woman who is the mother of a child could allow her child to be hurt? Would she not rather give up the child than let it suffer? Or do you think that a mother would act as this strange woman has done?" The people cried out: "Every mother would rather let her child go than have it hurt." "Right," said the Pandit.

Then Mahāusada said sternly: "This strange woman is a Yakkhini, she is not a human being, she wanted to eat the child." "How do you know she is a Yakkhini?" the people asked. "Look at her," the Pandit said, "she has red eyes which do not blink, and she is standing right in the sun and casts no shadow. Are not these the real signs of a Yakkhini? Besides, look at her unkindness in allowing the child to be hurt, rather than to give him up."

He took the child away from the Yakkhini and asked her: "Are you not a Yakkhini? Answer truthfully." She answered: "Yes, I am." "Why did you take the child?" he asked. "To eat it," she replied, hanging down her head.

Then the Pandit handed the child to its mother, who fell down at the feet of the Pandit and thanked him, shedding tears of joy. When she and the crowd of people had left, and the Yakkhini was yet standing there with lowered head, Mahāusada said to her: "I will tell you why you are inclined to eat children. In a former incarnation you have taken life, and therefore your punishment has been to become a Yakkhini. If you will accept my lesson and stop eating children, you will have a better life next time."

Mahāusada saw that the poor creature was repenting her evil deeds. He taught her and made her take Pansil* and she became a better woman. She gave up her bad life, and in another incarnation she really became a woman.

* Pansil—The five Buddhist Precepts.

II

THE STORY OF A SAND-ROPE

King Vedeha, always trying to test the cleverness of the Pandit Mahāusada, sent a queer command to the village people in which the famous Pandit lived.

This was the command which was sent to them by the tom-tom beaters of the King: "King Vedeha has a swing and one of its sand-ropes is broken. Let the people of Javamadun-Gama bring me another sand-rope to repair my swing. If they do not do this, the King shall fine them one thousand pieces of gold."

The people were frightened, because they could not understand what the King meant, and they were too poor to pay one thousand pieces of gold. So they ran to their great Pandit Mahāusada and implored him to help them. He comforted them and told them that he would send a suitable answer to the King.

He called four clever men and told them to go to the palace of King Vedeha. They had not to answer any questions to his servants, but were only to speak to the King. Mahāusada instructed them what to say to the King when he asked them what they wanted, and they went off on this mission.

Arriving at Vedeha, they went to the palace of the King, and they insisted on seeing the King himself. The King received them and asked: "What are your wants, my people?" They answered boldly: "Maharaja, you have not told us the size and the length of the sand-rope which you ordered us to bring. If Maharaja will give us a sample of his old sand-rope we will gladly bring him a new one of the same size and length." The King smiled contentedly and said: "There does not exist a sand-rope in the whole world so I cannot give you a sample and you cannot bring me a sand-rope. Who told you to give me that answer?" "Our great Pandit Mahāusada," the men answered.

The King was very much pleased, and gave the four men the one thousand pieces of gold which he had asked them to bring him if they could not supply him with a sand-rope, and added this clever answer of Pandit Mahāusada to other answers given by the same great Pandit, who was really the Bodhisattva.

M. MUSAEUS HIGGINS.

GOING TO THE JAMBOREE



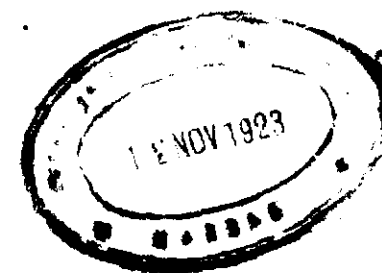
Robert Baden-Powell

Look at the life and the rush of animal and man in this drawing by the Chief Scout of the World, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Bart., K. C. B. We feel sure that when our Chief Scout was in the stage of the evolution of the gentleman on the dromedary that was just how he hurtled across the desert, on his way to join his tribe, when they were going to start on some lively fight with a rival tribe.

It must have been a very long time ago, certainly, but still the gay spirit survives which sends him into work of all kinds with a laugh on his lips, and a keen sense of enjoyment, let come what may.

May he live long to bless the world.

THE HON. COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA.



GEESE, CATS, DOGS, AND MONKEYS

In a recent book* Mr. Ouspensky describes four types of animals, the goose, the cat, the dog, and the monkey, seeking to show how different they are in their reaction to their surroundings.

The goose, catching its foot in a melon rind, for example, will patiently trudge around with the ring on its ankle for hours, and will not make the slightest endeavor to step back out of it. The cat, finding a wrinkle in its favorite rug, will get up and turn around and lie down again, will repeat the performance, and if it still fails to secure a comfortable spot, it will go and lie down somewhere else. The dog, finding a similar wrinkle, will get up, take the rug in his teeth and shake it, and then lie down again. It is, of course, worse, and the dog makes himself miserable and the rug hopeless by alternately shaking the rug and whining until someone comes and fixes it for him. The monkey will look at the rug, smoothe it out, and lie down.

The goose does not realise the presence of anything outside of himself; it no more occurs to him to step out of the melon rind than to step out of his

feathers. The cat realises the presence of trouble outside of herself; she tries to change her position into one more comfortable, and if she is unsuccessful she leaves the offending spot, and it never occurs to her to change the conditions. The dog also realises the presence of a troublesome thing outside of himself, but knows that it can be fixed; he is simply unable to fix it, to leave it alone, or to be happy until it is fixed. The monkey sees that something has to be done and does it correctly.

We have all heard the expression "So-and-so is a goose," but the application of the terms cats and dogs is not so common. Yet "geese" see nothing wrong and do nothing; "cats" realise that there is something wrong but steer clear of the difficulty or resign if things get too bad; "dogs" know that something is wrong and start immediately to fix it, but only succeed in making things worse by their efforts; "monkeys" see the end to be achieved, know how to set to work to straighten out the difficulty, and do it.

L. D. BURLING

* Tertium Organum, Knopf, New York.

ENTHUSIASM

Enthusiasm's the best thing, I repeat;
Only we can't command it; fire and life

Are all, dead matter's nothing, we agree;
And be it a mad dream or God's very breath,

The fact's the same,—belief's fire once in us,
Makes of all else mere stuff to show itself:

Poplar's Prayer

Under the above heading a London newspaper has the following:

At the head of the staircase leading to the Poplar (London, E.) Council Chamber has been placed a mahogany board bearing in gold letters an invocation received "from a youth of 18," and recited by the Mayor, Ald. John Scurr, on his election. It begins:

Our Father, We pray before Thee this morning for our borough, the borough of our love and pride, and ends:

Grant to our generation the vision of our borough fair as she might be; a borough of justice, where none shall prey on others; a borough of plenty, where vice

We penetrate our life with such a glow
As fire lends wood and iron—this turns steel,
That burns to ash—all's one, fire proves its power
For good or ill, since men call flare success.
But paint a fire, it will not therefore burn.
Light one in me, I'll find it food enough!

ROBERT BROWNING

WORK AND REST

When earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded,
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it,
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen
Shall call us to work anew.

And those that are good shall be happy,
They shall sit in a golden chair,
And splash at a ten-leagued canvas,
With brushes of comet's hair;

and poverty shall cease to fester, a borough of brotherhood where all success shall be founded on service and honor shall be given to nobleness alone; a borough of peace, where orders shall not rest on force but on the love of all for the borough, the great mother of the common life and weal.

Verily, the youth of the world seem to be awakening to their duties as heralds of the newer life which "shall make the peoples to cease from their quarrellings.....the warring castes and classes know themselves as one". But we should like to have the middle as well as the beginning and the end. Perhaps some London reader will oblige.

They shall have real saints to draw from—
Magdalen, Peter and Paul—
They shall work for an age at a sitting,
And never be tired at all.

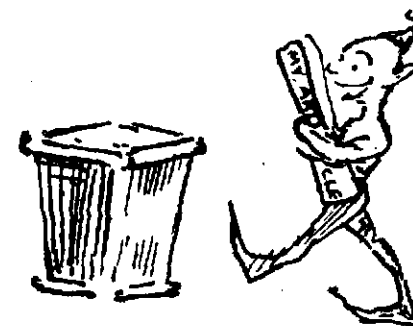
And none but the Master shall praise them,
And none but the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working,
And each in his separate star,
Shall paint the thing as he sees it,
For the God of things as they are."

Rudyard Kipling

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All communications must be written on one side of the paper only, or they cannot be inserted.

Uninvited communications must be accompanied with a fully stamped and directed envelope for return in case of rejection. Otherwise, if declined, they will be destroyed.



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All literary communications must be sent to the Editor. Business communications to the Manager.

All communications must bear the name and address of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, Editors.

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VOL. I

MADRAS, 1st NOVEMBER, 1923

No. 8

From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

DURING the last month I have had so many cables, telegrams and letters wishing me "Many happy returns of the day," for I had a birthday anniversary on October 1, and I had had seventy-six of them before, counting the original birthday, and October 1, 1923, was the seventy-seventh. "Many" happy returns hardly seem likely, when so many lie behind. But a birthday is interesting because it is like a milestone on the road along which one is journeying, and marks one stage more lying behind, and one less lying in front. The young ones like to look forward and folk say that the old ones like to look back. I do not think that I do, for past is past, and future is still to be trodden. The lesson best learnt from the past is how to find Ways of Service for the future. Let us see how young and old may train themselves to be more useful, for only in being useful can "happy returns" be ensured, when a new year of life stretches before us, like a book with blank pages all unwritten, so far as we can see with our physical eyes; but the Past has written much on those pages, with a pen dipped in invisible ink, which can be made visible as the future becomes the Present. Each of us, with the pen of our desires, thoughts and actions will be writing each day's record, day by day, the record which will partly make or mar our future. As each year of our life "fades into the infinite azure of the past," shall we let it go with a sober satisfaction over duty well discharged, or with a sorrowful sense of opportunities lost for ever? How, then, shall

we make the wish for happiness come true. Of all things happiness is the most elusive; if we seek it, it vanishes; if we follow it, it disappoints. In only one way may we find and hold it, and that is when we forget ourselves in seeking to give it to others; then, and then only, does it softly and sweetly steal into our own hearts. SERVICE is the one sure road to joy. Not by grasping, but by giving; not by holding, but by yielding; not by amassing, but by spending, does the Spirit, who is man, realise his own divinity, and know beyond all doubting that he is Brahman, and that Brahman is bliss.

SERVICE; but how shall we serve? Perchance we dream of lofty deeds, of high enterprise. Truly, these may come in their season. But the very first act of Service is to render any help to any one who comes in our way. "To do one act of Service every day" was the promise given by each who entered the Order of the "Sons of India," that had so much in common with the Scout Movement, and that act of Service may be the simplest, commonest thing: to lift a burden for one who needs the helping hand; to loosen a hobble too tightly drawn over an animal's legs; to guide a blind person across a road; to comfort a crying child; to carry a bundle for a tired woman; to draw water for an aged man; these are the countless opportunities that crowd around us, that we neglect because they are so small. But not small is the value of the alert observation which sees a need and promptly supplies it; for thus is

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The Young Citizen

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THE BILLS OF LEYDEN by Lady Katharine Stuart
SOME INCIDENTS OF WAR: By a Combatant
I. HOLDING THE LINE
A MAN OF THE HOUR: RAMSAY MACDONALD (Illustrated)
A LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND
D. B. C. (Illustrated)
A POETESS OF FOURTEEN (Illustrated)
THE WAY OF THE EAST: By F. G. Pearce

formed the Habit of Service which, when the great opportunity suddenly appears, springs forward instinctively to seize it, and becomes Heroism. These are the daily training which makes the Hero.

Beyond these little daily Services, there are others which are deliberately sought and chosen. In most places, there are outcastes living, the "untouchables" of the Indian population, or the slum population in European great cities. Is there a school for them in the place where you live? If not, then seek for a few ready to help you, and for a shed, if you have one, or borrow a friend's shed if you have none. Make it clean and bright; give or beg some bright pictures for its walls; take one evening, or early morning a week for yourself, and find five others who will do the same; then plan out the lessons. If the children come dirty, let a bath be the first lesson, and let that include the washing of the cloth in which they come; a cloth—a piece may be collected from the inhabitants around; few would refuse so small a gift—and that may be kept for school use. The lessons should be of the simplest: reading, writing, simple arithmetic—all short and bright. Then: why a child should be clean; why it should not drink liquor; what it should eat; why it should avoid bad company. Some very simple religious lessons, with pictures, and taught by stories; the singing of a few hymns. A lesson in some handicraft—carpentry, weaving, cookery, or the like. If there were a piece of land available, where each child might have a little garden-plot, so much the better. No expensive outfit is needed, but goodwill is wanted; and, above all, kind words and gentle ways—the strongest aids to good. If a school be too much, then have a class in your own compound (garden). This is but one example of the larger Service; there are many others, political, social, religious, moral. The one thing needed is to choose some form of active Service and strenuously to render it. Then shall each year, when it closes, lay a more capable Server at the feet of India, the Motherland.

There is one thing to be specially careful about, when you are dealing with little children,

or with grown-up persons who are looked down upon by those who are around them; and that is to be very polite, very gentle, very kindly in manner and words. With children, the main thing is not to frighten them; with grown-up people accustomed to be treated with rudeness, the main thing is to arouse their self-respect, and that can only be done by treating them with respect and courtesy. You would not be rude to God if He could come to you visibly; He comes to you in every "untouchable" invisibly; you do not see Him in the outcaste, any more than a blind man sees the beauty of the sunshine, but the sunshine is there, and it is his eyes that are in fault if he sees it not. The main thing in seeking for Ways of Service is the opened vision, and as we practise one way, other ways open before us, because Service clears the clouded eye, and makes it bright and keen. Every Young Citizen must discover his own best Ways of Service for himself, as he can do, if he be really in earnest, if he would train himself for greater and more far-reaching Service in the days to come.

There is one way of admirable Service that I would like to see started in India, as it was originally started in the United States of America, and was brought over to Italy and to Britain by Miss Bartlett—Mrs. Re-Bartlett she became on her marriage. She led the extension in Europe of the system of dealing with young criminals, by the establishment of Probation Courts. To one of these is brought a juvenile first offender, and he is discharged if some one of a higher class is willing to act as his friend and to supervise his conduct, leading him away from evil towards good. Such a friend should be older—but not very much older—than the juvenile offender; he should associate, to some extent, with his charge, see to the improvement of his education, give him opportunities for healthy recreation, ask him to his house, and let him see better ways of living; and, generally, treat him as a younger brother. In such fashion many a lad is being redeemed from evil ways, and his helper becomes to him a model and a hero, lifting him up by force of love and good example. Such friendships between the more and the less evolved are good for both, and need

not be restricted to those which originate in Probation Courts. In country villages they are easier to bring about than in towns, where the dividing line between the cultured and the uncultured is so much more sharply drawn than in the country. Thus is the way to Brotherhood smoothed, and Love is helped to triumph over Hate. This is not a suitable kind of work for young boys, but young lawyers, young business men might well take it up. The fault of some ways of dealing with "naughty children" is that the methods of reform adopted by well-meaning people are often so terribly dull, and one reason why lads of the poorer classes are turbulent and slip into evil ways is the natural craving of the young for amusement, for games, for fun. If this craving is met, it is wonderful how the wild young creature becomes humanised.

One admirable way of Service, a big way, I met with in 1914. It was the educational scheme introduced into India by Captain J. W. Petavel, Retired R. E., and it is one to which all lovers of boys and girls and all patriots devoted to their own countries might well turn their earnest attention. It knits together education and production, so that they are able to advance hand-in-hand, threatening the citadels in which Misery has entrenched its armies of Ignorance and Poverty. For adults, the idea may be summed up in a sentence: Let the unemployed produce the things needed for the support of the community, use what they require, and exchange the surplus of their products for the other articles they need. For juniors: Let them learn, as part of their school education, the production of useful articles, and let the use, and the exchange of the surplus of these, support them during the educational period.

The idea of the exchange of products rather than of sale and purchase by the symbol called money is, of course, not new. It has been put forward over and over again by Social Reformers, as one of the ways of getting rid of the grotesque result of the present system of production and exchange, that over-production of food,

of clothing, of the necessities of life, entails the starvation, the nakedness, and the want of the very people who have produced them. If a man produces too many boots, his children must go barefoot. Such is the magnificent and rational result of the present system. This fundamental idea, then, is not new. What is new is Captain Petavel's utilisation of it by an organisation which has justified itself by success, and of which he proposes the wide extension as a way of raising the poverty-stricken masses of the people. We may call it: The Organisation of Labor by Wisdom—which is the Union of Knowledge and Love—for the common good. Unorganised Labor is helpless. Self-Organised Labor—Trade Unions and the like—must ever be in conflict with Capital. Labor organised as in Guilds, with the help of experienced business men, fully supplied with the instruments of production, apprentices guided in their use by skilled workmen in their trade, with its products disposed of for the benefit of the producers and the organisers alike, united not opposed, in their common work—this is one of the best solutions of the problem of Capital and Labor in every land to-day.

Captain Petavel came over to India with Dr., then Mr., Rabindranath Tagore, in order that he might help that true patriot to organise schools on these lines, schools which should be managed and controlled by Indians, aided by the experience of their western brother. He describes himself as "one of the staff of this Ashrama" (the Bolpur School, established by Mr. Rabindranath Tagore), and he says that he hopes to see India "rise to the task of leading the world in the new industrial organisation, which will put an end to the great evils of the capitalist system". That is well said, for the instinct of co-operation for the common good is rooted deep in India's heart and mind. The American Trust is the organisation of Labor by knowledge, for the gain of individuals. The Indian Industrial Colonies should be the organisation of Labor by Wisdom, for the good of the community. I have not heard for a long time what has been done, and Bolpur is now carried on upon other lines, but the *Young Citizen* would be glad to receive information on the subject.



Drajnaparamita

(See Page 235)

In The World's Service

Hierarchy

OR

THE RISHIS, SAGES AND SAINTS
BY A SERVER

EVERY religion has at its beginning a FOUNDER, the World-Teacher, and He has round Him His immediate pupils, called by different names in different religions: Hindûs call Them Rishis, Buddhists call Them simply the Lord Buddha's Disciples, who formed the first Sangha; Christians call Them Apostles and Disciples and Saints; Muhammadans call Them Companions of the Lord Muhammad; the Zoroastrians call Them the Disciples of the Lord Zarathushtra.

These are recognised as the teachers and organisers of the religion of which the foundations were laid by their Head. He does not write His Teachings; they are recorded by His immediate Disciples, who publish some of these to the world, and keep others for the training of the more advanced students. The only exception to this seems to be that of the Lord Muhammad, who gave forth His Teachings from time to time, as they were needed according to the circumstances of His day; but possibly He may have spoken them only, and they may have been taken down by His Companions and collected into *Al Koran*. This is a point which will be known by Musalmâns.

Most religions also believe that it is possible to reach the Founder and His immediate Disciples; the Hindûs call upon their Rishis; the Buddhists take refuge in the Sangha, but do not make appeals to individuals of the original Sangha; the Christians invoke the Apostles and the Saints who have joined Their company; the Musalmâns neither pray nor invoke any but the Supreme God. In the early days of religions

there is always a hidden side, the Mysteries, and in these the World-Teacher and others appear. In modern days, this side disappeared, and the religions had weakened under the attacks of science, because they had lost the experimental side, and science was supported by experiments. The Theosophical Society proclaimed that this side still existed, and now what Christians call Mysticism, generally thought to be "an exploded superstition," has re-asserted its reality and its value. In the light of this, we can find in the Scriptures of the religions and the lives and testimony of Yogis, Sages, Gnostics, Saints and Mystics plenty of proof of the unbroken, though sometimes hidden, existence and touch with the world of Those who are its Rulers, Teachers and Guides. We have sketched in former issues the Ruler, as Manu; the Teacher, as Bodhisattva, and have given instances of lesser disciples, to narrow the apparent gulf, in Pythagoras the Sage, in Bruno, the Martyr. We may look into the matter a little more closely, and will consider first, under the general title given above, Those who are, within our knowledge, in immediate relations with our earth, beginning with

THE HIERARCHY

The most beautiful thing in the whole world is the fact that there is a Hierarchy, a sacred Government of the Best and the Wisest, who guide and direct all things to the final good of everyone. Things do not go by chance, they go by Law, and the Law is the Will of the LOGOS, the Ishvara, or God, of our Solar System. His Will for all sentient creatures is

their happiness, for He Himself is Bliss, and Bliss is the end and purpose of all that He has brought forth from Himself. We make sorrow for ourselves by going against His loving Will, and by refusing to evolve into the perfection of our being; we do this because we are ignorant, and, therefore, foolish. The Hierarchy is composed of Men who have grown out of ignorance into knowledge, and who, out of Love, remain in our world as its Guides.

The lowest grade in the Hierarchy is reached by the fifth of the great Initiations, that which gives "Liberation," or "Salvation". They are called Muktas, and are Men who have evolved in our own Humanity, and, having reached Liberation, have become super-human, beyond the bondage in which we all are living. Those who passed into this grade while in the physical body are often called Masters, though They prefer the name of Elder Brothers. The grade beyond the Masters was called by H. P. Blavatsky that of the Chohans, a Râjpût name which she used for other Great Beings as well, Beings who belong to the whole Solar System, and not to the Hierarchy of our own little globe. It is like the English word "Lord," and is a title of respect, just as we speak to a Judge or a Bishop as "my Lord". She used this rather vague title to designate a quite definite grade in the Hierarchy, entered, as are all the grades, by its own Initiation, the sixth. These great Beings guide all the forces which make for evolution in our world, and the countless Intelligences that guide and shape these are under Their direction. There are seven main lines of evolution, and each line is made up of the lower Devas, or elementals, or nature spirits, minerals, vegetables, animals and human beings, so that there are seven groups of evolving living creatures in our world, all growing towards perfection side by side. The Chohans are concerned with these, and the Masters work under Them, each in His own group, or in the line along which He has evolved, in immediate touch with His own district.

Then we come to another, the seventh, of the great Initiations, which qualifies for three higher offices. One of these is the Chief of the Guides, whom H. P. Blavatsky used to call the

Mâh—Mahâ-Chohan—and all who work on five of these lines are in subordination to Him, so that everything may be quite orderly, and all the groups may co-operate in the evolution of the world as a whole. The other Two of these Three Great Officials preside over two departments of the work, the Ruling and Teaching. We have already studied something about these Two: They are the Manu, who rules, and the Bodhisattva, who teaches.

In one world-period of the evolution of man, there are seven Races, each of its own type, and by these the perfect type of the human being for our globe is gradually built up. Each Race has its Manu, so that there are seven Manus in an evolutionary period. We are now in the Fifth Race, and the Lord Vaivasvata Manu is our Head and Ruler. The Fourth Race Manu is the Head and Ruler of all the Fourth Race Nations—the Chinese, the Japanese, the Burmese, the Siamese, and other smaller peoples, and there are more of these in our world than there are of Fifth Race Nations. All are carefully looked after, guided and protected, and although Nations quarrel down here, their Heads in the Hierarchy work in perfect harmony, and all the wars and disputes and tumults, made by men in their folly and their ignorance, are used by the Heads to bring out the results needed for the working out of the Divine Plan, and thus our little evils are turned to Their great Good. "He maketh the wrath of men to praise Him," said an ancient singer, and it is wonderful to see in history how the things that look so evil are made to bring forth good in the end. It is the Manus who are specially concerned in this part of the work of the Hierarchy.

The Bodhisattvas—who, as we have seen, are the World-Teachers—are not so closely connected with one Race, as are the Manus. There may be several Manus working side by side, but there is only one Bodhisattva at a time, and He looks after all the religions of the world existing during His period of Teacher-hood, and blesses and inspires them all. He gives the old truths in a new form to each sub-race as it develops, and so the many religions of the world, all with the same truths as their foundation, grow up and flourish side by side, and He loves

all their followers, and accepts them all. He is ever saying: "Mankind approaches Me by many roads; and on whatsoever road a man approaches Me, on that road do I welcome him, for all roads are Mine."

When a Manu or a Bodhisattva has finished His work in that office, He becomes a Buddha—a Buddha of Power if a Manu, or a Buddha of Wisdom if a Bodhisattva. The latter leaves our Hierarchy and goes away from direct work in our world, taking up greater work in the Solar System—as to which we know very little; the last Buddha, as we saw, still keeps a tie with our earth and remains in close touch with the Hierarchy, and especially with His Successor, the blessed Lord Maitreya, the present Bodhisattva. The Buddhas of Power—of whom there are now three—remain on our earth and form the highest grade of the Hierarchy below its KING. The Hindûs call them the Kumâras, the "Virgin-Youths," and the Buddhists name Them the Pratyeka Buddhas; more modern religions have no name for Them, having apparently forgotten Their very existence. But men's forgetfulness does not touch Their power.

The KING Himself is also called a Kumâra by the Hindûs; Sanat Kumâra, the Ancient, they name Him. He is the Supreme Director of Evolution on our globe, and modern Hindûs ignore His existence and even mock at the idea, although their own Scriptures proclaim Him. That is why modern India is so fallen; to her

was given the knowledge of the Hierarchy more than to any other Nation; she was given it for the helping of the world. But she has been false to her trust, has betrayed her duty, and having cast off her true Lords, she has justly fallen under the rule of her juniors.

From that great Hierarchy messengers have come to her during the last thirty-five years, recalling to her the ancient knowledge, bidding her realise the ancient truths. Thousands of her children have hearkened to the message, and a new life is beginning to pulse in her veins. But the foolish and the ignorant make a mock of the message and persecute the messengers. As in old Atlantis, the forces of Darkness are fighting against the Lords of Light, that they may obstruct the way of the Hierarchy's greatest Messenger, whose Feet will soon tread the ways of men. Yet shall He come; He shall not tarry. "But who may abide the Day of His Coming? Who shall stand when He appeareth?"

Of the work of the Hierarchy, in every day of its public manifestation, may be repeated the wise counsel of Gamaliel, when the messengers at the last Coming of the Bodhisattva were haled before the courts of their time and evil entreated: "If this counsel and work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

A Birthday Message 1st October, 1923



EN have sought for God in many ways, but have not found Him, because they sought amiss. They sought Him in forest and jungle, in desert and cave; they sought Him through austerity and self-torture, through knowledge and argument, but He ever escaped them. In one place only can He surely be found, never to be lost again, and that is a place beyond emotion and intellect, in the depths of your own Spirit, who verily is He. There He abides ever, in the Cave of the Heart, the Hidden God, the Light beyond the darkness, the Eternal, who is Strength and Love and Beauty. Find Him there, and you will thereafter see Him everywhere, in every human being, in every animal, in every plant, in every mineral, in the blue depths of all encircling space, in joy and sorrow, in delight and in agony, even in the darkness of evil and of shame. Worship Him in all beings; serve Him in all needs; feed Him in the hungry; teach Him in the ignorant; love Him in the unloving; make your life His temple, and your acts His sacrifice. Then shall your eyes one day behold the KING in HIS beauty, the highest manifestation of God on earth, and you shall grow into Man made perfect, Man Divine.

Annie Besant

"Scouting for Boys in India"*

FOREWORD

BY SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL



AY I introduce myself by saying that ten of the happiest years of my life were spent in India, where I found friends among Indians of every degree from Raja to Ryot?

On the day I write this in England, I have been to visit a bit of India, in this country, a plot of sacred ground, where lie buried a number of Indian soldiers, who gave their lives for our Empire in the great War.

Honored they lie in a carefully tended garden. Over each a white marble tomb bears the name of him it commemorates, together with the simple epitaph from the *Quran*: "For God we are, to God we go."

Near by lie their brothers-in-arms from the other parts of the world-wide Empire, from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Newfoundland and South Africa, comrades all in death as they were in the field. The same epitaph might be engraved over each of them with equal force.

And may that same text not be a healthy guide to all of us in adjusting ourselves to life? "For God we are," whatever may be our creed or country, as servants of God our main concern is to carry out His will during the short term that we live upon this earth, ere "to God we go".

And God's service? What is it to the ordinary man? Does not conscience, apart from all books and doctrines, tell us? Does it not say that for the sons of any country helpfulness and good-will to our fellow-men is the highest service and of all things the most satisfying?

The pursuit of this service means repressing our little personal ambitions and putting them in the second place whether they be for power or riches or political ends; they count for very little when "to God we go". The active doing of good more even than passive kindness of thought, must be our first aim. And this is at the base of all true religion; so no sectarian differences need divide us.

As regards India, we talk hopefully of a united Nation, and it is the right am-

bition and part of his service to God for every Indian to help to make his great country the home of happiness, peace and prosperity. But this must be without thought of personal profit or advancement. Moreover, as Dr. Rabindranath Tagore has pointed out, there is a certain danger in overdoing *National* aims and thereby neglecting the larger *International* status of the country. The past history of India shows how vast a question this is. At the same time with its glowing records, especially those of the Rājaputras, it affords encouraging object lessons to the young Indians of to-day of what is possible to men of character, of chivalry, and determination. But also it gives ample warning of the dangers of selfish ambition, narrow-mindedness, of might crushing right, which have so often wrecked the good that might have been, and caused fighting and terrorism in the land.

Since India became part of the existing Commonwealth of States over a hundred years ago, she has enjoyed continuously the blessings of peace and protection and justice, without favor, for any particular sect or race.†

In securing the well-being of the country, Indian soldiers have played their part, and have fought and died side by side with their British comrades. And this is no small achievement in so vast a country where so many different races, tongues, creeds, castes and conditions are involved, front the wild tribes of the frontiers and the jungles to the highly civilised and cultured men of the cities.

And though much remains to be done the remedy lies mainly in the direction of good citizenship on the part of Indians themselves.

* This is a forthcoming book, by Sir Robert Baden-Powell, for use in India, as his original book appealed, in its historical references, to English boys, and was inappropriate here.

† Indians who feel the humiliations they suffer in their own country, and the distinction of race, will not agree with this sentence, but we cannot leave it out in reprinting the article. The Racial Distinctions Act, passed by the Central Legislature, after the Reform Act of 1919, has, in nearly all cases, placed Indians on an equality with English in the Law Courts. Eds.

Some whom I have met seem over eager to adopt western ideas. Others of the opposite extreme believe that India has nothing to learn from other countries,

The truth is that we all have much that we can adopt with advantage one from another. Through the international training and relationship of Scouting the future generation in all countries is being brought up with a new outlook on citizenship.

Citizenship is not the outcome of politics or arts or commerce, but of character and sense of service for the community, that is of manly honor, self-control, chivalry and broad-minded outlook, of putting others first and self second.

The Scouts, whose training is all to this end, form a world-wide Brotherhood, since they exist not only in every country in the Empire, but also in every civilised country in the world, actuated by the same ideas, under the same Law and the same Promise.

India by adopting Scouting is taking its rightful place as a Nation in this International Brotherhood. A Brotherhood not formed for war preparation, nor for political ends, nor for commercial development, in any one particular country, but solely as a Brotherhood of good-will and service for our fellow-men.

Robert Baden-Powell

ARMISTICE DAY

Thronging thro' the cloud-rift
Whose are these, the faces?
Faint revealed yet sure divined,
The famous ones of old.
"What," they smile, "our names,
Our deeds so soon erases
Time upon his tablets
Where Life's glory lies enrolled?"

"Was it for mere fool's play,
Make-believe and mumming,
So we battled it like men
Not boylike sulked or whined?
Each of us heard clanging
God's 'Come!' and each was coming,
Soldiers all to forward face
Not sneaks to lag behind."

"How of the field's fortune?
That concerned our Leader!
Led, we struck our stroke, nor cared
For doings left or right.
Each as on his sole head,
Failer or succeeder,
Lay the blame or lit the praise;
No care for cowards! Fight!"

Then the cloud-rift broadens,
Spanning earth that's under.
Wide our world proclaims her worth,
Man's strife and strife's success.
All the good and beauty,
Wonder crowning wonder,
Till my heart and soul applaud
Perfection, nothing less!

Robert Browning

Prajnaparamita

THE picture, on p. 230 is that of Prajnā-pāramita, sometimes called the Shakti or feminine principle of Adi-Buddha, the Supreme Being of Mahāyāna Buddhism. She is the personification of perfected wisdom, and the Book, *Transcendent Wisdom*, may be seen to rest on the blue lotus, which passes under Her left arm; her name being derived from *Prajñā*, wisdom, and *Pāramita*, supreme excellence. Prajnāpāramita is regarded as the Womb, or Mother Source, of all Buddhas and of all things; in Hindūism she is Devī, Māyā, or Prakriti, Mother Nature. A curious fact is that the Lord Buddha's actual Mother was called Mahā-Māyā, the Great Illusion, that which can never be grasped. In the statue, the figure is seated cross-legged, "turning the Wheel of the Law," and is distinguished by that calm, serene beauty, so noticeable in Javanese sculpture. It dates from the middle of the fourteenth century.

Buddhist Stories

VI—INATTENTION

HO! FIRE-LIKE CRAVING—This discourse was given by the Master about five laymen, when He was staying at Jeta Grove.

They say that these men, desirous of hearing the Law, went to the Residence, saluted the Master and sat down aside. Now it is not the way of the Buddhas to consider thus: "This is a man of the ruling caste, that is a brāhmana, this is a rich man, that is a poor man. I will give this one a lofty teaching of the Truth, but to this one otherwise"—no such thought occurs to the Buddhas. Whatever be the subject They are treating of, They place first respect for the Religion, and preach it as if They were drawing down from above the Stream Celestial (ākāsha-Gangā).

Nevertheless, though the Master was preaching in this wise without distinction, yet, of those five laymen who sat there in His presence, one, being drowsy, fell asleep; another sat grubbing in the ground with his finger; the third idly shook a tree to and fro; the fourth sat gazing at the sky and paid no heed to what was said; while the fifth was the only one of them who gave heed to the teaching. So the elder Ananda, who stood there fanning the Master, observing the behavior of these men, said to Him: "Lord, Thou art teaching the Truth to these men even as the voice of the thunder when the heavy rains are falling. Yet, behold! they sit doing this and that, while Thou dost preach."

"Ananda," said the Master, "Methinks thou knowest not these men."

"I know them not, Lord," was the reply. Then said the Master to Ananda: "Of these five men, the one that sits asleep was reborn as a goblin-snake in many a birth, and laying his head on his coils would go to sleep. So now he sleeps, and no sound of mine can penetrate his ears."

"But tell me, Lord; was this in births successive or only now and then?"

"At one time he was at intervals a human being, at another time a Deva, at yet another time a snake-goblin. But even one omniscient

could not recount in full the births he underwent at intervals. Be that as it may, for many successive births he took shape as a snake-goblin, and slept and slept, nor can he have his fill of sleep. Yonder man, who sits grubbing in the ground with his finger, took birth as an earth-worm many a time and bored the earth. Now, too, he does the same and hears no word of mine. That one, who sits there and shakes a tree, was born many times successively as a monkey. It is his nature so to do—a habit engrained by countless former births. Thus no sound of mine can penetrate his ears. Next, yonder brāhmana, who sits gazing at the sky, was born for many times successively as an astrologer, a star-gazer. By dint of ingrained habit even to-day he looks up at the sky, and no sound of mine can penetrate his ears. But this one, who, sitting, hears the Law attentively, for many many times successively was a master of the Vedas three, a brāhmana who could repeat the Sacred Texts. So now also he pays good heed unto my words, just as if he were linking up a mantram."

"But, Lord," said Ananda, "Thy teaching cleaveth even through the skin and reacheth unto bones and marrow. How can it be that, when Thou preacheest the Law, these men pay no heed thereto?"

"Ananda, methinks thou deemest my teaching an easy thing to hear."

"Why, Lord? Is it hard to hear, then?"

"Yea, verily, Ananda, it is hard to hear and understand."

"Why so, Lord?"

"Ananda, such things as The Buddha, or The Law, or The Order of Brethren, through countless hundred-thousand cycles of time have never been heard of by these beings. Therefore they cannot listen to this Law. In this round of births and deaths, whose beginning is incalculable, these beings have come to birth hearing only the talk of divers animals. They spend their time in song and dance, in places where men drink and gamble and the like. Thus they cannot listen to the Law."

"But what, Lord, is the actual reason, the immediate cause why they cannot?"

The Master replied: "Ananda, owing to hatred, owing to delusion, owing to craving, they cannot do so. There is no such fire as the fire of lust. It burns up creatures nor even leaves an ash behind. True it is that the world-fire that ends the cycle, and which arises owing to the appearance of the seven suns, likewise leaves no ash behind. But that happens only now and again. But as for the fire of lust, there is no time when it is not aburning. Wherefore I say unto you there is no fire like lust, no ravaging

like hate, no snare like delusion, and no torrent like craving."

Whereupon the Master sang this verse:

There is no fire like lust that harms mankind:
No beast like Hatred can devour:
No snare like Folly to entrap hath power:
No Flood like Craving carries them away.

At the end of this discourse, that layman who was listening attentively to the Law was established in the Fruits of Stream-Winning (the second stage of the First Initiation), and to those who had already won the Stream the teaching was a blessing.

F. L. W.

The Story of Giotto, the Painter

THIS is the story of a shepherd boy who lived in the sunny land of Italy six hundred years ago. Now, when a person is not forgotten after so long a time, he must have done something to make his name remembered. And it is because Giotto became a great painter of pictures that his story is often told.

Even when he was quite a little boy, he was very fond of drawing, and he drew very well. The work of tending the sheep was not hard, and he had plenty of time to spare. So, instead of being idle, he used to draw on the smooth stones in the fields with a piece of slate.

One day, as he was drawing pictures of his sheep and goats, a stranger came quietly behind him and watched him. Giotto did not know that anyone was near, and kept on with his drawing. It was so well done for a boy who had never been taught, that the stranger, who was a great painter, asked him if he would like to be taught how to paint.

Giotto looked so pleased, and answered so eagerly, that the stranger asked the boy's father if he might take his son away and teach him. The father agreed; and so the clever shepherd boy went with his new friend.

Giotto worked so hard, and got on so well, that, by and by, his paintings came to be well known, and rich people were glad to buy them. He used to carve figures in marble, too; and, in many of the churches of Italy, his work may still be seen.

Giotto was fond of fun, and was very witty. Let me tell you two stories about him. One day, he painted a fly on the nose of a figure his friend was working at. Soon afterwards, his friend came in and saw the fly. Raising his hand, he tried to brush it off; but it was still there. He tried again; and, then, he saw that it was not a real fly at all. But he knew who had played the joke upon him—only Giotto could have drawn the fly so well.

Here is the second story: The Pope wanted an artist to do some work for him, so he sent a messenger to Giotto. The messenger asked for some work that might be shown to the Pope. Giotto took a piece of paper and a brush full of paint. Then, with one sweep of the brush, he drew a circle that was truly round.

"Here is the drawing," said he. "But am I to take nothing but this?" asked the messenger, looking as if he thought Giotto was joking. "That is enough. Show it to your master, and tell him how was done; he will understand," replied Giotto.

When the Pope looked at it, he knew that only a great artist could have drawn so true a circle in the way the messenger described. So he sent for Giotto to paint some pictures in St. Peter's, a great church at Rome. Even now, in Italy, when a person wants to say that a thing is quite round, he says: "It is as round as the circle of Giotto," or "as round as Giotto's O."—*The School Paper*

To The Youth Who Wish to Serve The World

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED

By C. JINARAJADASA, M. A.

To the Youth Lodge at its First Meeting



R. JINARAJADASA asked the President of the Lodge to outline the purpose and aims of the Lodge, which were then stated as follows:

1. To form a corporate voice for the needs, ideals and ideas and methods of the younger generation of the Theosophical Society (in London).
2. To provide trained workers for Headquarters, and prepare members to hold administrative office in the Theosophical Society.
3. To carry out research work, and form groups for research in the problems of the day.
4. To foster the spirit of Internationalism, and to work with other Youth movements in all parts of the world for the realisation of Brotherhood, through attempting to understand the difficulties of other countries, and to breakdown all differences of race, caste, sex, color, etc.

Mr. Jinarajadāsa then said:

I need not say anything about your aims, as they are distinctly Theosophical, but will talk in a general way about the special contribution of Service which Youth can give to the Theosophical Movement. I believe that the first element of Service is Service to one's neighbor, that is to the place which is nearest, and I think it is most excellent that one of your objects should be to help Headquarters in every possible way, or your Lodge wherever you happen to be. One of the greatest privileges of Youth is to associate themselves with the work of their elders. I have learned far more of Theosophy by watching my elders doing things, than by any amount of lectures, books, etc. Wherever there is a person with the characteristic of greatness, we learn a great deal about life from him, not so much by studying him academically, but by our association with him.

Our Theosophical Movement has a greatness about it, and therefore any one who throws himself into helping the Theosophical Movement

cannot help growing in certain large aspects of his nature. It is one of the mysteries recognised by all big workers in the Theosophical Society that you, as it were, extend the basis of your character, and can therefore build to greater heights.

Those of you who are at the age of youth can do a great deal to exemplify what the Theosophical Movement means to the world. While I, myself, am very keen on all studies, I would emphasise far more in this Age the many lines of work into which you can train yourselves now. I hope each one of you will make your mark in the world, that is, leave a definite impress which the hidden Teachers can use. Making a mark is not a matter of being recognised by the world, but rather that the Adept Teachers may be able to say with regard to you, that you have distinctly modified your environment, because of your understanding and activities.

We want you in the very active world; we want you to take up the many lines of Theosophical work, and shew the world that you young Theosophists can live the life of practical action but with a spirit of intense dedication.

I look for the day when we shall have Theosophists, full of energy and enthusiasm, in every department of endeavor, in politics; in education, in commerce, in art, science and industry. These are your fields, and we want you there. If I may put it in a special way, we do not want you in monasteries but in the world; to live as Theosophists not as dreamers, but as men and women actively trying to work with that particular phase of the Divine Plan which awaits your co-operation. Each one has a particular job in the Divine Plan, and that Plan is not complete until you and I can give our quota to the great measure which is to be filled out of the activities of all humanity.

I would point out one great advantage which you have in Youth which will slowly disappear, and therefore it is as well that you should make

the greatest possible use of it now. If at all, when young, you respond to ideals of Service. It is very good to train yourselves to do the service instantly, not wait until you think twice about it. When your vision sees a little act of service, it is far better to go and do it, even if you make only half a success of it, rather than wait a dozen days, until you have thought how to do it with complete success.

You should have plasticity of the vehicles, which respond quickly. When you are older, the astral body crystallises, and you do not respond to opportunity so quickly.

Those of you who have good parents, who have trained you in the courtesies of the world, in little acts of Service, will have gained a great deal in that responsiveness to opportunities. I look back with a great pleasure to those early years when I was here as a boy, and in my little Eton suit went to tea-parties given by Mrs. Sianett, and handed round the cups and cakes. This was useful training for me. One learns a great deal of readiness in Service from those habits which the cultural life of the day can give one. In later years one retains the spirit of it all, but handicap comes with every year that you live. The astral body crystallises gradually, and when an opportunity of Service comes, you are apt to delay instead of springing forward. If when young you can enter into the spirit of Service, and not be too academic in the understanding of Service, it will be a great advantage to you later. I advise you all to train your characters, and not be too academic.

I note with great pleasure your recognition of the value of the great studies, and how each of you hopes in some measure, as you specialise, to give your contribution of knowledge to the world. I think there is a great deal to be done to develop the great Theosophical ideas in the various departments of knowledge. We have so far limited a little bit overmuch our ideas of Theosophy to definite and set ideas in Theosophical books. If you start with a general understanding of the broad and deep principles of Theosophy, then, as a matter of fact, there is not a single department of the Sciences or the Arts into which you enter, but you find Theosophy there.

I remember when studying Law, one saw the great principles of the Divine Life being reflected in that range of ideas which we call Jurisprudence. I know that one day my plan is to write a thesis on the general changes brought about in International Law, as are sult of developments in commerce. One sees the world from the higher legal standpoint as a gradual expansion of life. Law is one aspect of the Divine Wisdom. Medicine, again, shews at once the high spirit behind it; the wonderful ideal of human Service is so strong that even the commercial aspect of the profession cannot dim the light that is there.

Whatever is the profession you take up, I should like you all to realise that you are wanted in that profession, and that there is an opportunity for you to serve the Theosophical Movement there. That is why I am glad to be present with you. I cannot in any measure give you "marching orders," except to tell you to go ahead and do it. When you have done it, I can give you a lecture on the science with which you have done that thing, then I can point out to you how the Divine Life was at work within, while you were doing it all.

You young people must carry on the Great Work. One of the things which I look forward to in the future, is, to use a slang expression, to be a jam-pot on a shelf!—to be given a back-seat on the platform, and watch the young people doing things. I look forward with great pleasure to the coming of the young people to develop the great Theosophical ideas, and I am not at all alarmed at a touch of Bolshevism in the young people, because each generation has its own re-action to Theosophy, and so long as there is a spirit of devotion and sacrifice to the Divine Plan, each generation must particularise its way of Service, and I hope I have enough understanding of Theosophy not to feel any kind of challenge to my own particular views of Theosophy, because there are people of another generation who are coming along, and trying to interpret the Divine Life in ways not familiar to me.

If you subordinate your personality to the thing to be done, it is perfectly possible to work in with the older generation without rubbing them up the wrong way. We want you to do

things and go ahead, and equally we would like a certain amount of peace around us as you do things.

To go deeper into the subject; undoubtedly since the world requires great action, and that within the brief space of a few years; it is you, Youth members, on whom we rely to do these great actions, but you must prepare yourselves. You never know, in these days, when you will be called upon to play a bigger rôle than you think you are capable of, and therefore what is most important is that readiness for Service which is very much like the obedient response of a soldier when the captain commands. Who the Captain is whom you will follow I will not particularise, for that is for each of you to find out. Reverence the great ideal which you have placed before you, and do not allow any thing that happens to you in the struggle for life to slacken you in enthusiasm for Service; the biggest thing in you is the spirit to serve. If you are loyal to that spirit, you will find that you will go through all difficulties. You may be broken a bit, but you will be found still at your post when the Master looks for you.

One thought especially I would like to give you. Youth can set the tone of the world, and there are very great opportunities of doing this just now. As I watch life, particularly in the West, one complexity which is very full of suffering for the masses strikes me, and that is the high standard of needs which surround us in this civilisation—so many clothes and odds and ends of clothing, so many suits and boots and shoes and ties, etc. You will find that you can bring about a simplicity in these things without in the least being queer. You can so limit your outer needs, that you allow the inner world to grow. Do not allow yourselves to be rushed by the general standard set by other Youth. You are only a section of the great Youth of the world. Do not allow yourselves to be swept off by other phases, and other parts of the broad stream of Youth. Consider in what ways you can make yourselves efficient. It is not so much wisdom that is required, but rather doing the particular piece of work given us to-day, so that, small or big, it is done with an efficiency which will please the Master who watches you.

One of the very beautiful aspects of all the Elder Brothers of the race is the spirit of Youth in them. They are wise, but They have that bubbling enthusiasm for the Service of Humanity, and there is no sense of age with regard to activities which They undertake; and one of these days perhaps we shall realise God as Divine Youth, as well as in other aspects. It is well that you have turned to ideals of Service in these years of Youth.

You may be quite sure that according to the unselfishness of your devotion will be the guidance and help given to you. I shall watch your work with very great interest, because wherever I see young people, I am looking about for understudies. Who are the young people who are coming forward to be the future lecturers, writers and creators? I hope you will be able to inspire other Youth Lodges in the Society, and by keeping in touch with each other help to give your own special contribution of Service.

The question has been asked in India: "Mrs. Besant, how is it that you seem so young, though you are so old?" "Well, I listen to the young people and their plans." It is very characteristic of Mrs. Besant that when any youth comes along with plans she always listens. Sometimes she may see that the particular plan is top-heavy, but she always picks out in the youthful plan some element for encouragement, and gives her very warm sense of regard for the line of Service which has been planned. When Youth comes to her suggesting changes, she listens with eagerness, because to her the changes of the changing world are first reflected in the imagination of Youth. If you study what young people are dreaming about, you can forecast what the world will be in the future.

I would urge upon you to study the technique of action in any one who strikes you as having the quality of Greatness.

Go on and do things; we want you to do them; we are waiting to see great world-changes and while we do our best, we want you to do a better best in the next generation.

The Young Citizen

BY G. S. ARUNDALE

With the Senior Editor's permission I am reproducing this month a speech I delivered in Madras, on September 30th, on the occasion of the opening of the Universal Brotherhood Campaign in that City. It is a call to Youth throughout the world to take up their heritage, and render to the world the precious gifts of their generation. The speech has been sent to almost every country, and I hope we may be able some day in the near future to start an International organisation with a Super-national objective.

I shall be very glad to receive lists of organisations of Youth with a view to entering into correspondence with them on banding together for common purposes.

TO THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD



Y BROTHERS, I stand before you to-day to ask the Youth of India, the Youth of every country in the world, to keep pure and unsullied that Universal Brotherhood which is part of their great heritage of truth, and of their great message to the world, to purify the world of all that unbrotherhood which has made the darkness, so that Brotherhood, which makes the Light, may step into its own.

I call upon Youth the world over to remember that it is not they who have made the misery, the sorrow, the despair, the hatred, the suspicion, the distrust, the wars, the devastations. Who, then, has done these things? Let there be no answer to this question. There shall be no recrimination, but there shall not only be an uncompromising condemnation of the wrongs that walk unashamed abroad, there shall be the strong will to turn the world from wrong to righteousness—a mission, a quest, in which all Youth shall join in comradeship and loving trust.

Religions separate us. Races separate us. Nationalities separate us. Customs and opinions separate us. Pride separates us. Competition separates us. These things shall cease to separate us; for, while some of us may live in one

religion, some in another; while some of us may be of one race, others of another; while some of us may be of one Nation, others of other Nations; while some of us may cling to one custom, one opinion, others to other customs, other opinions; while all of us have pride in certain things which seem to us of the essence of life; all of us, too, may and shall, if we are young of heart, be we old-bodied or of youthful form, use these differences for individual growth alone, whether of our individual selves, of our individual faiths, or of our individual Nations. For the rest, we shall live in the world wherein these differences are not, the world of the One White Light, whence worlds of color are reflected, that we may learn of the infinite divergencies which themselves seem mutually antagonistic, but which, from the world of the One White Light, are known to be complementary.

Young men and young women, you all who are young of heart, wide-visioned: Realise that it is not you who have made the world's problems as we know them to-day. You have not caused the poverty, the hatred, the mistrust, the strife, the sorrow. These are the debts you have inherited, not debts you have incurred. Yours is the duty of beginning to pay off the debts, by very reason of that Universal Brotherhood which—whether you realise it or not—is the Note you have to sound by word and deed throughout the world, that harmony and peace may be restored.

Young men and young women of India, young men and young women of Britain, of Australia, of Canada, of New Zealand, of South Africa: Among your elders there lives much discord, so that the great Indo-British Commonwealth—a potential gift from you all to each component part and to the world—stands in grave peril. I exhort you to look upon the problems which threaten the Commonwealth's existence as capable of instant, or, at least, of speedy, solution, do you but apply to them your panacea of that Brotherhood which means Justice, Equality, Mutual Respect, Unfailing Sympathy. The panacea of the old world for

its problems was prejudice, which they mis-called Right, and sought to achieve with Might. And the result is seen in graves, in fleets and armies, in wars, in retaliations, in earthquakes, and in epidemics. Your panacea, O Young of Heart, is Brotherhood, which you shall enforce, achieve through Love.

The Kenya problem—to take an example, I happen to be speaking in India—has not been made by the Youth of Britain, of Australia, of Canada, of New Zealand, of South Africa. It is not your problem, young men and women, though it may become your heritage. Let it not divide the Youth of India from the Youth of the rest of the Commonwealth, as it has, perforce, divided their elders. In the world of Youth there shall be no Kenya problem, for I declare that the Youth of to-day throughout the world are awake to their duty of crusading against wrong, of going to the roots of it, and of plucking it out by the roots.

If the Kenya problem exists, young men and women of India, it is despite your comrades overseas. And I ask you, therefore, while condemning the wrong, as wrong should always be condemned, while fighting against it, if such duty comes to you in one shape or another, to remember to keep pure your love for those of your own generation, be they ever so much separated from you by differences of Race, of Nationality, of Faith. Your patriotism for your Motherland must merge in your patriotism for your own generation—the new patriotism of the new world. Love of country will not become the less, but rather the wiser; for those elements which destroy Nations will thus have been purged.

Do not be led astray by those who cry to you: My country is enough for me. Your Motherland is much, indeed. Love of country is a precious virtue. But the Motherland is not best served by those who would exalt her at the cost of justice, whether to individual persons, or to other Motherlands. We must make our Motherland respected, for she is as our Mother, but we kill her as we make her feared, or if we steal that she may become rich, if we steal the rightful greatness, the rightful respect and dignity, the rightful liberty, the rightful peace, the rightful wealth, of other Motherlands, in the vain and

wicked belief that thus our own country grows great, free, peaceful, self-respecting, rich in the material things of the world. Thus have Motherlands fallen. Thus shall they fall again.

Some Nations in the world have pre-eminence over other Nations. Is it a pre-eminence in Service, or a pre-eminence based on might? Have they the right to be pre-eminent, or but the might?

Some Nations in the world are in the background. Are they in the background because of injustice within their borders, which makes them as a house divided against itself, or are they in the background because of injustice from without? Or, may both causes be true?

Young men and women, you who belong to Nations called pre-eminent, it is your mission to maintain their pre-eminence. But you are faithless to your youth save as you make your country pre-eminent of right, and not of might.

Young men and women, you who belong to Nations in the background, it is your mission to root out the injustice within, and to know that, as for the injustice without, your fellow-citizens of the Nation of Youth will have none of it, have no part in it.

If a country suffers from injustice without, let the Youth of that country, advised by those of its elders who themselves are young in heart, and who are full of understanding and world-wide sympathy, proclaim to the Youth of the country which inflicts the wrong that there is a gulf of wrong between the two countries. Let then the Youth of the offending country, as they see the offence, declare it to their elders, sending to their comrades of the country wronged a message of sympathy and understanding. Let wrongs between countries be proclaimed and admitted among their Youth. Thus shall the heritage of debt grow into a force towards Brotherhood, and though the unjust country be divided against itself, the elders for prejudice, the Youth for justice, yet, as Youth begins to assume its responsibilities, shall the country some day cease to stand for might and privilege, but instead for right and duty.

Young men and young women: Begin Brotherhood with those who need it, with the

outcaste, the untouchable, the sinner, the miserable, in ever-widening circles of expression. Upon such Brotherhood build your Nation-Brotherhood. And while so doing, remember that you belong to a wider Brotherhood of which your Nation-Brotherhood is part, to the Brotherhood of Youth. Allow naught, I pray you with all my heart, to dim your faith in that. Differences which have seemed insuperable as they have been handled by elder generations are *not* insuperable there. Everywhere Youth is eager to understand and to co-operate. Let no quarrels begin, or be perpetuated, in the Brotherhood of Youth, lest their world be infected as have been the worlds of their elders.

If your elders cannot come to agreement, why

should not you? If your elders cannot understand each other, why should not you? Shall disagreement, discord, misunderstanding, last forever? Let the eyes of Youth look upon Youth everywhere, not with distrust and suspicion—these are of the present and of the past—but with hope and trust, for these are of the future, which is the Kingdom of Youth and the Salvation of the World.

Youth is Hope. Youth is Understanding. Youth is Compassion. Youth is Generosity. Youth is Forgiveness. Youth is Love.

Into such a fiery crucible of Youth let the world's problems be poured, that discord be burned away and solidarity emerge purified, omnipotent.

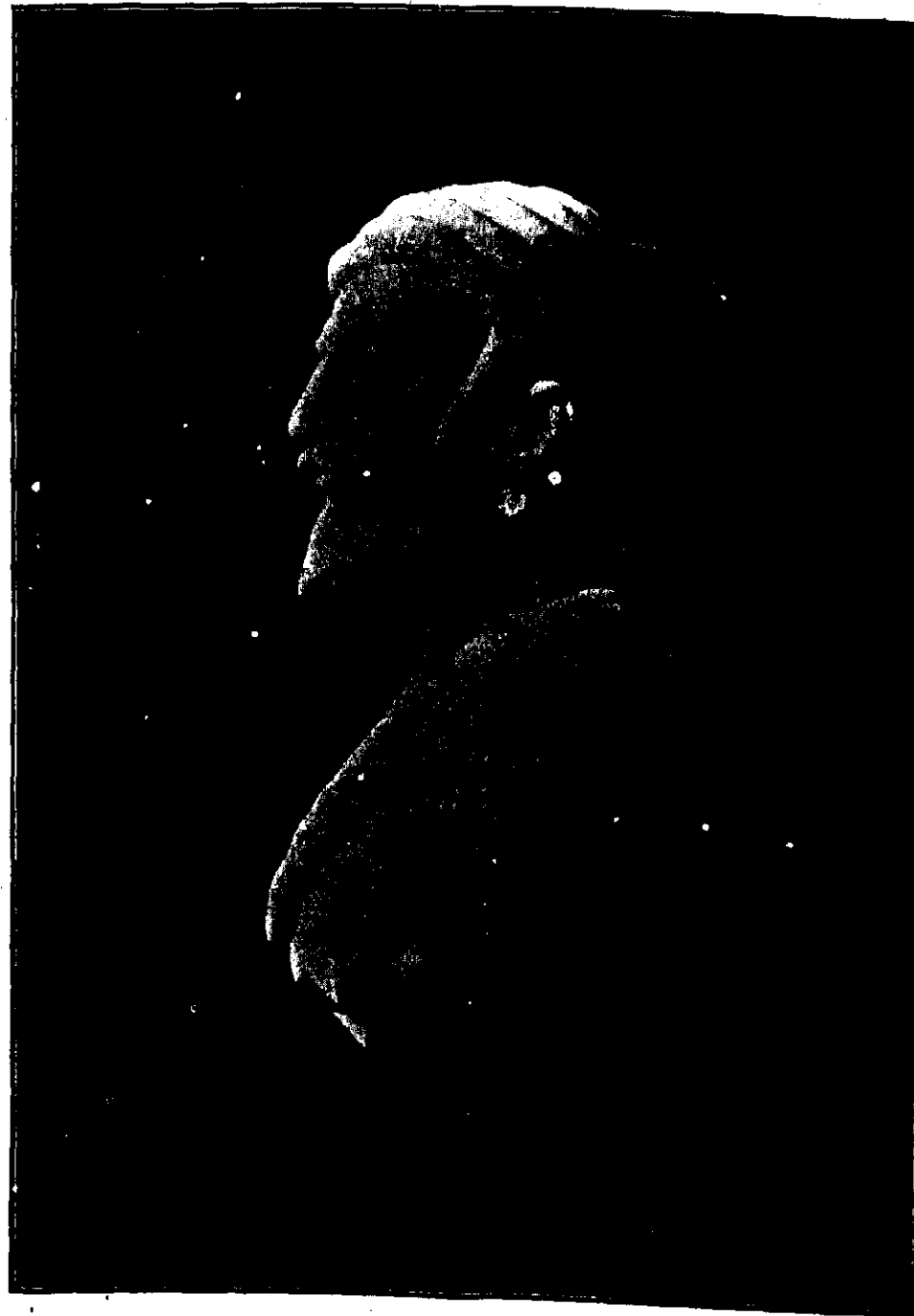
FOR EVER AND EVER, AMEN.

YOUTH TO THE RESCUE

BY HAROLD BEGBIE

MAKE speed to take our places,
Brave children of mankind,
Lift up your sunlit faces,
Restore to earth fresh graces
Of heart and soul and mind;
For we are old and falter,
Our vision waxes dim,
Our lips have now no psalter,
Our heart has lost her altar,
Our soul forgets his hymn,
We tremble, doubt, and palter;
Make speed to save mankind.

BRING back the glad elation
Of dawns that burn with joy,
The hope that is laudation,
The faith that all Creation
Is singing like a boy;
For courage, trust and gladness
Must fill man's toiling breath
To save the Earth from madness,
To end despairing sadness,
And pluck the world from death:
Make speed with hope and gladness;
Make speed to save mankind.



Shivaji

Shivaji

AMONG the great men who powerfully affected the destinies of India, Shivaji, the Hero-King, holds an exalted place. It was fitting that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Heir to the British Throne, should, during his visit to India, have laid the foundation-stone of the Shivaji Memorial.

As said in *Children of the Motherland*, the rise and fall of the Maratha Power in India is one of the most remarkable pictures offered in Indian History, so rapidly, apparently, did it spring to its full strength, so rapidly also did it crumble away as a dominating influence, though leaving behind it a group of States that should play a great part in Indian affairs in the future—Indore, Baroda, Gwalior, Kolhapur, Dhar, Dewas, with its Senior and Junior Princes. The uprush of this power, though startling in its suddenness, was from a spring that had been fed from hidden sources; the character of the

Marathas was strong, pious, capable, and their frames hardy and enduring; the system of Village Government, the Pañchayat, developed a spirit of sturdy independence and self-control; the mountainous nature of the country, the mountains from 2000 to 5000 feet in height, developed hardy muscles; these mountains were crowned by forts, and some 250 of these were captured, built or repaired by Shivaji; running and climbing, necessary qualities in

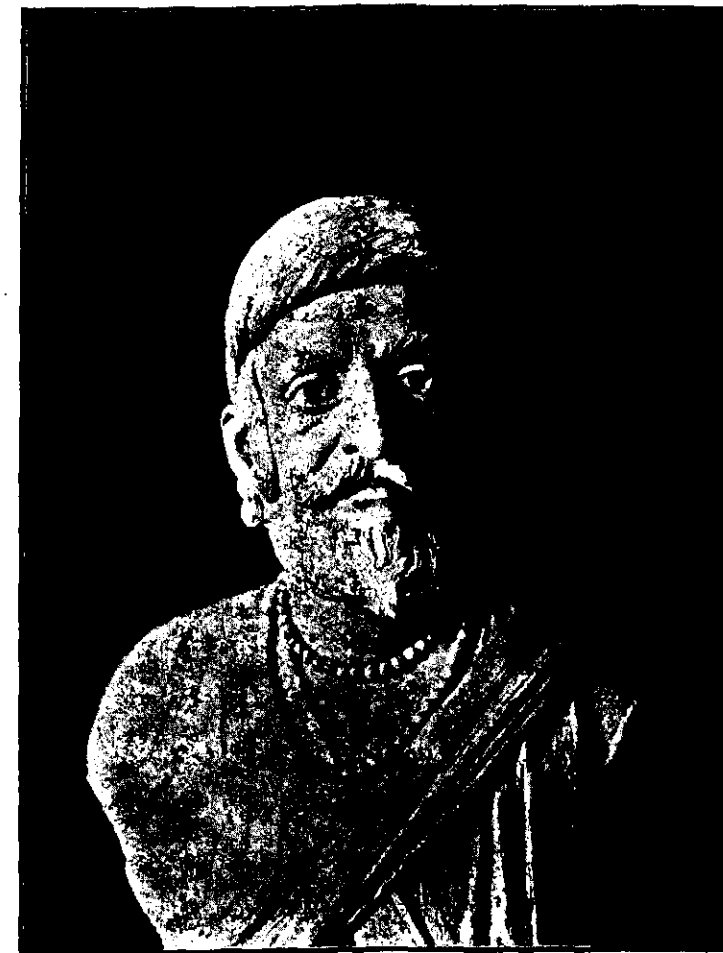
the Maratha soldiery, were found naturally in the Maratha peasantry; the warlike mood had been fostered by three hundred years of struggle with the Muslims, and even where these had triumphed and had established Muslim States, the Hindus acted as Ministers and exercised great political power. Moreover a strong Religious Movement fed the strength

and courage of the Marathas, chief in which were Tukaram and Ramdas, who stimulated the religious fervor of the people, and gave to their arms the sanction of the holiest feelings.

Into this environment was born the child Shivaji (A. D. 1627), destined to sum up in himself all that was most fervid in Hindu religion, and most fiery and heroic in Indian Nationality. Brave to recklessness in adventure, he sought every critical decision by abandoning himself to prayer, until he passed into a state of ecstasy and would then speak words of which in his normal

state he knew nothing; written down as he uttered them, these words formed the decision, which he carried out with unswerving courage and obedience. Thus he became to his people the embodiment of Religion as well as of Martial Valor, and incarnated in his own heroic figure Hindu faith and Hindu patriotism.

By his father, Shivaji descended from the Maharanas of Mewar (Chittoor) and hence was of the blood of the Suryavamsha—the children



SHIVAJI

of the Sun—by his mother from a branch of the Yadavas, the Chandravamsha—children of the Moon. Justice Ranade divides his life into four periods, beginning when he was 19 years of age: from 1646 to 1652, he spent in organising the district round Poona, seizing, repairing, building hill-forts; from 1652 to 1662, he fought the Bijapur Kingdom, emerging a conqueror; from 1662 to 1672 he fought the Mughal Empire, and wrung "from the Mughal Emperor a full and formal recognition of the new Maratha Power"; in 1674, he was crowned, and the remaining eight years he spent in building up his rule, a life of 53 years only, crammed full of strenuous work. A man of creative genius, remaining ever among the treasures of India.

A man of much resource and marvellous courage also. Take his adventure from Delhi to Raigad. Aurungzeb who feared, and, therefore, hated, Shivaji, invited him to Delhi, but shewed him little courtesy, though guest. Seething with anger in his proud heart, but suave and smooth without, he went back to his camp, and sent word to his host, praying permission to return home. Aurungzeb, having caught him within his city walls, begged him to stay, but gave orders not to permit him to pass the city gates. Powerless, Shivaji sent away the few troops who formed his escort, much to the Emperor's pleasure, who thought

he had "the mountain rat in his trap," with his young son. Shivaji was ill, called for many large baskets full of sweets daily, to feed Brahmanas and the poor. The baskets came and went. Very early one morning, Shivaji packed up his young son in one basket, and curled himself up in another, and went off without bidding any one farewell, and passed through the city gates. Near by stood ready two splendid steeds, and father and son changed their baskets for saddles, and went off at a hand-gallop. Next day they reached Mathura, and there Shivaji left the boy, who could not face the long hard journey. Shivaji, now become a Sadhu, went on on foot, swam rivers, tore over plains, onward to Allahabad, to Benares, to Gaya, to Cuttack, to Hyderabad, at last to Raigad, gay as ever, resolute as ever, adored as ever. But, alas! few years lay before him, and well as he planned the Government of his State, the time was too brief to build it into secure stability. But he left Maharashtra free, and the Marathas would have ruled India, had it not been for their own fatal dissensions, which made her weak before the advancing British. India's greatest foe is her own quarrels, which had made the Rajputs weak against the Mughals, made the Marathas weak against the British; India's deadliest wounds have ever been made by Indian swords; India has ever been bound by fetters forged by Indians.

Review

INDIAN ART AND ART-CRAFTS. (T. P. H. ADYAR, MADRAS)

Rs. 2

Indian Art and Art-Crafts is for those who, loving things Indian, would see her renaissance in art and all the artistic crafts. As one who truly loves India says:

"Indian Art is a blossom on the Tree of Divine Wisdom, full of suggestions from worlds invisible, striving to express the ineffable, and it can never be understood merely by the emotional and the intellectual; only in the light of the Spirit can its inner significance be glimpsed."

It is in this spirit that Dr. Stella Kramrisch has interpreted "The Significance of Indian Art," with

a rare and sympathetic insight. "Indian Music of the South" has been scientifically dealt with by R. Srinivasan; "The Art-Crafts of South India" live again through T. G. Krishnaswami Pillai's enthusiasm; while the able presentation of "Guild Socialism and Indian Handicrafts," by W. D. S. Brown, indicates the practical way in which it would be possible to reorganise the latter.

So that, through inspiration, creation, craftsmanship and organisation, this brochure—which in printing, binding and general appearance is in itself beauty, and sets a very high level of attainment to all art-crafts—is a herald of the re-birth of the Arts of India.

E.

A Man of the Hour

H. E. THE EARL OF LYTTON, P. C., G. C. I. E.

THE present Governor of Bengal is the eldest son of the first Earl of Lytton, the famous author, better known as "Bulwer-Lytton," and he was born at Simla in 1876, during his father's Viceroyalty in India. Perhaps the fact that he is India-born may have something to do with his easy friendliness with Indians, especially with Indian students. His training in administration was chiefly in connection with the Admiralty, but he had plenty of business training in his voluntary public labors, as he showed a keen interest in efforts to improve the social surroundings of the middle and poorer classes, working for at least one Garden City, and endeavoring to lessen the temptation to drinking by establishing places of refreshments, comfortable and bright, in which the landlords profited by the sale of all refreshments, except that of alcoholic liquors. We find it also on record that he was Chairman of three Royal Commissions on Continental Exhibitions, those of Brussels, Rome and Turin.

But he took up what seems to be his real life-work, when he was made Under-Secretary of State for India in succession to Lord Sinha, and had the good fortune of working with Mr. Montagu, during the latter part of his epoch-making tenure of the office of Secretary of State for India. His eager interest in Indian affairs, his sympathy with Indian aspirations, his untiring industry in mastering his work, and the gentle courtesy innate in him, fitted him for his great and responsible office, and were mourned in the changed atmosphere of the India

Office, the more marked when his place was occupied by Earl Winterton.

A very striking feature of Lord Lytton's work at the India Office was his keen interest in Indian students. We remember that when Mrs. Besant lectured at the Shakspeare Hut in the Reform year, 1919, and the students gave a dinner before the lecture at which Lord Lytton, who was to preside

over the lecture, was present, he sat chatting with the students as easily and genially as though he were one of themselves. There is no trace in him of racial feeling, and it is said that since he became Governor of Bengal, he occasionally ruffles the feelings of his surrounding circle by the quiet way in which he disregards race restrictions, and makes acquaintance with well-known Indians, whom they would rather have kept at a distance. His effort to remove the grievances felt by the Indian students in England, by the appointment of a Committee to investigate their condition and the difficulties they found in their way, was not as successful as it deserved

to be, and its failure must have caused him much disappointment.

Preceded by a Governor, Lord Ronaldshay, who accepted the change of his position as irresponsible autocrat to one in which he resolutely played the part of a constitutional ruler—once serenely declaring on a critical occasion that if the Legislature would not give him the funds necessary for the discharge of his responsibilities, it was for him to resign, not to override the Council—Lord Lytton



H. E. THE EARL OF LYTTON, P. C., G. C. I. E.

found the tradition established that the Reform Act was to be worked in the spirit in which it had been conceived, and not in the spirit of bureaucracy.

It is peculiarly hard on him that the Presidency over which he presides should again have become poisoned with foreign conspiracy, as in the days of Lord Carmichael. Once more, the sinister agents of foreign hostile Powers are striving to blow into flame the embers of former conspiracies, and with a long seaboard available, and the neighboring French territory of Chandranagore, it is not difficult to smuggle arms into the country, and to persuade foolish youths that murder and dacoity

cease to be criminal when baptised by the name of war. The fact that they murder and loot their own countrymen and strip jewels from the bodies of their own countrywomen is enough to stamp them as common criminals. The tyranny of the Curzonian days with its cruel repression and denial of free speech, drove many a gallant and high-spirited youth into conspiracy, but there is no such provocation now. Lord Lytton is paying debts that are not his. He fights against those who would destroy all government, all restraint on criminality, and those who are working for India's Freedom should cordially wish him success in his difficult task.

A Bahai Temple

THE Bahais of America are erecting a Bahai Temple upon the shore of Lake Michigan, near the city of Chicago, that is attracting the attention of the architects of the world, as its model strikes a new note in architecture. This temple is the greatest proof of the solidarity of the human race, of the unity of the East and West, of the unification of all the religions of the world. The West has a unique record in this Great Temple of having received contributions from all over the East. For the erection of this Temple, contributions are sent from India, Burma, Japan, China, Persia, Arabia, Turkey, Egypt, Africa, England, Scotland, Germany, Paris and Russia, by men belonging to all the Faiths of the world.

The Bahai Temple to be erected on the shore of Lake Michigan is from the model designed by Mr. Louis G. Bourgeois, an American artist. It was selected by the Bahai Convention Committee, consisting of 49 persons specially appointed for the purpose, from among many excellent models that were presented for its erection. This Temple is in form a nine-pointed star. Nine circular exedras curve into the building, with a great doorway in the centre of each. It will be 225 feet in diameter and 180 feet high, with a lovely dome at the top. Its construction will cost about one million and a half dollars. Mr. H. Van Buren Magonigle, President of the Architectural League, was called by the Committee for guidance on the question whether such a building was practical, and his verdict was: "It is the first new idea in architecture since the thirteenth century. I want to see it erected." This Temple combines within itself all the lovely elements of all the types of architecture that were ever devised. Mr. Bourgeois, the sculp-

tor-architect declares: "It is Baha 'O'llah's Temple! I am only the channel through which it came."

The Bahai Temple is open to all people of all religions for reading, meditation and prayer. It consists of a central building meant for meditation and surrounded by a hospice, hospital, asylum, school, university etc., and without these appurtenances the Temple is not complete. The whole group of buildings is known as a "Masheak-El-Azkar," which means "The dawning point of the mention of God". Of the Masheak-El-Azkar to be built in Chicago, Abdul Baha has spoken as follows:

Now the day has arrived in which the edifice of God, the divine sanctuary, the spiritual temple, shall be erected in America.

The accessories of the Masheak-El-Azkar are numerous. Among them are the school for orphans, the great college for the higher arts, a hospital, a home for the cripples and a hospice. The doors of these places are to be opened to all sects—no differentiations. When these accessories are completed, and, by God's help and aid, the departments fully systematised, it will be proved that the Masheak-El-Azkar is to human society a great bounty and a great blessing. In brief, through the unlimited bounties of God, I am hopeful that the beloved ones of God in America may be aided and confirmed in founding this mighty and solid foundation and gradually annex thereto its accessories. When these institutions, college, hospital, hospice and establishments for the incurables, the university for the study of higher sciences and giving post-graduate courses, and other philanthropic buildings are built, its doors will be opened to all the Nations and Religions. There will be absolutely no line of demarcation drawn. Its charities will be dispensed irrespective of color or race. Its gates will be flung wide open to mankind; prejudice towards none, love for all. The central building will be devoted to the purpose of prayer and worship. Thus, for the first time, religion will become harmonised with science, and science will be the handmaid of religion, both showering their material and spiritual gifts on all humanity. In this way, the people will be lifted out of the quagmires of slothfulness and bigotry.

N. R. VAKIL

Homes of Greatness

BY G. S. ARUNDALE

I AM glad to be able to record this month that His Highness the Mahārāja Holkar of Indore has been graciously pleased to sanction a considerable sum of money for the establishment of the first Home of Greatness in India, to be in his capital city of Indore, in a building specially set apart for the purpose in a most central place. Preparations are rapidly going forward, so that the Home may be opened on the auspicious occasion of His Highness' forthcoming birth-day, celebrations in connection with which will be taking place in the last week of this month. His Highness has been good enough to invite my wife and myself to be present during the celebrations, and to participate in the opening ceremony, an account of which I shall hope to publish in the January issue of the *Young Citizen*.

Fortunately, I have been able to induce Dr. Cousins to take an interest in these Homes of Greatness, and the paintings for the Indore Home, as well as the library, biographical and autobiographical, which is also to be placed in the Home, are being prepared under his kind supervision. We are employing the services of young Indian artists, partly because their work is so good, and partly in order to encourage the somewhat unpatronised youthful talent of high order in this country. I hope to be able in due course to reproduce some of their work in these pages, not in their original color, I am afraid, owing to prohibitive cost, but still of great interest, I feel sure, to *Young Citizen* readers.

I am hoping that, with the patriotic example set by His Highness of Indore, other ruling Indian Sovereigns will follow suit by establishing similar Homes of Greatness in their own States, so that the Spirit of Greatness, finding herself welcome, may be moved to roam abroad and stir budding greatness, of which India and the world stand in so great need, to self-expression.

New Zealand, a young country with a fine record of grit and self-sacrifice, and with a still finer record of just and wise treatment of the original inhabitants of the country, sends me the following note on its own great men:

There are many who have contributed largely to New Zealand's happy position, but there are two individuals who have left their special mark, and about whom there would be no dispute, if it were left to a question of voting by the population of New Zealand:

SIR GEORGE GREY. He contributed largely to the Nation's finer instincts when they were sorely needed in the early days of settlement. For a short time he was Prime Minister, later Governor of New Zealand. A Social Reformer, with the stamp of an English gentleman on all his work.

THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD J. SEDDON. "Dick" Seddon, also a Social and Political Reformer, but of the rough diamond variety. This type was necessary in his day, and New Zealand statutes bear witness to his work in the interests of the "bottom dog".

I regret I have no pictures this time to offer to my readers, but I am sending for the biographies of these two statesmen, and when they come I hope to be able to give a little account of their work, together with their pictures.

From Costa Rica, South America, comes the following, from which it will be seen that the gathering which so kindly met in answer to my response was most distinguished:

Being assembled, by the courteous invitation of Professor Tomás Povedano y de Arcos, Director of the National School of Fine Arts, at the Red Cross's Assembly Room, at eighteen hours of the twentieth day of May, 1923, Mr. Ricard Fernández Guardia, formerly Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Roberto Brenes Gudino, President of the Red Cross, C. A., Professor Anastasio Alfaro, Director of the National Museum of Antiquities, formerly Secretary of Public Instruction, Engineer Fabio Garnier, Mr. Alfredo Sasso, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and Licentiate Alejandro Aguilar Machado, Professor of Castilian Language at the Costa Rica Lyceum, at its Capital, San José, after hearing the explanation given by Mr. Povedano relative to the object of this meeting, and having understood the conceptions of the important communication of Mr. Arundale, No. 2964, dated at Indore, Central India, the 1st December, 1922, they arrived at the following resolutions:

(1) Comprehending the spirit of the above-mentioned communication, approve Mr. Arundale's proposals, convinced that their purpose is one of the most efficacious means of laboring for the noblest of all the causes, which is Universal Brotherhood;

(2) In order to support the ideal of having a collection representing, as may be found possible, such men or women who, in every country, have contributed, in a definite way to the advancing of civilisation and brotherhood, a Committee is formed with Mr. Povedano, and Mr. Aguilar Machado as President and Secretary respectively.

(3) To commend to Mr. Tomás Povedano, Mr. Fabio Garnier and Mr. Anastasio Alfaro, the study and settlement of the biography of three illustrious Costarricans.

Professor Povedano, in his private covering letter, adds that Costa Rica has not had to suffer the great conflicts and disturbances which give rise to great men and women to meet the great emergencies.

The Coming of Arthur

LONG ago, King Uther ruled over Britain—so long ago that no one now knows clearly whether he ruled ill or well. What they do say of him is that he dearly loved the Princess Igraine of Cornwall, and was like to die for grief because she would have none of him, until the Wizard Merlin gave him the power to win her love. But Merlin exacted a promise for his services, that if a son should be born to Uther he should be given over to him.

In due time a son was born to Uther and Igraine, and was christened by the name of Arthur. Then Merlin came forward and reminded the King of his promise; immediately the King commanded that the babe should be taken to the postern-gate and given to the old man who was waiting there.

But sickness fell upon King Uther and, before many months were passed, he lay dead, and the nobles of the land were quarrelling as to who should be his successor, for none knew where Arthur was concealed. For many years the fair land of England was torn by these unseemly factions: the poor were in sadder case than ever, the merchants were in constant fear, Justice had vanished, and Learning had to lurk in any quiet corners it could discover.

Now Arthur had been given into the charge of the good knight Sir Ector, to bring up with his own son Kay; but Sir Ector knew not what child he was befriending, and Arthur grew up into a tall straight lad, well-skilled in knightly exercises, yet simple and sweet in heart as any maiden.

At last, when many years were passed since King Uther died, Merlin journeyed to Canterbury and there saw the Archbishop, whom he advised to call a great muster of all the great nobles of the land at London at Christmastide, for, said Merlin, there should be seen a great marvel by which all should know who should rightly be King of Britain.

The Archbishop sent out his heralds commanding the nobles to attend at London, and from all parts of England they wended their ways, from the hills of Wales and Cumberland, the wolds of Yorkshire, and the smiling, soft, west country. Great forests then abounded and roads were few and rough, so that their travels were long and arduous.

In the great Cathedral they all assembled to keep the sacred Birth Feast, and when they came pouring out, solemn yet joyous, with the benediction clinging about them, they saw in the open

space before the Cathedral a great stone set up, and upon it an anvil, and through the anvil was thrust a sword. Upon the stone was written this legend:

Whoso can draw forth this sword is rightful King of Britain born.

Immediately quarrels broke out among the nobles, as to who should be the first to essay to draw forth the sword, and blood was like to be spilt to settle the point. But the Archbishop intervened and bade them all return to their estates and come back to London at Easter, when a tournament would be held at which each knight should be given the opportunity of proving his strength. Among the knights who journeyed to London in the sweet April days, when the orchards were white with apple blossom, were Sir Ector and his son Sir Kay, and with them rode Arthur, upon whom the sunshine seemed to love to linger, touching his golden hair, flashing from his armor and lurking in his blue eyes. On the morning of the tournament, the two knights rode to the lists and Arthur accompanied them. Sir Kay discovered that he had left his sword behind in the hurry of preparation, and so Arthur went back to get it for him. But he could not by any means find it, and in despair he suddenly remembered the sword which he had noticed sticking in the anvil in the Cathedral courtyard. Quickly he ran to the place, now quite deserted, for the soldiers had all gone to the lists, and without a moment's thought he seized the hilt of the fateful sword and pulled it forth from the anvil.

But Sir Kay, when he took the sword from Arthur, quickly saw what sword it was, and at once told Sir Ector, explaining how Arthur had brought it. The old knight was overjoyed and overcome, and immediately knelt down before Arthur and tendered his homage to the rightful King of Britain.

Quickly the news spread and the whole great assembly of nobles came crowding in, many unbelieving and more very wroth that one so young, and not yet even a full knight, should have dared to touch the fateful sword. It boded ill for Arthur who stood quietly facing all the tumult, but the Archbishop's calm yet commanding voice was heard, bidding them all return at high noon on the morrow, when full trial should be made of the matter.

At high noon on the morrow, the knights all returned; the sword was replaced in the anvil, and one by one they essayed to draw it forth; some

were jaunty, some were hesitating in their efforts, but all failed to so much as move it by an inch.

Then Arthur stepped forth, and with a quick movement drew it clear forth from the anvil, while an angry murmur arose from the crowd. But he thrust it back into the anvil, and thrice he drew it and thrust it back; whereupon there arose from the people a great shout: "Arthur is King! Arthur is King!" The great barons scowled, and many of the knights muttered in their beards, but the Archbishop quickly seized the crown and placed it upon the young man's head there and then, and a great and wonderful dignity shone about him, while, floating down as from a far place, yet wondrous

clear, came the sound of music of unearthly sweetness, and a great wave of loyalty swept over the hearts of the multitude swallowing up all petty envies and jealousies, and ringing cries arose:

"Long live the King! Long live the King!"

The anvil still stands before the Temple; the sword still is held fast by it, while the powerful and the proud seek in vain to draw it forth. Even in our day, as of old, the young knight comes and, all unwitting of the feat, he draws it forth. See to it, my Companions, that you follow him, and that you are among those who acclaim him King!

LANCELOT

Correspondence

NARMADA ASHRAMA,
Shuklatirtha,
Broach,
4-10-23

To
THE EDITORS,
Young Citizen.

A few days back we decided to name one of our Patrols as "Tagore Patrol," in honor of the great Indian Poet who takes such a keen interest in the Youth of the world. Our Tagore Patrol wanted to have its motto given to it by the Poet himself, and so I made bold to write to him. Our Scout Brothers all over the world will, no doubt, be highly inspired to read the following message from the Poet, which is really a message to all the Scouts the world over. Hence we share this message with our Scout Brothers.

DEAR SIR,

Please convey my thanks to the Members of the Scouts of the Narmada Troop for the honor they have done me by naming one of their Patrols as Tagore Patrol.

You want from me some verse which I hold sacred, and which you wish to adopt for your motto. The following is the one which may suit your purpose, it is from *Svetāshvataropaniṣat*:

Ya ékô-varnô bahudhâ shaktiyogât
Varnānanēkān nihitarthâ dadhati
Vichaitichāntē visvamadau sa devah
Sa nō buddhyâ Subhayâ Samyunakta.

"He who is one and above all color distinction, who with His manifold power provides the peoples of various colors with their inherent needs, who comprehends in Himself the beginning and the end of all things, is the Shining One. May He unite us to each other with the wisdom of Righteousness.

Yours faithfully,
RABINDRANATH TAGORE

I hope this message will help us all Scout Brothers to unite together for one common cause "Service," which the Scout Movement is inspiring in us, and all the differences shall be lost in that Ideal.

Yours,
In Service,
G. M. BHATT,
Scout Master, Narmada Troop,
Shuklatirtha

A young Scout would like to correspond with brother Scouts, with reference to exchange of stamps, especially those of Indian States. All communications in the matter should be made to

R. K. LUCKOOR,
Late Bellary Govinda Rao's House,
Seringapatam (Mysore State)

Citizen Heroes

THE purchase of Sir John Millais' fine picture, *THE RESCUE*, for the National Gallery of Victoria at Melbourne, recalls to mind the many deeds of heroism performed by the brave men of the Fire Brigade. The picture shows a London fireman, saving three children from a burning house. It owed its origin to an incident in the life of the artist. Returning home in the early hours of a morning, Millais, with his brother, saw a fierce glow in the sky, and told his cabman to drive to it. Arriving at the fire, he was just in time to see the roof of the burning building fall in, carrying with it two of the brave firemen. The terrible scene greatly impressed Millais, who declared that the praises of soldiers and sailors had been set forth in pictures a thousand times, but, as far as he knew, the gallantry of firemen never. He resolved that his next picture should do honor to the brave men who work with so little reward or recognition of their services. *THE RESCUE* was the result of this resolve.

A memorial tablet has been put up, in the London Hospital, to a man who gave himself up to the doctors, that they might experiment on him to discover a cure for sleeping sickness. He was an African Negro Chief named Mandombi, and every four hours for two months his blood was examined, till the germ which causes the disease was discovered. When the disease seized on him, it was by his own request that he was brought to England for medical experiment, in the hope of eventually being the means of saving the lives of the men of his own country, where the disease was a terrible scourge. His hope was fulfilled. Myriads have been blessed by his surrender of himself to the doctor's hands for research. It was directly due to his sacrifice that the cause of the disease was found, and a tablet, recording his heroic sacrifice, has been placed on the wall of the Hospital above the bed in which this brave man lay. No man has ever deserved a tablet of honor more than this Nigerian Chief. For greater Love hath no man than this, that he gave himself for his people.

There is a glorious story of heroism behind the King's award of Albert Medals to four of Shackleton's old comrades, Ernest Edward Mills Joyce, William Rayment Richards, Victor George Hayward and Harry Ernest Wild, of whom the two last named are dead.

When Shackleton sailed in August, 1914, on the

terrible adventure in which his ship was crushed in the ice, he sent in advance the little ship, *Aurora*, so that her men should land from the Ross Sea and lay depôts of food in readiness for him, as he marched overland through unknown ways from the Weddell Sea.

They had barely landed half their stores, when the ship was carried by ice and gales to the open sea, leaving the expedition marooned. The men were stranded, but they at once began laying depôts for Shackleton, as if they had full supplies of clothes and equipment for themselves. On and on they went, slowly dying that others might live. The survivors suffered horribly, but fulfilled their mission, and then turned back to regain their base. Days and nights of unbroken blizzard, then one man sick and unable to walk, then a second, then a third, who died within sight of food and security—these were the conditions in which three men, then two, hauled the sledges and the sufferers back to safety on a fragment of a biscuit and half a cup of tea a day. They were out altogether 160 days, and covered 1561 miles, each fighting death for the sake of his fellows. Two of these men, snatched from death by scurvy and starvation, vanished from sight when restored, lost on ice which the wind was blowing seaward. They were never found. One of them was Hayward. Wild died fighting for his country. The other two live to wear their medals, awarded eight years after the event, and to know that Shackleton wrote of their superb endurance and staunchness: "I think no more remarkable story of human endeavor has ever been revealed than the tale of that long march."

The following story of a boy, who gave his life in a vain attempt to save a dog, comes from Winnipeg, Canada:

Jimmie Boyd, aged sixteen, was watching the great Red River raging by at the height of the flood season this spring, watching its innumerable whirlpools and the debris and ice that was floating down, when he saw a collie dog in difficulties some distance from shore. A great dog lover, Jimmie threw off his coat and boots and plunged into the icy torrent. Gamely he fought his way to the drowning animal, as a few scattered onlookers held their breath, and then the ice-cold water and the whirling current overpowered him and swept him away.

The young hero's body has never been found, but Winnipeg honors the memory of a boy who went to almost certain death to save a dog.

Tiger-Men and Men-Tigers

I SHALL tell you a strange story of animals and men—a story which is both true and untrue. That cannot be, you say. Well, it can, and you shall see.

Away in one of the remote islands that form the East Indies, called Bantam, there live a people with curious beliefs, and sometimes not very pleasant customs arising out of these. They are not a savage people, like many of the peoples of the Southern Seas, but live in villages and small towns even, cultivating rice and fruits, but they are what we might call a half-thinking people. And a curious thing was that they were a dying-out people, but as they decreased, the number and strength of the tigers in the jungles round their habitations increased. So numerous did the tigers become, that the land is even now called Tiger Land. Now, one of the ways you can know a dying-out people, is by their careless and weak habits, and one of the ways you can tell the character of a people is by the way they treat their dead. Some people have a clean, healthy way of burning them, with much care and ceremony. Others have made wonderful tombs, and, thinking the souls of their dead would be happier if all their earthly possessions were buried with them, they have buried often immense treasures with them. You have been reading probably about the wonderful Tomb of the Great Egyptian King Tutankamen, for example. And some people like the Persians have built great Towers with stone shelves inside, where the dead are left to decompose by the action of the weather or be eaten by the vultures of the air. But of whatever age or people you read, you will always find that they were careful and reverent in their treatment of their dead, and that amongst the Aryan race it was considered a great calamity if a dead body was thrown out of a city, to be left exposed and at the mercy of wild beasts. It was thought that God and man had abandoned such a poor creature. Well, this people of the island of Bantam had become so careless that they did not wash their dead and bind them up, but only took them out into the jungle and left them to be eaten up by the tigers. At one time they had buried their dead. But a curious belief grew up amongst them. They were always seeing strange things that they could not understand. They believed that if a body was buried unwashed, then on the evening of the day of burial, the grave burst open, and a spiral of smoke was seen issuing from the crack. Then a grasshopper appeared within the smoke. That changed into a frog, the frog into a

tiger, and, finally, the ghost became a man-ghost. Now this they did not like, for the ghosts always came back to the villages and entered the houses. So every evening all windows and doors and openings were carefully shut up.

But besides that, they devised a lazy plan which they thought would rid them of the men-ghosts. When somebody died, they simply put his unwashed body into a hut in the jungle, so that the tigers might come and take the dead man before he could have time to get fixed in his man-shape. Thus it came about that nearly all the dead men went to Tiger Land and entered the body of a tiger. This was how they explained the growing numbers and power of the tigers.

Sometimes, however, this did not happen, and the dead man escaped from the tigers, and probably these people loved to sit in a circle and hear a ghost story, just as we do now, though our ghost stories are much more exciting than theirs. Theirs were always about tiger-men and men-ghosts. Here is one, and I think if you heard it on a still moonlight night, you would perhaps also feel the nice creepy feeling a ghost story always gives you. Once there was a rich rice-farmer, who had always to go to live in the middle of his large rice-fields when the rice was becoming ripe, in order to save it from birds and wild pigs and other animals. The houses were built on four great pillars high up from the ground, and in the middle of the floor there was a trap-door from which a ladder could be let down. Thus, at night, when the ladder was drawn up, the occupants were safe from roaming wild animals. One night the neighboring farmer died, and when our planter woke in the middle of the night he saw by the light of the moon four tigers approaching his bungalow two in front and two behind and the ghost between. The ghost was in a curious position. He was walking on his hands with his dead clothes under his arm, and his feet in the air. This was always the position of the ghost preparatory to his taking possession of a tiger body, so the people said. Soon they came right under his bungalow and stopped, for before they came to Tiger Land, the ghost had to be taught a mantram which would enable him, after he had given up his dead man's clothes and received all the different kinds that make up a tiger's skin, to take a tiger body. One tiger went to each of the four pillars of his house, and then the farmer found that he had forgotten to draw up his ladder, and had left his gun leaning against the foot of it. The ghost was

placed in the middle beside the ladder. Then the magic ceremony began. The leader repeated the mantram, the others followed, and then the ghost tried. The mantram sounded like some funny growls, but this was its meaning:

Gurram—gurree
Come out and see.
What a fine tiger body
Is waiting for thee.

But he seemed stupid and could not say it. Now this mantram could never take effect, if it was overheard by a living man, and the planter chuckled up above them.

Suddenly the leader of the four caught sight of the gun, and being tired of trying to teach the ghost the magic words, asked the others what was the only thing in the world they were afraid of. "I am afraid of a steel cross" (a dagger), said one "and I of a lance," said another. "I am not afraid of any of these," replied the leader, "but only of the long dark tube which says 'pop' when it is far away and sends out a puff of smoke." Then they began to examine the gun. The leader was looking down the long dark barrel, when one of the others happened to touch the trigger, and off it went right in the leader's face. He rolled back dead on the ground. The others galloped off with the ghost to their jungle home. But it was in vain that they tried to give him his tiger clothes. The

spell was broken, and so this ghost-man escaped the tigers. Isn't that a queer ghost story to hear round the fire at night?

Well, this was the custom and belief for a long long time, till the Muhammadans came to the island. Being of a higher race, they tried to persuade these older inhabitants that this custom of giving their dead to the tigers was wrong, and that it ought to be stopped. They could only break the horrible power that the fiendish tiger-spirit had on them, however, by going into one of the huts where a dead body had been put. Tradition says that three men went: one lay down at the head of the dead body and two at its feet. In the middle of the night the tigers came. The men woke and quietly watched. The tigers began to lick the feet of the dead man, and the ghost got up to go away with them. Then the Muhammadans uttered their sacred word, and the ghost lay back again. Three times was this repeated till at last the tigers went off and left the body. The men washed it, and bound it up, and buried it, and so the old custom was broken, and though the old stories still linger, the lives of the people have been much improved. But there are many people who believe that sometimes, and under weak and degenerate conditions, the "souls of men are infused into the trunks of animals," as Shakspeare says.

JAVA

THE BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM

Prof. Max Muller's Samskrit
Rendering

1. Rājānam prāsadinam,
Lokaprānādhīnam,
Pāhishvara!
Lakshmi prabhāsinam,
Shatrū prabhāsinam,
Tam dirgha Shāsanam,
Pāhishvara!
2. Ehi asmadishvara
Shatrūn pratiskara,
Uchhandhi tāt:
Thatchhadmanāshaya,
Māyāsha pāshaya.
Pahi asmadāsraya,
Sarvān Janān.
3. Tvadratna bhūshitam,
Rajya Chirōshitam,
Pahishvara!
Rājyaprapālinam,
Satdharma Shālinam
Tam stōtramālinam
Pāhishvara!

- ॐ
१. राजानं प्रसादिनं,
लोकप्राणाधीनं,
पाहीश्वर!
लक्ष्मीप्रभासिनं,
शत्रुप्रभासिनं,
तं दीर्घशासनं,
पाहीश्वर!
 २. एहि अस्मदीश्वर,
शत्रून् प्रतिस्कर,
उच्छिन्धि तान्,
तच्छय नाशय,
मायाश्च पाशय,
पाहि अस्मदाश्रय,
सर्वान् जनान्.
 ३. त्वद्वन्नभूषितं,
राज्यचिरोषितं,
पाहीश्वर!
राज्यप्रपालिनं,
सद्धर्मशालिनं,
तं स्तोत्रमालिनं,
पाहीश्वर!

Traffic Signals

A very useful paper has been published by the Automobile Association, Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, London, W. C. 2., reproduced from "Traffic Signals" by the kind permission of the Controller, H. M. Stationery Office. It is suggested that they might be reproduced on a card, and hung up in a prominent position in the Schools. If our Young Citizens will study them carefully, and then practise them—they can practise them by sitting astride on a chair, facing the back, and fancying that they are in the car, and making the motions exactly as they are made below—they can be very useful. In the first two, the right hand is held up or outwards, and is not moved. In the next three, the arm is thrown out in the position shown, and is then, in

the first, moved forwards and upwards with a swinging motion to the front of the car along the line of the arrow; in the second, the thrown out arm is moved down and up as the arrows show; in the third, the arm is kept hanging and moved backwards and forwards in a line with the side of the car.

In the two pictures of a carriage, the coachman signals with his whip, held up in his right hand. In the first, he gives it a little twist and then holds it still; in the second, he moves his hand in a circle, and then lets the whip slant in the direction in which he is going to turn.

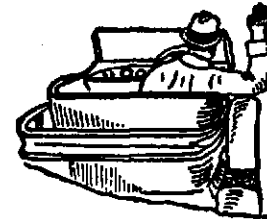
Now, look at each picture as you sit astride on the chair, and copy each exactly, one at a time, over and over again, till you do it easily.

These signals embody the recommendations of a Conference between representatives of the various police forces in Great Britain and the Secretary of the Automobile Association.

The observance of a uniform code of signals and a knowledge of them by the public will undoubtedly do much to minimise the risk of accidents, and it is, therefore, suggested that teachers should take an opportunity of giving instruction in these signals to their pupils. Possibly it will be found most effective to incorporate this instruction in the drill lesson, allowing the pupils to perform the movements indicated.

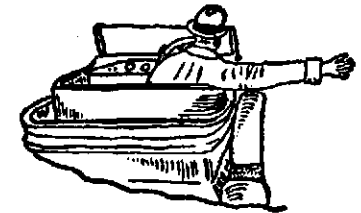
THE DRIVER'S SIGNALS

1. "I am going to STOP."



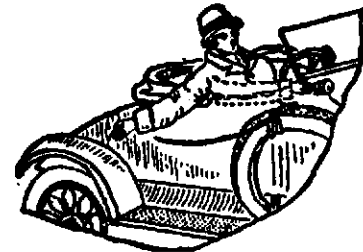
Hold the right forearm and hand (or dummy arm) vertical, palm turned to the front.

2. "I am going to TURN to the RIGHT."



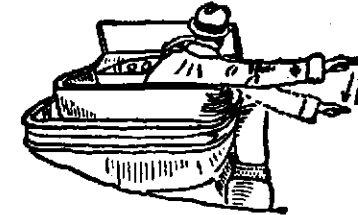
Extend the right arm and hand (or dummy arm) horizontally straight out from the off-side of the vehicle, palm turned to the front.

3. "I am going to turn to the LEFT."



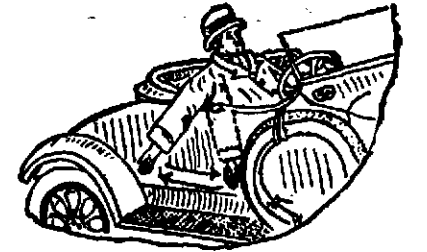
Extend the right arm and hand horizontally, straight out from the off-side of the vehicle, and then carry them forward and towards the near side with a circular sweep on a level with the shoulder.

4. "I am going to SLOW DOWN."



Extend the right arm and hand horizontally as in Nos. 2 and 3, but with the palm turned downwards, and move the arm slowly up and down.

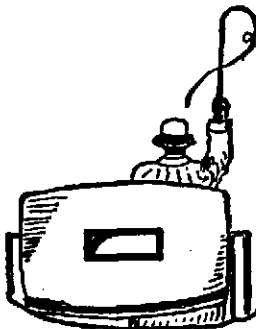
5. "COME PAST me on my RIGHT."



Extend the right arm and hand below the level of the shoulder, and move them backwards and forwards.

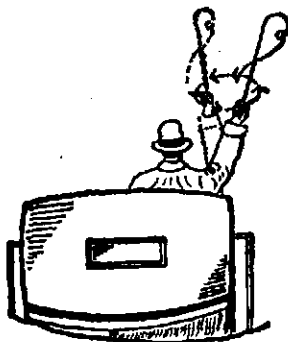
FOR HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLES

6. "I am going to STOP."



Raise the whip vertically with the arm extended above the right shoulder.

7. I am going to TURN."



Rotate the whip above the head; then incline the whip to the right or left to show the direction in which the turn is to be made.

COURTESY SIGNALS

In addition to giving the above signals, a driver, when approaching a corner, should point out as clearly as possible with the hand or whip, so that the police and others may understand, in which direction he intends to proceed.

In addition to these, in India, if a driver is approaching a place where two roads form a cross, and a policeman is standing there, directing the traffic, he stretches out his arm straight in front of him, if he is going on along the road in which he is; or signals to right or left, if he turning to his right or left down the road crossing his own road at right angles.

The "near side" of a car, if you are sitting in it, facing forwards, is on your left hand, and the "off-side" is on your right. The names are taken from a man who is going to mount a horse: he stands on the left of the horse, so the left side of the animal is near to him. The right side of the horse is the off-side.

Nature Notes

PARENTAL LOVE

THIS Month the woodland is crowned with sweet scented flowers of Divi-divi, Panchali, and Konnai. Many birds are seen about, hopping from flower to flower. One of them is a very small one, which has been newly baptised as the Red Tail by a young naturalist. Probably this is one amongst her many common names.

The very name suggests the color of her plumage. The nest of this new friend was discovered the other day amongst the branches of a wood-apple tree. The nest was not bigger than a wood-apple shell. It was built out of the so-called Casuarina leaves, and the silvery thread from the spider's web. The nest was situated at the very end of the branch where not even the lightest person can dream of approaching. From a distance the nest looked more like a cob-web than a bird's nest with three beautiful eggs. The moment the young birds' friend got on to the branch, the father and mother Red Tails whistled in their sweetest voice, more as a request rather than as a warning. They came and perched on the very branch where he was standing, and watched. How strange that these shy creatures, who in their normal state dare not come anywhere near us, now do not mind any possible injury that they might receive. This is possible because of the intense

love that the parents have for their young. Have we not seen the ignorant hen preventing her adopted young ones, the ducklings, from getting into the water? Such instances can be found in all grades of beings.

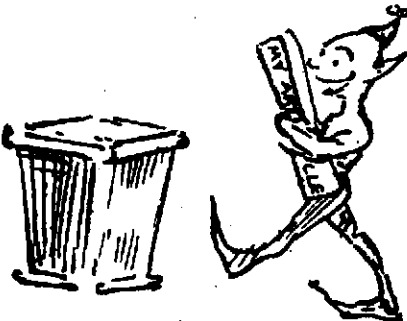
Both the parents brooded over these three little eggs, cosily lying in the tiny shell-like home. After seventeen days there were no more apparently lifeless eggs, but three young chicks with wide-opened mouths for their food from their parents. It took thirteen days for them to learn their lessons about how to take care of themselves. It was a sight to see them having their lessons in flight. From branch to branch, then from one tree to another, and further still they flew and learnt. Both the parents constantly, every three minutes more or less, were feeding them with insects of various kinds.

On the fifteenth day, two of the young ones and the parents were whistling away their time, roosting on a peepel tree. Though the young ones were able to fly about, the parents were not sure of the safety of their young, so were following them and guiding them now and then into the wide woodland. Probably now the once-young chicks are thinking about their future young ones in their turn.

N. VAITHESWARAN

Editorial Notices

All communications must be written on one side of the paper only, or they cannot be inserted. Uninvited communications must be accompanied with a fully stamped and directed envelope, for return in case of rejection. Otherwise, if declined, they will be destroyed.



News paragraphs, if short and well written, will be welcomed, and used if suitable. All the work done for this paper, except the actual three P's, printing, pulling, paper, is done for Service, not for payment. The probable losses are borne by a "cheerful giver".

All literary communications must be sent to the Editor. Business communications to the Manager.

All communications must bear the name and address of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, Editors.

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In the January Number of

The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

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A MAN OF THE HOUR:
DAY OF AN M. P.
YOUNG CITIZENS IN ANCIENT DAYS
SOME INCIDENTS OF WAR. By a Combatant—II.
THE BELLS OF LEYDEN.—II.
TWO PRESIDENTS AND A CAT

The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL. I

MADRAS, 1st DECEMBER, 1923

No. 9

From The Front

BY ANNIE RESANT, D. L.

THE Youth Movement is spreading rapidly in Madras and desire to learn more about it comes from outside the Presidency. It has been warmly taken up within the Theosophical Society, and Youth Lodges have been forming in several countries. In Madras itself, there are Lodges in Adyar, Mylapur, Triplicane, Teynampet, Komaleshvarampet, Purasawaukum, George Town, and at a representative meeting at the 1921 Club Rooms, Y. M. I. A., it was resolved to form a "Federation of Young Theosophists". I hear also of activity in Cochin, Coimbatore, Madanapalle, and a Lodge has been formed in Bombay, and another at Indore. In addition to these, which are founded on a Theosophical basis, there is an Indian Section of the International League of Youth, which is not confined to any Society, but the members of which study political, social, and religious needs, and strive to meet them as individuals, or as groups of like-minded youths, who discuss the problems of the day, and methods of dealing with them. The suddenness with which the movement began and the rapidity with which it is spreading in all countries are characteristic of Youth. While we, old people, are trying to mend up the rents in our very tattered garments of National Life, Youth is busy hammering out new ways, with joyous vigor, and, I expect, thinking in its eager brain that, if it does make mistakes, they cannot

be as bad as those made by their elders, that have laid Europe desolate, and in which futile diplomacy wanders about among the ruins, and gazes, half distraught, at the wrecks on the ocean of trade, and the derelicts cast up on the shores of what were once flourishing States.

My co-editor—who is away in Indore, where the first of his "Homes of Greatness" is to be opened as part of the celebrations of the birthday of H. H. The Mahârâja of the State—has started an "International League of Youth Series," with four eloquent and stirring pamphlets. The *To the Youth of the World*—which appeared as No. 15 of the National Conference Series, is to be No. 1 of the new issue. That was spoken and written at white-hot heat, in response to a sudden inspiration. No. 2 is *The Brotherhood of Youth*, an address delivered to a crowded audience of students, in which the idea was expressed of the Youth of all Nations linking themselves together in the Service of the world. It contains the wonderful account by Anna Louise Strong of the German Youth Movement, a spirit embodying itself in many and diverse forms, all of them—to the number of between three and four millions—feeling as brothers and sisters, and treating each when they meet, as members of one family, which already comprises a third of the Youth of the land. They are of all religions and of none, of all shades of politics,

of labor groups, of gymnastic groups, of independent groups like the Wandervogel—Wandering Birds—sometimes unorganised, just “three or four boys, with violins and flutes, who stride through the country-side singing.” But while forms are various, there is one spirit in them, and what a gay, gallant spirit it is. Listen to two of them as they talk with their American friend, who is the recorder:

For they are children of the War-years and of the Revolution. In place of the hope that young things need, their heritage was crushing National defeat followed by grinding, incessant, humiliating serfdom. In place of the little luxuries and sweets that young things crave, they have not had even butter on their bread. They have seen their companions die away by thousands from tuberculosis, that swift scourge of growing youth deprived of fats and milk. As for the chocolate creams, the sodas, the parties and pretty clothes that make up young America's playtime, these are things that they can never, never know.

So they laugh at these things and seek hardship deliberately. They take pleasure in tests of endurance; in place of glittering parties they have camp-fires under the stars.

They make their clothes of corduroy and embroider them with designs from old legends, ornamenting them with hand-hammered copper pieces of their own craftsmanship. They even develop a philosophy of hardship and self-mastery and fellowship, and a world which must be re-made from within.

“You, in America,” said one of them to me, “who outwardly have won the War—you are full of butter and milk and eggs and automobiles and multitudes of things. You are choked by them; you cannot draw free breath or create anything new; your life grows horrible under materialism.

“But we, who in outer seeming have lost the War, for us naturally is much hardship to endure. To see friends die, and not to have good food for them, to see the old order of society breaking and the old morality rotten, to have to fight our parents for the freedom we believe in—this is not easy. But just because the whole frame of our life is broken, here more than anywhere else in the world, we shall make it again from within. A new country, a new religion—all that is needed by life grows again. Either there will be a worse breaking than we can imagine, or else a new world will be made.”

These were two of the older members of one of the more philosophic sections. For the young folks made their “wanderings under scores of different organisations”.

They take refuge in nature and in the past, to escape from the horror of the present; they dance the old folk dances, and sing the old folk-songs. “They merge themselves into the life

of their land, its hills, and its forests and its Gods.” They sing “old chants to the Nature Gods of ancient Germany, with a sincerity which is half a revival of legend, and half a real worship of Wotan and other Nature deities”. “We call each other “thou” not as a mark of equality, but because we really feel related,” said one of them. He paused, and then added: “But we feel the same, even with the tree.” It is as though they took refuge from the horrors of War in the peace and the beauty of Nature. Germany is the western home of Mysticism, and it seems as though from a Pantheistic Atheism—if the paradox may be pardoned—their hearts lead them to a worship of the One Life, whether in Devas or in natural objects, and thus slip into “Polytheism,” as among the Hindus.

Simple old songs of an ancient people close to the earth, and full of mystic meaning which the leader explained, hinting at connections with Germanic Gods, and with the Garden of Paradise, and the Tree of Life, and the Rose of Love. He was talking religion, that was quite plain; a mystical religion to which they thrilled. But it was so far from any “proper Christianity,” that no wonder their Lutheran parents were worried.

Are they merely going to dream their way into the new world they long for? What is their programme? They have none. There are indeed Nationalist youths with a monarchist programme and communist youths with a communist programme, for every section of adult thought is trying to train youths to follow it. But the vast body of the Youth Movement is annoyed by politics.

“The healing of mankind will come,” said one of the leaders of the Pathfinders, “not through change of labor conditions, or better laws, or sanitary and police regulations, or political parties, but by a change of heart within, like a great hot wave.”

They hate the life which is breaking to pieces about them and they have a faith which is still rather blind, that somehow they will make it different. But will they? Or, will adult life sweep them into the economic clash and the war of parties and Nations?

Perhaps that is too much to hope. At least a freer and more wholesome social life is coming through the Youth Movement. New sources of human joy also, or rather, the old, old sources, from which the raking teeth of pain and struggle have torn the choking of dead leaves.

Youth pays a heavy price in Germany, for the shadow of hunger and death and National humiliation has fallen on each young soul, and there is a steady, serious look in their eyes which the youth of our land do not know.

Are they groping after some new conception of religion? Are they building a bridge once more between Devas and men, as one of the phases of the dawning life of the new sub-race, in which Devas and men will co-operate with each other, and thus “reap the highest good”?

I must not forget that I was speaking of the “League of Youth Series,” when I went off on this excursus. There is a No. 3, *The League of Youth*, itself. From this address spoken to a meeting of students at the Victoria Hostel, Madras, I must cull a para from the Rectorial Address given by Sir James Barrie last year to the students of St. Andrew's University in Scotland.

How to make a practical advance? The League of Nations is a very fine thing, but it cannot save you, because it will be run by us. Beware your betters bringing presents. What is wanted is something run by yourselves. You have more in common with the Youth of other lands than Youth and Age can ever have with each other; even the hostile countries sent out many a son very like ours, from the same sort of homes, the same sort of universities, who had as little to do as our Youth had with the origin of the Great Adventure. Can we doubt that many of those on both sides who have gone over and were once opponents are now friends? You ought to have a League of Youth of all countries as your beginning, ready to say to all Governments: “We will fight each other but only when we are sure of the necessity.” Are you equal to your job, you young men? If not, I call upon the red-gowned women to lead the way.

It seems as though the old people were in a conspiracy to yoke the Youth of the world to the pole of the world's chariot. I did not know all this when I wrote, last March, under the buoyant figure of Youth on our cover: “Youth comes to re-shape the world.”

We print a very interesting article by Alice Solcmon, entitled “What Young Germany is Thinking,” (from the *Nation and the Athenæum*), which is the more informative when compared with the account above given by Anna Louise Strong, an American, who moved sympathetically among them. (This appeared in *Hearst's Illustrated*.) Each recognises the unity, the “return to Nature,” the revolt against the strict routine and discipline of the pre-War days. These days made machine-soldiers who died to order, and had been drilled into a War-instru-

ment, with human initiative and instincts eliminated. The present movement, while it may run into occasional extremes, has all the free, healthy feelings and aspirations of Youth, and it will learn from its own blunders, and develop the flowers of wisdom from the bulbs of its mistakes. Let them grow in the free air and the sunshine, and they will adorn a New Nation.

Mr. R. K. Phatke, a very eminent Bombay Sculptor, asks me to mention that the statue of Shivâji, of which we gave two photographs last month, is his work. We do so with great pleasure, for we did know it when we printed the photographs. Any visitor to Bombay who desires to see admirable Indian sculpture, may well pay a visit to his Fine Arts Works; his studio is in New Charni Road.

December 1 is the birthday of George Sydney Arundale, and *The Young Citizen*, and thousands of Young Citizens, scattered over the world, send him loving greetings. How many has he cheered in their sorrow, encouraged after their falls, stood by in their distress. They are the witnesses to his worth. There is nowhere a more loyal and loving friend, a more steadfast comrade. He is a man who, before all else, is a good citizen, one who is good to live with in sunshine and storm, in work and in play. If any one asked me: “What is the most marked feature in George Arundale?” my answer would be: He never says an unkind word of any one, even of those who “use him out of kind”; he always finds an excuse for a wrong-doer, while never palliating the wrong; he seems to put himself *inside* an offender, and to feel just why he acted as he did.” The good citizen is the man who is fit to live in society, the antithesis of the barbarian, the man fit only for the jungle. No one ever wants to send George Arundale to the jungle. And, let me whisper it, lest he should hear me say so—there are some people whom one would, now and again, like to send thither for a time. May God bless George Arundale.

In The World's Service

The Masters

OR

THE WORLD'S RULERS, TEACHERS AND GUIDES

BY A DISCIPLE

LET us this month take for our contemplation that August Group of Super-human Men, who are vowed to the Service of the World, to the helping of humanity. Clothed in bodies of flesh, but with the Spirit free, bound in these bodies by physical limitations, but using them as houses to dwell in, not as prisons to be fettered in, this wonderful group, each in closest touch with all the rest, though living thousands of miles apart, scattered over the world, this group of the Masters of Wisdom and Compassion exists for the helping of man.

Guardians of the World, They are sometimes called, because the world is divided into areas, each of which is under the care of a Master. They set up and pull down the so-called leaders of the people; They select and reject the candidates for great offices; Kings and statesmen, generals and politicians, are the pawns in Their mighty game. The game is evolution, and its end is the redemption of Humanity from ignorance into knowledge, from slavery into freedom, from darkness into light, from death into immortality. To Them goes up perpetually the ancient prayer:

From the unreal lead me to the Real.
From darkness lead me to Light.
From death lead me to Immortality.

Wherever that prayer is breathed, Their ear is open to it.

Wherever man's heart aspires, Their hearts respond.

Elder Brothers are They—it is the title They gave Themselves, when Their disciple and

messenger, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, came out into a mocking world to declare once more that They lived and loved. They are "Brothers," because They have realised the One Self, and know that the Self who lives in Them lives equally in the lowest and the vilest, though wrapped in a thicker and more opaque veil. They are "Elder," because They have hastened on along the road of evolution more rapidly than we with our feebler steps, and, being thus ahead of us, They, our Elders, can aid our faltering feet.

Masters They are, because some of Them take pupils, whom They train to be Their helpers in the Service of the World. They lead these pupils along the road which they Themselves have trodden, and just because They have trodden it, They are able to guide Their pupils. They know its pitfalls and its difficulties; They have faced and overcome its dangers; They have suffered, so can help the suffering; They have triumphed, so can lead to victory.

What are Masters? They are men who have evolved during past ages, through hundreds of lives like our own; They, in the past, lived and loved and wrought and toiled as we are living, loving, working, toiling now. They are bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; They belong to our own humanity, and differ from us in nothing save that They are older and more advanced than we are. They are not placid Gods in a far-off heaven. They are men on our earth, who have conquered death, who have won Immortality. By treading the Path of

Holiness, They have reached Perfection. They have achieved Freedom. They live in the Eternal. But being perfect, They remain to help us who are imperfect; being free, They have put on the chains of Love which bind Them to suffering humanity; having realised Eternity, They stay amid the shadows of time until we also realise. They have opened the gateway of Bliss, and They hold it open, standing beside it, that we may all enter in before Them, for They, who were the first to achieve, have made Themselves the last to enjoy. O Perfect Love!

You might think that men would love Them for Their great love to men. But that is not so. The world loves its own, and hates those who are of Their world. The world scoffs at the idea of Those who are so utterly unlike itself. The world mocks and derides Those who would help it, and calls Them ill names, nay, disbelieves in Their very existence. When one of Them comes out He is persecuted, since the greatest Teacher came as "the Christ," and was murdered by those whom He sought to help.

The world gave the hemlock-cup to Socrates. It struck off the head of Paul. It chased Muhammad from home as fugitive. It burned Bruno at the stake. It has slain its prophets, tortured its benefactors, trampled underfoot its teachers. It has ever a crown of thorns for its Christs, and saves its thieves while it crucifies its Saviors. So if any of you, Youths and Maidens, would tread the Path of Holiness to its ending, you must make strong your hearts, you must be ready to

Endure, endure, be faithful to the end.

There is a Path. Despite all the materialistic folly of modern sceptics, there is a Path, and it can be trodden by the Brave and the Pure. The Masters stand at its Gateway, and none but They can throw it open to the aspiring candidate. It is the Path of Initiation, the Path that leads to the Perfect Service of the World. Happy, despite the stones and the thorns which await them, are they to whom the gateway is thrown open. "They shall see the KING in His Beauty, in the land that is very far off."

To the Fallen in Battle

They shall not grow old, as we
that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them,
nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
and in the morning,
We will remember them.
They mingle not with their
laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar
tables at home;
They have no lot in our labor
of the daytime;
They sleep beyond the foam.
But, where our desires are and
our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is
hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their
own land, they are known
As the stars are known to the night.
As the stars that shall be bright
when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the
heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in
the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

Lawrence Banyon

Buddhist Stories

VII

HONOR THY MOTHER AND FATHER *

AT Savatthi, so the story goes, a certain Brāhmana, worth eight hundred thousand, had four sons. When they came of age, he married them off with portions of a hundred thousand each. When the old lady died, those sons put their heads together and said: "If the old man takes another wife and has children by her, our family will be split in two. Come, now, let us try to win his favor!"

So they plied him with the choicest food and clothes, shampooed his hands and feet, and waited upon him. One day he took a nap, and when he woke, as they rubbed his hands and feet, they turned the talk upon the inconveniences of his living apart from them: "As long as you live, father," said they, "we'll have a care of you like this. Give us the rest of your wealth, father."

So the old man gave them another hundred thousand each, and, keeping for himself a bare suit of clothes, divided all his wealth into four parts and handed it over.

The eldest son took charge of him for a few days. But one day, when he came home after taking a bath, his son's wife was standing at the door and asked him: "Did you give your eldest son a hundred or a thousand pieces more than the others? No! I'm sure you gave the others a couple of thousand each. Why don't you learn the way to the house of your other sons?" "O vile creature!" said the old man angrily, and went forthwith to the house of one of the other sons. There, also, after the lapse of a few days, he was driven out in the same way; so he changed his residence again, till he found no welcome anywhere.

So he joined an Order of the Fair-skinned Mendicants, renounced the worldly life and wandered about begging his bread, till in the course of time, through scanty fare and hard lodging, he became a broken-down old man with shrivelled limbs. Then, returning from his begging-round one day, as he lay on his back, he fell asleep. On awaking he sat up, looked himself over, and, seeing no hope of

shelter with his sons, he thought: "They say the ascetic Gautama is a kindly-looking, plain-spoken man, with ever a pleasant word and welcome for one and all. If I went to the ascetic Gautama, I might get a friendly greeting there."

So, donning his outer robe and taking his begging bowl, he started off and came into the presence of the Exalted One. [In the words of the Scriptures: "Now a certain Brāhmana, who was once a man of substance, clad in rough robes, in coarse garments, came into the presence of the Exalted One, and so forth..."] Well, the Master greeted him in kindly fashion as he sat at one side and asked: "Why, Brāhmana, art thou so roughly, coarsely clad?" And he replied: "Master Gautama, I have four sons, who, yielding to their wives' advice, have driven me forth from the house."

"Then, Brāhmana," said the Master, "thou must learn by heart these verses, and recite them when all the folk are gathered in the Mote-Hall, while your sons are seated there:

They whose very life I longed for,
They whose birth once gave me joy,
With their wicked wives consulting—
Like a pig they drive me forth.
Lying scoundrels, they say: "Father!"
Devils in the guise of children,
They desert me in mine age.

As a worn-out steed goes foodless
When his working-days are o'er—
I, the sire of fools, an elder,
Beg my bread from others' doors.
Better far than sons disloyal
Is for me my trusty staff.
That can drive away a mad bull,
That can fend a savage dog.
In the dark, it goes before one,
In the deeps it finds a footing,
By its help one keeps from stumbling.

Thus taught by the Master, the Brāhmana learned the verses by heart, and, on the day appointed for the gathering of the Brāhmanas, waiting till his sons, adorned in all their finery, had entered the Mote-Hall and had sat down

* In India the mother always comes first.

The Story is perhaps a basis for the tale of King Lear.

in the seats of the mighty amid the Brāhmanas: "Now's my time," said he, and walked into their midst, and holding up his hand exclaimed:

"I would fain sing ye some verses. Give heed, I pray!"

"Sing on, Brāhmana," said they. "We are listening."

So he stood there and chanted his verses. Now at that time there was this law among men: "Whoso devoureth the substance of mother and father, and cherisheth not mother and father, let him die the death." Wherefore that Brāhmana's sons came and fell at their father's feet and begged their lives. The old man, in the tenderness of his heart, said: "Slay not my sons, friends, for surely they will cherish me."

Then said the clansmen to those sons: "See here, masters! If ye cherish not your father right carefully from this day forth, we will slay you."

Terrified by this threat, they set their father on a seat, and themselves carried him home, anointed his body with oil, rubbed him well with scented oil and sandalwood, sent for their wives and gave orders thus: "From this day forth, do ye cherish our father right carefully; and if ye are remiss, we shall be harsh upon you." And so they fed him with the choicest food.

So the Brāhmana, being well fed and lodged, after some days regained his health and strength, As he looked himself over, he reflected: "All this good luck I've won is due to the ascetic Gautama." So as a recompense for that he took a pair of cloths and went to the Exalted One, greeted him in friendly wise, sat down at one side, laid the present at his feet and said: "Master Gautama, we Brāhmanas always offer the teacher's gift to the teacher. May the worshipful Gautama accept this teacher's gift from me."

The Exalted One, out of compassion for him, accepted it and expounded the Truth unto him. At the end of the discourse, the Brāhmana, being established in the Refuge, exclaimed: "Master Gautama, I am given a four-fold dole, a stand-

ing dole of rice by my sons. Two of these doles I give to thee."

Then said the Master: "I thank you, Brāhmana, but I shall go for meals to whom I feel inclined," and so rejected his offer. So the Brāhmana went home and said to his sons: "My lads, the ascetic Gautama is a friend of mine. I've offered him two doles of rice. Be not remiss in your duties."

"Very well," said they, consenting.

Next day the Master, while on his begging rounds, stopped at the door of the old man's eldest son, who, on seeing the Master, took his bowl, made him enter the house, seated him on the seat of honor and served him with the choicest food. Next day the Master visited the house of another son, and thus in order visited all four, and all honored him in like manner.

One day when a festival was going on, the eldest son said to his father: "Father, to whom shall we give a feast?" "I know none other than the ascetic Gautama," said the father, "who is my friend."

"Then invite him to tomorrow's meal with a great company of brethren," said the son. The Brāhmana did so, and next day the Master with all his following came to the house. Then in his house, strewn with greenery and decked with all manner of finery, the Brāhmana made the Master sit down in front of the order of brethren, and served them with thick sweet soup and choice food, both hard and soft; and when the meal was over, the four sons came and sat at the Master's feet and said: "Master Gautama, now we are cherishing our father. We are not remiss therein. Behold, how well he looks!"

Then said the Master: "I see it. Ye have done well. To cherish mother and father was a duty enjoined by the wise men of olden days."

Whereupon he told them The Story of the Nāga King who cherished his mother. But that is another story.

F. L. WOODWARD

(Translated from the Commentary on the Dhammapada.)

BE so filled with the intense desire of service that you are ever on the watch to render it to all around you—not to man alone, but even to animals and plants. You must render it in small things every day, that the habit may be formed, so that you may not miss the rare opportunity when the great thing offers itself to be done. For if you yearn to be one with God, it is not for your own sake: It is that you may be a channel through which His love may flow to reach your fellow-men.—At the Feet of the Master

The Young Citizen

BY G. S. ARUNDALE, M. A., LL. B.

I AM moved to occupy the space available to me, under the above heading, with reports of the many activities taking place in connection with that great awakening of Youth all over the world to their duties and responsibilities, which is causing the young-hearted among the elders so much hope and joy with regard to the future. We elders have hardly made the world a fit place for God's children to live in, still less for heroes to live in. But I verily believe that Youth is now set to its Great Adventure of world-reshaping on the foundations of Brotherhood and Peace.

In my pamphlet entitled *The Brotherhood of Youth* (T. P. H., Adyar, Madras, S., As. 3-6 post free, 25 copies Rs. 3-8. post free), I have endeavored to give a sketch of these Youth movements throughout the world, and I would ask everyone interested in Youth to read it, as also my *To the Youth of the World*, which appeared in last month's issue of *The Young Citizen* (and which may be had from the T. P. H. at An. 1-6 per copy, or Rs. 2 for 50 copies, post free). Another leaflet just issued is *The League of Youth* (An. 1-6 per copy, Rs. 2 for 50 copies, post free), being the report of my address to a gathering of Madras students on the desirability of forming a League of Youth in India with the following objects:*

THE INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF YOUTH

(Indian Section)

AN ORGANISATION TO PROMOTE BROTHERLY SPIRIT

National and International

NATIONAL

In the Political Field.—By studying the political situation and the country's political needs, so as to be active and useful citizens, preferring the country's interests to their own.

* These objects have since been adopted at a meeting held in Madras on the 15th November, a Madras Branch of the Indian Section having been formed with Messrs V. K. Krishna Menon, B. A., and E. N. Subramaniam, B. A., Y. M. I. A., Armenian Street, Madras, E., as Conveners of the Provisional Council, formed at the same time. Next month I hope to give further information.

In the Social Field.—By studying the social situation and the country's social needs, including educational, which are the basis of all remedies, and by endeavoring practically to work for the removal of unbrotherliness and the alleviation of misery in this field.

In the Religious Field.—By studying the religious situation and the country's religious needs, and by promoting religious respect and tolerance among the various religions of the country.

INTERNATIONAL

By studying the international situation and the world's international needs, and by endeavoring to promote a spirit of Brotherhood, mutual respect and understanding among the Nations of the world.

It must be clearly understood that no propaganda of a sectarian nature must be made in the name of the League in any field of activity, or carried on in or through the League Organisation. But every member is left individually free to do the work which seems to him best.

The League shall have power to affiliate any Youth Organisations which generally agree with its principles, so that, while not interfering with each other's activities, all may be able to take concerted action for any common purpose that may arise.

There shall be no subscription nor rules. The work of the League shall be carried on by voluntary donations.

The three publications are now gathered under a series called "The League of Youth Series," to which will be added other leaflets and pamphlets as occasion arises. I trust every reader of *The Young Citizen* will buy large numbers of them all for wide distribution.

It is abundantly clear that these Youth movements have a very important function to fulfil in the rebuilding of the world, and it is not a little significant that in the case of them all, without exception, so far as I am aware, the dominant note is the note of Brotherhood. I regard this as the most remarkable testimony to the vision of the great Founders of the Theosophical

Society who, nearly 50 years ago, sounded, in the midst of growing unbrotherliness, that little note of Brotherhood, sought at the time by its enemies to be drowned in the surrounding clash of discord, but braving the storm, growing ever stronger as the years passed, thanks to the fine courage of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the 19th century apostle of Brotherhood, and now a great harmony to which is to-day being added the vibrant and enthusiastic chorus of Youth.

Here, for example, is the proclamation of "Young England":

"YOUNG ENGLAND" is the name of the newly-formed British branch of the "Mouvement International de la Jeunesse," which had its origin, and now, has its headquarters, in Switzerland. It is an association of young people of various countries, kinds, and creeds, in a common effort of international goodwill expressed in action: i. e., the relief of those less fortunate than themselves, the children who are suffering in all lands.

"YOUNG ENGLAND" has adopted as its watchword the motto of the International Youth Movement, "The Young for the Young". It has formulated its aims in sympathy with those of the young workers of the brother-Nations, as follows:

1. To open the way to a sympathy and understanding between young people of all Nations, and so to lay the foundations of a better and more peaceful world.
2. To respect with perfect courtesy the Nationality and National sentiment, the principles and personal convictions, and the political and religious beliefs of each member of their community.
3. As a practical expression of their ideals, to do all they can to save, protect, and preserve children everywhere, whose lives or welfare are endangered by starvation or conditions of acute distress; and in furtherance of this object to stimulate and direct the efforts of the Young in the cause of the Young, utilising the Save the Children Fund as the medium for the receipt and administration of the contributions raised by this means.

Under the wing of the International Union of the Save the Children Fund in Geneva, and the Save the Children Fund in London, the newly-constituted British Branch now looks towards the Youth of England, at school or at home, in the fortunate British Islands, for membership and for co-operation. If you believe what we believe, then join us, Young England says.

Practical Objects

Young England, as may be seen in its aims, intends to do, as well as to be. It is to be a frater-

nity: it is to do greatly-needed work. The International Youth Movement, of which it is a part, has helped and will help, in the best way and with the best advice at call, the children and the helpless who are suffering and beaten down, everywhere: it wants to hold a hand to them as their friend. How has this been done already? A little account of the origin of the movement will explain.

History of the Youth Movement

As far back as 1923, a group of schoolboys in Lausanne collected among themselves, of their own accord, 500 francs for the relief of the terrible child-district in Austria, of which they were hearing daily. The idea of the young lending a hand to the young spread; by the end of the year, the Mouvement de la Jeunesse Suisse Romande was in existence with 1,500 members. It grew, and had just been organised throughout Switzerland, when the terrible calamity of the Russian Famine horrified the world. The "young for the young" movement sprang to the assistance of the starving Russian children. So splendid was their effort, organised by themselves, that the International Union of the Save the Children Fund in Geneva gave them ready assistance in enlarging the scope of their work. They became an International Movement of Youth, rapidly; because similar movements of young people and students in Belgium, Sweden, Holland and other countries, finding that their aims matched those of the Swiss pioneers, joined hands with them. Within two years from that small beginning at Lausanne, it could be called a World Movement of Youth. A Congress of the National Sections at Geneva, in March, 1922, established an International Secretariat of Youth in that town, to co-ordinate the different and independent activities of the branches in the different countries, and to extend the Movement by publishing and explaining its aims.

"YOUNG ENGLAND," the British Branch, was organised in time for the second Congress of Youth held at Brussels, in April, 1923, which seven British delegates attended. Determined to carry their principles into action, "Young England" promoted and helped to finance the first united relief effort of the whole Youth Movement for children: an International Camp at Graz, in Austria, for 400 underfed and weakly children from various countries, including Russian refugees. This camp has, during the past summer (1923), been successfully carried through.

Next month I shall have the pleasure to allude to other movements, including the International Youth Movement started in Denmark, and to record the work being done among the Young Theosophists.

HATS OFF

A boy [in Europe] should take off his hat as a mark of respect to ladies, elders, and superiors. It seems an odd sort of thing to do. Why should he bare his head? What does it mean?

Well, it means this. In olden times, knights went about in armor; but, when they found themselves amongst friends, they took off the helmet that protected their heads. This was as much as to say: "We trust you; we are safe in your company."

according to their lack of idiosyncrasies. Inconspicuousness, in one quarter of the House at least, seems to have been elevated into a political virtue. Whilst the Unionists chose a leader because he wore an eyeglass with hereditary aptitude, and Liberal statesmen vied with one another in the wild exuberance of their Gladstonian coiffure, Labor remained faithful to the less adventurous charms of Mr. Henderson and Mr. Clynes. Other parties might seek figureheads in the rich pictorial manner of Sir John Tenniel and F. C. G. But Labor, so far as one can judge by results, has set its heart on a Front Bench designed by the sober pencil of Mr. George Morrow.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a brave continuation of this austere tradition. In a party which abounds in rich curves and sudden contrasts of emotion (and even of color), he presents a plain rectangular appearance, a warning, it may be, to the more rococo figures to which other parties have vowed allegiance. Mr. H. G. Wells somewhere denounced the politics of the Nineteenth Century as a sort of procession of big-heads from a pantomime, and rejoiced over the disappearance of the effigy. Perhaps we are arriving slowly at an age of pure reason, when the public will be equal to distinguishing the rival leaders of political thought by their ideas without relying, as at present it has come to rely almost entirely, on the competing achievements of their barbers and their tailors.

But Mr. MacDonald's leadership is more significant than that. He represents with rare completeness the articulate element of the Labor Movement. Every party consists of a head and a tail; it is almost always the head that does the talking. But in Labor, there is a sharper contrast than elsewhere between the little sentient, speaking group at the top, and the vast, unapproachable, inarticulate mass that votes by the hundred-thousand at card-votes in Trade Union Congresses. The head so manifestly, even a shade pretentiously, cerebrates; and the remainder of the party acquiesces with amazing completeness in the humbler functions of the body. Mr. Clynes and, before him, Mr. Henderson were vaguely typical of the body of the party. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald represents the head. It is a quarter from which few political parties have chosen their leaders, since the Country party acquiesced helplessly in Mr. Disraeli.

There has always been a faint touch of arrogance about Labor thought, a tendency in its leading thinkers to reply to argument with the superior snigger of the man who knows better. Perhaps they learned it at the Fabian Society. Conceivably, it is

a distant echo of the titter with which Mr. Bernard Shaw answers the riddle of the universe. But it is an unfortunate mannerism in statesmen. Long practice in the character of a disillusioned minority has impaired the charm of their expressions; they have sat far too long with curling lips, listening to the bandied futilities of effete and competing Capitalist disputants, to confront their future as National leaders with the open brow and the level eye of assured authority. There is an irritating tendency (one has seen it in the early history of most parties) to assume that decent motives and common intelligence reside solely within their own ranks. Suspicious of monopolies, they cherish a belief in their own monopoly of common-sense; and sometimes it takes the more fantastic form of an almost Islamic fanaticism, a hastily muttered creed that there is one economic way of salvation and one Prophet.

In the superior hierarchy of the faith, somewhere between the persistent cerebration of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb and the hoarse-voiced idealism of the *Daily Herald*, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has for long occupied an honorable position. His powers of speech endeared him to the dark masses of the rank and file to an extent unattainable by the busy typewriters of the Intellectual; whilst a steady stream of little text-books on Socialism demonstrated that he also was among the prophets. A visit to India was followed, as it so often is, by a complete grasp of Indian problems; and Mr. MacDonald added to the widening circle of his admirers that curious group of inverted Jingoists for whom the British Empire is a place upon which the sun is perpetually setting, and no Englishman, if he has committed the supreme indiscretion of entering the service of his country, can do right. The War added a more questionable contribution to his record, although it afforded to him (as to so many others in humbler but perhaps more useful capacities) the opportunity for a demonstration of high courage.

Himself a queer blend of conflicting elements, he is an apt leader of a party which is as fascinating an amalgam as Burke's tessellated pavement. He brings to the work a sense of dignity; and one can only hope that he will succeed in imparting to his friends a sense of proportion. One can never forget that, when a caricaturist of genius committed the supreme offence of depicting the Labor Party more as a human—all too human—being with a rather unsatisfactory moustache, than as a young man or woman of divine beauty and superhuman size, the *Daily Herald* charged him with bad taste, and that the accused of Mr. George Lansbury was Mr. Max Beerbohm.

Some Incidents of the Late War

BY A COMBATANT

PART I: HOLDING THE LINE

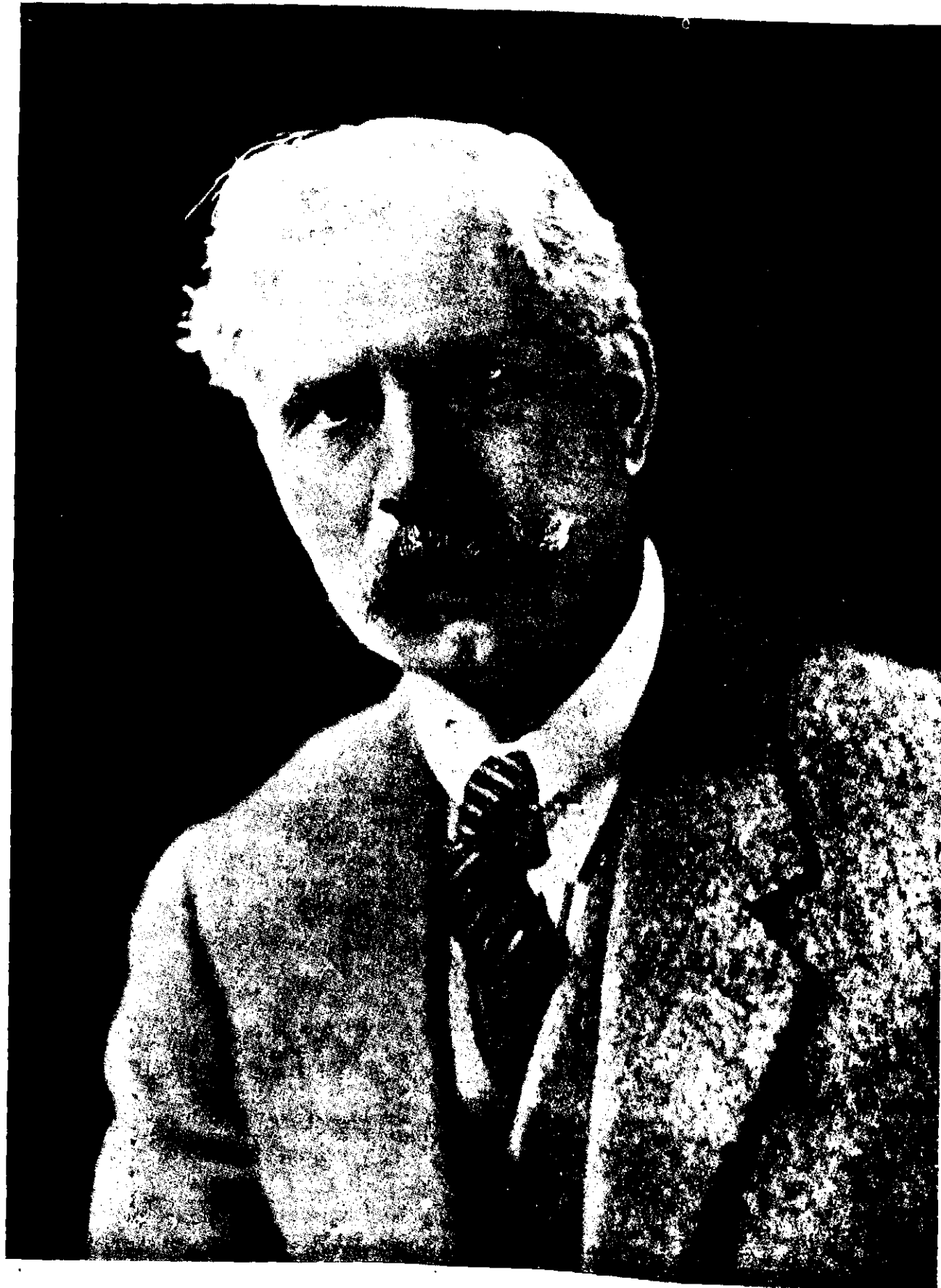
EDDIE Jacks was a simple soul, entirely unconscious of his sustained heroism through the innumerable tests and distresses that active service entails, especially to the Tommy. He had been one of those enthusiasts who had enlisted before the War in the Territorials, and, therefore, keen and ready already, when War was declared in August, 1914. After a tedious time of waiting from August to the following March of 1915, in which the Division to which Eddie belonged was beginning to suffer from overtraining at a small town near the East Coast, the order came from Headquarters to prepare for Active Service. The time for preparation was very short, new rifles and equipment arrived, and, to the men's delight, not long after, they found themselves crossing the Channel early in April, 1915, one cold morning, and arriving at Boulogne after an easy passage ready to entrain for some unknown destination somewhere near the front, it was rumored. Then the Battalion began to test its enthusiasm by undergoing the tedious discomfort of entraining: men were huddled together, packed very close, like kine, in what had previously been cattle trucks, for hours together, whilst the train bumped slowly along lines badly in need of attention and repair. Later, Eddie and his companions experienced the peculiar fatigue entailed by marching upon cobble-stones of which the Belgian roads mainly consist; their monotonous course seems to go on eternally without bend or slope to relieve them, a sore test to weary ankles, constantly turning over, weighed down by heavy pack, rifle and equipment, containing the inevitable "one hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition" (though miles from the trenches), that "Army Orders" insisted upon. Though others had begun to grumble after the first fifteen miles or so, Eddie bounced along like a rubber ball, joking and laughing, in spite of his short, fat and unwieldy form, which must have been a cumbersome thing to manage at the best of times.

Yet Eddie seemed always cheerful, even under the most depressing conditions, and sustained this attitude through the first six months of very hard work, when the Division was forced to remain near the line without rest or interval, owing to the shortage of troops. In those days, there were only the Regulars, worn out with the strain of the previous nine months, since the declaration of War. These were

attempting nothing more than to hold the trenches through the winter, very insufficiently supported by artillery behind. The Germans were in no better case, and both sides contented themselves by working endlessly in strengthening their respective positions, with raising the trenches and improving their surroundings generally. "The Terriers," as they were called, had come to relieve "the Regulars," but fondly imagined that their position was but a temporary one, as they but waited for the New Kitchener's Army (also Regulars) to take over from them in turn. When "Kitchener's" arrived, however, they were only too obviously inferior to the "Terriers," who had gone through a strenuous training for some years before the War, and were therefore, naturally, better equipped for active service than Kitchener's Army, which had tried to acquire in times of stress during the period of the last six months what the others had been able to absorb long before, first in peace time, and then on the Coast of Kent for the same period, whilst the New Army were acquiring the elements of drill and discipline.

The "Terriers" had but repeated the programme of the Regulars, firing off endless rounds of ammunition, more or less meaninglessly, during "Stand-To!" at dawn (an extravagance that was curtailed later). But there were equally endless "working parties" filling sand-bags and repairing trenches generally, with frequent incursions into what was called "No-Man's Land," the area of ground between the opposing armies' trenches, at night, in order to cut down the long summer grass, which might prove excellent cover for the enemy to make at attack. The hours of Eddie's battalion, during the night, were four hours at work (or sentry duty) and two off, which proved such a strain for some that, occasionally, the most careless amongst them would drop off to sleep, out there in the long grass, relying upon their more cautious companions to wake them when the first streaks of light heralded the dawn upon the horizon.

On the whole, the discipline was strict, even out of the trenches, when it might more easily have been dropped, considering the tension, sustained strain and overwork the men were compelled to endure through shortage of troops, so that both officers and men were capable and efficient in trench warfare after six months of such. Therefore, when



A Man of the Hour

MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M. P.

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

(From the Illustrated London News)

WHEN history comes, as they say, to be written instead of being merely made by persons who have not read any, there will be something quite interesting to say about English politics. . . . Politics, since 1800, have been the British substitute for a revolution. There is a shrewd saying somewhere in the scattered wisdom of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, that the greatest historical event of the Nineteenth Century was the English Revolution which omitted to take place between the years 1829 and 1832. One may add, without discourtesy, that his greatest historical work is the one which he has omitted to write about it. There, at any rate, in the years between Waterloo and the Reform Bill, was a corner which Great Britain managed to turn by political teamwork, whilst almost every Continental contemporary preferred to swing round it on one wheel in the sharp movement of a revolution. There was some jolting, a little cracking of the whip, a faint apprehension among the more nervous passengers. But they managed somehow to prevent the leaders from kicking over the traces, and to keep the vehicle on the road with King William on top of it; and the old gentlemen in the rumble continued to talk politics, whilst their neighbors on the Continent were talking barricades. It was unheroic; it was almost dull. But it was a method by which England managed to transform itself without the more dramatic cut and thrust of a revolution.

That, or something like it, has once again been the course of English politics in more recent times; and the historian will have much the same story to tell of Mr. Asquith and his sprightlier contemporaries, as he had about Lord Grey and the men of the first Reform Bill. There is once more the slow drift of parties, the eddy of personalities, which took the British Empire and its mixed cargo out of the world revolution of 19. . . one forgets the date. The story is queer and crowded and full of earnest gentlemen in pince-nez. One can see the odd transformation of the Victorian scene which followed the Boer War, the marshalling of the new forces in the wings as Mr. Balfour lounged in the centre of the stage, and then the slow surge of the crowds which filled the scene and elbowed the principals off the boards. One hopes that the ending, when it comes, will be a happy ending. But it is a strange story.

Unhappily for our pride, perhaps, we shall never read it, because it is a dismal convention that

history is never written until it is not worth reading. Most of us were taught at school that the story of mankind ended in the year 1832. A younger and more adventurous generation may have penetrated the jungle as far as 1886. It is even conceivable that in some of the more daring Infant Schools they have reached the accession of King Edward VII. But contemporary history will not be written until we are all past reading, and by a pleasing and recurrent irony it will be completely wasted on the generation which is privileged to study it. Patient researches will excavate all the mysteries that excite our wildest conjectures. The soul of Mr. Z, the secret motives of Sir W. V., the eternal riddle of Lord Y., will be laid bare before a roomful of bored students; and our masters will be eviscerated in an empty operating theatre. The cornucopia of history will pour revelations in more than Rasputinian profusion before our dull-eyed descendants; and a languid posterity will turn an apathetic stare on the true story of Mr. Lloyd George. They will find Mr. Churchill and his Bolsheviks as dreary as King Alfred and the cakes; and aspirants to the doctorates of universities as yet undreamt of will present theses on the British Labor Movement. One hastens, with the true humility of a mere contemporary, to submit a few notes for their guidance.

The Movement (one shrinks from the admission in a study of its titular leader) is more remarkable for its facts than for its figures. There is something impressive in the evolution of British Socialism from an imported fad with a slightly German accent into the accepted doctrine of organised Labor; and the rapid expansion of the Party, which once was almost covered by the brim of Mr. John Burns's straw hat, is a solid and significant fact. But in its progress through Terror (as Mr. Lloyd George used to say) to Triumph it has been strikingly unproductive of those figures by which Englishmen love to identify their political parties. In the days when Mr. Gladstone wore a collar and Lord Beaconsfield a forelock, it was so easy to be either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative. But Labor has been singularly sparing of such meretricious aids to the National memory. Refusing resolutely to be identified with the personal characteristics of Mr. Keir Hardie, it appears ever since to have selected its leaders

the first of Kitchener's Army (during the summer of 1915) arrived—rushed out to relieve them—they appeared a more or less scattery and incoherent body of troops to those who had had far more experience, but had become, like others at home, hypnotised with the name of "Kitchener," and had imagined that that individual could perform miracles in the shortest possible space of time. In spite of the temporary satisfaction caused by the inevitable comparison between "Terriers" and the new Regulars on the part of the former, it began to dawn upon the less sanguine amongst them that others would make a similar discovery and so frustrate the delightful rumor (hitherto almost universally believed by the men), alleged to have arisen from official sources, that henceforth, being volunteers (as opposed to the new Regular Army which had signed for "duration"), their energies would be confined to activities at the base near the coast of France, or still better, (delightful thought!) defending the home country. This sanguine view had never been shared by two of Eddie's companions, who, being of the professional class at home, naturally had more experience and insight into what was going on around them, and, therefore, had no delusions with regard to the future.

During the early autumn of 1914, many young enthusiasts of the professional classes had enlisted in the ranks, only too anxious to "do their bit" in "the War that was to end all wars," and thereby arrive at the seat of action all the sooner. Some of these had enlisted in what was called "The Artists Corps," a body, like the Territorials, that had been formed previous to the declaration of War. The former, however, as a corps, was more or less confined to acting as guards to various H. Q. behind the line, for some years, until individual members thereof, sick of routine work and inaction, obtained commissions in other regiments; but in the case of Eddie's companions, by enlisting in the ranks they were able to reach the "Firing Line" early in 1915, though they had only enlisted during October of the previous year. Both Kelts, one of Welsh and Cornish descent, a lawyer by profession, and the other from Scotland, they had another link in common besides, and shared a mutual amazement at the slap-dash, happy-go-lucky attitude of these primitive Anglo-Saxons about them, by whom the hidden motives of their superiors were never, even remotely, sensed or located: an attitude towards life which has caused them, as a race, ever patient, to be unconsciously exploited over and over again by the unscrupulous but successful politician, or the obstinate prejudices of their ruling classes.

The two Kelts had watched sardonically the hawk-eyed gaze of their Divisional Commander upon occasional parades, and had divined from his expression that he had no intention of retiring from the scene of action, so anxiously desired by his men, now weary from six months unrelieved work in the trenches. This General had previously commanded a Regular Division during the Great Retreat of 1914, which, somehow, had reflected somewhat severely upon his capacity as a soldier. The result was, it was rumored, that he had been reduced to commanding a Territorial Division, and seeing what excellent stuff it was made of, and being an ambitious man, he determined to recover his position, if possible, by means of this fortunate mishap.

The result was that the Division was hurried up into another part of the line, hearing the sounds of a terrific bombardment (as it seemed then), behind them as they left the old trenches. This was an attack made by the enemy upon the new troops, which had been discovered somehow (there were many native spies in Belgium) and instantly taken advantage of, though for some reason or other unknown, they had never attempted anything of the sort whilst the Terriers had held them during the previous six months.

The new trenches had entailed a complete change, a long journey by train and equally tedious marches of 15 to 20 miles, though not on cobble stones, the new area being France. The roads, however, that were traversed, though miles behind the line, were in a shocking condition, cut-up by numberless gun carriages and transport, on their way to the trenches, and, therefore, not improved by heavy showers of rain, which seemed both heavy and incessant, to the sodden troops anxious for the shelter of any lousy old barn, in order that they might lie down and sleep the heavy sleep of the weary and heavily laden.

This part of the line was ultimately destined to become famous for a terrible but useless attack upon the enemy; at the time, however, when "the Terriers" relieved the French, it was very quiet. The previous occupants had been both casual as to strengthening their position and indifferent as to cleanliness and comfort. The trenches and the reserve dug-outs were unspeakably filthy and neglected, and the tired troops had immediately to clean up in the most strenuous way before anything else could be done, with much genial grumbling and badinage. The trenches in Belgium had contained mere shelters in the way of dug-outs, only large enough to contain two or three men huddled close together like dogs in a kennel. These contraptions

consisted entirely of sand-bags piled one on top of another and were not even dug down below the bottom of the trench; though you had to stoop to the level of your waist to enter some and crawl on your hands and knees to enter others, they were comparatively free from body vermin, which was not the case in the French trenches. These last had been dug out some feet below the bottom of the trench; they also were much longer, capable of containing 20 to 25 men in a row, supported by wooden beams above, and though you had to stoop to enter them, crawling on hands and knees was unnecessary. Men not only found themselves devoured by lice, but had to maintain a daily and strenuous search for the same in order to keep them down. The Army grey shirt seemed especially designed both in color and texture to maintain these vermin in indefinite security. They concealed themselves during the day in the thick seams, emerging in a leisurely fashion at night, when the men were tired and sleepy to do their best to wake them again. Rats, also, would casually traverse a Tommy's face, had he left it uncovered in a rash moment, so that the men took to the very bad habit of sleeping with their faces entirely covered. The village H....., immediately behind the line, had been badly shelled previously, when the Germans and French had alternately taken and retaken it. There was not a house but had its windows blown out; most of the doors also had been consumed as wood for the French soldiers, but they almost all contained cellars, and these were the billets of the men when not actually in the trenches. These cellars were rarely larger than 12ft. by 12, yet they would be made to contain a dozen to fifteen men, huddled close together, like sardines in a tin, for warmth, sharing the same lice and the same fetid atmosphere surcharged with cheap tobacco smoke, and lighted and aired by only two small holes in the ceiling, one at the each end, of about one foot long and perhaps 12 inches deep. These holes would act in winter as drainage for the rivers of water rushing past in the road above, the result being that the tired platoon of men, who had been allotted a particular cellar

when near the trenches, during their moments of respite when out of them, would return to find their cellar swamped in water and would have to sweep out the water the best way they could, and bring in straw before they could lie down. As soon as the most immediate discomforts had been coped with and perhaps a larger ration of bread and jam allotted to them than usual, they would instantly cheer up, and proceed to yell to one another all together, as if they were shouting across a huge field instead of being confined in a very small cellar. In vain would the Scotchman plead for a quieter method, saying: "You are not individually holding a large public meeting; there is no need for this row." They would only laugh, and go on just the same as before. They were incurably sanguine, kind to one another, rarely jealous and almost always ready to do a good turn, should an occasion arise, to their mates. Though they made strong isolated friendships like the class above them, which consisted of officers, they had a greater sense of unity when under strain and stress, born of their previous mutual poverty, perhaps, and were equally, of course, less individual in character. Officers were always more liable to transfer to other units, had greater opportunities for such; the men, on the other hand, knew that for the most part the battalion's and their destiny were one and the same, which made for greater cohesion and a sense of homely feeling. These men were all from the same district, more or less, and therefore knew each other in peace time. The officers, on the other hand, were from the professional classes, and came from the big towns, for the most part, as regards the original personnel. Later, when casualties had become numerous, officers were drafted out from England from any unit that could spare them, and the whole tone of the battalion became less intimate and more casual, which naturally in time told rather severely upon the general morale, especially as large drafts of conscript troops had been absorbed also from other parts of England who, likewise, somehow, never became merged properly either.

(To be continued)

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

By firelight gleam
I sit and dream
Of Life and all it held for me:
Blush-rose bedight,
Fame, honor, immortality.
But Youth's full fire
And great desire
Are fled—the leaping flames are stayed.
Unreached the goal,

Hot blood, hot coal,
Alike to dull red embers fade,
Dull red to grey.
But who can say
No glow within the heart be found?
Lo! from it springs
On Phoenix wings
New fires, and radiant hopes abound.

—Schoolmaster

What Young Germany is Thinking

BY ALICE SOLOMON

THE average German young boy and girl of to-day, if they were asked about their thoughts and ideas of life, would probably answer that, first of all, *they wish to be young*—that they want liberty and permission to live. The young generation resents a school system and an education, which cramps with classical or technical knowledge, and overstrains their brains with the object of fitting them quickly and effectively for a profession, for the struggle for life, for economic efficiency, for material success. They believe that being young does not merely mean a time of preparation for a future stage of life—that it is rather an important stage in itself, a time of peculiar interests, with an atmosphere of its own, with rights as well as duties—not an imitation only of the life and world, the work and amusements of grown-up people. It has been said that the working classes have been freed from old fetters, that women have been liberated; but that Youth has still to fight for recognition of its rights and responsibilities, for a sphere of independence. This sounds very much like revolt; but given the German system of Education, there is some truth in it.

Which are the peculiar interests of the German Youth, for which they claim more time and facilities, more liberty to act according to their own attitude of mind? It is certainly not politics. To a certain extent they dislike politics, though most of them quite naturally take their stand with one of the political parties and form their junior branches. But the hothouse atmosphere of political party fights, one might even say, of civil war, does not appeal to healthy young people. In many cases, they object strongly when teachers take advantage of their position and try to impose their political opinions on the pupils. The young generation feel altogether more united, in spite of differences of political views or class-interests. They have common ideals which bind them together, the ideals of a generation which is not willing to accept the world as it is to-day, but is determined to impress its own mark and to shape its lives according to its own standards and values.

The outstanding feature of these standards is the preponderance of idealism, as compared with the very material aims of the older generation. The young ones do not believe in a happiness which is merely derived from wealth. They are not only compelled to live without most of the comforts

which seemed indispensable before the War. They are also willing to rough it; they believe in a simple life as a value in itself. Certainly there are others for whom this is not true. It would be absurd to describe the Youth of a Nation as a body perfectly united in their ideals and temperaments. There will be at every time and every place young people who know nothing beyond material joys. Nothing more can be attempted than to show the tendencies of the time, new developments which may probably influence the future of the German people.

These limitations given, the inclination of the new generation seems to draw them back to a more natural life. They favor a natural way of dress, and natural and simple pleasures. They disapprove of big cities, and spend their holidays wandering through the country, bare-headed and bare-necked, often without shoes and stockings, reviving folk-songs and folk-dances, sleeping in barns or sheds. They practise an innocent comradeship between boys and girls, and though this has been abused, the effects in general are good. It leads to a better understanding. The marriages brought about through a long friendship along such lines shape a new type of life. These young couples all aim at a cottage in the country. Several of these families have joined to share an agricultural colony on a Socialistic or Communistic basis, and altogether they are striving away from the big centres of civilisation into the country.

One of the striking notes in the thoughts and lives of these young people is that they rely more on their own energies than on the support of others; that they believe in their own capacity to abolish bad habits instead of applying to Government and administration. Many associations, for instance, pledge their members to abstinence, but there is no movement for State Prohibition. All such dispositions on the part of considerable sections of young people—and young people of all classes they are, high school pupils, university students, working-class youths—are contrary to German traditions. Most of all they clash with the ideas of the average high-school teacher and professor of the old type—usually a monarchist with an admiration for dash and physical strength, indeed, the most dangerous element in the German Republic. To some extent the future mental and spiritual development of the people will be decided by whether the "Youth Movement" becomes strong enough to counterbalance the influence of the old-

fashioned teacher over the other section of students. Luckily, also, another type of teacher exists, who keeps friendly relations with the pupils, who is a comrade, and shares their new motives and aims.

However, so far as a new life and new thoughts are dominant among the young generation, they all unite in the claim for a reform of the educational system. They repudiate the strict authority and control which have hitherto prevailed, and any sort of force applied in the physical or spiritual sphere. It was one of the most noteworthy events in public life when, last year, young people belonging to all parties, classes, and creeds, joined in a meeting of protest when the head of a Municipal Reformatory School, adhering to the new educational ideals, had been dismissed, as a victim of the prejudices of his old-fashioned fellow-teachers.

Yet in fighting against an authoritative system, these young people are well aware of the necessity of leadership—only they want to choose their leaders, not to have them imposed by others. The spirit of independence amongst the Youth is naturally strengthened by the atmosphere which surrounds them since the Revolution, by the introduction of School Councils, Self-Administration of Schools within certain limits, and, finally, by the eagerness with which the political parties try to enlist them and to secure their adherence. The great majority of the young generation belong to extreme political parties. They are either on the side of the Conservatives (Nationalists) or amongst the Socialist and kindred groups. Moderate views do not attract them much. This will surprise no one who has any knowledge of young people, who can remember his own young days. Most young people—and certainly those full of vigor and enthusiasm—incline to extremes. They go in for big issues, for great changes, for oneness of purpose, for one-sided ideas.

Under present circumstances, this means that a considerable number of young Germans would like to restore a Monarchy, that some would even risk their lives for that purpose. All attacks on leading men of the Republic were committed by young people, by firebrands. However severely their purpose and action must be condemned, erroneous and deluded as they are, it must not be forgotten that they believe themselves to be acting as heroes and martyrs for a cause. Moreover, most of them belong to the ranks of society which, through the Revolution, have lost everything—social position, influence, income, privileges in education and career. Who can wonder that they look back on

the old *régime* with affection, as if they had been exiled from a land of bliss? It needs a great strength of character and much loyalty to rejoice in the progress attained by the working classes, when one has to pay the price for it. Some time will pass before young people from these circles realise that the age of privileges has passed, and that the passion for justice can only be gratified through equality of opportunity.

Perhaps economic conditions will quicken such understanding, as they compel many young men and girls to earn their living by manual labor, if they wish to finish a University training. Thousands of young students belonging to the educated classes spend about half the year in factories and fields and mines. It is beyond the means of most parents to send their children to the University.

This is an entirely new feature in Germany. In former times, manual labor would have been thought unfit for a student, and he would have had to struggle against all sorts of prejudices. Now facilities for students to take up such work are organised by the Universities in co-operation with Trade Unions, employers, and Labor Exchanges. The experience of the wage-earning student (Work-student) frequently teaches him to understand the wants and aspirations, the needs and claims of the working classes better than his father does. On the other hand, the Revolution has helped the Youth from the working classes to get into touch with ideas which were formerly withheld from them. It is only through the eight-hour day that they have got access to the world of knowledge, and more has been done for adult education, for University extension, and for opening higher careers to gifted young people during these last four years than ever before. For the able and efficient amongst them the Revolution has actually cleared the way for a rise.

However, the increased possibilities for mental work and intellectual training have results in a further direction. They show already that the young people no longer accept party doctrines (such as Marxism) as the one moving force of social evolution so unreservedly as the older generation did. They are critical, and inclined to appreciate the importance of ideals, of emotions, of sentiment. Many of them have been influenced by the religious revival, which moves chiefly among the young people. This new religious life is frequently not in touch with the Church, or, in any case, not under its guidance. It has a strong ingredient of Mysticism—yet it stands for the ideals of righteousness and

love; it is based on the ideas of a Universal Brotherhood; it is striving for a better social order.

If the voice of the poets of an age can be considered to give a true interpretation of the dominant thoughts of their time, young Germany is filled with these ideals of peace and justice, and willing to replace the spirit of violence and force by co-operation and goodwill. It is a remarkable fact that amongst all the younger poets who are gifted and promising, and who receive recognition, there is not one who takes another line of thought. Ernest Toller, perhaps the most talented amongst the young dramatists, who is still imprisoned in Bavaria for having taken part in one of the first Communist riots, has given a profound description of the change of thought which his generation has experienced. In several plays which are regularly performed in Berlin and other places with immense success, he has shown the mental and spiritual attitude of young people as it was influenced through the War and the Revolution. He explains how their hopes and energies were then thrown into the Revolution,

which should bring about the reign of justice and yet ended in bloodshed, injustice, the rule of force again. From such experience he emerges cleansed, an apostle of peace and brotherhood, a spiritual fighter against the brutal powers.

Can this conception be considered as typical of the thoughts of the German Youth of our time? Will these young people of to-day, who are so full of ideals, in ten and twenty years, when they will represent the manhood and womanhood of their country, be willing to pay off the War Debts which another generation has incurred, and for which, under terrible pressure, their fathers pledged them? Or, will they prepare a revenge? Nobody can give an answer to this question—but with the optimism of Youth they seem to believe that other solutions are possible. In any case, they belong to the fellowship to whom the word was given: "And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."—(*The Nation and the Athenæum*)

Nature Notes

PHOTO-SYNTHESIS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

THAT sunlight and fresh air are very indispensable to our health is being realised every day of our life. A number of researches made recently in Vienna go to show the use of sunlight in curing rickets and, possibly, cancer. Rickets is aggravated by a lessening of the fat-content of our system; and fats and oils like cod liver oil are very healthy food for a patient suffering from rickets. These contain a fat-soluble factor called the Vitamine A. To be more definite, it is this Vitamine A which keeps down the rickets.

The researches of the scientists referred to above show that the violet end of the spectrum of sunlight has the same effect as the fats. This discovery led to the use of the mercury-vapor-quartz lamp, which produces the above mentioned rays in profusion. The application of this light has the same effect as the Vitamine A. The author of these experiments views this phenomenon as parallel to plant photo-synthesis, and this is an idea quite new to animal physiology.

It is gratifying to note that the habits of mankind in the various parts of the world lend support to this new view. In the northern latitudes where sunlight is scarce, large quantities of fat are consumed; and the people of the polar regions, it is said, gulp with evident pleasure bowlsful of melted animal fat. Near the tropics, on the other hand, animal fats are but little used. We may say in

general: "More Light, Less Fat." Again, in machinery-infested cities of the West, where the cloud of factory smoke veils the golden sunlight from the people below, rickets runs riot. The Greenlanders, whose staple food is cod liver oil, are immune from rickets.

Again, a diminution of Vitamine A leads to the weakening of the animal tissue, leaving it open to the attacks of pathogenic organisms. It is noted that this sometimes leads to cancerous growths. Since it is already shown that the violet rays in the sunlight have the same effect as Vitamine A on our system, and since the loss of Vitamine A leads to cancer, we may hope to be able, in the near future, to fight successfully that much dreaded ailment.

Hidden Marriage

Many of us know that during the matrimonial period of their life, the plants clothe themselves in rainbow-hued flowers radiating sweet scents. But there are humbler brethren of this vegetarian world which marry and breed in simplicity—the ferns.

If you look under the fronds (leaves) of a pot-fern a number of brown dots are seen all along the margin. These are the seats of their marriage and here they cross, create and cradle their young; and it is these tiny young ones of the fern—really its seeds—that we gather when we shake a ripe frond on our palm. This marriage is obscure and economic, but they are none the less equally moral and sure of their progeny as any of their kingdom.

The Way of the East

BY F. G. PEARCE

Ashoka and Napoleon

IT is good to be alive in these days. We sometimes get into the way of thinking of the "good old days" in a wrong way, in a morbid, mournful way, in a way which makes us say despairingly: "Ah! in those days people were happy and good, but now....." implying that everything is hopeless now. This is an unhealthy attitude, for it discourages us from having high ideals; it makes for inaction; it dries up the streams of our life, which should ever flow onwards in thought, aspiration and action.

And so I repeat: it is good to live in these days.

The young men of these days have mighty problems to face, mighty deeds to do. In one way, there never were, perhaps, in the history of the world, such vast problems to solve, for never before have the races been so knit together for evil or for good; never before has the fate of the whole world hung thus together in the balance, to rise or to fall as one mass, no longer as the fates of separate peoples or Nations.

Great Problems and Great Advantages

And, if there are great problems, are there not also certain great advantages which the men of old did not possess? Have not the young men of to-day access, by means of books and newspapers, to the thoughts of all the greatest men of the world? Have we not the immense advantages of widespread education, and of easily obtainable information as to how other men, in other quarters of the globe, are trying to solve the problems in their own lands? And, most valuable of all, perhaps, have we not behind us the accumulated experience of the centuries? We can not only watch the progress of events in our own time, by means of the newspapers, but we can, by means of the study of history, see how the men of past times dealt with similar problems in their own times, and, if we are wise, we can benefit much by their experience.

Here, in this brief article, I propose to deal only with one aspect of the question. I wish to speak rather of the principles according to which the men of old dealt with their problems, than with the details of the problems themselves or their solutions. That is why I have called this article "The Way of the East".

What is "The Way of the East"? What were the great guiding principles which the men of ancient times, in India and in Lanka, followed first of all in seeking the solutions to their problems?

Ere we try to answer this question, let us note one thing. The East has always placed much emphasis on the importance of the conduct of individuals in determining the course of events for a Nation; the West is swayed to a greater extent by material conditions, events and the details of outward happenings. The truth of this can be seen by a glance at the life-histories of a few of the great men of East and West. Let us take, at random, two from the past and two from the present. Think of the two conquerors, Ashoka the Great, and Napoleon the Great. Ashoka's achievements were the outcome of religious conviction. His whole career was based on the idea of what he felt to be his duty to humanity. Napoleon, great as he was, was yet an opportunist, one who took advantage of events rather than one who guided them by the force of his character. It is true that there are exceptions. In the East, opportunists have arisen. Yet the greatest Heroes of the East are not such men. They are rather the men who shaped events by the force of an idea that possessed them, an idea not of self-aggrandisement (for that arouses but little real support anywhere, least of all in the East), but an idea of Service, of Duty.

Lloyd George and Tagore

Contrast, in modern times, men like Lloyd George with men like Rabindranath Tagore. Doubtless, Mr. Lloyd George is an able man, an exceptionally clever man, a man of imagination, as nearly all outstanding men are. Yet he is not trusted by his own colleagues, for no one knows what he will do next. He is a man who shapes his policy according to circumstances, rather than one who endeavors to bend circumstances in accordance with principles, by force of will. But Rabindranath Tagore has risen to his position of influence by sheer force of character, by the power of ideals, by reason of his own personal example as an embodiment of those ideals.

This, verily, is the Way of the East. It is the way of personal example rather than that of opportunism, the Way of Dharma rather than that of Diplomacy.

Dharma

Its principles are best summed up in this very word Dharma. In India, this word means Function. It is often translated Duty. It comes to mean practically the laws of life according to which an

individual, or a body of individuals, can find their greatest happiness and efficiency. It is with this great principle in view that we of the East must face our problems. Hitherto the principle of the West, competition, material aggrandisement, has miserably failed to bring happiness to mankind. The message of the East, a message full of hope, is that we should try for a solution along other lines, with the idea of Dharma as our guiding principle.

What does this imply? First of all, it implies a recognition by each one of us of what Dharma means, and an earnest endeavor to discover and to live our own individual Dharma. It means the recognition that each man is a unit, a part of the National and the Human Whole, not an isolated individual whose interests are different from those of the rest. What injures one, injures all. By one man's degradation, the whole human race is degraded; by one man's achievement, the whole human race benefits. Have we not read, indeed, that when the Lord Buddha attained to Enlightenment, the first of our humanity to achieve this, the whole universe rejoiced, sharing the supreme Joy of His Triumphant Achievement?

Making A Career

If a man does not realise his Dharma, does not try to find for himself the opportunities for working out in life those possibilities which he feels he has within him, he is impoverishing humanity, he is depriving the whole race of the benefits which it might have realised in and through him. In everyday life, the most common way in which this deprivation takes place is when young men are pushed into professions and occupations for which they have really no bent. For a parent or responsible authority to push a boy into an occupation for which he has no liking is a civic crime, an act of dis-service to the community. It is often done owing to ignorance; I fear it is equally often done through mere selfish disregard of the boy's feelings. The elders want their boy to become a lawyer, a doctor, a civil servant, merely in order to add lustre (as they imagine) to the family reputation, or, more often still, there is a still baser motive, *viz.*, they want the young man to be worth something in the marriage-market, and to secure a large dowry. They care nothing for his feelings, his self-respect, his ideals, or for the service that he might do in the world, if his heart were in his work.

If this country is to have any future before it, this sort of thing must go, must go entirely. If the young man, of his own accord, chooses to try to rehabilitate the family fortunes by such means, and

regards it as his Dharma to do so, that is another matter. Even *that* is a kind of idealism, though of a very narrow quality. But the choice must be *his*. The elders must take a back seat. They have had their day. It is not for them to dictate what the rising generation should do. Let them give advice, if they will; the young can benefit by that. But their responsibility ends there. They ought not to coerce. The father's Dharma is not necessarily the son's. In the old days of caste, a man was born into the caste, and he followed the occupation of his caste as his predestined Dharma. For good or ill, that system has decayed. All progressive people recognise the defects of caste for modern purposes. Let them not, in condemning some of its defects, uphold others by their actions. The system has gone and what remains really is the imperishable part, the principle; that principle is Dharma. It is the ancient Way of the East, and what we have to do is to give to it fitting expression for modern times.

Tolerance

There is also another aspect of this matter which we must not overlook. If the conception of Dharma involves a demand for liberty in the choice of profession on the part of the rising generation, we must not forget that it also involves that same liberty of thought and action, for *every* man.

The young are naturally the first to demand liberty. They are also, in their enthusiasm, naturally the most apt to be intolerant until they reach the age of discretion. It is a curious contradiction. He who demands liberty for himself is often the one most prone to deny to others, who differ from his views, the same right. And intolerance is simply the denial that others have the right to differ. It is an infringement of liberty. We must guard against this. It is a danger to which the excessive zeal of youth is specially prone. Let us not forget that it is the true and ancient Way of the East to recognise that, just as we have our own Dharma to follow, so has every other man his, and follow it he *must*, else he is not true to himself. We may disagree; we may *tell* him so; but we have no right to bring pressure upon him, social, or religious, or political, unless it be in a matter where the laws of the country are being infringed. And even in such cases we must remember that we have no right to prevent a man trying to get the laws of the country changed, provided he does it by constitutional means, so as not to shake the social fabric.

This leads us to our last point. The Way of the East has ever been the Way of Peace, not the Way

of War, the Way of Compassion rather than the Way of Coercion.

The Way of Compassion

It will at once be objected that there have been great wars and great conquerors in the East as well as in the West. My answer is: They have come about *in spite of* and *in violation of* the great principles on which Eastern Civilisation has been built; and the proof of the rightness of those principles and of the wrongness of their violation lies in the fact that the violation has always brought suffering.

A recent writer (Mr. H. G. Wells in his *Outline of History*) has pointed out that the two great ancient civilisations of the world which have lasted down to modern times, those of India and of China, have been based on principles of Peace, and not on those of War and Competition. China has no military caste. India has seen many military adventurers, yet the real culture of her people has gone on slowly, steadily, almost regardless of who held the temporal power. And the greatest

of her Emperors, Ashoka, was great enough to realise the folly of war, and to extend his sway by other and better means.

It is well that we should realise these facts of history. Force begets force, and, in the end, those who live by coercion, perish because of it. Even the great Powers of the West are beginning to realise this fact at last, after having been driven by experience to a point not far removed from complete disruption and disaster.

And these are ideals of which it is useless to speak in connection with political and social and religious affairs, unless we make their practice a matter of our own daily lives. We shall never have a State whose policy is based on Universal Brotherhood, until we have citizens who practise "Maitri" (compassion) in their daily lives. From among the citizens must ultimately come the rulers. If we live compassionately now, in all things, we may hope to be governed and to be able to govern others according to principles of Compassion, in the days to come.

An Aspiration

Lest any word of mine with aught of shame
Thy fair and flawless honor e'er should brand,
My lips I dedicate to Thy dear name,
India, my Motherland!

O when the flattering lie puts forth its edge,
Or unkind speech would violent passage break,
Let me then think of Thee, and this my pledge—
Silent, for Thy dear sake.

Yet, if the least of Thy downtrodden scions
Be struggling Thy dear Honor to uphold,
Give me the strength, the fearlessness of lions—
Swift let me be, and bold.

Let not my hands be idle while I know
Thy children toil with hopeless want oppressed,
And perish in their myriads, crushed with woe,
Starved at Thy very breast.

O take this heart, and in its flaming fires
Shape out a vision of Thy victory.
Centred in that alone be my desires,
O Motherland-to-be.

Take thou my thoughts that, like a blazing star,
Above my barque upon wide waters cast,
Thy vision may give heart to me from far,
Till peril be past.—F. G. PEARCE

The Bells of Leyden

I
JAN

By LADY KATHERINE STUART

CLATTER, clatter, rang the horse's hoofs over the slippery cobblestones of Rotterdam. The rider rode full tilt through all the street traffic, nor drew rein until he reached the entrance of a royal mansion. There he dismounted, and throwing the bridle to a loafer loitering on the curbstone, he carefully untied a covered basket from the saddle-bow and knocked boldly at the great doors. No one came, and the youth walked up and down impatiently for a minute or two; then he seized the knocker and thundered again. At last the great doors opened slowly and majestically, to disclose an aged man in a royal blue livery with orange facings.

"Who knocks?" he demanded in a quavering voice. "Who knocks, as it were the crack o' doom?"

"Tis I, Jan Steen. I bring tidings. Haste thee! Show me to the Prince," and he attempted to cross the threshold, but the old man intercepted him:

"Softly, softly, young sir, I pray you, not so fast. Whence come you in this plaguy hurry?"

"From Leyden," said Jan curtly.

"I knew thee for a liar," cried the old man excitedly, shaking his fist in the youth's face. "Leyden is fallen. There be not a man left alive. The news hath all but slain the Prince."

"The news is false," returned Jan calmly. The old man looked him over very suspiciously; then with an air of great cunning:

"If it be still beleagured, how did ye come?" he demanded.

"Through the Spanish lines," said Jan.

"Ye be stark mad!" cried the old master of the household, and he was for shutting the door, but the youth stood his ground gallantly.

"Nay, do but listen....." he began.

"To thee? Thou art but a boy," said the old man contemptuously. The insult went home.

"I be no boy," returned Jan proudly, "and if I would win my spurs, what is that to thee, old curmudgeon? Besides..." The youth paused and reddened slightly.

"Well?" asked the master impatiently.

"There is a maid..."

"Aye, aye. I might have known it," said the old man grimly, "there would be a maid; but...well, what of that? God knows they be common enough."

"Common?" exclaimed the youth. "Were it not for thy grey beard, I would make thee eat thy

words! Common, said'st thou? Nay, but thou should'st see Tecla! Tecla, when she feeds her doves! Fair as a virgin lily! Graceful as a young fawn! Brave as the daughter of a Viking! I tell thee 'tis a wondrous maid. Men call her the Lily of Leyden."

The man was never born that can resist an honest lover. Even the crabbed old master of the household softened a little.

"Maybe, maybe, lad," he said gruffly, "but what of her?"

"'Twas she sent me. 'When he knoweth our straits,' saith she, 'the Prince will bring food to Leyden'."

The old servitor threw up his hands in despair:

"Now, by our Lady, 'tis like a woman to want a miracle! Bring food to Leyden! He scarce can lift a spoon to feed himself."

"How so?"

"The fever hath him these many days.....at times he raves..."

"He raves?"

"Aye, he babbles of an Ally—a Royal Ally—he, the lawful prey of every King in Christendom! How one could laugh, if one were not already weeping," cried the old man, half hysterically. "Did ever misfortune so dog the footsteps of a noble Prince? Misericorde!" He wrung his hands and wept aloud.

"Let pass, let pass," urged the youth. "Weeping will not cure the Prince nor yet save Leyden; while ye weep, men die of famine and pestilence. Let pass, I say, and show me to the Prince."

The old man yielded reluctantly; he half turned, hesitated, and then said:

"If I let thee see him, have a care! Be not too sudden!"

The young man fairly stamped his foot.

"The Prince! Show me to the Prince!" And at last the old master turned and led the way upstairs; outside a half-open door he paused and raised his hand for silence. Jan listened, and from within came forth a feeble groan and a faint voice:

"O Leyden, light of my eyes, pride of my heart, lo, now thou art desolate; for men have laid thy beauty in the dust."

The old master gently pushed Jan into the room and withdrew. The Prince of Orange lay upon a low pallet; as Jan entered, he turned his deep-set

eyes enquiringly upon him. A hand, white as ivory, lay listlessly upon the blue coverlet.

Jan went forward swiftly. He fell upon his knees and kissed the royal hand. "O Sire, be comforted. The men of Leyden live still. The city sends her love and loyalty to her noble Prince."

The eyes of Orange positively danced; his heart within him leaped for joy. His whole form seemed to dilate. "It holds out?" he cried. "The gallant city! Holy Mother! but these tidings have put a fire into my veins. Tell me, my lad, who art thou?"

"My Lord, I be Jan Steen."

"And thou hast broke through the Spanish lines?"

"Tis so, my Lord."

"Jan Steen, I love thee for thy stout heart; tell me now who sent thee? Van der Werf?"

"Nay, my Lord, 'twas Tecla, my betrothed. O Sire, she knows not of your sickness, only of our sore straits, and she bade me bring thee a token." He produced a small strip of parchment and placed it in the hands of the Prince, who opened it and read:

"To the Father of his people. Sire, *The little children fight with the famished dogs for food in the gutters of Leyden.* TECLA."

A spasm contracted the features of the Prince of Orange. He lay back with clenched hands, breathing hard. His eyes were closed but his lips moved audibly. Jan caught disjointed fragments of speech.

"O my people...have pity upon my poor people... Smite me...but...these lambs, what have they done?"

It seemed as though in that tranquil chamber there suddenly arose a very hurricane of emotion. Jan, weak with fasting and worn with travel, shook and quivered in the tempest. And then it seemed to him as though, as suddenly as it arose, the storm was stilled. His heart felt comforted and calm, and presently the voice of Orange broke the stillness: "Jan!"

"My lord?"

"Thou seest I cannot bring food to Leyden!"

"No, my Lord."

"But I have an Ally."

"An Ally, your Highness!" exclaimed Jan.

"A Royal Ally," repeated Orange calmly. "Leyden shall not fall into the hand of Philip."

"A Royal Ally! Sire, is it Queen Elizabeth?"

"Nay!"

"The King of France, then?"

"By Saint Bartholomew, no!"

"Who, then?"

"Nay, that thou shalt see hereafter."

"O Sire, give me a token for Tecla," entreated the youth. The Prince pondered a moment. "Give me a morsel of parchment." The lad did so, and the

Prince wrote a few words laboriously, and handed it to Jan: "There, take that to thy liege-lady."

"Nay, Sire," said the boy stoutly. "I am come to be thy servant. She sent me to thee. But I have here a winged messenger." He stooped down and, opening the basket, he took from out of it a small grey dove. He stroked it a little, gently, to still its flutterings, and then he deftly tied the Prince's note under its wing. "'Tis a carrier bird?" asked the Prince, who had watched all the proceedings, not without a twinkle of amusement.

"Aye, aye, Sire, 'tis hers!" returned Jan. "Now, little sister," said he, taking the dove upon his wrist, "farewell, fly away to Tecla"; and with that he opened the casement and the little dove flew away.

"Jan," said the Prince, "thy coming hath given me new life! Dost wish naught for thyself?"

"Sire, only to serve thee!"

The Prince laughed: "What then of thy lady-love?"

"Sire, 'twas she bade me 'Serve the Prince'."

"Thou shalt serve Leyden," said Orange, "and thy lady-love also; and after that—harke ye, Jan Steen, thou shalt be in my bodyguard, seeing thou art a man of deeds and I have need of such."

The boy's face flushed, his heart was too full to speak, he could only stoop and kiss the Prince's hand.

"Moreover," pursued the Prince, "since thou askest no favor for thyself, I am moved to ask a boon for thee."

"Sire?"

"Be still. Tell me if thou hearest aught."

Jan stood still in the long silence that followed; he trembled with awe; for the second time that day swept over him that overpowering sense of peace. In it his heart was lulled to rest. He closed his eyes. Suddenly there came a succession of silvery sounds like fairy bells—low but exquisitely clear and sweet.

"Hearest thou aught?" asked Orange.

"Sire, they ring bells!"

"Ah," said the Prince "do they toll for the brave?"

"Nay, Sire, they peal as for a famous victory."

"Dost know these bells?" asked the Prince suddenly; and at the words a flood of light broke in upon the boy; he fell upon his knees.

"Merciful Heavens! A sign, it is a sign!"

"How so?" asked Orange.

"O Sire! O my Lord! They be the Bells of Leyden!"

(To be continued)

D. B. C.

A REVERED friend of mine used to say—perhaps he thinks I am too old to have the words said to me now: "George, D. B. C.," when he thought I was overstepping some limit either of manners or of discretion or of some other boundary of what may be conveyed under the general term "gentlemanliness". Now, what do these letters mean? Not to keep you waiting, they mean: "DO BE CAREFUL." And somehow or other, when he said D-B-C, I immediately Did Be Careful, and the letter-sounds often hover about my ears as I am, from time to time, not as careful as I ought always to be.

I am reminded of the advice by a most interesting series of little School Bulletins I have received from Victoria, Australia, where there is a tremendous educational spurt going on at the present time, and where they are just hungering for new ideas for getting young people to be spiritually, emotionally, intellectually and physically CAREFUL. Indeed they are right, for in these days of storm and stress, when class is set against class, caste against caste, Nation against Nation, religion against religion, race against race, it is of the highest importance that men and women of goodwill, especially young men and young women of goodwill, should set themselves against all that makes for hatred, and stand for all that makes for brotherhood and understanding. But as there is so much of mistrust and misunderstanding and hatred in the world, we must be all the more CAREFUL that we are not submerged by the fast-flowing, disintegrating currents. We must watch for the slightest signs of going with the streams of anti-brotherhood, surging all about us in all kinds of deceptive disguises that may well deceive us, unless we take care.

So DO BE CAREFUL is an excellent motto for young and old, but more particularly for the young, who have so much more time in which they have to practise it. I do not think I need apologise to the readers of *The Young Citizen* for the space taken up in printing the Bulletins issued by the Victoria Board of Education, first, because they are very excellent advice, and, second, because they may possibly inspire some of our Indian Ministers of Education to carry on a campaign, which is as much needed in India as evidently it is needed in Australia.

The first Bulletin is introductory, and refers to the fact that in England, and especially in the big towns of Great Britain, there has been going on for some time a SAFETY FIRST movement, mainly to prevent the innumerable accidents which happen every year in the streets. On the trams and omnibuses, the magic words "SAFETY FIRST" appear with graphic illustrations as to how people should be careful. KEEP TO THE LEFT—LOOK BEHIND YOU WHEN GETTING DOWN—WAIT TILL IT STOPS—are among the many legends, often illustrated by arresting pictures. Here is the first Victoria Bulletin:

Safety First!

SCHOOL BULLETIN NO. 1

5-3-23

Accidents happen and, unfortunately, far too often. They are caused in almost all cases by the carelessness of some one.

Thousands and thousands of boys and girls in other countries are now learning the lessons of

SAFETY FIRST

which simply means taking care at all times.

We want you also to learn these lessons early in life and so enable Victoria to take its proper place in the

"SAFETY FIRST" MOVEMENT

And then follow a number of others which I think well worth reproducing, and I think you will agree that the illustrations are graphic and effective. In the original, the Bulletins are sized about 12" by 8", and are printed on pink paper, but we have, of course, to reproduce them on quite a small scale. No 2 Bulletin on Habits is a good reminder to us of the fact that there is no more trouble in doing good, or in being good, than in being selfish or in doing unkind or bad acts. And to be careful is, perhaps, one of the best of all habits, for if we are careful—in the little things especially—we are not likely to find ourselves already far on the road to a badly lived life before we know where we are. Deliberateness is another word for Carefulness, or we might say: "Look before you leap."

Safety First!

SCHOOL BULLETIN NO. 2

12-3-23

HABITS

Good Habits are just as easily acquired as Bad Habits.

Being careful is a good habit.

Carelessness is a bad habit.

Why not be careful at all times?

One act of carelessness may cause you or some one else unnecessary suffering.

BE CAREFUL

People sometimes think it is better never to leap at all, as leaping means to them impulsiveness. But by leaping, some of the greatest steps in the progress of civilisation have taken place—leaping in the spirit of service and not in the spirit of selfishness; this kind of leaping certainly leads to disaster. The idea underlying the Danger Signal Bulletin cannot be too strongly stressed, and it may perhaps be a somewhat novel idea to our readers to think of the eyes and the ears and the mind, and the nose and the tongue and the fingers too, serving as warnings as well as receivers and transmitters. We do not always use these senses of ours as much as we ought to use them in their capacity as warning agents, telling us what to avoid and what to welcome.



What should you look for?

at the very last moment, utterly oblivious of the danger just upon them, as the careless boy in the picture is thinking of his football, and not in the least of a big tram-car which the driver may or may

Safety First!

SCHOOL BULLETIN No. 3

19-3-23

DANGER SIGNALS

A red light tells an engine-driver that there is danger ahead.

There are many dangers that cannot be marked by signals.

That is one of the things that your eyes and ears and wits are for—to warn you of danger and help you to be safe.

IF YOU ARE CAREFUL INSTEAD OF CARELESS
YOU WILL BE SAFE

Then we have "Your football or your arm?"—a Safety First Bulletin of special application in India,

where the streets are so much used as playgrounds and conversation-grounds, that one wonders there are not more accidents than actually occur. The pavements or side-walks, when there are any, which is not often, are generally left severely alone, and people prefer to walk in the roads, in the middle of the roads for choice, of course; and my heart is far too often in my mouth when I motor through any Indian street. Not only for human beings, but equally for our brethren of the sub-human kingdoms. How often chickens, dogs, and other bipeds and quadrupeds, but no tripeds, I think, dash across the road just

at the very last moment, utterly oblivious of the danger just upon them, as the careless boy in the picture is thinking of his football, and not in the least of a big tram-car which the driver may or may

not be able to stop in time. No doubt, parents are much to blame for leaving their children without protection, and owners ought to look more carefully after their animals. But one cannot always be on the watch, and certainly in the schools children ought to be trained to look after themselves, to be more self-reliant, *to think*, to be little men and little women in forethought though they may be but young in body.

Safety First!

SCHOOL BULLETIN No. 4

26-3-23

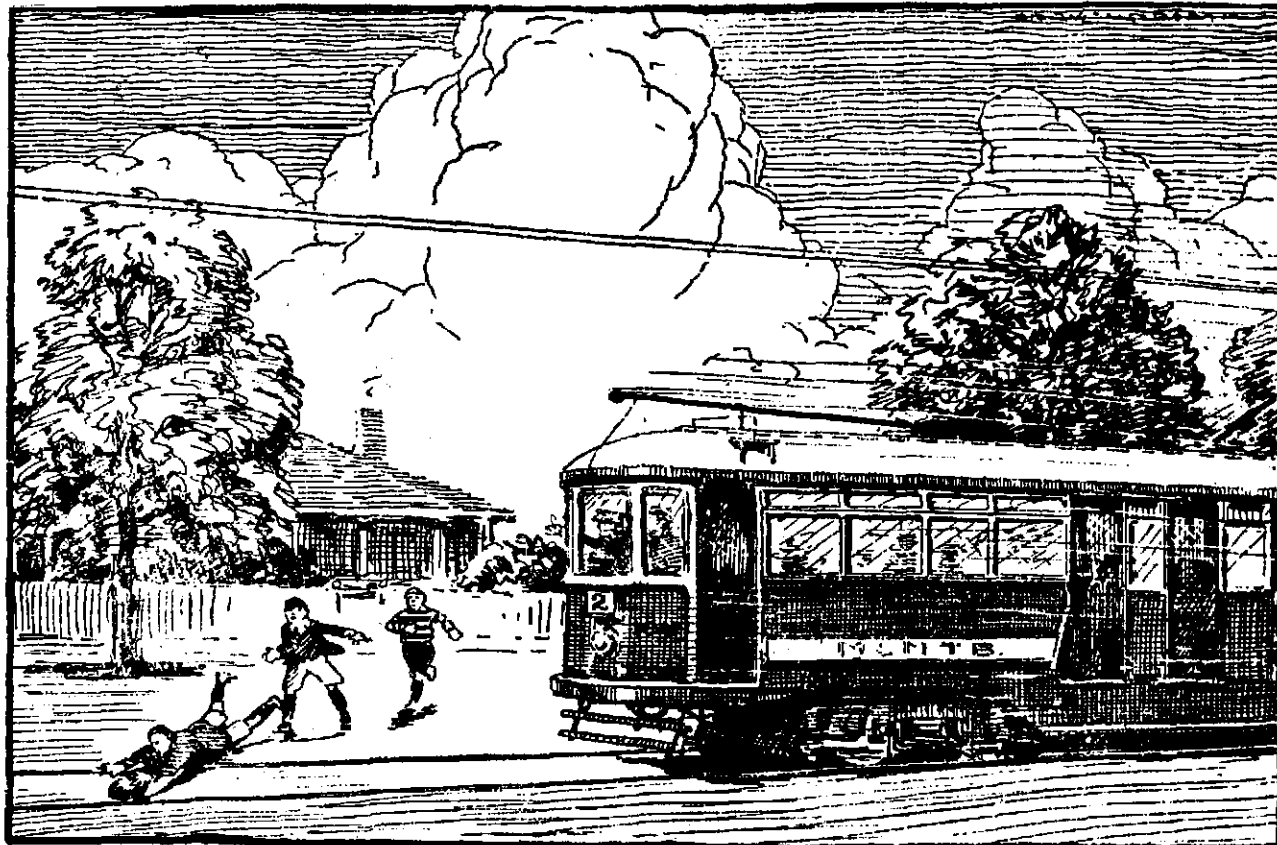
YOUR FOOTBALL OR YOUR ARM?

Which do you value the more—your football or your arm?

Many accidents happen to children playing in the street. The boy in the picture is so anxious to get his ball that he does not see the tram coming.

He will surely be run over.

Playing games in the street is dangerous because it is so easy to forget yourself and run right in front of a moving tram or motor-car.



Your House of Life

Build true!
 Whatever you do—
 Build true!
 You're tired—
 Uninspired!
 Never fear: just try!
 Dig deep!
 Don't sleep!
 We can learn, you and I,
 To build true,
 Whatever we do!
 So—
 Whatever we do
 We'll try, we two,
 To build true

A Letter from Switzerland

MONTE,
 LOCARNO,
 SWITZERLAND

YOU will have heard from others what a thorough success the Vienna Congress was. I am very glad I was able to attend. It was so nice to see some of the German and Russian members there. In Switzerland, much is still being done for the children of neighboring States. During June and July, several trains brought from 500-600 children each, mostly from Germany and Hungary, for a stay of about two months. It is rather pathetic to see the little Hungarians in the villages, listening to the people whom they do not understand and to see the gestures the villagers make to encourage them and make them feel at home. There are generally several of these children in each place near each other, and when they come together, they sing in their own language and dance, greatly to the joy of their adopted parents for the time being.

Since 1919 till the middle of May, 1923, exactly 104,000 children, (according to Federal Statistics) were received for a stay of from 6-8 weeks in families in Switzerland, from foreign countries, of foreign origin, while at the same time the institution "Pro Juventute" provided holiday homes, either in families or in Vacation Colonies, for 9,243 foreign children of Swiss parentage and for 20,000 poor ones living in Switzerland itself. Since the middle of May, several thousands more have come. On May the 30th, the one hundredth train from Germany arrived in Basel, bringing 525 children.

That a small country of only roughly 3 ½ million inhabitants, most of these not very rich, has been able to do so much is greatly due to the frugal living and saving instinct of the people, for statistics tell us that for every 100 inhabitants there are 60 Savings Bank books, mostly belonging to working-class people. Denmark has 49, Norway 44, Belgium and Sweden 40, Germany and France 37, Holland and England 34, Italy and Austria 23, Spain 3.

Till quite recently not much care has been taken of the forests in the Tessin. But now, the schools are beginning to interest the children in planting trees. Near a quiet village in the valley of the Maggia, there is a large sandy plain, partly reclaimed land from the river. The authorities had decided that this spot should be turned into a forest. A tree festival was, therefore, arranged for a certain Sunday in the early summer, to which all the school children, not only of the Maggia valley, but also of the side valleys, were invited. They arrived more numer-

ously than had been expected, from the remotest villages, one school consisting of only 4 pupils had come from high up the mountains. The weather-god did his best, so that each child, each master and mistress and also the Inspector of Schools could plant his or her little fir-tree. There were also games, gymnastic exercises and singing. If the one part songs were perhaps not an artistic achievement, the zeal and earnestness, with which they were rendered, were a treat. The town band of Locarno went in the afternoon to the spot and helped to enliven the work by playing. The Federal Inspector of Forests had been invited to be present, and he came especially for this purpose from Berne. He gave a sympathetic short speech, telling the children when they were big and there was a forest there, each could say that he or she had helped to plant it. He also said that the care taken of the forests was generally an indication of the culture of a people.

An original election took place lately in a village in the canton of Zurich. A teacher's post had become vacant. There were several applicants for it. A certain Mr. N. had been acting as substitute for some time and had gained the love of the children. So the day before the election they went in a procession through the village, led by a drummer who was followed by a standard bearer, carrying the inscription in large letters: "Voters, do not cause us any worry or sorrow, but choose Mr. N.!" So what could the voters do after such an appeal? The next day Mr. N. was unanimously elected and appointed as teacher for the vacant post. Virtually it was the children who had chosen him!

The children in Switzerland play quite a little rôle. At the entrance to my native village and also at a neighboring one, there are big sign boards for motorists: "Please go slowly and pay attention to the children."

This summer was quietly celebrated the 50th anniversary of the founding of Vacation Colonies, especially intended for the poor town children who hardly ever get a stay in the fresh country air. Our feathered younger brothers are in many places losing their fear, or, rather, some of it, of their two legged unfeathered elders. In the town of Zurich, the pigeons walk about the streets quite unconcerned about traffic or foot passengers. One has to get out of their way, quite rightly, too! In the country, the blackbirds and finches come hopping quite near one. In a country inn, a pair of swallows

made their nest and hatched out 4 young ones in the general eating-room, regardless of any one. The other day a man was walking near an old stone quarry when he was attracted by a water wag-tail, who came flying backwards and forwards near him, uttering piteous cries. He followed her and soon saw her nest with three little ones in it. As he was stooping down to examine it, he perceived a snake quite close to it. He thought if he threw a stone at the snake, he might just as likely hit the nest. So he quickly cut a stick from a bush at hand and with this he was able to hit the snake, so that it tumbled over the edge of the cliff. Joyously the bird went to her nest and the man was glad he had been able to help her.

The "pussy" tales in *The Young Citizen* reminded me of an incident which took place some years ago. I was staying with a sister who lived in the country. She had a smallish black dog and also a black cat. The two were great friends. One day a neighbor's big bull-dog, a regular bully, was coming along, and at once attacked the smaller dog. We started to run to his rescue, when all of a sudden

up dashed the cat, we did not know from where, and leaped straight on to the bull-dog's head, going for his eyes with her claws. Howling, the big beast let go hold of the little one, the cat also jumped down and sedately walked off with her friend. Four days ago my landlady and myself saw a neighbor's white half-grown kitten climbing up a telephone post opposite the road and from it jumping on a wall. Then we noticed that a nice brown and white dog, living further off, was below in the road. He walked off, went on to an upper road and came slowly down through the vineyard, towards the kitten. We dreaded disaster. Nothing of the kind. The little puss went to meet the other four-footer, put its arms—I mean its forelegs—round the dog's neck, as in a friendly embrace, and then the two rolled over on the ground and had a bit of frolic. My landlady said that did her good for the whole day, and I felt likewise. How little it sometimes takes to make people feel happy, how much happiness we could spread around, if we only realised it!

C. KOFEL

To-morrow

"I shall go to work in my field to-morrow," said John. "I must lose no more time, for the season advances, and if I do not till my ground now, I shall have no wheat in harvest."

Next day, John was up with dawn, and about to begin his work in good earnest, when one of his friends called to invite him to a family dinner.

John hesitated. Then he said to himself: "A day sooner or later doesn't matter much, and it would be a pity not to go to our friend's dinner." And so he went.

The next day he had a headache, and was unfit for work. "To-morrow I will make up for this," he said to himself. The morrow came, but it rained, and John was again unable to work.

The next day was fine, the sun shone brightly, and John felt full of courage; unhappily, however,

his horse was sick, so he could not begin work.

The day after was a holiday, and John did not like working on holidays. "It's just one day more," he said, "and a new week will soon begin, and in a week one can do a great deal."

He began the week by going to a fair in the neighborhood. He went afterwards to a wedding of his friends, and when harvest time came he had nothing to reap.

There are too many people like John. When they have anything to do, they keep putting it off until to-morrow. They forget to say: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

—A Child, in the *Journal of the Citizens of To-morrow*, London

Winifred Shaw

AUSTRALIA'S YOUNGEST POET

By ARTHUR JOSE

THE WITCH'S CAT

Written for *The Home*

When I go to the witch's house
In the road that skirts the wood,
She gives me charms, and tells me tales
To make me wise and good;
But the little cat beside the door
Goes running to the wood.

*For he belongs to the half-world
And will not talk to me—
The lone world, the dim world,
The world I cannot see.*

The old witch mutters spell and charm,
And tells me what she sees;
And the little cat comes to the door

And purrs about her knees.
But, if I call the little cat,
He runs into the trees.

And if caught the little cat . . .
If I could stroke his head . . .
I think that he would lure me on,
And leave me with the dead,
And lose me in his dim half-world
Where skies are never red.

*For he belongs to the half-world
And will not talk to me—
The lone world, the dim world,
The world I would not see.*

—W.S.

THREE years ago critics who happened to be sleeping with one eye open, in case some new planet—or asteroid—should sweep through Australian skies into their ken, were rewarded by the appearance of a little book of verses, *The Aspen Tree*, in which, through a good deal of imitative poetising, could be discerned qualities of a higher and more original kind. In what was avowedly the work of a girl of fourteen, imitativeness was to be expected; even so, it was not the Australian habit to pattern oneself on the old ballads—those of Percy's *Reliques*, be it understood, not those of G. R. Sims—or to ransack Greek history and mythology for subjects, and handle them as if they had happened yesterday. Moreover, there was crisp portraiture beyond the reach of a mere borrower. It was obviously worth while to watch out for Winifred Shaw's next book.

The other day it came along—*The Yellow Cloak and Other Poems*—two long ballads and a number of lyrics, with a catch in the breath, so to speak, that gave them a singular charm. This time Winifred Shaw is challenging the world unsheltered by pleas of youth, claiming attention, not because her work is "remarkable for a child of her age," but because it is out of the ordinary for a woman of any age.



WINIFRED SHAW

It, and its author, are to be reckoned with, not merely patted on the back. Its special quality, perhaps, is the clear vision, clearly expressed, of persons and places and situations; you see them exactly as she saw them before she put pen to paper. It seemed interesting to discuss with her how she got her results, and why.

But it couldn't be done. "My views about poetry?" said Winifred. "One doesn't have views about poetry; one writes it. I just see a person, or a situation, and find the simplest words I can to describe it. They are all real people, you know; people, I mean, that actually lived, or that other people believed to exist; I don't invent them. Roland and Oliver in the *Yellow Cloak* are the Roland and Oliver, Charlemagne's barons; but the adventure of the yellow cloak happened to them before they were great knights, probably when they were about twenty-five years old. And the boys who went plucking blackberries were Kastor and Polydenkes, Helen's brothers; but they were quite young boys when they met the bat-wizards, just chums playing together, long before they found out that one was immortal and the other must die some day. And Erinna—you'll find her in the *Anthology*; and—well, they all lived, and I just saw that bit of their lives.

Of course one imitates, not of set purpose, but because one talks as one has heard other people talk. I suppose I use ever so many phrases in talking because my father and mother used them; and I use the old ballad metre and the ballad-makers' phrases because I have read old ballads ever since I could read at all, and their wording comes into my mind when I begin to describe a picture. It's the vivid quality in them I like; they don't make a fuss about fine phrasing, but say what they want to say and have done with it."

Unsophisticated? Certainly her life, as far as it has gone, has not tended towards sophistication. Singleton is a charming place, no doubt; but it is not exactly a forcing-house of intellectual culture. There, however, Winifred Shaw and a sister as exceptionally gifted (along different lines) as herself, have worked and played and read together, soaking themselves not only in all such modern literature as the *Observer* and the *Nation* and the *London Mercury* suggest to be worth troubling about, but in the whole mass of ballad literature and the *Chanson de Roland*, and a good deal of Roman and nearly all Greek verse, from Aeschylus to the Anthology. Strange pabulum for young Australian girls! but their studies were directed and their taste largely influenced by two old school-fellows of Haigh and Birdwood and Henry Newbolt (Clifton has other products besides generals), Dr. W. H. Lang, Andrew's brother, and that fine scholar, D. J. Byard of Adelaide. Out of the whole wide range of her reading, Winifred has three particular

favorites: Theocritus, the idyllist, and Catullus ("I really like him better than his poems; he was a fine man, and it would be delightful to know him."), and A. E. Housman, who wrote the *Shropshire Lad*. Also—and this is as important a side to her character as any other—in the intervals of study and verse-making she likes nothing better than a visit to the "pictures," except, occasionally, the designing and making of a dress for herself. Asked whether she hoped in coming years to make a name for herself as a poet, she was perfectly frank: "I don't know. . . . I think I'd just as soon marry and have a family. Not that the one excludes the other, do you think?"

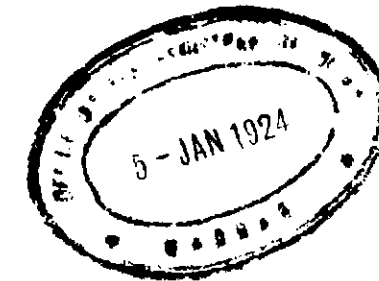
However, for the time being, Winifred Shaw continues to write verse. Her visionings are now concerned with the Fall of Babylon ("I wonder whether anyone made a play of that for Oscar Asche's competition; it would be far more exciting than *Cairo*,") not the spectacular size of it, but the inter-play of character when the old Babylonian nobility is confronted with their king's astonishing affection for the young Jew, Daniel. There is a prince, too, "his eyes half-shut with laughter," for whom life, whether you spend it in feasting or fighting, is a jest worth appreciation, but hardly an affair worth active interference. So has come upon her the third stage of poetic development—rhythmical verse-making, clear vision, and, now, distinct characterisation. When she has mastered that, and learnt to vary her technique, we may look for big work from Winifred Shaw. *The Home*

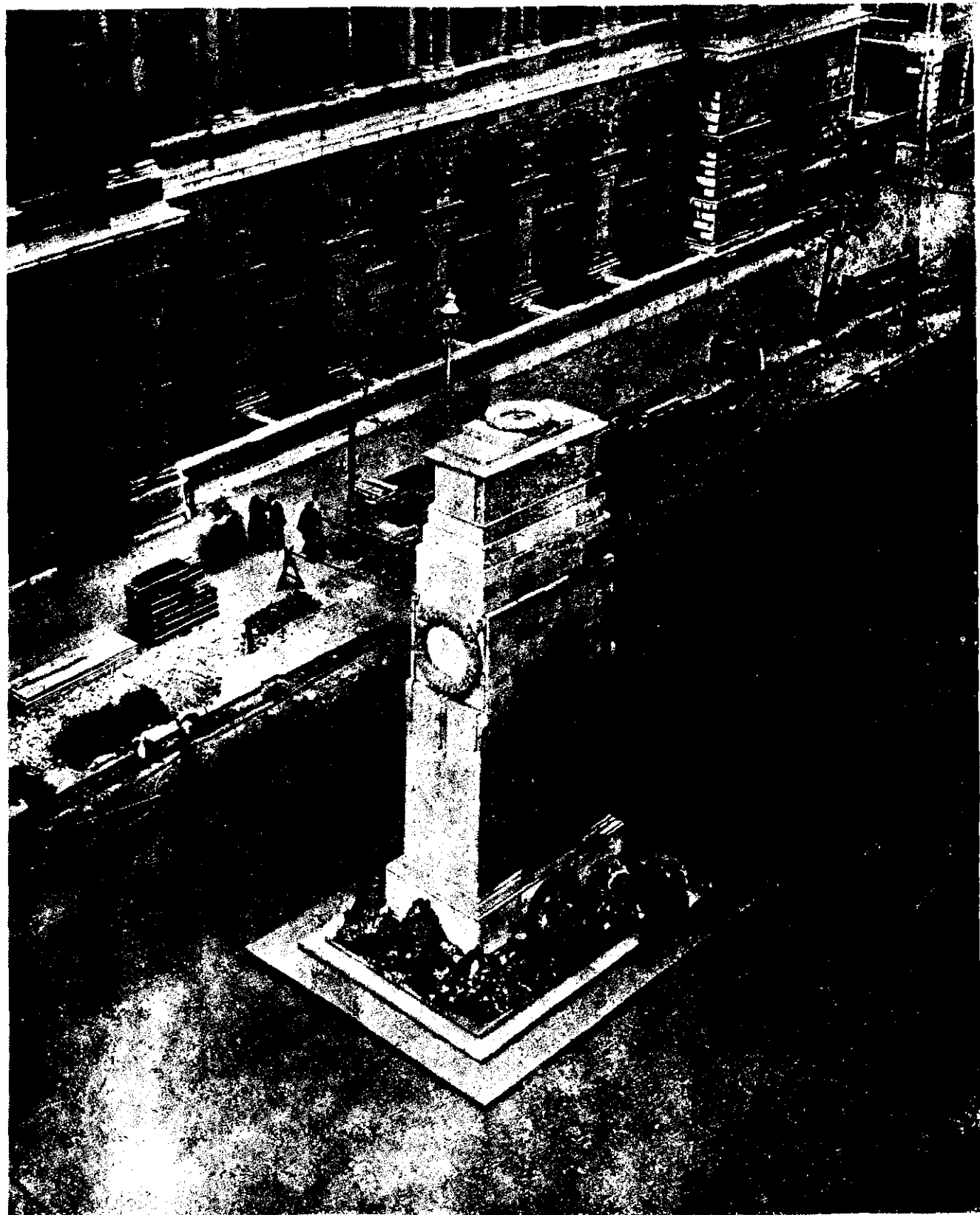
The Temple Elephant's Lament

Oh, for my jungle home,
And the cooling shade of the trees,
Which temper the sun's fierce rays,
And foster a gentle breeze!
Oh, to plunge in the pools,
Where I used to sport and play,
When the golden light from the sun,
Told of the close of day!
Here by the once-holy fane,
My body I gently sway,
Weary and sick with longing vain,
For my kind, who tread the way
Of the open savannah and forest paths,
And never hear the clang and the clash,
Of human life and temple bells,
That round me daily and hourly swells.
At times I dream that the leaves that they throw
—A pitiful mockery of the beauty I know—
Into my elephant den, will grow
Into tall palms, and over my head,

Mix with blue sky and round me shed,
The fragrance and calm of my forest bed.
Sometimes, too, with a twist of my trunk,
I lift and place a leaf on my head,
Pretending with elephant joy to feel,
The swish of the leaves as we rush and reel
Along our tracks with thund'rous roar,
Wild with that verve I shall feel no more,
Of the one great life of the pack.
And here must I stay till the humans learn,
And from image are ready to turn,
To hear of the mighty surging life,
Free from sorrow and sin and strife,
That ebbs and flows in the world around,
And e'en in the depths of their hearts to be
found.
Then may I wander wild and free,
In the elephant paradise waiting for me.

M. W. B.



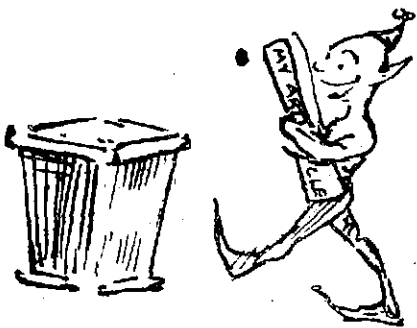


THE CENOTAPH
(See Page 296)

Editorial Notices

All communications must be written on one side of the paper only, or they cannot be inserted.

Uninvited communications must be accompanied with a fully stamped and directed envelope, for return in case of rejection. Otherwise, if declined, they will be destroyed.



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ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, *Editors*.

Declined with thanks: A Scout's Parent; M. S. A. M. Eds.

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The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL I.

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No. 10

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From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

THE Youth Movement is spreading rapidly through India, thanks to the Spirit of the Time, a Divine Manifestation, and to the man who has evidently been selected as its apostle, George S. Arundale. He is so aflame with his love for Youth, with his faith in its boundless possibilities, that he inspires the young with his own confidence, and the Youth of India—depressed by the failure of the hopes which led them to rush forward at Mr. Gandhi's call, to leave school and college, to become volunteers, only to find themselves stranded with empty hands, and in danger of becoming cynical and worldly in their sore disappointment—this Youth, so ready to sacrifice themselves, so responsive to the Ideal of Service, shows itself inclined to shake off the mood of indifference, of sullenness, bred of disillusion, and to lift up eyes, beginning to shine with a dawning hope, at the clarion cry of a Brotherhood of the Youth of all Nations. "Not of your making," he cried, "are the misery and the strife devastating earth to day; you have inherited these, which are not of your creating. But yours the splendid task of joining with the Youth of every Nation to create a new world fit for all men to live in." The War was to make a world fit for free men to live in; it has made a desert, whence arises a piteous discord of men's curses, women's stifled sobs, and children's wailing. Yours, O young men and young women, to make this desert

blossom as a rose, to ring with men's laughter, women's songs, and the merry cries of boys and girls at play.

No wonder that the splendid hope has aroused the Youth of India; the idea of "Youth Lodges" arose in the Theosophical Society in England, the T. S. being ever in the forefront of movements towards love and peace. As young men and women joined these in India from the student ranks, other students asked why there should not also be bodies unconnected with the T. S., and thus a League of Youth was formed, and this has now linked itself up with the International League of Youth. And thus the wave ripples on, further and further. It has also pamphlets, so far written by Mr. Arundale himself, the last of which, No. 5, *The Path to Greatness*, is the Address delivered to the Convocation of the National University, on December 15th. It is a really wonderful speech, arousing the mind, and thrilling the emotions, and it created a profound impression on the rapt and hushed audience.

The International League of Youth has brought about—either by thought, or physical means—a movement among children, started in Adelaide, South Australia, called the "All Nations Chum Movement," which has as its object the propagation of the international

In the February Number of

The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

FROM THE FRONT
IN THE WORLD'S SERVICE: LORD CHAITANYA
BUDDHIST STORIES—IX. The Elder Vakkali
A MAN OF THE HOUR: Henry Ford
THE BELLS OF LEYDEN.—III.
MEDICINE IN ANCIENT EGYPT.—By L. Tristram, B. A., F. R. A. I.

spirit among children. The membership card for each "All-Nations Chum" will certify that the child will think kindly of children in other countries, and in this way the movement should lead to a better understanding between the different Nations of the world. It is hoped to open the activities of the movement with a Christmas Tree, which should foster international ideas, and to which children will be asked to come in National dress.

The "National dress" is useful as marking that each Nation has its message to the world, its own note to enrich the mighty chord of Humanity. For Humanity is not a monotone but a harmonious and splendid chord, and each note is made up of overtones, which enrich it and give it its own peculiar tone. The Constitution is simple. The name and object are given above, and then follow:

(3). MEMBERSHIP:

- (a) Any adult person who is in sympathy with the movement and who subscribes not less than 1s. per annum shall have voting power in the direction of the movement.
- (b) Any child who is in sympathy with the movement on the payment of 6d. per annum shall receive an enrolment certificate and any other benefits that shall be decided upon from time to time.

(4). OFFICERS: The Officers shall consist of Patron, President, two Vice-Presidents, and a Secretary-Treasurer. The Executive Committee shall consist of the President, Vice-Presidents, Secretary-Treasurer and five other members.

The idea originated with Miss Margaret Darnley Naylor, of S. Australia, and she wrote the following fairy tale for the children:

Once upon a time there was a lady who always wanted to see people at peace and living happily together. Now she was a fairy, and because she flew from one country to another so often she was called the All-Nations Fairy.

She was very young and beautiful and was everybody's friend. One wonderful thing about her was that she had lived in the world for hundreds of years, and yet she did not grow old. Of course, fairies never do, but this particular fairy had tried so often to live with men and women that we almost forgot she was really a fairy. She had suffered so many misfortunes that we were surprised she could still smile and help others.

When I was a little girl, she went to live in a country called Holland, where little Dutch boys and girls have their homes. In that land, where the tulips grow and people travel on canals instead of

roads, the All-Nations Fairy persuaded men from many other Nations to think kindly of each other and to treat one another like friends, but, alas, our fairy had an enemy, a great big wizard, who drove her away. So she had to spread her pretty wings and fly to fairyland, where the Fairy Queen welcomed her.

Then the fairy messengers were very busy flying up and down the sunbeams, and even the moonbeams they sometimes had to use as their pathways. Gaily they used to leave the lovely fairy palace, with its walls of rose petals and its floors of moss, but sadly they returned from one great part of the earth, for they always brought such sad messages from there of men fighting one another, of brave women losing their lives, and of little children being driven from their homes.

They said, too, that when they asked the men to stop fighting, they would not listen to them, and that the brave women only said: "We must help the fighting as long as the men are being hurt or wounded."

But from the little children who had lost their Daddies and their Mummies, the fairy messengers brought quite a different story. These little ones wanted so much to see our All-Nations Fairy that she rose up at once from fairyland and flew down to them on earth. She went to each one and said: "You are my All-Nations Chum, and are going to help me to make grown-up people live happily one with another and think kindly of each other." And each little All-Nations Chum said: "Yes; for we don't want to see our Daddy fighting and our Mummy going away, but we do want our nurseries and our toys and our jolly playmates."

The All-Nations Fairy promised she would do her best, but she said the Chums must help her. So the Chums determined that they would think and read about children in other lands and make them their friends, so that no one would wish to fight anyone else again. In this way, determining to help the All-Nations Fairy, they were kept very busy.

The Theosophical Society started "A Golden Chain of Love" early in the century, and it spread very widely, and did much good in training children in gentle speech, kindly acts, and gracious ways.

New York State has devised a "literary test" for new voters in the State, and the first one given is to answer questions on the following:

A milk wagon was passing along a street, loaded with boxes of empty milk bottles. One box fell off and the bottles were smashed all over the street. The angry driver stopped, picked up the box, and drove off. But two Boy Scouts, who were passing, stopped. They patiently picked up the broken glass. They wrapped it in a newspaper, and carried it to an ash can not far off. Why did they take so

much trouble? Because they realised that the street was a place that belonged to them. They knew that, if the glass stayed there, somebody's automobile tyres would suffer.

The Scout Organisation builds boys and girls into good citizens. They try to "help other people at all times". None should pass broken glass on a thoroughfare, but should pick it up or brush it into the gutter. So with orange peel, carelessly thrown in the road, which may cause a passer-by to slip on it and break his leg. Broken glass is particularly dangerous in India, where most people walk barefoot.

Delegates from sixty Nations, assembled in San Francisco at the First World Conference on Education, voted to set aside May 18 of every year as International Good Will Day. This is positively constructive. It is also the most really international thing yet, because there is not a people which has not a liberal measure of good will—were that people only understood by other peoples. Good Will Day will not only cause every people to think for at least one day upon the good points in other peoples, but the grand total of good will thus awakened may operate in world betterment to an extent that has not yet been dreamed of, even by the educators who have proposed it. Again, Good Will Day is like unto Christmas and Easter, all three emanating from the same source, the life of the Nazarene. "On Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men." Armistice Day was negative. It afforded no permanent promise of peace. It did not get away from the thought of war. Good Will Day knows no war. Obviously, no Christian Nation can fail to establish it as the holiday of Good Will.

School and Society mentions the following Nations as among those represented by delegates at the World Conference which launched Good Will Day: Argentina, Belgium, Bolivia, British South Africa, Canada, Chile, China, Czechoslovakia, Ecuador, England, France, French Indo-China, Germany, Greece, Honduras, India, Italy, Japan, Korea, Mexico, Nicaragua, Norway, Panama, Peru, Salvador, Scotland, Spain, Sweden, Turkey, and the United States.

This ever growing interest in Education shews

itself strongly in the suggestion made as to improvements of methods, and the building of character. Some months ago I printed the fine oath taken by the Young Athenian when he reached majority, at 18 years of age, and received his arms as a free citizen of Athens. It has always seemed to me a fine pledge for the individual to give to the State. I therefore read with pleasure that the 453 graduating students of the College of the City of New York, at the last commencement exercises, took the oath administered to Athenian Youths about to enter public life, which is in part: "We will never bring disgrace to this our City by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the City; we will revere and obey the City's laws, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those about us." The quality of reverence was highly developed in the elder world, and we would fain see it more frequently among our Youth to-day.

The Legislature of the State of North Dakota adopted before its adjournment resolutions in part as follows: "*Resolved*, that the schools promptly reform their methods, so that the rudimentary studies as well as the sciences be taught only as subordinate to righteousness; that the emphasis be placed upon morality, good conscience, respect for parents, reverence for age and experience, and that all learning is but the handmaiden of eternal goodness."

It is interesting to learn, from *School and Society*, that

thirty-one universities and colleges in the United States publish daily papers, and of these one, *The Daily Iowan* of the University of Iowa, has full membership in the Associated Press and will be edited, written, published and printed by students. It is an eight-page, eight-column paper, published six times a week throughout the year.

We are not likely in India to rival such successful papers as these. But some small efforts are being made. The Calcutta University has a good monthly *Review*. The Muslim University has lately begun a monthly, as has the Muhammadan Hostel, Allahabad. The Youth Lodge, Adyar, has issued the first number of *The Young Theosophist*.

In The World's Service

Zarathushtra

BY A PARSI

HERE has been considerable difference of opinion regarding the age of Zarathushtra among the Oriental scholars, but the Greek writers put His age at about 6,000 B. C. years before the invasion of Greece by Xerxes in 480 B. C., which is generally accepted. Our information about Zarathushtra's life has to be gleaned from Avesta and Pehelvi writing and tradition. Various writers have traced the long line of ancestry of Zarathushtra. Let us, therefore, speak about the Spitama Zarathushtra who is mentioned in the Avesta. According to the Gathas, the Spirit of the Earth witnessed a vision in heaven of the "Fravashi" of the Prophet Zarathushtra, who was to come.

The author of *Zarathushtra-Nameh* says: "When the world had been thrown into confusion by the wicked, and was entirely at the mercy of the demon, God willed to raise up a Prophet of an exalted dignity, which the family of Faridun was alone worthy of filling. In those days lived a man, by name Purshasp, the son of Patirasp, descended from Faridun; and his wife's name was Doghduyah, a virtuous matron, who was also of the family of Faridun. These two persons were selected by the Almighty as the shells for enclosing the pearl of Zarathushtra."

When five months of Doghduyah's pregnancy had elapsed, she one night beheld in a dream her house enveloped in a dark cloud, and from this cloud rained down the noxious and rapacious creatures of earth and air; the boldest of them rent open Doghduyah's womb, took out the infant, which he held in his talons, and the other wild beasts gathered around him. Doghduyah in her alarm wished to cry out, but

Zarathushtra prevented her, saying: "The just God befriends me; entertain no apprehensions." She consequently held her peace. That instant she beheld a shining mountain which descended from heaven and rent the black cloud asunder, on which the noxious animals began to fly away. When the mountain approached nearer, there came forth from it a youth shining all over, bearing in one hand a luminous branch, and in the other the volume sent by the just God. He next hurled that volume towards the beasts, on which they all departed from the house, excepting three, a wolf, a lion and a tiger; the youth then smote these with the luminous branch so that they were consumed by fire; after this, taking Zarathushtra, he restored Him to his mother's womb, and said to her: "Fear not! Grieve not! For God Himself is thy son's guardian. This honored Child shall be the Prophet of the just God."

The whole of Nature rejoiced at the birth of the Prophet of Iran, who laughed aloud during his birth. His father then gave him the name of Zarathushtra, which is variously interpreted by scholars.

On hearing of the birth of Zarathushtra, Daran Sarun, the King of that region, who glcried in the practice of magic and the black art, hastened to Zarathushtra's place and commanded that the Child should be taken out of the cradle. Putting his hand to his sword, he prepared to cut off the Child's head, but that instant his hand was dried up so that he left the house in pain and agony. Then the magician formed a mountain of wood, naptha and sulphur, and having set it on fire threw Zarathushtra into it, but by the aid of God, He was

preserved. Then he carried away Zarathushtra and threw Him into a narrow place, a thoroughfare for the passage of oxen, but through the grace of God a powerful cow came in front, took up Zarathushtra with her forelimbs, and thus saved Him. Then again He was thrown into a far narrower defile through which horses were to pass, but by the aid of God a mare went before the others, and standing at the Child's head kept watch over Him. Then He was again thrown into the dens of ravening wolves, but there also He was saved by God, as the wolf could not open his mouth to devour Him. At this time, there lived an aged Saint named Barzin-Karoos, who came to the house of Purshasp, and entreated that he might be allowed to bring up Zarathushtra, to which His father Purshasp agreed and entrusted the Child to his care.

When Zarathushtra had attained his seventh year, the chief of the magicians came to the Child's abode, and made so great a display of enchantments, terrific and frightful sights, that all the people fled away, but Zarathushtra felt no alarm, so the magicians were again disappointed. Once Zarathushtra fell ill, on hearing which the chief of the magicians came to cure Him with enchantments and medicine mixed with "mina," but the illuminated mind of Zarathushtra saw through the machinations, and, taking the medicine from him, poured it on the ground and told him about the "mina" mixed up with the medicine.

When He reached the age of 15, He was invested with the sacred shirt and girdle, and from that day forward had many encounters with sorcerers on religious topics, in which He checkmated them. At the age of 30, He completely withdrew Himself from the outer world and retired to a mountain and spent His time in prayers and profound meditation. In His seclusion the Revelation came to Him through Sarosh, the Divine Messenger, the great and good Mediator, breathing wisdom into His ears, which was committed to writing in the shape of 21 Nasks, now missing, which are believed to have embodied the wisdom about all the sciences, arts, philosophies and finally about God. Zarathushtra was led into Ahura's presence through the help of Vahu Mano, at the age of

30 after His retirement, and during the succeeding ten years He had seven different consultations with Ahura Mazda, and the other six Amesaspantas. Then Zarathushtra turned His steps to Iran along with some of His relatives. He began to preach with varying success. At this period, He was subjected to that same temptation which Christ and Buddha had each to resist.

After ten years of struggle, He won His first and most beloved disciple, Maidyoi Maougho, His own cousin. Under inspiration from on high, Zarathushtra wended his way towards the Court of King Vishtasp of Iran, in company with men and women and some of His own relations. In the course of His journey, He came to a large expanse of water to cross which no boat was to be found. So He entreated Ahura Mazda for a passage over that wide expanse of water, and finally crossed over the water to the other shore with His companions and relatives.

Many are the traditions as to the singular achievements of Zarathushtra, and the terrible fate of those Kings who declined to accept His Ministry, and leave off their vile practices, whilst He was on His way to King Vishtasp's capital. Even there, He had to fight for His foothold, and He had to withstand the intrigues and plottings of the "Wise Men" and courtiers around Vishtasp. Many disputations took place, and by and by the utter and systematic discomfiture of His opponents made Him more feared than loved. He was finally accused of practising black magic and of harboring unhallowed materials in His rooms by a number of conspirators, who got a tool of theirs to insert nails, hairs, heads of dogs and so forth under His bed, and had Him cast into prison, the King condemning Him as a necromancer.

Then followed the episode of the favorite Black Horse of Vishtasp, which had its legs drawn up into its belly, and which Zarathushtra cured on four conditions, accepted by Vishtasp, including the acceptance of the Faith by Vishtasp, his wife and his son, and the punishment of the plotters against Him whose names He revealed. The horse was cured, Vishtasp was converted, and then followed the swift spread of the Good Religion.

To convince Vishtasp of Zarathushtra being Ahura Mazda's Messenger, the two Archangels, Behman and Ardibehesht, and the Fire Burzin Meher, descended into the palace of Vishtasp, filled it with radiance past description, and assured Vishtasp of the truth of Zarathushtra's claim. Zarathushtra became established in the Court of Vishtasp as the Prophet. People from far and near came to hear of His fame, and Brahmanas and Greeks alike accepted His faith after getting incontestable proofs of Zarathushtra's superhuman knowledge and power. He healed as did Christ. He was unsurpassed in His knowledge of the laws of Nature, and His 21 Nasks are believed to have been the repository of the magnificent reach of His mind.

Later on there were invasions of Iran by Arjasp, and after much warfare the armies of Iran beat the invader back to his capital. Before the second invasion was over and during

its continuance, it is said by some that Zarathushtra was killed by Tur Baratur, whilst He was praying in an Atash-gah. There are numerous completely different versions about the manner of the passing away of the Holy One. Many have affirmed that He was killed by heavenly fire, that came after He had foretold His own death and had enjoined His followers to guard most warily His ashes.

Avesta nowhere mentions any wife of Zarathushtra. Pehelvi Bundesh mentions three wives of Zarathushtra. However, in Avesta, the name Hvovi, the third wife according to Bundesh, is linked to Zarathushtra. But it is evident that Hvovi could not be Zarathushtra's wife. She is to bear in the future three sons named Hoshedarmah, Hoshedarbami and Soshyosh to Zarathushtra, but the birth of those three sons is to take place in the very distant ages to come; so, obviously, the above reference has some mystical meaning.

The Cenotaph

TO SHINE UPWARD WITH PERPETUAL LIGHT

THE Cenotaph, as readers of *The Young Citizen* may remember, was erected in one of the principal streets in London, from designs by Sir Edwin Lutyens, as a memorial to those who gave their lives in the Great War for the cause of Liberty.

In a letter to the *Times*, a group of M. P.'s suggested that "a fixed light, which would shine upward day and night," from the top of the Cenotaph in Whitehall, would add to its symbolic beauty. "No change," they wrote, "should be made in the appearance of the Cenotaph, nothing to mar its simple dignity, all that is needed is that within the wreath on the upper surface there be fixed a circle of electric light. The light should burn always, and though invisible by day, it would through dusk and darkness bear its message of enduring memory towards the skies. We understand that it is purposed shortly to cover the roadway surrounding the Cenotaph with rubber, so that traffic itself, in passing, may be hushed; and the occasion seems favorable to carry out what we have ventured to suggest." The writers also urged that the practice of saluting the Cenotaph should be invariable. The symbolism of a perpetual light, or altar fire, has been used both in Christianity and other religions, as among the Vestals of ancient

Rome. A secular example from antiquity was the ever-burning light on the famous Pharos at Alexandria, the prototype of the lighthouse. A modern parallel is afforded by the Toc H. Lamps of Maintenance.

On last Armistice Day, the scene at the Cenotaph was very impressive. Hour after hour was heard the tramp of the bereaved as in eloquent silence they walked past the Monument, each placing en route their floral tribute. Before dawn they had begun to assemble, and night fell before the cessation of the procession composed of old and young, feeble and strong, ex-service men, victims of the War, Boy Scout and Girl Guide. A striking sight, as viewed from the plinth of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, to see the severe Memorial towering above an ever-growing mound of lovely flowers. More wonderful still at 11 a.m., when expressive silence reigned. Many felt at that moment what the Dean of St. Paul's put into words at the beautiful service in Westminster Abbey that morning: "This is the day for the renewal of the Covenant of Brotherhood." For at Cologne, when the British troops formed up in Cathedral Square and observed the two minutes' silence, the crowds of Germans by whom they were surrounded kept the silence too.

Buddhist Stories—VIII

THE BRAHMANA AND THE FIRST-FRUIT

WHOSO HATH NEITHER PART NOR LOT IN MIND-AND-BODY," was the text of a sermon preached by the Master while dwelling at Jeta Grove, concerning a certain Brahmana, a giver of the Five First-Fruits.

This Brahmana, they say, used to give the first-fruits of his paddy crop when it stood in the field, and, again, when it was stored in the granary, and yet again, at threshing time, he gave the best of the grain threshed. Moreover, when it was time for boiling rice, he gave the best that was in the pot. Lastly, when it was poured into the dish, he gave the best of that. Thus he gave the Five First-Fruits, and never ate himself without giving of what was served. Therefore he was called "Giver of the Fives".

Now when the Master saw in that Brahmana and his wife the sufficing qualities for the Three Fruits of Arahantship, one day he went and stood at the door of the house at the time when the Brahmana ate his meal. He sat eating in the doorway facing inwards, so that he could not see the Master as He stood at the door. But the Brahmana's wife, as she waited on him, saw the Master and thought to herself: "Here's the goodman getting his breakfast after giving the Five First-Fruits, and now comes the ascetic Gautama and stands at the door. If the goodman sees Him, he'll take and offer Him his own meal, and then I shan't be able to cook another. I won't let him see Him," and she turned her back on Him, bending over the Brahmana from behind, and hiding the Master from his view, just as if one should try to hide the full moon with one's hand, looking askance with half an eye to see whether He were gone or not.

Well, the Master stood there waiting, and she, fearing lest the Brahmana should hear her, dared not say aloud "Pass on to the next house," so she whispered it. But the Master shook His head, as if to say: "I am not passing on." Now when the Buddha, the Teacher of the World, shook His head, that woman could not restrain herself, but burst into a loud laugh. At that very moment the Master threw a radiance within the house. The Brahmana, though he sat with his back to Him, hearing the housewife's laugh and looking up at the radiance of the six-fold rays of light, beheld the Master; for the Buddhas, be it in village or in forest, never depart without showing Themselves to those who are possessed of the qualities of perfection.

When the Brahmana saw the Master, he

exclaimed: "Goodwife! I'm ruined by you! You never told me the King's Son was standing at the door. You've done a grievous wrong!" So saying, he took the half-eaten bowl of rice, went to the Master and said: "Master Gautama, I'm eating my meal after giving the First-Fruits in five ways. Of these two parts of rice I've eaten one. Accept the other half, I beg."

Now the Master never said: "I don't want your leavings," but: "Brahmana, the First-Fruits are my due. Likewise, when you divide the rice into two parts those parts also are my due. Nay, the last handful of rice is also fit for me. For we, mendicants, O Brahmana, are like the hungry ghosts that feed on others' offerings." Thereupon He sang these verses:

Be it from top or middle or the leavings,
If one who lives on others gets a dole,
'T is not enough to thank the donor of it:
He must not even think the gift is mean.
Such is the one whom wise men deem a sage.

On hearing this, the Brahmana was glad at heart, and said: "O strange! that a King's Son, who is Lord of the World, should abstain from saying: 'I've no need of your leavings, but speaks thus instead.'" So, as he stood at the door, he asked the Master this question:

"Master Gautama, You call Your own disciples mendicants. Pray what is the meaning of that word mendicant?"

The Master thought within Himself: "How can I best profit this man by a discourse on the Truth?" Then He saw that, in the time of Kassapa, the previous Buddha, those two folk had heard the teachings of those who preached on Mind-and-Body. So He said to Himself: "I should not miss this chance of preaching to them the Truth about Mind-and-Body." Then to the Brahmana he said: "Brahmana, a mendicant is he who is neither soiled by, nor in love with, nor fettered by, Mind-and-Body (*nama-rupa*). That, Brahmana, is a mendicant." So saying, He sang this verse:

Whoso hath neither part nor lot in Mind-and-Body,
Who saith not "This is I" or "This is Mine,"
Who grieveth not for what existeth not,
He is the one whom men call "mendicant".

At the end of the discourse those two, both man and wife, were established in the Fruits of Never-Returning (*anagami*), and the discourse was a blessing to those who came to listen.

Note.—That is, having completed this life on earth, after death they would be reborn in the Brahmaloкас or formless worlds, and would thence attain Nibbana or be born no more.)
F. L. WOODWARD
Translated from the Commentary on *Dhammapada*, v.367.

The Young Citizen

BY G. S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B.

I TAKE this month from the re-written and enlarged edition of my pamphlet, *The Brotherhood of Youth*, the following account of the work being done by Young Theosophists the world over:

Nowhere, I am glad to say, is there more evidence of the organising of the Youth-Spirit than in the Theosophical Movement. For many years, there have been Theosophical movements for young people, such as those I have already mentioned, but they were started by the older generation, and so do not altogether come within the purview of this address. But Youth owes a debt of gratitude to Dr. Annie Besant who, with Mr. Walter (of San Francisco), started the Golden Chain; to Mr. (now Bishop) C. W. Leadbeater, who started and taught for years the first Lotus Circle; and to Captain and Mrs. Herbert Whyte in particular, for the fine pioneer work they did for many years, and the latter is still doing, since Captain Whyte was killed in Palestine. Largely as a result of their endeavors, we now find the Youth of the Theosophical movement organising themselves in a remarkable manner all over the world—a most happy augury for the future. I must draw your particular attention to one or two of these movements. The "Youth Lodge" of London is a Lodge of the Theosophical Society, 23, Bedford Square, London, W. C. 1, exclusively composed of young people under 30, and has the following objects:

1. *Youth*.—To provide a corporate voice for the needs, ideas and methods of the younger generation in the Theosophical Society, and to provide new and up-to-date methods of spreading Theosophy.

2. *Service*.—To serve as a training ground for administrative office in the Theosophical Society in the future.

To make Headquarters more efficient, as such, by providing trained voluntary helpers who will work under the Headquarters Staff wherever needed.

To combine Service with Business Efficiency.

3. *Research*.—To provide Study Groups to carry out Research in the problems of the day, and to publish such results to the Society.

To carry out experiments, wherever possible, in an endeavor to corroborate scientifically the theories put forward in Theosophical Literature.

To study all branches of Art, and the relationship between them, in the light of Theosophy.

4. *Internationalism*.—To foster a spirit of Internationalism and to set an example of World Citizenship. To this end to co-operate with all movements of whatever kind which have as their aim the realisation of Brotherhood.

As Mr. Jinarâjadâsa, Vice-President of the Theosophical Society, observed in the course of an address to this remarkable Lodge: "Youth can set the tone of the world," and he added: "Go on and do things; we want you to do them; we are waiting to see great world changes, and while we do our best, we want you to do a better best in the next generation." Well, I think that with the Objects as stated, the Youth Lodge is likely to fulfil its own share of this mission. In fact, I am told that the members of the Lodge take themselves, as they ought, very seriously, and are working very hard in many practical ways to make themselves efficient for Service.

In India, the Youth Lodge movement has been growing very rapidly. The first Lodge was formed at Coimbatore, South India, and others were formed in rapid succession at Guindy, Adyar, George Town, Triplicane, Komaleshwaranpet, Mylapur, Chintadripet, Purusawaukam—all these in or about the city of Madras and most with entirely new members below thirty years of age—Bombay, Indore, Trichinopoly, Badagara, Palghat, Rangoon (Burma), Shuklatirtha (Broach), Baroda, Ahmedabad, Madanapalle, Calicut, Alleppey (Travancore). I expect that before these words are published, there will be Youth Lodges in Benares, Hyderabad (Sindh), and Karachi (Sindh). Youth Centres have also been formed at Cochin Town and Cannanore. These Lodges and Centres have as their motto or watchword, "Brotherhood and Service," and the South Indian Lodges are now federated into a "Federation of Young Theosophists," with Mr. K. S. Shelvankar, Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras, S. India, as the Provisional Secretary. The General Secretary of the Theosophical Society has very kindly facilitated in every way the formation of these Lodges, the Entrance Fee and Annual Subscription to the Society (Rs. 5 and Rs. 4 respectively)

being excused or remitted according to circumstances—the full fees only being payable where a youth is quite able to afford to do so. Membership of these Youth Lodges is open to all members of the Society 30 years of age and under, a candidate under 18 being required to produce the written consent of his or her parent or guardian. The elders have nothing whatever to do with these Youth Lodges, save as their help is requested, for it is considered far better to let the younger generation work out its own idea of Brotherhood, both theoretical and practical, in its own way. The Mother Lodge, if there be one, often offers the use of the Lodge room, but goes no further than that. The younger people may make mistakes, which otherwise they might not make if more directly under older tutelage, but in that case, there is very much valuable work they might not do which, left free, they may be able to accomplish, and the mistakes they may make will at the worst be mistakes of good intention, which will not carry them far wrong. I never miss an opportunity of urging upon the older generation the very great importance of assisting the younger generation to do their own pioneer work and to make their own discoveries, as well as to fall in their own way, in the field of Brotherhood and in the field of Service. The new world is their world. Theirs is the spirit of the New Age. And they must begin now to sense their world, to work in it, to begin to shape it according to its destiny and theirs. "Make way for the Young" must be the slogan of Age, sounding ever more emphatically as youth grows to its maturity, and what can be done successfully in Canada ought to be able to be done successfully throughout the world. I must not omit to mention that a number of young workers at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras, S. India, have organised an International Youth Service with the following prospectus:

International Youth Service

The stirring of Youth in India to their work and mission has impressed some of the younger workers at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society with the desirability of establishing what may be called a Youth Clearing House, to which all may apply who desire information as to Youth Movements throughout the world. The Service is speci-

ally designed to help the Youth of one Nation to come into brotherly contact with the Youth of other Nations, and a feature of the Service will be the endeavor to assist young Indians who are proceeding abroad to make friends, through Youth organisations in the countries to which they proceed, with members of their own generation. The International Youth Service will also promote in all suitable ways the drawing together of the Youth of all countries in mutual understanding and respect, as, for example: By urging participation in International Youth Conventions, by stimulating correspondence between the Youth of all Nations, by facilitating straightforward, unbiassed, brotherly statements on the part of the Youth of a country as to any grievances which it considers to exist as against another country, so that these grievances may be understood and sought to be resolved in a spirit of comradeship and good-will, be the attitude of the elders what it may.

The International Youth Service has its Headquarters at the Theosophical Society, Adyar, S. India, by kind permission of the President, and the Organising Committee in charge of the work is at present composed as follows: Shrimati Rukmini Arundale, L. Tristram, B. A. (Cantab.), K. Palani (London School of Economics, and formerly of S. Christopher's School, Letchworth, England), V.K. Krishna Menon, B. A. (Madras). Communications should be addressed to the Secretary, International Youth Service, Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras, S. India. The Secretaries of Youth Lodges of the T. S., and of Youth Movements generally, are being approached to become local correspondents of the Service, and every effort is being made to get into touch with Youth activities all over the world. The Editors of *The Young Citizen* have very kindly consented to give reasonable space month by month to chronicle the activities of the Service, and it is hoped that the other journals throughout the world will be good enough to afford a similar courtesy. Suggestions as to increasing the efficiency of the Service will be gratefully received.

There is, however, a suggestion that the Indian Section of the International League of Youth shall take over charge and direction of this International Youth Service, as a very appropriate activity.

In Australia, there is the Order of the New Age, of which the Head is Oscar Kollerstrom, with Bishop Leadbeater as Patron. The objects of this Order have been published separately as a supplement to *The Young Citizen*.

Mr. Leonard Tristram, a brilliant example of the younger generation of Theosophists, writes as follows, in the November *Theosophist*, of the European Federation which had its inception at the Vienna Congress of the Theosophical Society, held in July, 1923:

Before the Congress, hopes had been entertained

of starting similar movements to that of the Youth Lodge movement in other countries, and some correspondence had been entered into on the subject, but when we arrived in Vienna it became quickly apparent that nearly all the young Theosophists in Europe had had exactly the same idea. Under these conditions, it was extremely easy to get a movement going on a very large scale, and after many meetings had been held and much discussion had taken place, the European Federation of Young Theosophists emerged in triumph.

Mr. Krishnamurti was elected Chairman, and Mr. Humphreys Treasurer. A Secretary and other officials were also appointed. It was decided to call the organisation "The Federation of Young Theosophists," instead of the "Young Theosophical Workers," and communication was directed to be established with the Young Theosophical Workers in Sydney, in order that the two movements might be correlated, and also with a view to alteration of the name of the Sydney organisation, if the authorities there approved.

Eventually about 40 people engaged to form Lodges of the new organisation in as many different places in Europe, embracing practically every country. So many people being gathered at Vienna, matters could be arranged in a day which at any other time would have required years for accomplishment.*

All this is delightful reading to those of us who, while belonging to the older generation

from the point of view of physical body years, are nevertheless heart and soul with the young of body, in their determination to fulfil their dharma as pioneers of the New Age, and future servants of the Great World-Teacher. May the blessings of their Elder Brothers, the Eternally Young, rest upon them in their work!

I may add to this account that Messrs. L. Tristram, B. A. (Cantab.) and V. K. Krishna Menon, B. A. (Madras) are joint editors of a new four sheet magazine called *The Young Theosophist*, to be out before this number appears and to be priced at Re. 1 per year, post free. There is a happy blending of East and West in the editorship, natural in a Theosophical venture, and the Editors of *The Young Citizen* wish their young comrades a successful editorial career.

Youth is astir in India. May they be worthy of their mission of fulfilling their Motherland's regeneration!

*It was doubtful, however, whether these Lodges will be independent units, as we have them in India, or sections of Lodges. A recent letter suggests the latter arrangement as more convenient, and likely to be adopted. It would not, of course, work in India, where the conditions are so very different.

Citizen Heroes

ANY acts of heroism take place on the battlefields of everyday life, and are the means by which we realise how apparently ordinary people rise to great heights when the opportunity offers. Such a case was Driver Davies, when driving the Liverpool and London Express, who, in spite of the intense agony which he suffered through being badly scalded by steam due to the breaking of a rod, courageously stuck to his post until the engine was brought safely to rest. "His only thought was," said Mr. George Lansbury, as he handed him *The Daily Herald* Order of Industrial Heroism, "to save the lives of those entrusted to his care". Modest by nature, he found it difficult to utter even a few words in reply, but the deafening cheers which rang out from those who had gathered there in hundreds from the different Unions with their wives and friends, showed their appreciation of his act of heroism.

There has just died in France a caretaker whose name is known throughout the world. He was Louis Pasteur's brave shepherd boy, the very first patient Pasteur inoculated for hydrophobia. Nearly forty years ago, there came down from the French

mountains near Salins a mad wolf, and rushed among some children who were playing together. But a shepherd lad, Jean Baptiste Jupille, saw their danger in time and grappled with the wolf, till he strangled it, but not before the wolf's teeth had pierced his hand. The brave boy was hurried off to Pasteur, and when the Pasteur Institute was built in Paris, he became its caretaker, and a statue showing him in his fight with the mad wolf was set up in front.

Here is another brave act to add to the long list of heroic deeds performed by Boy Scouts. Mr. Krishnanand, a Scout of the E. I. M. High School, Bareilly, did an exemplary deed on September 9th. He managed to stop a driverless Tonga, which was carrying some Indian ladies. The Tonga was running at a tremendous and dangerous speed through the crowded quarters of the Bazar. Just when the horse was about to leap down the Nala culvert, fifteen feet high, Scout Krishnanand stopped the Tonga at great personal risk and thus averted a fatal accident. He was awarded a medal by the local Seva Samiti Boy Scouts' Association. Here is one more concrete example of true service for our youths to emulate.

A Man of the Hour

SIR TEJ BAHADUR SAPRU, K.C.S.I., LL.D.—AN APPRECIATION

INDIA has indeed good cause for congratulating herself on the fact that the Viceroy in his wisdom saw fit to appoint Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru to represent India at the Imperial Conference, from which he has only recently returned. No one could have presented the case for India more ably; no one could have been more fearless and more dignified than this son of the Motherland, whose natural ability and legal mind enabled him to battle magnificently against odds that to almost

anyone else would have been overpowering. Dr. Sapru had the additional handicap of suffering from poisoning too—the penalty of attending a Guildhall Banquet. He was in the Doctor's hands practically until the time of his speech of nearly two hours, a speech that brought him warm congratulations from not only the Premier and Foreign Secretary, but also from the Premier of South Africa, who was his chief opponent.

Those of us who try to work for India in England realise how difficult it is to get the ordinary Englishman to be willing even to try to see the Indian point of view. Sir Tej Bahadur realised this to the full, before he had been many days in England. It was not even intended that the Indian Question should be discussed at the Imperial Conference and it was not provided for on the Agenda. Not only did Sir Tej Bahadur get it placed on the Agenda, but he managed to get a day given specially to its discussion. It is no exaggeration to say that while it was thought, before the Conference met, that the Indian Representative would be very unimportant, he proved himself, before its finish, to be about the most outstanding figure and one who, by his tact, his resourceful ability and his wonderful courage, achieved the almost impossible problem of getting the Conference back to the 1921 Resolution, with the intention of having it carried out throughout the Empire. General Smuts, of course, opposed, but

his present position in South Africa is not too secure and, being more politician than statesman, he took up an unbending and unyielding attitude against which no arguments could prevail. With the General Election at present just finished at home, the prospects for a sympathetic understanding of India's position are very much improved. Would that we had such an ambassador always in London! Truly Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru is a son of whose services India may well be justly proud.

D. GRAHAM POLE



SIR TEJ BAHADUR SAPRU, K.C.S.I., LL.D.

Dr. Tej Bahadur Sapru is known in India as a devoted supporter of Indian Self-Government, as a brilliant lawyer, who gained fame at the Allahabad Bar, and as a leading citizen of that City. Not many, if any, men have more friends and fewer enemies, for his geniality, warm-heartedness and generosity of temperament win him love wherever he goes.

He was the Legal Member of the Viceroy's Cabinet after the Reforms, and signalised his tenure of office by presiding over the Committees which abolished the Press Act and the Incitement to (Newspaper) Offences Act, and repealed most of the Emergency legislation which placed liberty at the mercy of the Executive. He also presided over the Racial Distinctions Committee, whose labors ended in the passage of

the Act of that name, removing nearly all the distinctions in the administration of justice between Europeans and Indians. His voice was ever in favor of progress, and his counsel ever supported the Viceroy in a liberal interpretation of the Reforms. His loss—owing to his inability to stand the Simla climate—has been clearly marked by the inability of the present Indian Members to keep their English colleagues in check. We trust that he will soon take his place once more as a foremost warrior for Self-Government. He is President of the National Conference organisation and a keen and strong advocate of the NATIONAL CONVENTION.



MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE, VICE PRESIDENT, U. S. A.

THE LATE PRESIDENT WARREN G. HARDING

Two Presidents and A Cat

READERS of *The Young Citizen* are, of course, aware of the death of President Harding and of the accession to office of the Vice-President of the United States—Mr. Coolidge. Here is a charming picture of the two, when President and Vice-President respectively. Mr. Harding is on the left. But there is another picture to which, I feel sure, President Coolidge would give equal place with his own, namely, "Jingles," the new Presidential cat, and, by virtue of this position, the President of all the cats of the United States. The picture shows him in his White House. The *Literary Digest* of America has the following article on President Jingles:

"Catdom" is soon to be represented at the White House by a distinguished member of the feline family. This new holder of the title, "the first cat in the land," reports the *Boston Globe*, is "Jingles Coolidge," known among the home folks in Northampton as "the cat of destiny". As a little half-starved kitten, he strayed into the Coolidge home in 1919, on the very night the then Mr.

Coolidge learned that he was elected Governor of the Bay State. Immediately, as the story goes:

Believing this gray feline to be a harbinger of good fortune, the family adopted him, and he became the special pet of the Governor and received the personal attention of Mrs. Coolidge. When the Coolidges went to Washington to live, it was decided that Jingles should stay with Mrs. Clarence Phalen, the next-door neighbor of the Coolidges in Northampton, until they should have a permanent home in Washington.

But once again fate has been kind to Jingles. Now that President and Mrs. Coolidge are to make

their home at the White House, Jingles is to share it with them, and, as a result, he will be, so it is claimed, the first official cat in many an Administration.

Jingles is at present in Wollaston, where Mrs. Phalen is now living. Mrs. Phalen's young daughter will take him to Washington just as soon as she receives word from Mrs. Coolidge. Two months ago, when Mrs. Coolidge was in Boston, she told her former neighbor that nothing would give her more happiness than to have a permanent home in Washington, so she could have Jingles with her again, little dreaming that that day was to dawn so soon and that the home would be in the White House.



JINGLES

The cat, when established in the White House, will have privileges accorded to few. Mrs. Phalen says she is sure he will have access to the President at all times. It was President Coolidge himself who took special pains to break him of the feline habit of chasing birds. One day, when still a kitten, he presented the President with a dead bird he had caught. The President refused to pay

any attention to the offering, and from that day to this, Jingles has never been known to chase a bird.

Just where Jingles hails from is a mystery. The Coolidges were never able to find out. Mrs. Coolidge always claimed he was a truly democratic cat. He had no pedigree, and it appears he didn't care whether others had one or not.

But, perhaps, the most unusual characteristic of the cat is that he possesses the same retiring quality as his master. Jingles, his admirers say, is all that a good cat should be.

Some Incidents of the Late War

BY A COMBATANT

PART I: HOLDING THE LINE

(Continued from page 273)

During the summer and autumn months of 1915 nothing more than holding the trenches was attempted, but the Hawk-eyed one had seen to it that the Division should be considerably reinforced with artillery behind, and proceeded in co-operation therewith to make the village H..... and its environment one of the hottest parts of the line with a view to an ultimate attack. This, however, fell through for want of infantry reinforcements all along the line, as it was found to be dangerous to advance too far in any one part, as such would create a salient, and thereby be liable to being attacked on both sides. Originally, the French had been in the habit of walking about the top of the trenches in a casual manner and the Germans did the same. This became all altered, because of far more frequent sniping and likewise ever-increasing shell fire from heavier and heavier guns. H..... became more of a ruin than ever, yet nothing was done to repair the communication trenches, of which there were miles, because sanguine individuals, associated with the staff behind, had assumed that such would be unnecessary, in the light of the hypothetical advance in the immediate future.

The Air Force on both sides had by now become very considerable. In Belgium aeroplanes were few, and a scrap between such was an incident of no little excitement to the watching troops below in the trenches; but now an incident of that kind had become commonplace. Unfortunately, the enemy planes would sight a battalion entering a trench or coming to relieve others there, or along the roads for some miles outside them, and proceed to communicate with their artillery. The result would be a terrible barrage which would claim its inevitable quota of casualties. Naturally, the trenches became dreaded by the troops, when out of them for a rest of a week or more, fifteen miles or so behind the line. These periods of alleged "rest" consisted of endless inspections and working parties, the last entailing two or three platoons at a time marching out into the woods round about, and making hurdles suitable for revetting the trenches in bad weather. The battalion must have made thousands of such during the summer of 1915, yet none ever came near H..... Where they disappeared to was never discovered. Certainly they never came near the troops who had made them! Once created, they seemed to vanish into oblivion. As for

the inspections, they became immediate, the next day in fact, and men, worn out with heavy shell-fire and numberless fatigues of various kinds, would have to set to and clean themselves up, no easy matter, as their clothes had become caked with mud. Brushing was useless, all that could be done was to scrape off the mud reaching waist high when the weather had been bad, with a large knife (the one used for food), and this would take a whole morning to achieve. Then would come the inspection of the men's possessions, allotted to them by the Army, and should any be missing it would have to be replaced out of the man's pay. An inspection, always a tiring proceeding, necessitated an hour or more of waiting in the cold of the early morning, before the officer inspecting condescended to, or was capable of, turning up. Estaminets (inns of sorts) abounded with men during certain hours (not very many) of the evening, giving ample opportunity for its frequenters to imbibe various cheap poisons; but of food it was only possible for the good woman thereof to cook innumerable eggs, and potatoes by way of a digestive to the above.

The ordinary rations consisted of one loaf a day, shared, at best, between three men and, at worst, four or five (during those days when German prisoners had to be coped with), a pot of jam between an equal number for a similar period, tea boiled in a large open contraption twice a day, mixed already with milk, which would be served out by the N.-C. O. (a lance-corporal) for the day into each man's mess-tin, for which all would have to line up. The single meat meal, taken during the middle of the day, would be served up and portioned out in a similar manner, and consisted of a mysterious stew in which the vegetables were conspicuous by their absence, and large portions of fat swam about playfully, occasionally heaving over the side as the two fatigue men bore the concern hurriedly along from the cook-house to the billet. Sometimes the men would object to this amazing repast, and would complain to their platoon officer, thereby occasioning his inspection of the cook-house; but though efforts would be made to improve matters for a time, the cook invariably relapsed back once more into the old methods. As can be well imagined, by the time such a dish arrived at the trenches after its unfortunate bearers had staggered up miles of com-

munication trenches, waist high in water, in some places compelled, not infrequently, to clutch in a frenzied manner at the sides of the trench for support, large portions of the same would be precipitated into the stew and add not a little to its mysterious flavor. Yet the men seemed nearly always able to eat it, though at times in spite of overwhelming hunger they were compelled to refuse it: such being the result of always living in the open air. After some time one can eat almost anything.

When out of the trenches, there were other inspections of a far more serious nature, referred to as "Ceremonial Parades". These were invariably dreaded by the troops because they entailed more than the usual cleaning up and hours of preparation, as well as the possibility of having to manoeuvre through various complicated wheels and turns in front of some Great Personage surrounded by the Divisional General, the Brigadier and their numerous decorative but contemptuous staff. With but little notice it would be upon them. One day a Great Personage would convey through Divisional channels that he would be pleased to inspect the Division or perhaps even only the Battalion. Great trepidation would ensue, for no one would be informed exactly as to what the Great Personage might take it into his head to demand as his due. The C. O. and the Company Commanders would congregate together and hazard possibilities; these conjectures would in turn be conveyed to Platoon Commanders who would add their quota also when conversing with their N.-C. O.'s. In short, the Battalion must be prepared for *anything*! Men, whose knowledge of ceremonial parade had always been sketchy and which by now had become wholly nebulous, would promptly get the "wind-up," as it was called, and begin to contemplate all sorts of ghastly possibilities whereby, through their ignorance, they might throw out a whole column at the critical moment—at the point of turning—with its inevitable concomitant of frightful yells on the part of outraged and harassed N.-C. O.'s, Platoon Commanders, Company Commanders or even higher officials, all eyes being focussed upon the hapless offender. Days and nights are made hideous considering these possibilities, which they are too ashamed of to share. Finally the day arrives. Even the most good-natured of Platoon Commanders are reduced to a state of harassed anxiety, whilst N.-C. O.'s, those who knew their drill book backwards, revert to pre-War discipline and appear for the time being to tyros in Battalion Drill, once more as inhuman monsters.

The trenches and the peculiar qualities of pluck and endurance demanded of all those who survive

their terrible ordeal seem wholly of the past, an entirely negligible factor, as compared to the immediate situation about to be negotiated. It seems to occur to no one to consider war exactly as it had become, no longer a thing of wheels and turns, cavalry charges or infantry in action, along the old circumscribed lines. All are obsessed by the thought-forms of the past because regular soldiers of the old school, who remain obsessed, delight in such antics, regardless of their utter futility when considered from the standard of what is useful in modern warfare. The capable man in the trenches is rarely a ceremonialist, as the War proved over and over again, whilst those who knew their drill book by heart were often utterly useless in the trenches, to put it mildly. These things had been realised by officers and men alike who had endured the latest phase of War, but as yet were either unknown to or deliberately disregarded by the Red-Hats, mostly by reason of their position, without personal experience of modern warfare, and thereby cut off, to the ultimate detriment of the Army as a whole, from those who were doing "the dirty work" of holding the line, the life-blood of the Expeditionary Force, in very truth.

Everyone was reduced to a state of nervous tension, necessitating frequent yells on the part of N.-C. O.'s, both on the way to the field of inspection and when actually upon the selected ground itself. For the hundredth time the anxious Platoon Commander, perhaps some inexperienced Second Lieutenant, walks up and down the line inspecting his men, their uniform, rifle and equipment. Not only the hour but the moment has arrived; a series of khaki-clad figures with red and gold round their hats, on their sleeves and epaulets marking "Divisional" officials apart from those from "Brigade" (who have blue round their left arm), saunter towards the Battalion.

Close behind is the Brigadier, stout and short, puffing along in his efforts to keep up with the others, though they but saunter; he is evidently distressed, being very much out of condition. Close behind him a series of beautifully turned-out young men of supercilious aspect and demeanor follow. Somehow all these young men appear very similar, no matter what their features may be. They have "the air" necessary for a staff officer, and therefore they are staff officers. In some elusive manner they convey that they are conscious of their superior officers in front of them, perhaps they even realise the presence of the C. O. of the Battalion, as he approaches the Great Personage, after calling the Battalion as a whole to "Present Arms!"

Other Parades of a less formidable character were known as Church Parades, though at times they were equally compulsory. Evidently, when voluntary, they had proved too obviously far from popular.

When one Tommy was asked if he were "Church of England" (with a view to inscribing his particular denomination upon his identity disc, to be placed round his neck in case of death), he replied, much to the amusement of the officer questioning him, "Church at Shinfield, Sir," naming a particular village from whence he came. The men triumphed over all through an inherent kindness of heart and genial tolerance accompanied by a never-failing sense of humor. If these failed to support them, then there was nothing left. This the Padres of all denominations must have realised, and though here and there occasional instances of the heroic conduct and unquestioned bravery of isolated priests who won the V. C. cheered the men before "Going over the top" and when accompanying them, seemed to justify their existence at the front, for the most part they both seemed and felt more or less in the way, and were generally left behind with the transport. Later, when Stuart the Scot had become an officer in the same Battalion (a somewhat unusual proceeding), when discussing the padre, a tactful but somewhat cynical Roman Catholic of Jesuitical proclivities, with the C. O., the latter announced the fact that he always "put-in-for" Roman Catholic Padres because they were more amenable, better educated and rarely got in the way. Actually there were probably not more than a score of similar persuasion in the whole Battalion. The C. O., a simple soul but an excellent soldier, utterly conscientious, seemed at the time sublimely unconscious of the humor of this remark of his.

Eddie Perkins, by this time, as autumn drew near, had become a Lance-Corporal, and was as cheerful as ever, proudly writing home of the fact to his best and only girl to whom he was devoted, though

others who knew her had said she was not nearly good enough for him and was already in an advanced stage of consumption. One morning at "Stand-to" in the first light of the cold grey dawn, when everyone had to tumble out of their dug-outs more or less half awake—always an irritating moment—Stuart was met by Eddie, serenely cheerful as ever with some simple joke on his lips. "How can these Anglo-Saxons be always cheerful even at six o'clock in the morning?" he thought; "they can have no temperament whatever," and he remembered vaguely how all the male members of his own family, who all possessed temperament, were in consequence to be avoided like the plague previous to the hour of 12.30 p. m. In a grim moment he determined to test Eddie's capacity for feeling there and then.

The day before he had happened to pick up a loose page of the *Daily Mirror* where a sonnet or a few verses of a simple kind were usually to be found, and he handed this particular sonnet to Eddie to peruse, carefully watching his expression the while. It ran as follows:

How shall we know it is the last Good-bye?
The skies will not be darkened in that hour
No sudden blight will fall on leaf or flower,
No single bird will hush its careless cry,
And you will hold my hand and smile or sigh
Just as before, perchance the sudden tears
In your dear eyes, will answer to my fears.
But there will come no voice of prophecy,
No voice to whisper: "Now and not again!"
Space for last words, last kisses and last prayer,
For all the wild unmitigated pain
Of those who, parting, clasp hands with despair.
"Who knows?" we say, but doubt and fear remain.
Would any choose to part thus unaware?"

As he was reading these words, Eddie's face became convulsed for a moment, thinking of home. Hastily he returned the slip, upon which, without looking up, he plunged into a neighboring dug-out unable to speak. There was no doubt as to his capacity for feeling, and feeling very deeply.

(To be continued)

Verily God doth not take away knowledge from the hands of His servants; but taketh it by taking away the learned; so that when no learned men remain, the ignorant will be placed at the head of affairs. Causes will be submitted to their decision, they will pass sentence without knowledge, will err themselves, and lead others into error.

Actions will be judged according to intentions.

The proof of a Muslim's sincerity is that he payeth no heed to that which is not his business.

No man is a true believer, unless he desireth for his brother that which he desireth for himself.

That which is lawful is clear, and that which is unlawful likewise, but there are certain doubtful things between the two, from which it is well to abstain.—Sayings of the Prophet Muhammad

The Day of an M. P.

BY ARTHUR PONSONBY

(A well-known member of the Mother of Parliaments describes the daily life of an M. P. Perhaps one of our legislators will describe for *The Young Citizen* how he leads his daily life in the Council of State, Legislative Assembly or Legislative Council. Eds.)

DO not think that the popular conception of the life and activities of a member of Parliament coincides very closely with the actual facts. It is supposed that after spending his morning writing a few notes and amusing himself he strolls down to the House and takes his seat when the proceedings commence. If the spirit moves him, he will fire off a few questions spontaneously; later on, should he feel inclined, he will rise and deliver an oration to a crowded and absorbed assembly, then he will retire home to dinner, returning for an hour or two afterwards, unless he has some more amusing engagement which calls him elsewhere. If you leave out the taking of his seat, the asking of the questions and the delivery of the oration, I am not sure that this might not describe the Parliamentary activities of a few members. But even the most easy-going Tory finds considerable difficulty in leaving the precincts, because a detachment of Whips are generally lined up across the door to bar his passage. The perpetually shifting majority causes them a certain amount of anxiety.

But let me take a more or less normal day in these times. If I am not down at the House a good deal before 10 o'clock in the morning, I find no vacant place on which I can lay my card. Having brought my letters from home with me, I call at the post office, where they hand me another packet, sometimes two or three inches thick. The library is already partly filled. Members who are their own secretaries are dealing with their correspondence. Members who have secretaries are closeted with them in other apartments. Questions, if necessary, have to be drafted, Bills examined, notes made, speeches prepared, and consultation with colleagues carried on. By 11 o'clock, the Committees upstairs are in full swing. Two or three are sitting simultaneously, and the work there is more intensive than in the House itself.

Committee A has been dealing with the Rent Restrictions Bill, and after a stiff fight a few concessions were gained by the Opposition. I myself have to preside over Committee B this week to deal with Dangerous Drugs.

The Crowded Benches

Then in the course of the morning, there may be a Labor Party meeting, which is always well

attended. We discuss the work of the week, we air our grievances, if we have any, and we receive counsel and advice from our leaders, which we approve or disapprove, as the case may be. We are quite a happy family, but we are not sheep. After luncheon, the Speaker's procession comes along, and we file into the House. Question time is always crowded. We may have reserved our seats or we may not, crowding and congestion is inevitable. I sit on the second bench or on the knees of those who sit on the second bench. On my right Lansbury, with Snell on his knee, occupies part of my right knee. On my left Morel, with Lees Smith in his pocket, is squeezing George Hardie up against Tom Johnston without sparing my left knee; then David Kirkwood comes in a little later and sits on all of us. I should add that these half-dozen seats are also occupied by Attlee, Alexander, Lawson, Wheatley, Maclaren, and a few others. It always reminds me of a game I used to play in my youth called "cutlets". However, we manage to shake down and loosen ourselves sufficiently to allow those who want to ask supplementary questions to spring to their feet without upsetting the whole row. The other benches are in a similar condition, and even on the Tory side there is an entire absence of the dignified repose to which gentlemen of high degree should surely be entitled. Even on the Government bench I see Cabinet Ministers visibly losing their seats. This pressure only lasts during questions; when the debate begins there is more room, although hour after hour the Labor benches are always well filled. In the course of the afternoon a member listens, or tries to speak; he is called out by a constituent or a friend or some lobby haunter who wants to tackle him, or else he has other Committees and consultations to attend to. In fact, there are generally several places in which he ought to be at the same time. And so it goes on. Amid the distractions and the entanglements of procedure, amid the confusion of talk and the varied claims on his attention, he does his best to concentrate his efforts in the channels where they can serve most usefully. But it is not easy. The eleven o'clock rule has been often suspended, and our nocturnal deliberations are never our best.

Twentyfour Hours a Day

As to speeches. Imagination pictures a full and attentive House. But I more often hear back bench

speeches delivered to very thinly-covered benches. Unless it is the beginning or ending of the sitting, or unless the subject is the Army or Navy, the Tory attendance in the Chamber itself is very meagre. I remember in a former Parliament delivering a speech to four members: a Whip on the Treasury bench who was paid to be there but was not listening, two Irishmen who had found the Chamber the quietest place for a private chat, and one member who was waiting for me to sit down in order that he might speak. But in this Parliament, owing to Labor attendance, I have never seen the House at any moment with less than a score in it and the average attendance of members sitting in the Chamber during debate, I should say, was considerably higher than it has ever been. Duties, ties and business unconnected with politics have to be wedged in at odd intervals or sometimes sacrificed. In fact, it is important that an active member of Parliament should decide not so much what he will do as what he will *not* do. The day has only twenty-four hours in it, and members are not machines, but made of flesh and blood—a fact which constituents are a little apt to forget. However, there can be no manner of doubt that the fight put up in Parliament by the Labor Party is being reflected in the constituencies whose activities, inspired generally by the guidance of the I. L. P., are beginning to make even the waste places fertile.

I must make this reservation, however, as it would be giving a false impression if I pretended that all the 615 members were in this state of buzzing activity. A large number of members there are undoubtedly to whom the House of Commons is, in Lord Morley's words, "a place of business without industry and idleness without rest". Every day, too, for various reasons, over a hundred members are absent.

Oakland Optimists Adopt Conduct Creed

OAKLAND, July 21.—A creed of nine articles has been adopted by the Oakland Optimist Club as the rule for the conduct of its members. The creed is as follows:

Promise yourself:

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind. To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is nothing in them.

To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

Learning the Rules

A very good scheme has been recently established for initiating members of our Party in the mysteries of our complicated procedure. Groups meet, and, under the guidance of Mr. Lees Smith, study the rules and regulations which govern our procedure. This is one of the many instances which show how conscientiously Labor is applying itself to its task. Full advantage is being taken of every opportunity. For example, under the ten minutes rule last week Mr. Frederick Roberts, in a pithy little speech, introduced a Bill to amend the War Pensions Act. This may be no more than a demonstration, but it is an effective one.

If I have omitted in my weekly reports to say anything about the question of Liberal Re-union, it is not because I am unaware that this vexed problem is engaging the earnest attention of the Liberal members. On the contrary, I come on them occasionally in passages and corners deep in consultation. But whether the union takes place or not appears to me to be a matter of very small importance to us. Each section seems to be actuated far more by animosity against the leader of the opposite section than by affection for their own leader. In fact, it is more a question of personalities than of principles. I would be the last to deny that there are some very good debaters and speakers in both sections of the Party. But never do they appear to represent any set of constructive principles. They may be effectively critical on occasions, but they are always constructively barren. I cannot imagine any large body of electors acclaiming them as men with whom rests the solution of any of the great problems of the hour. Their cleavage or their fusion must be for us a matter of complete indifference.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best and expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticise others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

Young Citizens in Ancient Days

BY LEONARD TRISTRAM, B. A., F. R. A. S.

I. At School in Egypt

LET us dream of a long, low, rectangular building of clay, with a flat roof; and a line of little Egyptian boys squatting on the floor beside a long bench. They appear to be writing or painting, it is difficult to say which. Each of them has a little brush, which he uses like a pen, to make strange characters on the paper before him. The paper is curiously like our paper, yet not the same. It is made from reeds, which are dried and then divided into thin strips, which are pasted together to form a long roll. It is so strong that it will endure for thousands of years, and it is from the writings thus preserved that we derive our knowledge of these ancient people.

The children are at school: they are being taught the language of the time and simple arithmetic. The school is attached to a temple, and the class is being taken by a young white-robed novice, who is learning to become a priest. Very devoted is this novice, and very eager to teach; for if he succeeds in his duty, he will one day become a full priest of the temple, whose glittering flags and massive pylons can be seen through the school-room door.

There is an avenue leading up to the temple, bordered with marble images and green acacias, and one can see the people passing to and fro through the great pylon into the solemn courtyard beyond.

Through the court lies the sanctuary, with roof supported by tall massive pillars, where the light is dim and the atmosphere full of awe. Beyond this, again, is the Holy of Holies, which is the Residence of the God Himself, to which no one can enter save the highest priests, where no light of outside world can come. Here the Great Ones of the Earth send Their Blessing, and here Their Presence is occasionally made manifest. Here centres the devotion, the inspiration, of the thronging people, whose houses cluster together so thickly outside the temple walls.

Beyond the Shrine, we emerge into the open air. We see the houses of the priests, and the wondrous garden, leading down to the bounteous Nile. Here all is rejoicing, all is joy and laughter, for our Holy Father the Nile has been pleased to send us His Blessing, and with the Inundation, the Rise of the Waters, come all good things, milk and bread, and oil and honey, in the greatest abundance.

Five thousand years pass by. The school has vanished, its very situation is forgotten, the very

name of the temple has been lost in eternity. Many peoples have ruled the ancient land Khemi; many invading hosts have passed over this spot. Civil war began what foreign invasions completed. Nomad Shepherds, stately Persians, gay Greeks, haughty Romans, all have ruled here. Then have come the stern followers of the Lord Muhammad; and, lastly, the White Rulers from a northern isle.

In the train of these latter comes Professor Flinders Petrie, with a group of ardent students and a host of trained workmen. He rediscovers the temple, reconstructs the avenue, unearths the school. He discovers the papers upon which the little boys wrote their exercises, the fragments which they have torn up and thrown away. These are carefully collected, and are reconstructed and translated by skilled experts; and many a badly-written exercise of an Egyptian school-boy has now an honored place in a European Museum.

What stories did the little Egyptian children write as their exercises in Egyptian? Can you imagine the surprise of the explorers, when they discovered that the exercises were ancient Egyptian versions of Sinbad the Sailor, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, and similar stories? Truly, they were called by different names. Sinbad the Sailor had become "The Story of the Shipwrecked Mariner," and Ali Baba has become "How Thutiy Took the City of Joppa". Still, the ideas are the same. We find that the same old stories appeal to children of all Nations and of all languages. Childhood is one the whole world over.

The Shipwrecked Mariner relates how a ship once upon a time set sail for the mysterious land of Punt, where grew spices and rare fruits, and which was the home of Peacocks and of Apes. A great storm arose, and the ship was wrecked. The Mariner who relates the story was miraculously cast up upon a wondrous Island, being the only one of the ship's company who was saved. On the Island, he found all fruits and vegetables growing ready to his hand, and he began to rest and to enjoy himself. Suddenly he heard a sound like thunder, and the earth began to tremble under his feet. He grew terrified, and threw himself face downwards upon the ground. It was a big snake approaching him. The snake took him up in his mouth and carried him off to his Palace. He then said to him:

"Fear not, little one! It is God that has brought

thee to this land for food. You will remain here three months, and then a ship will come for you from Egypt, and in it will be those whom you know. You will go back with them to your city, and you shall gain honor in your town, and shall have everlasting life in your grave."

It all happened as the snake said. The ship arrived from Egypt, and the snake gave the Mariner loads of incense, myrrh, apes, peacocks, camphor and spices to take home with him to Egypt. When the ship had sailed the Island sank back under the sea and became as the waves. The Mariner made report of his adventures to the King, and was rewarded by a post in the Palace.

The story of "How Thutiy took the City of Joppa" relates how Thutiy, a famous general of the Pharaoh Thutmose III, captured the city of Joppa in Palestine by hiding 200 men in paniers, which he placed upon the backs of a hundred donkeys. Thutiy then disguised himself as a caravan driver, and drove the donkeys into the city.

There were many such stories of wonderful adventure, great deeds, heroic achievements; and the scholar who is learning Hieroglyphs at the present day begins by learning the very same lessons, and by reading the very same stories that the little Egyptian children learnt 5,000 years ago.

Sir Ernest Wallis-Budge, in the course of a very interesting account, says: "Learning was highly esteemed throughout Egypt; but, speaking generally, the learning was in the hands of the scribes. The profession of the scribe was one of great dignity and importance, and the highest offices of the land were open to him. The temples and certain offices of the Government maintained schools in which scribes were trained, and pupils were, of course, promoted according to their efficiency and ability. In the temple schools the boys were trained to copy religious texts both in the hieroglyphic and hieratic characters, and they studied religious literature, exegesis, the legends of the Gods, funerary texts, etc. In the schools of the Government Departments, the teaching was devised to suit the requirements of the Treasury, the Public Granaries, the Crown Lands' Department, etc., and the pupils studied arithmetic, the keeping of accounts, geometry, mensuration, the writing of reports, etc. In all schools, boys were taught to be clean, diligent, obedient, respectful and well-behaved. Lessons began early in the morning and lasted till noon, when, as a papyrus in the British Museum says, "the pupils left the school with cries of joy". The daily allowance of food for a boy was three bread cakes and two jugs of beer, which were brought to the school house by his mother every day. Corporal punishment was administered freely, and the back of the lazy boy who would not get up early, and that of the inattentive boy, received many stripes; in one case, a very bad boy was locked up for three whole months in a strong room in one of the temples.

"School exercises were written on small white-washed boards, slices of white limestone and papyrus, with a reed, and they usually consisted of extracts from ancient texts, religious or poetical, the contents of which were intended to improve the mind and form the morals and manners of the reader and copyist.

The education given in the Colleges of the Priests was of a different character. There the young men studied magical and religious texts, several Books of the Dead, the Doctrines of the Cosmogony, and the Histories and Legends of the Gods. They read the ancient writings with the priests whose duty it was to instruct them, and learned by heart their expositions of the traditions accepted in the temples. Astronomy was studied with some success by the priests, and the maps of stars which were compiled by them were undoubtedly used for practical purposes in connection with the agriculture of the country."

The lamp is trimmed. Comrades, bring your own fire to light it. For the call comes again to you to join the star pilgrims crossing the dark to the shrine of sunrise. The day was when you went forth in your glad adventure of light, and the star of hope thrilled in the sky and kissed your banner. But, as the dusk deepened, you fell behind in the march and slept with your lights gone out, while your dreams grew discordant, like the ominous cries of night birds. Yet, though it is dark, and the wind in the forest is like the wail of lost souls, has not the breath of that prayer already touched your foreheads, which comes from the Past, echoing from age to age: "Lead me to Light from the dark, from death to Everlasting Life"? Sleepers! Arise from your stupor of dim desolation and know once more that you are Children of Light!—RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Where Citizens Grow

FROM the bustle of the town, overlooking a part of the stately Nilgiri Hills, amidst peace-giving trees, are a few tents. (Fig. II). Each of them stands well away from the others, and is pitched at various points of a circle, in the centre of which is another tent for the person in charge. There are many clearances in this park, each designed for a special activity. Here is one under thick foliage, having tree stumps arranged in the form of seats beneath it (Fig. III); there is another in the centre of which floats the flag; and away to the right, is yet another intended for games.

It is 11 o'clock in the day. Near each of the tents are grown-ups, some engaged in cutting vegetables, others in fetching water, some working at the fireplace—all busy. There is no fuss among these people; each man seems to know his job and does it. There are 8 of them, sharing this one tent and the ground near it. They call themselves "Garudas". This is their nest. Ever seen a Garuda having its nest so near the ground? Human Garudas have funny ways. This time of the day, every tent has the same activity going on near it—cooking.

Who are these? And what are they doing in this far-off park? And they seem to be quite serious too in their work! Not holiday-makers these. They do not belong to any special community either. There are Christians, Brahmanas, and several other communities too. One thing is clear, that they are a disciplined lot, working under certain leaders. Each tent seems to have its own leader, and all the tents work under one Camp Chief. They are not Boy Scouts exactly, though they wear the same uniforms; and that grey-beard does not look quite like a Boy Scout! Evidently, it is a training camp for Scouters, for those selfless men who give of their time and energy, entirely voluntarily, to lend a hand in the training of the future manhood of the country along right lines. Their activities must be very interesting. Why not get permission from the Scoutmaster in charge to observe what they do, just for a day? Not one

of these but has come here at some sacrifice. Look at that old man, running about as if it really were his second childhood. Sometimes he is unable to keep pace with his younger friends, and they make fun of him, but the old man waits, and bides his time, and he gets his chance also. "Look at these youngsters, trim and up-to-date in their dress, but they do not know how to cook a decent meal," says the old man.

To go back to their activities.

At 5-30 A.M., a gong goes, and everyone is out of his bed. Some do not feel happy having to do this. I never!—that Scoutmaster and his assistant—is this Scouting? Well, they have to get up, and they do it. Straight away they tidy their tents, and finish their morning duties, getting ready for kit inspection by 7. The Patrol Leader for the day is very busy. He goes round his tent and sees if there

are scraps of paper lying about. Is each member of his patrol properly dressed? what about that shoulder knot? Forgotten? Put it on quick. The Scoutmaster has started from his tent. Who is coming to us today? That Assistant Scoutmaster? There he is already. He is within three paces, and the Patrol Leader gives the order: "Patrol,

Alert!" The kit inspection goes on. There they are, with their beds out in front. The Scoutmaster goes into the tent with the Patrol Leader, examines the fire-place, notes whether all is well, and goes on to another patrol.

This done, all the patrols double to one of the clearances, to the flagstaff. The Assistant Scoutmaster breaks the flag, and then the Scoutmaster reads a universal prayer, and there is a moment's silence. Thence they all go to attend the instructional sessions. They carry on the work under those trees. How happy they seem, unlike those within brick-walls! There is of course a reserve tent if the weather proves troublesome, but they don't often have to get into this. This instruction goes on in several sessions. The Scoutmaster and his assistant share the work between them.



(Fig. I)



(Fig. II)

It is about 10.30. The morning sessions are over, and each patrol goes quickly to arrange for the meal. There is a sturdy Scout, using his Scout staff for bringing in water, while other comrades of his are engaged near the fire. You might watch them busy with their work. There is a Brahmana with a tuft. He is an M. A., L. T., lecturer in a Government College; and that stout person cutting vegetables, he is a Head Master. Good friends, where are their prestige and solemnity now? And so they grow into the spirit of childhood again. They have soon to draw their daily sketch, and then the afternoon instructional sessions begin, taking them to about 5-30, with only a short rest for tea. The evenings are mostly spent in games, each of which has an educational value. Some of these are physical-training games, others of the sense-training or memory-training type. At about 6-15, they all break off, for preparing their evening meal, to reassemble at 8-30 for the Camp Fire. No Scout Camp is complete

without this last, and at about ten the group retires. So the work goes on from day to day, each day bringing the campers nearer that indefinable Scout



(Fig. III)

Spirit which enables all those who go to these camps to do the work of training boys with greater success than would otherwise have been possible. Figs. 1 and 3 show the site of one of these camps. Fig. 2 gives an idea of the variety of people attending it; and Fig. 4 shows them departing.

No one can realise the spell of Scouting until he goes through all that is included in the term "camping". Hear what the Chief Scout says: "The essence and spirit of Scouting centres round the Camp Fire. Until the boys have realised the call of the wild and the beauty of God's work in Nature, until they have grasped the joy of the scent of the woodsmoke in their nostrils, and of the deftness of campercraft in their finger-tips, a troop of so-called Scouts is little more than a drill brigade." Try camping and you will see the truth of this.

M. V. VENKATESHWARAN



(Fig. IV)

Homes of Greatness

BY G. S. ARUNDALE

I AM giving some pictures this month of a number of great Indians. Whether they are all entitled to a place in a Home of Greatness is a matter on which we may not be agreed. But there is little doubt that each of them, with all



ABUL FAZL

his or her faults, had some elements of greatness, and the verdict of the history books written as these are for the most part by foreigners is of little value in determining the question as to their inclusion.

I regret have not yet ready a picture of the great Akbar, who clearly has a place in any Home of Greatness, but I

can offer a picture of his great counsellor, Abul Fazl, who equally has his place in a Home of Greatness for his deep learning and his mysticism. It was through Abul Fazl's influence that the Emperor Akbar conceived the idea of endeavoring to unify the religions prevailing in his Empire. Abul Fazl was not only a great statesman, but also a great historian, for his *Ain-i-Akbari* (Institutes of Akbar) is the chief source of direct information regarding the Akbar Era.

I wonder how far my readers will agree with me in including Shah-jahan, who ascended the throne of the Mughal Empire in Northern India in A.D. 1628. "When the vicissitudes of an era in which naked force ruled are forgotten, he will be remembered as one of the greatest in spirers of consummate architecture,

tribute in art that the affection of man has paid to woman." The world owes much to him for that wondrous building. Let him at least be included in these pages, if not in a Home of Greatness itself.

Nurjahan, wife of the Emperor Jehangir, who reigned over Northern India from A. D. 1605 to 1627, a Persian by birth, is one of the most remarkable women of the world. Endowed with deep sympathy and wisdom, she ruled over her husband's Empire far more than he ruled. Her name appears on the coinage of the time along with that of Jehangir, and her great intelligence went far to give prosperity to her people. Artists would



NURJAHAN

unhesitatingly give a place in a Home of Greatness to Jehangir himself, on account of the extraordinary encouragement he gave to the expression of

beauty in art. He was a warm lover and an acute judge of good pictures, and an equally warm lover of Nature. In the dark and stormy times in which he lived, his encouragement of the beautiful had a wonderful effect, keeping alive the cult of beauty and giving a tone to the time for which it will ever remain famous.

If we take superlative greatness alone then probably of these Akbar and Abul Fazl would alone survive in a Home of Greatness. But I am tempted to include the others because of their definite share in keeping alive the fires whence the sparks



SHAH JAHAN

of greatness fly to kindle greatness throughout the world. including the Taj Mahal, which is, probably, the most beautiful building in the world and the greatest

The Bells of Leyden

II—Tecla

BY LADY KATHERINE STUART

PIETER, the old bell-ringer, stood in a turret of the Belfry and scanned the distant landscape. It was the hour of the dawn, and at his feet the beautiful city of Leyden lay asleep. Below it glinted the bayonets of the ever-wakeful sentries, as they passed to and fro before the Spanish Camp. Beyond their white tents lay league upon league of fertile field and fruitful forest. Fifteen miles away in the purple distance a gold sun rose out of the silver sea.

His eyes travelled back again to the beleagured city and suddenly he caught sight of something that startled him. With a smothered oath, he left the battlements and, hurriedly descending the Belfry steps, he rushed out into the market-place. There he followed swiftly in the wake of four men who bore a ghastly burden. It was the body of a dead man, horribly mutilated. At the house of the Burgomaster they halted, and made as though to lay it down, but their leader interfered:

"Nay, confound ye! Lay it upon the ground," he stormed. "Prop it up against the door-post—thus! Tie up the chin—so! Now—look ye there!"

"Aye, aye, Clipper, 'tis a proper scarecrow," said one of the men, grinning.

At this moment the old bell-ringer arrived upon the scene, wrathful but slightly out of breath.

"How now, thou Clipper! What new devilry is this?" he demanded fiercely, shaking his fist in the man's face.

"'Tis none of thy business!" said the Clipper sullenly.

"Ye think to scare Van der Werf with this mummery, ye blithering fools!" pursued Pieter.

"Nay," interrupted the Clipper, "'tis but to show him his cursed obstinacy! For, look you, if he persists—" he hinted darkly.

"Well, what then?" asked Pieter impatiently.

"If he persists, we be all dead men."

"A dead man is better than a traitor," said Pieter significantly. He drew a long knife from his belt and ran his finger along the edge to see if it were sharp, keeping his eye steadily on the Clipper who had turned rather pale at this last remark.

"Hist! Hist! He comes! Van der Werf comes!" cried several voices, for by this time a crowd had collected.

With martial footsteps the Burgomaster was approaching down the stone corridor. His hair blown backwards showed a noble brow. Beneath it

were fiery eyes. As he passed out, he caught sight of the corpse.

"Ha! What have we here?"

"An it please your Honor," said Pieter glibly, before the Clipper could put in a word, "'tis a bogey to frighten a babe!"

"Evidently," laughed Adrian, as he strode on into the centre of the market-place. The crowd followed him crestfallen. As to the Clipper, he very nearly choked with rage. In the centre of the market-place was an old fountain. Adrian mounted the steps and turned to meet them full face:

"Now, my friends, what would ye?"

The Clipper pressed forward eagerly, but again Pieter was too quick for him.

"Your Honor had best beware," said the old bell-ringer in a low voice. "These men be malcontents, and as to yonder Clipper he is a traitor; moreover, if I may warn your Honor, the villain hath a serpent's tongue." Van der Werf only nodded grimly and called for silence.

"Your Honor knows," began the Clipper, "that to please the Prince of Orange we have held out three months. Is it not so, my masters?" he enquired appealing to the crowd.

"Aye, aye, comrade," they responded.

"Two months' fasting and one month's starvation," pursued the Clipper. "And for what?" he snarled fiercely, showing his teeth. "For what, may I ask?"

"Why, for fair freedom and for the honor of Leyden, thou booby," cried Pieter.

"Aye, aye, that is it! Freedom! Honor! Glory! They be fine words! But answer me, men of Leyden," he cried passionately, "ye that prate of honor! What is honor to a man that hath breakfasted off the leaves of a tree? Or glory to him that hath dined off the skin of a rat. Can ye eat and drink honor and glory, or will freedom fill an empty stomach? Nay! then, down with freedom, honor and glory, and up with commonsense! I say, 'Surrender!'"

"Thou villain!" thundered Adrian. "Honor, said'st thou? What dost thou know of Honor?"

He stepped forward and drew his sword. The movement was so sudden and his aspect was so formidable that the crowd fell back hurriedly, but it was the hilt and not the point that he presented to them.

"Friends," he cried, "here is a sword; slay me

and divide up my flesh among you! But while I live I say: 'No surrender!'

The crowd were taken aback, and Adrian adroitly followed up the victory.

"The Prince will relieve Leyden," he proclaimed.

"But he hath no army and no allies," objected a voice in the crowd.

"What of that, booby? What of that?" sneered the Clipper. "Doubtless the Almighty will lend him a legion of Angels!"

He paused suddenly, for at this point the crowd parted and there appeared at his elbow, carefully piloted by Pieter Post, a gold-haired maid. Her face was pale as the moon at midnight, but as luminously bright. Her eyes were the color of deepening twilight. As she advanced towards the fountain, the crowd nudged each other.

"Let pass, let pass, 'tis she. 'Tis the Lily of Leyden."

The men made ample room. The look on Pieter's face promised short shrift to him who durst touch so much as one small hair of that little shining head. She climbed the steps and stood before the fountain. A light breeze blew her green kirtle about her. She stood there with her little head erect, delicately poised like a lovely blossom upon a slender stalk. For a few moments she appeared to be looking dreamily upwards into space. The crowd watched her, fascinated, then in a voice of silver sweetness:

"Friends," said she, "as I passed I heard ye speak of Angels. Look yonder! Lo one comes!"

She pointed into the blue ether overhead, and even as she spoke the words, a little dove fluttered out of it, and lighted softly upon her shoulder. She took it in her hands, and held it aloft:

"Behold, a messenger from our noble Prince!"

The crowd watched her in breathless silence as she lifted the bird's wing and drew out a little note. Then it broke into a buzz of astonishment.

"Hist!" said Tecla, holding up her finger at it as if it were a rebellious baby. Instantly there fell a dead silence, in which Van der Werf opened the Prince's dispatch. He read it aloud:

To Tecla, Fayre Mayde

I send the Fleet to Leyden. ORANGE

There was a silence of unutterable astonishment, followed by a buzz of consternation. Every man asked his neighbor: "What can it mean?"

"Mean?" cried the Clipper, "'tis plain enough. The Prince is mad."

But many in the crowd knew the Prince, and they were not of his mind.

"An it please your Honor, may I speak?" asked Pieter.

"Willingly," said Adrian.

"Netherlanders!" cried the old bell-ringer. "Ye

know the sleepless energy of the Silent One!"

"Aye, aye, Pieter, we know," responded the crowd. "But he hath no army and no allies," persisted the voice in the crowd, "wherefore to what doth he trust?"

"To God and the dykes!" cried old Pieter.

"The dykes?"

"Aye, he will pierce the dykes and flood the Netherlands!"

"What! and drown the Spaniards?" exclaimed Adrian. "They be cruel vermin," he added thoughtfully; "it were a fitting death. But proceed."

"No allies, did ye say?" pursued old Pieter. "Hark ye, Men of Leyden," said the old man so solemnly that a thrill of awe passed through the crowd as they beheld him standing prophet-wise with one hand uplifted: "Hark ye, I say, Ye Men of Leyden; when the wind blows from the west, ye shall see the ocean rise out of the sea-bed to fight for the Prince of Orange!"

"'Twill bring the Fleet to Leyden?" asked Adrian.

"Even so, your Honor; wherefore, 'Down with traitors!' 'Hurrah for the Burgomaster!'" "And, 'God bless the Prince of Orange!' that is what I say," said old Pieter.

But alas! the wind blew steadily from the east, and day after day went by and nothing happened. Tecla had ceased to walk now, but Pieter carried her every day to the summit of the Belfry, to watch the weathercock for a west wind. One day they encountered the Clipper.

"Well, little maid," said he, "dost see the ocean coming over the land to relieve Leyden?"

Habit rather than forlorn hope drew Tecla's eyes to the vane.

"Holy Mother!" she exclaimed, "Pieter! look at the weathercock! The wind blows from the west—"

"Then we be delivered!" cried Pieter, and to draw the attention of the townsfolk he fell to ringing the bells. The citizens rushed into the marketplace, when seeing the vane, they responded with music and salvos of cannon.

"What means this uproar?" asked the Spanish General. But when they told him he laughed prodigiously.

"The ocean to the rescue! Marry, but it is a good tale! They were ever simpletons, these Hollanders, but now they be clean demented! Ho! now, Herald! Go and tell the silly loons they shall indeed be delivered but, by the Holy Sepulchre, it shall be Death that delivers them into my hand!"

That same night the water rose ten inches in the Spanish Camp.

(To be concluded)

Rebriem

The Light of Ancient Persia, by Maneck Pithawalla, B. A., B. Sc., M. R. A. S. Price Rs. 3.

The above book is the 8th of the Asian Library Series, issued by the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras.

It brings to light, in a concise form, the glory and history of Ancient Persia. The author tries to point out the outstanding figure of Zarathushtra, as a mediator between this and the next world. The Law of Asha, or Righteousness, is the highest doctrine preached by Zarathushtra in the Gathas. He gave the Holy Fire as an emblem of Ahura Mazda, the Living Being. In a few places in the Hymns referring to Fire, He says: "May the strength of the Holy Mind come unto me through the warmth of Thy Asha-induced Fire!" Speaking in another place, He describes the Spiritual Fire as "powerful, swiftest, courage-giving, world-gladdening and detecting deceit and falsehood". He exhorts his followers to protect and preserve the animal kingdom, and to lead a pure, simple and active life of usefulness and service. Agriculture is highly praised by Him, and abstinence from all intoxicant drinks is strictly enjoined.

The Golden Age of Zoroastrianism is synchronous with that of Kae Gustasp. There was never a Democratic or Republican rule in Persia. Zarathushtra's principles of World-Government are clearly seen in His conception of a Divine Hierarchy.

In the sacred *Yatha-Ahu-Varyo*, it has been expressly stated that the aim of good Government is the preservation of the common people.

The birth of Zarathushtra was heralded with marvellous phenomena. The dream of His mother, His laughter at the time of birth, which filled the place with a dazzling light, and his miraculous escape from dangers to which he was cruelly exposed, are some of the Miracles in the childhood of the Prophet.

The cream of Zoroastrian Faith is to be found in the Gathas, with their three ringing notes of Peace, Progress and Perfection. His Teaching was to engage in a kind of lifelong crusade against evil-doers.

The author's suggestive picture of a Ladder of Seven Steps commencing from the lower plane and reaching towards the Light above, where we see the Prophet appearing on the top of the Ladder pointing out the Way to Eternal Bliss, is very illuminative. Zoroastrian Religion is fundamentally monotheistic, as is shown in the Gathas. The highest ethic of Zoroastrianism is Purity of

Thought, Word and Deed.

The *Vendidad* is the perfect code of hygiene. In ancient days, the people of Iran knew very well the laws of sanitation, like the River Pollution Act of England and Quarantine Regulations of India. Also Geology, Astronomy and Astrology were well known to ancient Persians, whose knowledge of the Stars and Asterisms was very great. The development of arts and crafts will be evident from the huge monuments, the relics of which we see in Persia at Persepolis, Ctesipoleon, Taq-e-Bostan, Nakshe-Shirin, Khosroe and Parsagadae.

Music was specially developed by the Sassanians, but the early Persians also knew poetry and music well.

Iran sprang from the graves of Nineveh and Babylon, amid the Egyptian and Indo-Aryan Cultures, some 5,000 years ago.

There were five Dynasties of Iranian Kings, of which the first was Pishdadyan, which began with Gayomard as king. Ardasheer Babekan saved the Persian dominions after the downfall of the Parthians and brought about the resurrection of the Zoroastrian Empire, and in the memorable year A. D. 226, the glory of Persian Aryans was revived by him, but ended by the defeat of the unfortunate Yezdezdard III in 651 A. D.

With the rise and fall of various Dynasties, the literature of Persia saw its ups and downs. Throughout these periods there was remarkable religious tolerance. Zoroastrianism never offered the sword or gallows as the alternative to the conquered Nations. Settled life in early Pishdadyan days was a boon. Striking features of Kyanian civilisation were glorious womanhood and its recognition of sex equality. Achaemenians were popular with their neighbors, kind to their enemies, tolerant of foreigners, and very adaptable. Their youths were taught three things: to speak the truth, to ride on horse-back and to draw the bow. Scouting was instituted on sound lines. Luxury and unbalanced passions were their faults. Slave trade was rampant among the Parthians. The House of Sassan supplied a kindlier light of human goodwill and peace. They revived learning and literature, and had great ability as judges and law-givers.

The chapter on Parsis and New India, which gives many details of modern Parsis, is very interesting reading, and we highly recommend the book to all students of Asian Literature for close and careful study.

JASON



D. B. C.

(Continued from page 284)

The picture in Bulletin No. 5 is full of meaning. Look how self-confident the boy is. "I'm not a baby," he says, "to need these Bulletins with all their silly advice. I can take care of myself without that," he adds contemptuously, and uses the British schoolboy's slang word for "rubbish"

"ROT!" And I would not hesitate to predict, in spite of all his boasting and self-assurance, that sooner or later, probably sooner, he will pay the penalty of what is after all nothing more nor less than carelessness camouflaged as knowledge.

SAFETY FIRST!

SCHOOL BULLETIN No. 5

(See Page 318)

Bulletin No. 6 represents the A B C of the whole matter, that is to say, the idea underlying the whole series reduced to its utmost simplicity: the A B C of Safety is Always Be Careful. A very simple piece of advice, but as difficult to follow as it is easy to express. In fact, it is probably no exaggeration to say that the simplest advice is the best advice but the most difficult to follow. Is it not true that the greatest teachings of the world's Greatest

Men and Women are generally Their simplest teachings, as, for example, the Christ's Sermon on the Mount, or the Lord Buddha's Noble Eightfold Path. Yet we are almost, I might perhaps say quite, as far from practising these teachings as people were hundreds of years ago when the teachings were given. If only we could 'Always Be Careful' we should be far on the road which leads us from the human to the Divine.

SAFETY FIRST!

SCHOOL BULLETIN No. 6

The A B C of Safety

ALWAYS BE CAREFUL

How many level crossings there are in India, and how many accidents take place at them every year because the advice given in Bulletin No. 7 is not followed? So far as railway crossings are

concerned these words: Stop! Look! Listen! should be as well known as those other words: I came! I saw! I conquered!

SAFETY FIRST!

SCHOOL BULLETIN No. 7

STOP!

LOOK! LISTEN!

This warning sign is put up at the railway crossing to remind people to exercise caution when crossing the line.

Yet it is often disregarded by those who are in a hurry or who are careless.

A railway crossing is not the only dangerous crossing.

Every street crossing is dangerous to some extent.

Always STOP! LOOK! and LISTEN before you cross a railway or a street; and then cross only at the proper place.

In Bulletin No. 8 we have a most useful warning to those who live in towns which have electric light. There are more accidents than perhaps we

should be inclined to think from the catastrophe depicted in the illustration. I have read of quite a number happenings in Bombay particularly. The



words "Do Not Touch It" at the end embody a very wise piece of advice. We are so very apt to rush to touch anything strange and curious. During and some time after the War, quite a number of fatal accidents occurred because people found bomb or cartridge shells, handled them without stopping to consider whether they were empty or full, with the result

that more often than not they exploded and wrought terrible havoc. People who are careful think before they act.

SAFETY FIRST!

SCHOOL BULLETIN No. 8

IT LOOKS SAFE, BUT IT ISN'T!

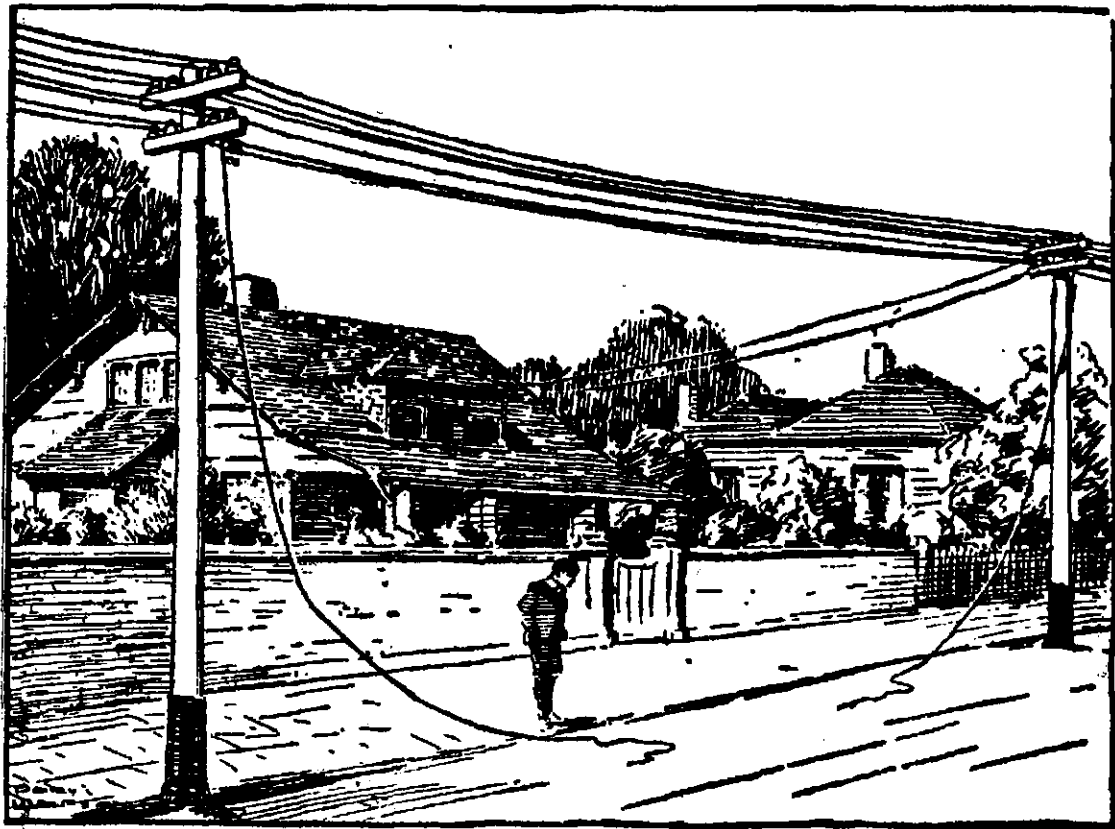
What is a "live" wire? A "live" wire is one charged with electric current. "Live" wires are very dangerous.

This is why they are placed up high where no one can touch them.

Sometimes during a storm, or because of an accident, one of these "live" wires may be torn from its fastenings and fall to the ground.

If you see such a wire lying on the ground or hanging down from above, DO NOT TOUCH IT!

Bulletin No. 9 contains a simple statement of fact which the foolhardy, the careless, the reckless, the impulsive, and most people belonging to one or other of these categories, would be well advised to ponder over, to read, to mark, to learn, to inwardly digest, and act upon.



SAFETY FIRST!

SCHOOL BULLETIN No. 9

RECKLESSNESS IS NO INDICATION OF COURAGE

Recklessness is certainly no indication of courage, but rather of an unbalanced and uncontrolled condition of mind, body and feelings, which ought, for the happiness of the individual concerned and for the comfort of his surroundings, to be replaced as soon as possible by self-control. Recklessness is no indication of courage, nor is boastful talk, nor swagger, nor rudeness, nor irreverence, and many other unpleasant characteristics of young people who tend to live in a world of sham and not in the world of reality, in a world of pride and not in a world of modesty.

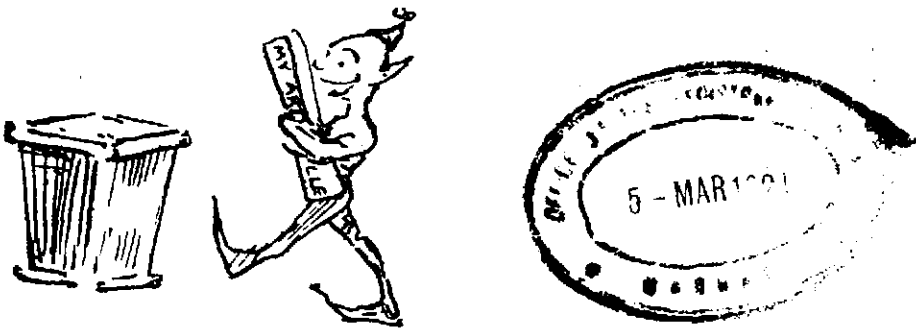
I do not know whether I shall receive any more of these interesting Bulletins, but I should very

much like some artist to draw for *The Young Citizen* a set of pictures illustrating in a similar way the Safety First principle, as applied to India. And I should also like readers in other parts of the world to send us information as to the way in which in their countries the Safety First Movement is given the necessary effective publicity. I hope, too, that perhaps as a result of these two articles, our Indian Education Departments will not only issue some appropriate Bulletins in the various mother tongues of the country, but will order careful training on the necessary lines in the schools. Such training is just as necessary as training in First Aid and Hygiene, for Prevention is better than Cure, and far less costly.

Editorial Notices

All communications must be written on one side of the paper only, or they cannot be inserted.

Uninvited communications must be accompanied with a fully stamped and directed envelope for return in case of rejection. Otherwise, if declined, they will be destroyed.



News paragraphs, if short and well written, will be welcomed, and used if suitable. All the work done for this paper, except the actual three P's, printing, pulling, paper, is done for Service, not for payment. The probable losses are borne by a "cheerful giver".

All literary communications must be sent to the Editor. Business communications to the Manager.

All communications must bear the name and address of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, *Editors.*

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The Young Citizen

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- BUDDHIST STORIES—X. The Brāhmana Soothsayer
- A MAN OF THE HOUR: Mussolini
- THE YOUNG CITIZEN
- HOMES OF GREATNESS: Indore
- YOUNG CITIZENS IN ANCIENT DAYS:--IN THE CITIES OF YUCATAN

The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL I.

MADRAS, 1st FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 11

From The Front

TO THE YOUTH OF INDIA

By G. S. ARUNDALE



THE LORD ZARATHUSHTRA

I HAVE serious words to say to you, my young Indian brothers and sisters, words of grave import to your patriotism, of grave import to the future of India and to her coming great regeneration.

I have to say to you, cost what it may of your esteem for me, of your own friendship for one whom many of you know to be, may I say, an earnest friend of India's Youth for many years, that Mr. Gandhi was wrong, utterly wrong, dangerously wrong, when he asked you to leave your schools and colleges and to take active part in the controversial political affairs of your country. Unwittingly, he was used by blessed India's unseen foes, the enemies of the ancient and eternal Rishis and Savors, to proclaim and point out to you this fatal pathway, which, had you taken it, would have led your generation to destruction, and would have caused India to have had to wait a generation at least for that priceless gift of Freedom, whose form another Nation may grant, but whose life can only come from the sacrifice and wisdom of her home-born sons and daughters. And what could the form be without the life? Empty, yet ready to be filled with poison by those who wish your country ill. So that India's death would be stalking abroad among the people, stalking on soil made sacred by the Feet of the Very Holy, in the garb of Freedom's form, disguised as Freedom's friend.

When some of you obeyed Mr. Gandhi's mandate, the future and the fate of India, for many decades, began to tremble in the balance. When, after the Delhi Congress of 1918, Mr. Gandhi began, unwittingly again, to divide India against herself, and thousands of patriots found themselves in disunion, the danger was, will you believe me, less than when you—young men and women—the last and greatest hope for India's future, her ultimate resource—uncramped by evil traditions, ready to become free from false, because unbrotherly, conventions and superstitions, were asked by one who had rightly won your respect by his personal simplicity of life and one-pointedness of purpose, as well as by his services to your down-trodden fellow-countrymen in South Africa, to hurl yourselves into the political arena regardless of all consequences, into a conflict the outcome of which, as you were told, was to be Freedom, but which would have been, though you would not, surely, have known it, anarchy and all the suffering, misery, despair, oppression, that anarchy inevitably brings in its train.

Ah! at that moment, when many of you left your schools and colleges, when some of you, a little older, left the professions which you had just entered, flinging away the maintenance which was helping to support your families, to tread a road of which you knew nothing save that which had been told you, and to tread it

by steps which you were assured would bring India quickly in sight of her cherished goal, that moment, my young brothers and sisters, was a heavy moment, a tragic moment, for the few who saw the danger, the precipice towards which you were blindly rushing, led by one whose eyes were open to the end, but who had been rendered blind to the means of its achievement. The fate of India was indeed trembling in the balance, and not only the fate of India, but the fate of the whole world, for had you responded to the call then made you, disaster would have overtaken India, there would have been revolution, massacre, reprisals, the rising up of hatred as between faith and faith, as between caste and caste, as between community and community, as between East and West. And with hatred made potent by your ignorant sacrifice, the world would have left unheeded, in the confusion and turmoil within, the gentle knock of its Mighty Savior standing without its doors, asking yes, the Mighty One asking—the world's good-will and attention for a wondrous Message of Brotherhood and Peace which He would Himself deliver, coming from His world into ours.

I honor those who obeyed the call, for their obedience was from their eager hearts, from their passionate desire to give all possible practical effect to the upwelling force of devotion to a beloved Motherland. I honor all who have, from conviction and purity of purpose, in a true spirit of Brotherhood, ranged themselves as soldiers in the army of disruption which goes by the significant, I would almost say, sinister, name of Non-Co-Operation, an army hurriedly assembled (though now as rapidly disintegrating) to stay the growing dominance of the forces of Brotherhood, rendered doubly powerful by the sacrifice of Youth in the great World War, and by the as then uncontaminated spiritual purpose of India's own younger sons and daughters. How pathetic, yet how ominously tragic, the tale of the last few years in India! Love of country, indeed, passionate love of country, everywhere, yet India marching forward with difficulty, haltingly, because hatred—by most mistaken for love—had been injected into this great love, weakening it, thus laying India open to the

attacks of those who wish her ill.

Young brothers and sisters: I have to say to you that there is no reproach to any who have followed the path of Non-Co-Operation, either actively, or in their hearts and thoughts and feelings. The motives of the Youth of India, to whatever camp they may have belonged, or do belong to-day, are unquestionable as to their purity and sincerity; and I have further to tell you that it is no exaggeration to state that many of the very flower of India's Youth, because of their more intense love of India, and because the appeal to them promised so much and seemed to be so convincing, were to be found ranged in the army of destruction, to them, deluded, the army of redemption.

And now, because of that very purity of motive, because India has proved herself, though her very mistakes, nobly entered upon as these have been by most, and, without doubt, nobly entered upon by the young, the mighty Living Barrier between your Motherland and her annihilation sends forth its power to save. The great Fathers of India—India, the Mother of Nations and of Civilisations, the home of the Aryan Race, whose children dwell in all parts of the world—her great Fathers, whose Names adorn the pages of India's history, who are her Guardians and her Guides, seeing your generosity and your love, seeing your willingness to follow blindly, if so be that India might thereby be saved, are able to step in to guard, preserve, fulfil, the beauty of your motives, despite the ignorance and imminently disruptive effect of actions that have followed.

The appeal to the Youth of India, to India's hope, failed because the Youth Spirit was true, though the mind was yet untrained to discriminate between wisdom and folly, love and hatred, harmonisation and disruption. Thank God, I say with all my heart, that Mr. Gandhi's appeal did fail, not because it was Mr. Gandhi's appeal, but because the appeal itself was wrong. The very failure, I say, is deeply encouraging; for it shows that India's hour of Freedom, of Regeneration, of resumption of place as the leader of the world, shall not be delayed, even though the forces of disruption would have put off the hour, with the help of the channels found within her borders, most of such channels

unwitting of the nature of that which flowed through them, a few, alas! knowing its nature and remaining channels despite the knowledge.

What other appeal, then, shall succeed? Can any appeal succeed after that inevitable damping, I need not say quenching, of the fires of patriotism, which failure naturally brings to those who have yet to learn that failures are the very stepping-stones to achievement? Shall any appeal be made? need any appeal be made? Yes; a thousand times, yes!

I know that the hearts of the young in India are far from dead. I know that, at the worst, their hearts have grown faint. I know that the qualities of Youth still live within the heart of India's Youth, a shade dimmed, perhaps with decreased fervor, but all essentially there, waiting for the true call, after gaining bitter experience of the results of response to the false. I know that the service to India of India's Youth is more than ever needed; and I think I know, too, that such need is about to find a heartfelt response. I hold that the Youth of India—young men and young women—are ready again to fulfil their share of the great work of India's regeneration, and I humbly believe that the summons to Service goes forth to them from India's Eternal Guardians, an appeal to which the response, will, I pray, be worthy of Those who call.

I say to you—young men and young women—that because of my own faith in you and love for you, because of my slight service to your Motherland, because of my membership—old in body though I be—of the Kingdom of the Young in Heart, because of all these things, it has been given to me to bear the summons, and to be one of its voices to those of you who have the ears to hear. I seem to hear these Mighty Ones summoning you, my young brothers and sisters, to that Service which They count as truest and greatest, the service of the poor, the lonely, the miserable, the suffering, the friendless, the outcaste, the weak. I seem to hear these Mighty Ones, Friends of the poor, the lonely, the miserable, the suffering, the friendless, the outcaste, the weak, sometimes their only Friends, always their most tender and truest Friends, summoning you to see in the suffering and loneliness of such our brethren

the deepest, most pervading, cause of India's weakness, of the absence of that Freedom upon which her future depends. I seem to hear Them declaring to you, out of Their boundless compassion, that it is the glorious task of the Youth of India to generate that pure life, the forms for which many of their elders have heroically worked to create through long, dark years of much discouragement. The forms are about to be ready—the gift of the elders—forms built of life, surely, of the life of their own devotion and indomitable perseverance. But is not the life within these forms to be your life, O Youth of India? You once were asked to help to create forms. It was not your task. Your failure was God's recognition of your sincerity. You now are asked to generate the life which shall animate the forms your elders are creating. And India's Rishis declare to you that if such life is to be pure, potent, it must, by your own love, be purged of all that befouls it—the sufferings, be the expressions of the sufferings what they may, of those who with you are sons and daughters of the common Motherland. Yours the joyous task of making the Motherland a veritable Mother—loving, tender, compassionate protecting, more especially, surely, to those of her sons and daughters who are in need, and who alone have not the means, or strength, or knowledge to satisfy such need. In the name of the common Mother, yours the task to bring comfort and courage, and, when possible, practical help, to every son and daughter of India whose miserable life gives him or her no cause to know India as a Mother, passionately to be loved and still more passionately to be served. Yours the task to teach the sufferer that India is indeed a Mother to be loved and served, for she sends you with her gifts in your hands in token of her deep solicitude, offering you the joy of being the messenger of her own love and the awakener of love for her among her sons and daughters, who so far have had, perhaps, but little experience of what the Nation-Mother is and can be.

Yours the wonderful privilege of spreading through service the great tidings of the benediction of a Motherland's love, even, no not "even," rather in special measure, for the humblest and most helpless. Are you proud

of being Indians? Have you a great belief in India's future? Then help others to share such pride and such belief. India is not yet the Motherland she shall be, because many of those who know her, who have been clasped in her arms, have not brought within her tender embrace the millions who still dwell outside her heart. You and I may love India with full and grateful hearts. But what cause to love her have those whose lives are one long struggle against despair and unchanging adversity? What cause to love her have those whose lives are so dark that the only refuge lies in drink? What cause to love her have those who in their difficulties and troubles and sufferings find no strong hands outstretched in brotherhood? I ask: Have they a Motherland at all? I answer: Yes; but you and I hide her from them by our indifference and selfishness. The sunshine of her love is ready to pour upon them abundantly, but it is the law that those who already in some measure bask in it, and know of it, must be it channels to those still in the outer cold. Our own recognition of our Motherland is best proved as we bring her glow to warm the dreariness of those who know her not, or who can only know her as the apparent author of their sufferings, through those class-made laws and conventions which unjustly and wickedly discriminate between her children.

My young brothers and sisters: you have been told that Swarāj means political freedom more than aught else, that Swarāj means political self-determination, the ceasing of the dominion of Britain over India. Yes; it means these things. It means a different relation between Britain and India—a relation of comradeship, and not of pride, distrust, suspicion. But these things the elders can achieve without your help, though not without your goodwill.

Yet Swarāj means much more than these things. Swarāj means that which is at the root of Freedom and is the basis of all true Self-determination—happiness. Where there is no happiness, there is no Freedom, and, therefore, no Self-determination. As we are happy, so are we free; and the truer our happiness, the less selfish our happiness, the truer, the greater, our Freedom. We are never as free as when we are happy, selflessly happy.

I ask you: Are the people of India happy, contented? Is not the answer—No? And do not many people say to you that this "No" is the result of such part of Britain's Government as is misrule? Have you not, some of you, become Non-Co-Operators because of Britain's misrule? Surely is the answer—Yes. But I say to you that though it may be true that the people of India as a whole are not happy, and that one of the causes is such misrule as there may be on the part of Britain's representatives here and elsewhere, it is also true, profoundly true, that another cause—more powerful still, is our own misrule. We demand, and rightly, that Swarāj shall take the place of foreign Rāj. Our elders, many of them, are busy to this end. This is the Swarāj without. Are we to neglect the Swarāj within? Are we to be careless of spreading the spirit of Swarāj—happiness within—among ourselves?

I say to you that wherever there is unhappiness, and it is in our power to alleviate it, Swarāj is mocked; wherever there is suffering, and it is in our power to alleviate it, Swarāj is mocked; wherever there is sorrow or despair or loneliness, and it is in our power to alleviate it, Swarāj is mocked. Swarāj means happy homes and happy families. I ask you, Youth of India, is there not much you can do to give that happiness? Can you not go among the poor, among those who are sick or in trouble, and plant in their hearts the seeds of true Swarāj? Can you not dedicate some part of your lives, without prejudice to the duties of study and exercise, and good membership of your families, to the service of those who hardly, if at all, know what happiness is? You may not be able to give money or clothes or medical care, or other material benefit, but believe me you can give that which is more precious still—the sense of Brotherhood, the feeling that others are caring, the knowledge that there need be no more loneliness. I believe that sympathy, sincere and loving, is the gift of all gifts; and if the young cannot bring the gift of sympathy, who can?

O Youth of India: leave controversial party politics to your elders, and concern yourselves with politics which know no distinctions of party, or caste, or creed, or sex; concern your-

selves with politics which bring comfort and hope and courage to those who have them not. Concern yourselves with the politics of daily life—its troubles and difficulties and hardships; and let your study of politics make increasingly clear the way out of all that misery in India which is her true oppressor, and which depends more upon our own unbrotherliness than upon any misrule by an alien Government.

And as you thus serve, forget not that the service must grow wise. Service comes first from the heart, but next from the head, and true Service is the union of head and heart. Your Service will, I know, be loving. Let it also be wise. Part of the wisdom will come from experience in, and practice of, Service; but part must come from intellectual study, study of existing conditions, their causes, the laws which govern them, the obstacles of various kinds which stand in the way of their amelioration, the means whereby it shall grow increasingly possible to change such conditions, so that they may gradually become what they ought to be even more than what, perhaps, those suffering under them would, in their ignorance, like them to be. We have sometimes to deny people what they want and give them what they need. Loving autocracy has its place in government as well as free Democracy, for often, as a very Great One has said, "the autocracy of the wise in the salvation of the foolish". But it is a wise autocracy, and you will do well to study as you serve, studying social conditions not merely as

they obtain in your own land, but also as they exist abroad, examining, too, foreign methods of transmuting sorrow, unhappiness, misery, into happy courage and growing mastery over the causes upon which the sorrow, unhappiness and misery depend. Many books have been written on social conditions as existing both in India and abroad. Many wonderful movements and experiments have been described. Understand causes. Understand existing conditions. Study the growth of civilisation. Examine how in the past bad conditions have become better. Read what noble workers have to tell us as to means of getting rid of our own bad conditions. Familiarise yourselves with work and experiment in the direction of helping those less fortunate to live more happily and purposefully. Dream with the mystic and imaginative souls of the future that shall be, and seek to hasten such future's advent.

But as you thus study, yet remember to be active missionaries, young men and women, wherever you are, to the countless thousands who are waiting for your help. In every street, in every village, next door to you, in your own house, there are those needing your service, whether you be rich or poor, wise or ignorant. Everywhere there are those who have but little happiness in their lives. Go among them spreading it. This India's Rishis ask from you as your Dharma to-day, knowing that as you spread happiness so shall happiness increase in you, and so shall India and the world grow happy, and therefore free.

"What art thou, Freedom?" Oh! could slaves
Answer from their living graves
This demand—tyrants would flee
Like a dream's dim imagery.

Thou art not, as impostors say,
A shadow soon to pass away,
A superstition and a name
Echoing from the cave of Fame.

For the laborer, thou art bread
And a comely table spread,

From his daily labor come,
In a neat and happy home.

Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
For the trampled multitude—
No—in countries that art free
Such starvation cannot be
As in England [India] now we see.

Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,
All that can adorn and bless
Art thou—let deeds, not words, express
Thine exceeding loveliness.—Shelley



Orpheus, the Supreme Singer

By A SERVANT

THE first Athens—or the city built upon the site where Athens now stands—was built 8,000 B. C. (The Athens of our histories was begun about 1,000 B. C., the Parthenon being built in 480 B. C.) After the catastrophe of 9,564 B. C., some of the “old Greeks” settled down in Hellas, occupying the country, and it was there that the Mahaguru, the Supreme Teacher, came to them, ORPHEUS, the Founder of the most ancient Orphic Mysteries, from which the later Mysteries of Greece were derived. About 7,000 B. C., He came, living chiefly in the forests, where He gathered His disciples round Him. There was no King to bid Him welcome, no gorgeous Court to acclaim Him. He came as a Singer, wandering through the land, loving the life of Nature, her sunlit spaces and her shadowed forest retreats, averse to cities and to the crowded haunts of men. A band of disciples grew around Him, and He taught them in the glades of woodland, silent save for the singing of the birds and the sweet sounds of forest life, that seemed not to break the stillness.

He taught by song, by music, music of voice and instrument, carrying a five-stringed musical instrument, probably the origin of Apollo's Lyre, and He used a pentatonic scale. To this He sang, and wondrous was His music, the Devas drawing nigh to listen to the subtle tones; by sound He worked upon the astral and mental bodies of His disciples, purifying and expanding them; by sound He drew the subtle bodies away from the physical, and set them free in the higher worlds. His music was quite different from the sequences, repeated over and over again, by which the same result was brought

about in the Root-stock of the Race, and which it carried with it into India. Here He worked by melody, not by repetition of similar sounds; and the rousing of each etheric centre had its own melody, stirring it into activity. He showed His disciples living pictures, created by music, and in the Greek Mysteries this was wrought in the same way, the tradition coming down from Him. And He taught that Sound was in all things, and that if man would harmonise himself, then would the Divine Harmony manifest through him, and make all Nature glad. Thus He went through Hellas singing, and choosing here and there one who should follow Him, and singing also for the people in other ways, weaving over Greece a net-work of music, which should make her children beautiful and feed the artistic genius of her land. One of His disciples was Neptune, a youth of exquisite beauty, who followed Him everywhere, and often carried His Lyre.

Traditions of Him came down among the people and spread far and wide. He became the God of the Sun, Phœbus-Apollo, and, in the North, Balder the Beautiful; for a branch of the fourth, the Keltic sub-race, as it was called, went northward to Scandinavia, and carried with it the legend of the Singer of Hellas.

As we think over the symbolism used by this Supreme Teacher, coming as Vyâsa, as Thoth (Hermes-Trismegistus), as Zarathûshtra, as Orpheus, we recognise the unity of the teaching under the variety of the symbols. Ever He taught the Unity of Life, and the Oneness of God with His world. For Vyâsa, it was the Sun, that warmed all and gave life; for Hermes, it was the Light, that shone alike in heaven

and in earth; for Zarathûshtra, it was the Fire, that lay hidden in all things; for Orpheus, it was the Harmony, in which all vibrated together. But Sun, Light, Fire, Sound, all gave but a single message; the One Love that was above all, and through all, and in all.

From Hellas some of the disciples went to Egypt, and fraternised with the Teachers of the Inner Light, and some went teaching as far afield as Java. And so the Sound went forth, even to the ends of the world. But not again was the Supreme Teacher to come for the teaching of a sub-race. Nearly seven thousand years later He came to His ancient people, came for the last time, and, in a body taken from them in India, He reached final Illumination, He finished His lives on earth: He became a Buddha.

The following is taken from M. Schuré's well-known book, *Les Initiés*.

About this time there had appeared in Thrace a young man of royal descent and wonderfully seductive personality. He was said to be the son of a priestess of Apollo; his melodious voice possessed a strange charm. He spoke of the Gods in new, unheard-of strains, and seemed to be inspired. His auburn locks, the pride of the Doric race, fell in golden curls over his shoulders, and the music which flowed from his lips gave the corners of his mouth a gentle though sorrowful contour, whilst his deep blue eyes beamed forth tenderness and magic power. The wild Thracians fled from his glance, but women skilled in the art of charms said that the azure philtre of his eyes mingled the darts of the sun with the soft caresses of the moon. The very Bacchantes, attracted by his beauty, often prowled near him, like amorous panthers proud of their spotted skins, smiling at his words though they did not understand them.

Suddenly, this young man, who was called the son of Apollo, had disappeared. He was said to be dead, to have descended to the infernal regions; but he had secretly escaped to Samothrace, and thence to Egypt, where he had asked for shelter from the priests of Memphis. After having accomplished their Mysteries, he had returned, twenty years later, under an

Initiate-Name, which he had obtained after having passed his tests, receiving it from his masters as a sign of his mission. He was now called Orpheus, or Arpha.

The oldest sanctuary of Jupiter was at that time being established on Mount Kaoukaion. In former times, its hierophants had been great pontiffs. From the summit of this mountain, sheltered from all acts of violence, they had reigned over the whole of Thrace. Since, however, the lower divinities had gained the upper hand, their adherents were few and their temples almost abandoned. The priests of Mount Kaoukaion welcomed the Initiate from Egypt as a Savior. The science and enthusiasm of Orpheus won over the greater part of the Thracians, completely transformed the worship of Bacchus, and tamed the Bacchantes. Very soon his influence made itself felt in all the sanctuaries of Greece. It was he who established the rule of Zeus over Thrace, and that of Apollo over Delphi, where he laid the foundations of the tribunal of the Amphyctions, which became the social unity of Greece. Finally, by the creation of the Mysteries, he formed the religious soul of his country, for, from the height of Initiation, he founded the religion of Zeus along with that of Dionysos, enfolding both in one universal idea. The Initiates received by means of his instruction the pure light of sublime truths, and this very light filtered down to the people in a more tempered, though none the less beneficent, form under the veil of poetry and enchanting fêtes.

It was in this way that Orpheus had become Pontiff of Thrace, High Priest of the Olympian Zeus, and the Revealer of the heavenly Dionysos to the Initiates.

The following is from *Orpheus*, by Mr. G. R. S. Mead:

The Greek Legend

Orpheus was son of Agrus, King of Thrace, and Calliope, one of the Muses. He was the first poet and first inspired singer, and his whole life is the history of the results of Divine Harmony. Lord of the seven-stringed lyre, all men flocked to hear him, and wild beasts lay peacefully at His feet; trees and stones were not unmoved at

the music of his heavenly instrument. The denizens of the unseen world and the Princes of Hades rejoiced at the tones of his harp. Companion of the Argonauts in their famous expedition, the good ship *Argo* glides gently over the peaceful sea at the will of his magic strains; the fearsome moving rocks of the Symplegades, that threatened *Argo* with destruction, were held motionless; the dragon of Colchis that watched the golden fleece was plunged in sleep profound.

His master was Apollo; Apollo taught him the lyre. Rising in the night, he would climb the heights of Pangæus to be the first to greet the glorious God of day.

But great grief was in store for the singer of Apollo. His beloved wife Eurydice, while fleeing from the importunities of Aristæus, was bitten by a serpent hidden in the grass. In vain the desperate husband strove to assuage the pain of his beloved, and the hills of Thrace resounded with his tuneful plaints Eurydice is dead . . . In mad distraction he determines to follow her even to Hades, and there so charms the King of Death, that Eurydice is permitted to return to earth once more—but on one condition—Orpheus must not look back. And now they had almost recrossed the bounds of Death, when at the very last step, so great is his anxiety to see whether his dear wife is still behind him, that he turns to gaze, and Eurydice is instantly reft from his sight:

Ex oculis subito ceu fumus in auras commixtus tenues, fugit diversa.

"Quick from his eyes she fled in every way, like smoke in gentle zephyr disappearing."

The death of Orpheus is variously recounted. Either he died of grief for the second loss of Eurydice, or was killed by the infuriated Bacchanals, or consumed by the lightning of Zeus for revealing the Sacred Mysteries to mortals. After his death the Muses collected his torn members and buried them. His head and lyre were carried by the waves to Lesbos.

Orpheus, A Generic Name

Such is the bare outline of the romantic Orphic Legend. That Orpheus ever existed as one particular person is highly improbable; that

Orpheus was the living symbol that marked the birth of theology and science and art in Greece, is in keeping with the general method of mythology, and relieves us from the many absurd hypotheses that historians have devised to reconcile the irreconcilable.

Orpheus was to the Greeks what Veda Vyāsa was to the Hindus, Enoch to the Ethiopians, and Hermes to the Egyptians. He was the great compiler of sacred scriptures; he invented nothing, he handed on. Orpheus, Veda Vyāsa, Enoch, Hermes and others, are generic names. Veda Vyāsa means the "Veda-arranger". It is said that the hieroglyphical treatise on the famous Columns of Hermes, or Seth, which Josephus affirms were still existing in his time (De Mirville, *Pneumatologie*, iii, 70), was the source of the Sacred Science of ancient Khem, and that Orpheus, Hesiod, Pythagoras and Plato took therefrom the elements of their theology. There was a number of Hermes, the greatest being called Trismegistus, the "thrice greatest," because he spoke of the "three greatest" powers that "veiled the one Divinity" (*Chron. Alexand.*, p. 47). We also learn from the MS. of Lascaris (Mar. Taurin., *Prolegg. in Orph.*, p. 98) that there were no less than six Orphesis known to antiquity.

Ficinus (*De Immort. Anim.*, XVII, i. 386) traces what the Hindus call the Guruparampara chain, or Succession of Teachers, as follows:

"In things pertaining to theology there were in former times six great teachers expounding similar doctrines. The first was Zoroaster, the chief of the Magi; the second Hermes Trismegistus, the head of the Egyptian priesthood; Orpheus succeeded Hermes; Aglaophamus was initiated into the Sacred Mysteries of Orpheus; Pythagoras was initiated into theology by Aglaophamus; and Plato by Pythagoras. Plato summed up the whole of their wisdom in his Letters." From *Orpheus*, by G. R. S. Mead)

(It is interesting to compare the true story of Orpheus as first given, with that of M. Schuré, and the legend and the statement, based on "comparative mythology," of the scholarly Mr. Mead, Eds.)

Buddhist Stories

IX

THE ELDER VAKKALI

"**W**ITH utter joy and gladness filled"—this was the text of a discourse given by the Master, when He was dwelling at the Bamboo Grove, concerning the Elder Vakkali.

They say that this venerable one was reborn at Sāvatti in a Brahmana's family. When he became a youth, one day he saw the Goal-Winner entering the town for alms, and beholding the glorious person of the Master he could not have his fill of gazing on the beauty of Him. So he exclaimed: "I'll win a way ever to feast my eyes on the Goal-Winner." So he renounced the world in the Master's presence, became a mendicant, and always stood where he could look at Him of the Ten Mighty Powers, gave up repeating the sacred texts and the practice of concentration, and simply passed the time in gazing on Him.

Now the Master was waiting for his insight to become ripe, so He said nothing. But one day, seeing that his insight was ripe, He said to him: "Come, Vakkali! What profits it to look upon this vile body of mine? He who seeth the Truth, Vakkali, he seeth Me." Thereupon He expounded the Truth to him. So Vakkali, thus encouraged, gave up looking at the Master. Nevertheless, he could not go elsewhere. Therefore the Master thought to Himself: "This brother will not become enlightened until he be well stirred." So, as the rainy season was close at hand, He went to Rajagaha on the day of the beginning of the Retreat in the rains, and dismissed Vakkali with the words: "Away with you, Vakkali!"

So Vakkali, saying: "The Master will not speak to me," as he could not any longer stand face to face with the Master for the space of three months together, cried out: "What's the use of life to me? I'll throw myself down from the mountain," and with this intent climbed up the Vulture's Peak in Magadha.

Now the Master, knowing his heart's weariness, said to Himself: "If this brother gets no comfort at My hands, he will ruin his chances

of winning the Fruits of the Path." So He manifested Himself to him, sending forth a radiant image of Himself. The very moment that the brother Vakkali saw the Master, the great burden of his sorrow fell away. Then the Master, as if one should flood a dried-up tank with a stream of water, caused a mighty joy and gladness to spring up in him and He sang these verses:

That mendicant, with utter joy and gladness filled,
Firm in the teachings of the Awakened One,
Reaches the bliss where all conditions cease,
Reaches the state of Peace.

Whereupon the Master, having sung these verses, stretched out His hand to the Elder Vakkali, saying: "Come, Vakkali!"

Come, Vakkali! Fear not, but look upon
The Goal-Winner. I'll lift thee from the mire.
Out of the mire I'll lift thee, as one lifts
An elephant deep sunk in mud.
Out of the mire I'll lift thee, as one saves
The Sun from out the Dragon's ravaging maw.
Out of the mire I'll lift thee, as one saves
The Moon from out the Dragon's ravaging maw.

Then the Elder Vakkali thought: "I've seen Him! I've seen Him of the Ten Mighty Powers and He said to me: 'Come, Vakkali!'" And thereupon a mighty joy arose in him, and he said to himself: "But how can I reach Him?"

Then, as he stood there upon the mountain peak, although he saw no way, as soon as he, heard the first verse, he sprang up into the air to meet the Lord of the Ten Mighty Powers, and pondering on those verses as he flew through the air, there and then he checked that joy and reached the state of Arahant, and won the superhuman powers. Then, saluting the Goal-winner, he came down to the ground to where the Master was and stood beside Him. And it came to pass that, in future times, the Master ranked him foremost of those who won Freedom by utter faith,

F. L. WOODWARD

Translated from the Commentary on
Dhammapada, v. 381.

Medicine in Ancient Egypt

By LEONARD TRISTRAM, B.A., F. R. A. I.

NOT the least interesting of the Papyri found in Egypt are those which deal with Medicine. A great number of these have been discovered, and they show that the medical art was in a by no means rudimentary stage. Altogether, at least 250 diseases can be identified from the list of the symptoms given. Some parts of the body are treated in minute detail. Thus the Egyptians were able to distinguish accurately all the different diseases of the eye, which are so prevalent in the Egypt of the present day. Such complaints as Styes, Specs, Utrypion, Blepharitis, Leucoma, Lippitude, Hydrophthalia, Staphylomia, Conjunctivitis, Purulent Ophthalmia, and many others, were all well known, and each had its appropriate treatment. The *Ebers Papyrus*, in particular, contains the names of over 170 diseases. This papyrus was purchased from an Arab in 1872 by Professor George Maurice Ebers, a noted Archæologist, and is now in the Leipzig University Library. It was the work of probably more than one author, and is a single roll about twelve inches wide and twenty-five yards long. There are one hundred and eight numbered columns, written in black ink, with the weights and measures in red. In the treatment of the diseases, nearly a thousand drugs and their preparations are mentioned.

Although such lists as the one given above are common, they do not show that the country was unhealthy. They rather show the degree to which the knowledge of Ancient Egypt had advanced in the domains of diagnostics and therapeutics. George Foucart agrees with Herodotus (2.77) as against Pliny (XXVI, 1), that the Nile valley was a very healthy country, where the length of life was probably in excess of that of the average man at the present day, and where the general health was much better than in Greece and Italy, for example. As a general rule, the great scourges that so often laid waste the rest of the world—endemic diseases such as Malaria—were unknown.

It may be remarked in passing that so minute a classification of man's ills leads, even at

first sight, to the postulation of ideas very far removed from "Primitive Savagery".

Diseases were always regarded as being caused by external spirits, such as spirits of the dead, and various kinds of demons, jinns, ghouls, and vampires. They insinuated themselves into the individuals by the nostrils, mouth, or ears, and devoured the vital substance of the body. The means by which they surprise man, their constant efforts to do so as they prowl around him unceasingly, and the manner in which they perform their destruction inside the body, all are the subject of many formal texts.

Foucart says that "compared with other human civilisations their notions on this subject are essentially the same as we find in classical religions, such as the Chaldeo-Assyrian, or among modern savages all over the world".

We should like to remark that it is not only among the so-called "savages" that such ideas are to be found. Are not germs supposed to prowl about in the air, waiting for a being to attack? Do not the germs enter the body through the mouth, nose, and ears? Do not they carry on a destructive warfare inside the body, conducting vast punitive campaigns against the guardian white cells who seek to prevent their work of destruction? Truly the Egyptian stories are but a reflection, in other words, of the modern cries of science. Truly do these prowling spirits—the germs—destroy the "vital substance of the body". The Egyptians in one respect were more advanced than the scientists are to-day, for the fact that they called the germs "spirits" shows that they knew that the whole of Nature was alive. The writer unfortunately does not know the Egyptian word or its exact connotation.

There is another point, too, which ought to be remembered, which is that Egyptians acknowledged other causes of diseases besides the spirits, or germs. Thus they believed that diseases could be caused by black magic, and by evilly disposed persons. One of the most famous incidents in Egyptian History is the trial of the conspirators against the King Rameses III.

These conspirators were connected with the Court, and had been offended by some unknown reason, and, in consequence, decided to kill the King. They made wax images of him, and were going to perform magic upon them, when they were discovered. Some of the highest of the land were involved in the conspiracy, which was a sign of the degenerate time into which Egypt was entering at this period—the end of the nineteenth dynasty. The Pharaoh, Rameses III. showed in this trial all the moral elevation of character which had distinguished him all through his reign, a reign characterised by struggle against enemies without and corruption at home. He saw to it that the accused courtiers were given the fairest possible trial, that all the evidence should be heard that they could collect in their favor. Nevertheless, they were easily proved guilty, and the whole conspiracy saddened the old age of the Pharaoh. Magic was an important factor in degenerate Egypt in the causation of disease. Our scientists are just beginning to rediscover the power of magic—camouflaged, of course, under other names. Thus they now speak of Hypnotism, of psychological traits of character such as an Inferiority Complex, which can be worked upon by one who knows, so that the person possessing the complex may be broken. Truly, the only way to eliminate the possibility of being "black-magicked," consciously or unconsciously, is to become perfect, perfect in every manner. Then the evil will have no handle by which to attack. There will be nothing in the attempted victim upon which it can work, and the evil will recoil upon the sender.

Thus is Science rediscovering the wisdom of the ancient days, and is discovering that the Sages of old were wise in their teachings, and in what they proclaimed to be the best mode of living for man.

Besides the ordinary herbs and medicines (which were extensively used, just as they are to-day), the Egyptians made great use of spells, and magic of all kinds for the curing of disease. The spells were often recited while the medicine was being taken, and if they had no other effect, they at least gave the patient courage. The names of the Gods were often invoked.

Spell for Snake Bite

"Flow out, thou poison, come forth upon the ground! Horus conjures thee, He cuts thee off, he spits thee out, and thou risest not up but fallest down. Thou art weak and not strong, a coward and dost not fight, blind and dost not see. Thou liftest not thy face. Thou art turned back and findest not thy way. Thou mournest and dost not rejoice. Thou creepest away and dost not appear. So speaketh Horus, efficacious of magic! The poison which was rejoicing, the hearts of multitudes grieve for it; Horus has slain it by His magic.

"He who mourned is in joy. Stand up! thou who wast prostrate, Horus has restored thee to life! He who came as one who is carried has gone forth of himself. Horus has overcome his bites. All men, when they behold Re, praise the Son of Osiris. Turn Back, thou snake!

"Conjured is thy poison which was in the arm of N son of M! Behold! The Magic of Horus is powerful against thee! Flow out, thou poison, come forth upon the ground!"

"To be recited over a hawk with the two feathers on its head, being made of ivory wood and painted. Open its mouth and offer to it bread and beer and incense. Place it on the face of anyone suffering from the bite of any snake and recite from beginning to end. It will repel the poison. A powerful specific (*Turin Papyrus*, 131).

Sometimes the Gods are more directly invoked, or cursings are even uttered. Thus we have the following spells:

"Re waits for thee to shine and Atum to set, that thou mayest quit the arm of N son of M. The Chief of the Dwellers in Amenti waits for thee, in order that thou mayest quit the arm of N son of M." (*Pap. Leiden*, 345.)

"Every God curses thee, every Goddess curses thee, the Great Ennead curses thee, the Little Ennead curses thee." (*Pap. Leiden*, 343.)

"Avaunt thou, for I am Horus; Retire thou, for I am the Son of Osiris, The magic of my Mother (Isis) is the protection of my limbs." (*Hearts Medical Papyrus*.)

Sometimes the doctor utters terrible threats, such as:

"I will throw fire into Osiris and burn up Busiris," but on such occasions the Doctor is apt to disclaim his responsibility. Thus: "It is not I who say it, it is not I who repeat it; it is Isis

who says it, it is Isis who repeats it." (*Pap. Leiden*, 348.)

When the limbs of the body are enumerated it often happens that each limb is identified with or is said to belong to some special deity, and the list ends with the words: "There is no limb of his without a God." (*Pap. Leiden*, 348.)

This reminds us of the Pyramid Texts, in which each member of Pepy's body is correlated with the corresponding member of some God.

Sometimes the third person of the Trinity of a Town was regarded as being especially a healing Deity. The Trinity was known in Memphis under the name of Ptah, Sekhet and Imhotep. Of these, Imhotep was regarded as a wonderful physician.

In each great temple of any God there were large statues of Him. But these were not the important statues. The statues which were used for the purpose of the cult ceremonies were small ones, one or two feet high, often of gold or silver. It was these small statues which could speak, and give oracles, and heal people. It was these small statues that the ceremonies centred round, and in which the Spirit of the God was supposed to dwell. One of them was

placed in every shrine room, and was treated as a veritable incarnation of the God. It was these small statues that wrought all the miracles, of healing or otherwise. They were often carried in procession through the streets, with vast pomp and ceremony. If some great person was very ill, one of the Gods might deign to visit him in his house and heal him through His statue. The Egyptians attached the greatest possible power to these statues. With regard to healing, the "Story of the Princess of Bakh-ten" is well known, as an example of how the Gods used to travel about occasionally for the purpose of healing people.

Now it is a most remarkable and most extraordinary fact that *not one of these magical statues has been found by archaeologists*. They must have been quite common, almost as common as the large statues which now adorn all our museums. Yet not one of them has been found by the archaeologists! Have they been hidden away purposely, so that the profane gaze of western European man may not pollute them? In order that their magic power may not be misused by selfish materialists? When the proper moment arrives they will doubtless be rediscovered.

Reviews

Sketches of Great Truths. By Wayfarer. (Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Price Re. 1-8.)

The essays which make up this booklet appeared originally in the Supplement to *New India*, and were intended for the casual reader, with the hope that they might capture his attention and lure him in the direction of fuller and deeper knowledge. They are especially useful at the present time, because the keynote of all of them is Brotherhood. It might be said that they approach Theosophy from the Brotherhood point of view, and not from the point of view of Religion or of Science. They are the message of a soul which has evidently felt strongly the call of Brotherhood, and which has been groping after some teaching to explain the co-existence of the misery of the world with the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. This soul has now found in Theosophy the explanations it required. The essays include all the chief Theosophical teachings, but treated always from the point of view of putting them into practice, and

never from mere theory. May it illumine many who worship Brotherhood. YOUTH

Indian Teachers of Buddhist Universities. By Phanindranath Bose, M. A. (Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, price Rs. 2.)

This is the seventh volume of The Asian Library. The first chapter gives an account of the various scholars who have studied Tibetan Buddhism, with a history of the exploration of that region. The remainder of the book is devoted to a discussion of the Buddhist Universities of Nalanda, Vikramasila, Odantapura, and Jagadala, with accounts of the most famous of their Pandits. It is shown how closely these Pandits were associated with Tibet, and how they influenced Tibetan Literature and Religion. It is very useful to have such a clear and concise account of the various important Pandits. The book is written in an interesting style, and is beautifully printed and got up, as is usual with the publications of the T. P. H. T.

The Young Citizen

[The following account of a most important Youth Movement appeared the other day in *New India*. I reproduce it here for general information.—G. S. A.]

A VERY interesting departure was made at the Convention of the Theosophical Society in Benares with regard to Youth Lodges within India. The President, at the Indian Section, explained the fact that Youth Lodges were being formed, and the difficulty of fitting them into the Constitution of the Section with regard to fees and dues, and also with regard to voting power. The young people were not yet earning, and it was not possible, in view of the very narrow limits of the income of many parents, that they could pay the regular subscriptions for their sons and daughters. On the other hand, the Youth Lodges would be feeders of the T. S. as the members became adults, and meanwhile their energy and enthusiasm would be powerful aids to the work of the parent Society. She suggested that if the Convention would ask its Council to consider the matter, she would propose to it to allow her to sanction a Federation of Youth Lodges attached to Adyar, so that they might make their experiment in freedom within their own organisation, without disturbing the Constitution of the present Section.

General approval being expressed, the President, by permission, moved the following resolution from the chair:

That this Convention of the T. S. in India warmly welcomes the Youth of India, who are organising themselves as Young Theosophists, as part of the great Youth Movement of the world, and recommends the Council of the Indian Section to authorise the form of organisation, in regard to details, which appears to be the most advantageous to the Theosophical Society.

After the election of the new Council, the President attended its first meeting, and suggested the above plan, leaving the Council to discuss it and decide the matter. The following resolution was finally passed by it unanimously:

That, in pursuance of the Resolution of the Convention regarding the Youth Movement, this Council recommends that, for the present, Youth Lodges be affiliated direct to Adyar and form their own Federation, and that a Sub-Committee consisting of the General Secretary, and Messrs. P. K. Telang, G. S. Arundale, H. N. Dutt, A. Rangaswami Iyer, B. Sanjiva Rao, Yadunandan Prasad, be requested to consider ways and means of bringing such a Federation within the Section.

The President also laid the matter before the General Council of the T. S. and the following similar resolution was passed:

That this General Council of the T. S. warmly welcomes the Youth of each country who are organising themselves as Young Theosophists, as part of the great

Youth Movement of the world, and recommends each General Secretary to authorise within his own territory the form of organisation which appears to be the most advantageous for the Theosophical Society.

At a meeting of Young Theosophists, held on the 30th and 31st of December, after full discussion, the following Constitution was drawn up for the "All-India Federation of Young Theosophists," and we print it here for the information of all interested in the matter, as it affects the whole of India.

Constitution

1. This meeting of Young Theosophists representing the following Youth Lodges, already formed or in course of formation Adyar, Guindy, George Town (Madras), Bombay, Baroda, Shuklathirth, Indore, Quetta, Cawnpur, Gaya, Allahabad, Gorakhpur, Benares (Three Lodges), Ahmedabad—offers its grateful thanks to the President of the Theosophical Society, to Mr. G. S. Arundale, and to the Indian Section of the T. S., for facilitating the formation of a Federation of Young Theosophists in India, and assures them that Young Theosophists all over India will do all in their power to support the Theosophical Movement, to spread the Theosophical Spirit, and to be of service to the Indian Section.

2. This meeting resolves that, in accordance with the resolution of the Indian Section Council, passed at its meeting held on Sunday, the 30th December, 1923, and with the sanction of the President of the Theosophical Society, "An All-India Federation of Young Theosophists be and is hereby established, attached direct to the Theosophical Headquarters at Adyar".

3. That Mrs. Rukmini Arundale be elected the Chairman of the Federation, that Mr. K. S. Shelvankar be elected the Secretary, and Mr. L. E. Tristram the Treasurer, for the ensuing year, 1924.

4. That there shall be a Council of the Federation consisting of the office-bearers (*ex-officio*), the members of the Headquarters Executive Committee, and the Secretaries of the Federation in the various Provinces.

5. That the Headquarters of the Federation be situate at Adyar, and that a Headquarters Executive Committee to manage the business of the Federation be constituted for the year 1924 as follows: The office-bearers (*ex-officio*), Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, Mr. V. S. Venkateshvaran, Miss Lakshmi, Mr. K. Narayana Menon.

6. That membership of the Federation be open to all duly recommended candidates below the age of 30—those below 18 years of age requiring

the consent of their parents or guardians—and with the proviso that members between the ages of 26 and 30 must also be members of the Indian Section. Membership of the Federation involves membership of the T. S. but not of the Indian Section.

7. That no entrance fee and no annual subscription be required from members of the Federation who are members of the Youth Lodges or Youth Centres, but each Lodge shall make such collective annual contribution to the Federation as may be within its means, each individual member contributing such sum as he thinks proper.

Fifty per cent of such subscription shall be payable during the course of the first three months of the year to the Treasurer of the Federation.

Half the total is transmitted, and shall be credited to, Adyar, the remaining half being credited to the funds of the Federation. Unattached members, members who are not members of Lodges or Centres, shall pay a minimum annual subscription of Rs. 1 to be transmitted to the Treasurer within the first three months of the year. Fifty per cent of such a sum shall be credited to Adyar, and the remaining half to the Treasurer for the use of the Federation.

The half retained by the Lodge or Centre shall be used by the Lodge or Centre for its own Theosophical work.

8. Charters and Diplomas will be issued through the Headquarters Executive Committee at Adyar. Application forms for membership will be issued by the various Provincial Secretaries or by the Secretary of the Federation. Seven members are required to form a Lodge, and three to form a Centre.

9. No person, over 30 years of age, shall hold any office in a Lodge or Centre of the Federation, or in

the Federation itself, *e. g.*, as Patron, Advisory Member, Honorary Member, etc., but the unofficial help of such persons will be gratefully welcomed.

10. It shall be the duty of members of the Federation, individually and of Lodges and Centres, to co-operate whole-heartedly with the Indian Section and its Lodges, Centres, and Members.

11. *The Young Theosophist* shall be the official organ of the Federation. The present editors shall be requested to continue in their office.

12. Provincial Secretaries are recommended to form groups of Lodges and Centres within their respective areas for Theosophical Meetings, Study and Service.

13. The Annual Convention of the Federation shall be held at the same time as the Convention of the Indian Section of the T. S.

At such Conventions, the rules may be revised, office-bearers for the ensuing year shall be elected, and the Treasurer shall present the Balance Sheet.

14. The funds at the disposal of the Federation shall be administered by the Headquarters Executive Committee as it shall deem best in the interests of the Federation.

15. That Lodges and Centres be recommended to admit, as Associate Members, Sympathisers with the Movement; such Associate Members shall not hold any office, nor vote.

16. All matters not otherwise provided for in these rules shall be decided by the Headquarters Executive Committee.

17. The Headquarters Executive Committee is requested to issue without delay a pamphlet on the work to be done by the Youth Lodges, Centres, and Members, including the rules of the Federation, etc.

Fairies

See the tiny fairies
Gathered in a ring,
Swaying on the tender grasses,
Laughing at the breeze which passes
Warm with Scents of Spring.

Hark! the little fairies
Joyously do sing:
"We are free from care and sorrow,
For fresh life and love we borrow
From the Scents of Spring."

"Tell me, gentle fairies,
Prythee, just one thing:
Can a weary care-worn mortal

Ever pass the fairy portal
To the Land of Spring?"

Nought the fairies answer,
Only dance and swing.
Is it that they cannot hear me?
Is it that, perchance, they fear me?
In the Land of Spring.

Dainty, gentle, fairies,
My Spirit shall take wing
And fly with you from flower to flower,
Or sport with you in shaded bower,
In the Land of Spring.

T. L. CROMBIE

A Man of the Hour

HENRY FORD

MAN AND MILLIONAIRE

(From *Hearst's International*)

THERE are stories told in Detroit that even Mrs. Ford often tired of the long vigil and begged her husband to abandon the idea of trying to build a horseless carriage. These stories are untrue. She was always "the believer"—that is what Mr. Ford still calls her. From the first, she has always believed he could do whatever he set out to do. When he was building his first gasoline car, working far into each night to conquer unparalleled difficulties, Mrs. Ford oftentimes went out into the shop and watched him work a while in the evening, but she encouraged him to go on rather than urged him to stop.

"I was never discouraged in my life," said he to me one day while this book was being written. "Discouragement comes from fear and haste. Fear is the great canker that eats at the hearts of men. Most men are entirely too confident of their ability to fail—and they fail. If they were as confident of their ability to succeed, most of them would succeed. No man can think straight when he is scared to death. Clear thought comes to those who believe in themselves and the things they are doing.

"What the world needs is more faith. We haven't half enough of it. We are always saying 'I can't,' when we should be saying, 'I'll try and I'll never stop until I succeed'. All of the things we are failing to do and a million others will be done some day. Why not do more of these things now? Here we are, living in a world that is the finest piece of raw material that ever was, and most of the time we are feeling sorry for ourselves because of our hard lives. That is not the way to go about it. We should proceed to improve whatever is not now good enough to suit us. The world will be improved

a lot before it is finished. Some people seem to think it is finished now. Instead, it has hardly been begun. The world of to-day bears about the same relationship to the world that will yet be, as the first automobile bears to the best machine now on the market.

"Haste is also a great maker of discouragement," he continued. "Now why should anybody be in such a hurry to accomplish what he sets out to do? He should work diligently, of course, but why should he be discouraged if success be somewhat delayed? The idea of human beings a hurry in always seemed a little absurd to me, considering the fact that there is an eternity behind us and ahead of us. It was nearly twelve years from the time that I built my first car before I put one on the market.

"These were very useful years to me and very well employed. What better use could I have made of my time? So far as I was concerned, I was never happier in my life. I was learning something every day, and what I was learning every day was of use to myself and everybody else. I did not get much sleep, of course, but I was, then as always, in fine health and never felt tired. People think Mr.

Edison is a wonderful man because he does with so little sleep. I think he is a wonderful man because he is able to generate so much interest in his work. Anybody who is deeply interested in his work does not become sleepy very easily. And he does not become tired. It is work done against the will that wears. Or work done merely for wages. Wages are necessary, of course, but mere wages are not enough to keep anybody awake or prevent him from becoming weary. I never gave a thought to wages in my life. All I ever sought



HENRY FORD

was the kind of work I wanted to do, and the best place in which I could learn to do it."

Out of this philosophy came, step by step, the first Ford gasoline engine. It had two four-cycle cylinders, bore two and nine-sixteenth inches, stroke six inches. The wheels were twenty-eight inches in diameter, wire-spoked and solid rubber-tyred. The wheel base was sixty inches and the gauge forty-two inches. The engine was water-cooled. Power was applied with a belt from the engine.

The car was finished at three o'clock in the morning. Mr. Ford at once took it out for a spin. He did not spin very far—just to the end of the street.

I asked him if it was true that he could not turn around.

He put on a sheepish smile. "Yes, I could turn," he replied, "but I could not back up. I had to get out and lift the rear end around."

But the car would run and that was the main thing. It would make twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. And it would make noise. Some of the neighbors did not like to be awakened at two or three o'clock in the morning by the heavy explosion of the Ford engine. But William C. Maybury was then Mayor of Detroit, and he was both a kindly man and a friend of Ford.

"Maybury told me," said Ford, "that he would protect me if a complaint were made against me."

This was the first automobile licence issued in America. It was verbal and it was irregular, but it answered the purpose.

Ford had devoted two years to the building of his first gasoline car when, in 1893, it was completed. What he produced represented a great advance over his attempt to build a steam-car. He had made a relatively high-speed gasoline engine that would drive a light buggy twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. But an automobile that could not be backed up had no commercial value. Ford took another two years to think, and in 1895 began a new car.

Henry Ford was thirty years old when he began building his second gasoline car, a task that occupied his mind from 1895 to 1898 while working also for the Detroit Edison Company.

It is interesting at this point to note how his achievements and his prospects might have been regarded at that time by a weak-willed man and a money-hungry man; also, how they were regarded by Henry Ford.

A weak-willed man, if he had been in Ford's place, might have said: "I built a farm locomotive that went forty feet and stopped. I started a mechanical buggy that I never finished, because I became convinced that steam generated by wood or coal was not the proper thing to use for motive power. I made a gasoline automobile that would run forward but not backward and therefore could not be used or sold. I have wasted ten years of my life trying to do things that can't be done, and I am going to quit and go back to the farm."

A money-hungry young man, if he had been in Ford's place, might have said: "I am within sight of my great riches. My gasoline car, though it cannot be run backward and is therefore no good, nevertheless represents a great advance over the old farm locomotive. All I have to do is to perfect this gasoline car and I shall have a fortune within my grasp."

All that Henry Ford thought was this:

"The thing can be done. I am doing it. I shall keep at it."

I asked him if he ever thought of money either at this time or at any other time before great wealth really began to roll in upon him.

"I never thought of money at any time," replied Mr. Ford. "All I thought of was making an automobile and making it as good as I could. Nobody who is willing to get money legitimately need think about money. Let him make something useful, better than anybody ever made it before, and make it in quantity, and money will come to him. It is only the people who want to get money without earning it who need think about it. I could have made money in a good many other ways than the way in which I did. I thought once of going into the watch-making business on a big scale, and I am sure I could have made a fortune at it."

"Right now there are thousands of opportunities to make fortunes. People don't see them; that is all. Let anybody who wants money to come to him take the simplest useful thing he can think of; let him study it, improve it and refine it until it is better than anybody ever made it before. Then let him manufacture it on a big scale and money will come to him."

"Thinking about money really interferes with one's efficiency. If a man is doing work worth while, the thing he is at requires all his brain power. When my problem was how to make the mechanism of an automobile, do you think I would have been as efficient if I had complicated this problem with money? To have done so would

have reduced my capacity for achievement just as an engine's capacity for work is reduced by mixing a little water with the gasoline. Mechanics and money don't mix. Money mixes with nothing that is worth doing. The right way to get money, therefore, is not to try to get it.

"One of the reasons why American business men, as a class, are not as efficient as they might be is because they think first of profits and next of service. They are adulterating their own mental gasoline with water. They should not think of profits at all. They should concentrate every particle of brain power they have upon the problem of how to do things they are doing in the best possible way. And let no man believe that the way he is doing is the best possible way. Nothing is being done in the best way. Do you believe the automobile has evolved to the point of perfection? Well, it hasn't. The best automobile is still a very crude affair. The evolution of the automobile is in its infancy."

"If American manufacturers and business men generally would, for a period of five years, cease thinking of profits and devote all of their energies to giving the greatest values and the best possible service to the public, they would make more money and they would revolutionise American business."

"Employers tell working-men not to watch the clock. Employers do not seem to realise that it is just as foolish for them to watch their profits as it is for working-men to watch the clock."

Nothing in Ford's career is more remarkable than the manner in which he contrived to market an idea and at the same time keep control of it. The sad tale of the inventor is but too well known. For all practical purposes, Ford was as poor as any of them. He had a little money, but not enough to get into the manufacturing business, even in a small way. He was forced to take all the partners he could get and himself to become a minority

stockholder. When Malcomson sold and Ford bought him out, Malcomson was supposed to be the better business man.

I once said to Ford, after he had told me how easily everything mechanical had to come to him when he was a boy working in Detroit machine shops: "Did you ever try to do a thing with machinery for the first time, and feel that the process of doing it was nevertheless familiar to you?"

A little smile quickly overran his face.

"Oh, you mean reincarnation," he said. "You believe in that? I do, too."

Ford's statement as to what I believed was a shot in the dark so far as he was concerned, inasmuch as I had never discussed the matter with him. I tried him with a mild reference to reincarnation in the belief that he knew nothing about it. Those who regard Ford as an ignorant man do not know him. He has not read everything, but he has sensed a great deal.

Ford is a good deal of a mystic. He has a profound faith in "things unseen" a faith that enables him to envision a universe governed by Law, in which all human beings in each of whom is something that cannot die.



HENRY FORD

Great with fate were those early days when the Ford Motor Company was forming and getting under way. In those days destinies were decided. A single misstep would have wrecked Ford. Henry Ford's fate was measurably fixed the day he decided to buy out Malcomson and gain control of the Company. All that has since happened to Ford in the way of money is the logical result of that act. If instead of buying out the heaviest stockholder except himself, Ford had sold out, the name of Ford probably would have gone down with that long list of names of men who knew how to invent, but did not know how to profit from their own inventions.

Homes of Greatness

A HOUSE OF VISION

BY GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

I MUST give place this month to a remarkable account by H. G. Wells of a project by that great educationist, Sanderson of Oundle, called a House of Vision. The idea appeals to me immensely, and in some ways I almost think I should like to amalgamate my own idea of a Home of Greatness with this House of Vision. Of course, the two conceptions are more or less one in conception and certainly one in aim, but there is something peculiarly fascinating about the word "vision". The following account is taken from the *New Leader*:

§ I

I come now to one of the most curious and characteristic things in Sanderson's later life, a conflict and interaction that went on between two closely related and yet in many ways intensely competitive ideas, the idea, on the one hand, of a new sort of building unprecedented among schools, a building which should symbolise and embody the whole aim of the school and the renewed community of which it is the germ, and, on the other hand, the idea of a great memorial chapel to commemorate the sacrifice of those who had fallen in the War.

Very early in the War, a boy of great promise, Eric Yarrow, the son of Sir Alfred Yarrow, the great shipbuilder, was killed at Ypres, and parent and schoolmaster met at the house of the former to mourn their common loss. Sanderson and Eric Yarrow had been close friends; they had discussed and developed the idea of a creative reconstruction of industry together; Eric Yarrow was to have played a part in the industrial world similar to the part that Roy Sanderson was to have played in the educational world. The two men sat late at night and talked of those vanished hopes. Could not something be done, they asked, to record at least the spirit of these fine intentions, and they sketched out a project for a memorial building, to be a symbol and incitement to effort for the reorganised industrial state.

It was in the early stage, when the Eric Yarrow memorial was to be nothing more than a museum of industrial history and organisation, that Sanderson set afoot the building at Oundle which is now known by that name. Apparently he did not get much inspiration over to the architect, and at any rate, the edifice that presently rose was a very weak and dull-looking one, more suitable for a

herbarium or a minor lecture hall than for a temple of creative dreams. It was a premature materialisation, done in the stress and under the cramping limitations of war-time. Long before it was finished, Sanderson's imagination had outgrown it.

At first the House of Vision was to have been no more than an industrial museum. It was not to be used as a class-room or lecture-room. It was to be empty of chairs, desks and the like, and clear for anyone to go in to think and dream. About its walls diagrams and charts were to display the progress of man from the sub-human to his present phase of futile power and hope. There were to be time-charts of the whole process of history, and a few of these have been made. As his idea ripened, it broadened. The memorial ceased to be a symbol merely of industrial reorganisation and progress, and became a temple to the whole human adventure. He began to stress first social and then imaginative growth. The charts were to be full and accurate, everything shown was to be precisely true, but there was to be no teaching in the building, no direction beyond the form and spirit of the place.

The realisation of the past is the realisation of the future, and it was an easy transition to pass to the idea of this building as an expression of the creative will in man. In it the individual boy was to realise the aim of the school and of schooling and living. It was to be the eye of the school, its soul, its head-light.

Here is a passage written by Sanderson himself a little later. The idea ripens and broadens out very manifestly:

"Every school, every locality and industry," he writes, "might build within their boundaries a new kind of chapel, a heritage, a temple a beautiful building in which are gathered together and exhibited the records of man's great deeds and of man's progress, and the record of his needs. It is as such a 'Hall of Needs' that we regard the Yarrow Memorial, and to this end it is being equipped."

And here Sanderson speaks again in a sermon preached upon the text of Moses' withdrawal to the Mount:

"Boys will go out into the factory, or mine, or business, or profession, imbued with the spirit of the active love of humanity. Some will be called to lead, as Moses was called. They, too, will plant the 'Tent of Meeting,' the 'Temple of Vision'. A

return with a new view-point will be made to the temple of ages gone by. The Assyrian frescoed his walls with sculptures of the deeds of his hero-kings; the Franciscans frescoed the walls of their chapels with the life of Jesus as told in the Gospels—the life of the Divine Builder, of Him who came to restore a kingdom, by whose life and death a new world was created.

"But the Temple of Vision of to-day; the new Tent of Meeting. What of it? The new Home of Vision will be frescoed with the thoughts of to-day, changing into the thoughts of to-morrow. Generations of workers will go up into the Mount, and to them, too, will be shown the pattern; 'See that thou make them after their pattern which hath been shown thee in the Mount'."

Now this is a very great and novel idea, the idea of a modern temple set like a miner's lantern in the forefront of school or college to light its task in the world. It rounds off and completes Sanderson's vision of a modern school; it is logically essential to that vision. But meanwhile, what was happening to the school chapel project?

For after all, in the older type of school, the chapel with its matins and evensong, its "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and such-like stirring hymns, its confirmations and first communions, was in a rather dreamy, formless, mechanical way, undertaking to do precisely what the new House of Vision was also to do, that is, to give a direction to the whole subsequent life. But was it the same direction? The normal school chapel points up—not very effectively one feels; the House of Vision was to point onward. Sanderson had a crowded, capacious mind, but sooner or later the questions behind these two discrepant objectives, whether men are to live for heaven or for creation, was bound to have come to an issue. He betrayed a growing hostility to the intoned prayers, the trite responses, the tuneless empty hymns, the Anglican vacuity of the normal chapel procedure. Had he lived to guide the building of Oundle chapel, I believe it would have diverged more and more from any precedent, more and more in the direction of that House of Vision, that the premature and insufficient Eric Yarrow building had so pitifully failed to realise. Here is evidence of that divergence in a passage from a sermon preached after a gathering of parents and old boys to discuss the chapel project.

"A lofty, spacious chapel to form the nave—no fixed seats, the clear open space: quiet, still, 'urgent with beauty'. Joined to this the choir and sanctuary, with aisles round the three sides of it, forming an ambulatory. Round these aisles, on the walls and

in the windows, the recorded memory of the boys who have fallen. An east window, a reredos, stalls, altar. A chapel, abundant in space, not for the mind to sit down in, but for the mind to move about in, for contemplation, for dwelling in the infinite, for piercing through the night, for vision, for the clear spirit of thankfulness, for communion with the saints, our own young saints among them. So we hope. As you wander round the aisles there will pass before you the memorial of those boys who have cast down their lives for the rescue of man."

§ II

I cannot guess how Sanderson, had he lived would have resolved this conflict between his House of Vision and his Great Chapel, just as I can hazard no opinion of the ultimate form his interpretation of Christianity would have taken. But the recognition of these conflicts is fundamental to my conception of the man and his significance.

He stands for a great multitude reluctant to abandon many of the familiar phrases of the Christian use, and eager to read new and deeper meanings into them. But he never took "Holy Orders"; he knew the days of the priest, except for evil, were past, and it is only by its being born again as a House of Vision that he could anticipate his chapel with contentment. The time has come for mankind to choose plainly between the priest and the teacher.

Some six months after Sanderson's death, I went to Oundle and visited the Yarrow Memorial, that abortive first House of Vision. Except for a bronze statue of a boy by Lady Scott, that Sanderson had liked and bought, it was as I had seen it with Sanderson a year before. It was still, deserted, and I suppose I must count it dead. The time-charts had not been carried on. The collection of inventions, the display of humanity's growth, were still represented by empty cases. The statue was intended for the school chapel, but meanwhile it had been dumped in the House of Vision, as a convenient vacant place for such dumping. The bronze boy is in an eager pose; there is duty to be done, and danger to be faced, and a great creative effort to be made. "Send me!" he said, in that empty, neglected House of Vision. But the hand that would have put that dart to the bowstring and aimed it at work and service, was no more.

Building operations upon the chapel were proceeding slowly. The rising walls were very like the rising walls of the sort of church for respectable people that gets built in Surbiton or Beckenham. I gather that in all probability it will even carry

the debt customary in such cases. The new headmaster was, I found, a thoroughly pleasant man, who had come not from an elementary school but from Eton, and had never met Sanderson in his life and knew nothing of his work. He seemed disposed to regard Sanderson as a bit of a crank, and to be intelligently puzzled by his originalities. I felt assured that when at last that old corrugated-iron building is abandoned for the new chapel, there would be pews in the new nave in spite of Sanderson, and services of an altogether normal type, and no nonsense about walking about and thinking or anything of that sort.

But though I have seen the House of Vision at Oundle dead and vacant as a museum skull, yet I know surely that neither Sanderson nor his House

of Vision are in any real sense dead at all. A day will certainly come when his name will be honored above all other contemporary schoolmasters as the precursor of a new age in education and human affairs. In that age of realisation every village will be dominated by its school, with its library and the theatre, its laboratories and gymnasium; every town will converge upon its cluster of schools and colleges, its research buildings and the like, and it will have its Great Chapel, its House of Vision, as its crown and symbol, even as the cathedral was the crown and symbol of the being and devotion of the mediæval city. And therein Sanderson's stout hopefulness and pioneer thrustings will be kept in remembrance by generations that have come up to the pitch of understanding him.

The Library of the Boy Lincoln

THE Library of the Boy Lincoln was a modest one indeed, consisting of just eight books. How far did these books mould the boy's character and mind? They were notable books, appealing to the religious, mental, emotional and moral side of the nature. We may think of him in the little cabin on a hill-top in Hardin, Kentucky, when the work of the day was finished, spending the evening hours absorbed in his books.

From these:—*A History of the United States*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Biography of Washington*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Æsop's Fables*, Burns, Shakspeare and *The Bible*—Lincoln, because he was Lincoln, was able to extract what no ordinary boy would have done. And being Lincoln, he was able to profit by the advice of his step-mother, who urged him to study. Her advice was planted in good soil and yielded a harvest. She probably also helped him a good deal with his study, as she was an unusually intelligent woman.

While still a boy, he was engaged by a man to help build a boat, which was afterwards duly launched. We can imagine the boy, who had read and re-read *Robinson Crusoe*, entering with zest into this work. He was strong and vigorous, and over six feet in height. He afterwards found employment in a store, which afforded him time for reading and money for purchasing more books. In his hours of leisure he was fond of story-telling, and having fairly committed his eight books to memory by constantly reading and thinking over them, he could well spin what would appear to his friends wonderful yarns.

When a little older, his attention was turned to Law, and by the help of a friend a position was

obtained for him which opened the way for his ultimate success along that line. As a lawyer, he was noted for justice and fairness, and later, when he became President, he continued to temper justice with mercy. As we read of this the thought turns to the boy in the log cabin living in the vivid pictures of the *Merchant of Venice*:

In a Court room of old Venice he heard from the lips of a learned Judge that the quality of mercy is not strained, that it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; that it is twice blest; that it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes; that it is mightiest in the mightiest; that it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown; that his sceptre shows the force of temporal power, the attribute to awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings, but that mercy is above that sceptred sway, is enthroned in the hearts of Kings, is an attribute of God Himself; that earthly power doth then seem likest God's when mercy seasons justice.

In his addresses he freely quoted from *The Bible*, which, as we know was one of his eight books. And from the *History of the United States*, conned over and over again, with his *Bible*, many ideas must have matured during the years as he grew up, and the patriot discovered himself. *The Biography of Washington* must also have played a good part in early stirring of feelings of devotion to his country. The moral teaching of *Æsop's Fables*; the democracy of Burns, the poet of the people; the spirit of adventure and struggle against evil of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, from all these Lincoln, because he was Lincoln, extracted the essentials, truths which, in later life, he gave out again in the form of practical service to his fellow-creatures.

A. J. W.

The Bells of Leyden

III—The Ally

BY LADY KATHERINE STUART

IT was a wild night. The unfettered wind had fallen into a frenzy at the insults offered to fair Freedom by a puny mortal. He stood upon the backs of the North Sea horses, and plied his long lash driving them furiously, until at last the foaming steeds stormed the ramparts of the Netherlands and carried them with relentless fury, until the pitiless ocean fell upon the helpless land and overwhelmed it. Thus the invaders were themselves invaded, the besieged were in their turn beleagured, and that by a towering wall of water that overthrew their fortifications as though they had been babies' sand-puddings.

The "Ark of Delft," the flagship of the Dutch Armada, reeled to and fro in the troughs of the waves. Clouds of spray blew over the deck, blinding the men on the look-out. Those aboard her could scarce hear themselves speak, for the howling of the tempest. At the tiller stood a blood-stained, half-naked seaman, with a cutlass at his belt and a greasy fur cap on his head, which bore, not inappropriately, the silver crescent of the martial Turk. He peered anxiously into the darkness and presently he curved his hands together and shouted:

"Jan Steen! Where art thou? Come hither, thou young devil!"

Jan sprang forward instantly. He had not been three weeks with the Sea-beggars for nothing.

"Tell me, thou limb of Satan, canst thou see aught?" growled the man.

"Nay," returned Jan, "the night is pitchblack."

"Maybe 'tis well," muttered the man in his beard.

"'Tis well?" asked Jan.

"Seeing there be sixty-two forts," said the man significantly.

"Sixty-two forts!" exclaimed Jan. "Mother of Heaven, they be many more than we!"

"They be four to one, thou numbskull!" said the Sea-beggar grimly. "Listen, canst hear aught?"

"Nay," said Jan.

"The sound of guns belike?" persisted the old salt.

"Man, I hear naught but the tempest," returned Jan.

"'Tis strange," quoth the Sea-beggar. "'Tis passing strange—maybe 'tis well—yet all the same I like it not. I confess I like it not!" he added uneasily. "I fear—" he stopped abruptly.

"Then thou art a foul craven," cried Jan.

"Craven!" cried the old Sea-beggar. "Craven, saidst thou? To hell with thee, imp of Satan." He lunged furiously at Jan with one fist, holding fast the tiller in the other. Jan retired to a safe distance.

"But of what then art thou feared?" he asked.

"Hark ye! young ninny (but mark you no word of this to the Prince, else would I swing for it), I fear—" he lowered his voice.

"Well, what?" cried Jan impatiently.

"We be too late," said the old man impressively.

"Too late?" repeated Jan blankly. "Too late!" he cried, as the man's meaning dawned upon him. His voice rose in agony above the raging of the tempest.

"Now may the Devil take thee, thou young fool!" roared the Sea-beggar, and letting go of the tiller for an instant he clapped a great hairy hand over Jan's mouth. "Silence!" he hissed. "Dost want to swing me at the yard arm?"

"Jan Steen!" said a voice at which they both started.

"Your Highness!" exclaimed Jan.

"Thou hast a short memory!" pursued the Prince.

"Sire?" faltered Jan.

"Seeing thou hast already forgotten—"

"Forgotten, Sire?" exclaimed Jan.

"The Bells," concluded the Prince. Jan crimsoned at the royal rebuke. He remained silent, having nothing to say.

"Look out there on the starboard side! Nay, confound ye. Port your helm!" roared a voice from the rigging. It was too late. The "Ark" swayed to and fro a moment in helpless indecision; then with the full fury of the gale behind her she headed for a submerged village; riding over an orchard, she charged heavily into the roof of a farm-house; and finally cannoned up against a substantial stack of chimneys, which brought her to a temporary standstill, her deck covered with soot and broken potsherds. "How now? Ye cursed blunder-busses!" cried the voice of the old Admiral. "Never did I see the like o' such fools before. Thou, at the wheel there! Dost call thyself a sailor, thou son of a sea-cook? Marry! No land-lubber would trust thee with a windmill!"

"Sailor I be, my lord," said the man sullenly, "and born to sail a ship across the ocean, and not to diddle a damned amphibious monster over the land!"

"Infernal fool! Answer me not!" roared the Admiral. He blew a shrill whistle and instantly the vessel swarmed with her uncanny crew. The Sea-beggars rushed to and fro, lopping off the boughs of trees that were entangled in the rigging and clearing the decks; finally they leaped overboard and by sheer brute force they shouldered the vessel afloat once more.

"Look yonder," said the Sea-beggar presently in a subdued voice at Jan's elbow, for another seaman had taken his place at the wheel. "There be the lights of Leyden!"

"Art sure? Where?" cried Jan.

"There, not half a mile away!"

A look of determination came into Jan's face. He began to strip off his clothes.

"I go thither," he explained briefly.

"Alone! 'Sdeath! thou art a young dare-devil!" said the man admiringly. "Nay, but I will also come!"

"An' it please you," said Jan.

They slipped overboard and swam silently for a hundred yards. Then the Sea-beggar discovered the water to be only breast high, they waded therefore in the direction of the lights which, however, to their astonishment and discomfiture only receded as fast as they approached.

"Marry! are we both bewitched?" cried the Sea-beggar at last.

"Yonder light is steady," said Jan, "let us make for it." But suddenly, as they drew near the solitary light, he clutched hold of the Sea-beggar's arm.

"Man alive!" he cried hoarsely, "look! Dost see yonder flag? Scarlet and gold with the lions of Castille! This be not Leyden, by Heaven! it is the Spanish Camp!"

"Then we be not far from the mouth of Hell," cried the Sea-beggar, "and beshrew me if I do not send thither before me a few of these Spanish devils." With a wild war-whoop he dashed forward recklessly into the midst of the Camp and behold—it was empty—the Spaniards had vanished; there was not a man left; nor was this the strangest happening of that eventful night, for at morning's dawn, Jan and the Sea-beggar, standing upon an embankment, beheld a weird sight. The walls of the city of Leyden first shook, and crumbled a little, then slowly tottered and fell about her in a heap of ruins. Thus had the Spaniards fled in their very hour of victory.

The University of Leyden is the commemoration of the constancy of its citizens through fire and sword, famine and pestilence, storm and tempest; but to the Netherlander, though it speak of the fame of his forefathers, it is even more eloquent of the glory of its Founder, the Prince of Orange, with whose epitaph this story comes to an end:

While he lived, he was the guiding star of a great Nation; and when he died, the little children cried in the streets.

And next day the wind changed. He swept the invading waters back into their ocean-bed, while the citizens of Leyden stood upon the ruins of their battlements to receive the Prince of Orange. All the people wept with joy, when Adrian Van der Werf, bareheaded, bent the knee to kiss the Prince's hand.

"Did'st miss me, Tecla?" asked Jan. "Jan! Every day was like a hundred years!" said Tecla solemnly. "Come, let me present thee to the Prince," said Jan. "Sire, 'tis Tecla, my betrothed," he said proudly.

"Ha! Tecla, thou little mayde of mercoye, tell me, have ye yet any hungry babes in Leyden?"

"Nay, Sire, thanks to your Highness," replied Tecla curtseying. "Thanks rather to my royal ally," said the Prince. "Can'st read me a riddle, little mayde? Tell me what royal sovran fights for the Prince of Orange?" But Tecla was dumb. "Speak! Speak! your Royal Shyness!" whispered Jan, laughing, then, as she still hesitated, he prompted her in a stage whisper: "The Sea, little stupid, the Sea!" "Is it the Sea-King, Sire?" asked Tecla timidly. "Nay," said the Prince. "The west wind?" suggested Jan.

"Nay," repeated the Prince. "Peace, Jan, thou art too ready with promptings," he added laughing. "Tecla knows."

"Nay, Sire," protested Tecla, "indeed I know not of any royal sovran that is not leagued against your Highness except it be perchance . . ."

"Well, child?"

"The King of Kings—" said Tecla reverently.

"Now hark ye, Citizens!" cried the Prince of Orange. "Mark you this little mayde! Her thoughts, even like her doves, come to her out of Heaven, for in my darkest hour she sent me her lover here—this noble youth—and he hath given me hope and cheered my solitude. Therefore her Prince is evermore the most loyal of her subjects," and with that he stooped and kissed her hand and put it into Jan's.

"Hark at the bells!" exclaimed Adrian. "Merciful Heavens! Pieter! Will they not bring the belfry about our ears?" "Sire," cried old Pieter, "does your Highness know the song of the bells?"

"Nay," said the Prince. "What do they ring, I wonder, the Bells of Leyden?"

"Sire, 'tis ever the same song," said old Pieter.

"Glory to God and the Prince of Orange!"

Citizen Heroes

HERE are two things necessary to carry out a heroic deed—the will to do it and the knowledge how to act. Without the latter, the desire, however strong, may be of little avail. There are many known instances of people drowning in view of those who lacked the ability to swim, and so were powerless to help. Now one of the advantages of the Scout Movement is that their training makes them useful in all emergencies. In a recent article on some Boy Heroes, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, points this out and urges all Scouts and Guides to learn to swim when they get the chance. The following is an extract taken from his article:

Some young people who are a little shy of the water are inclined to say: "What's the good of swimming? My work doesn't take me in that direction."

Bathing and Swimming

Well, there is jolly good fun in bathing; but there's ever so much more if the bathing includes a swim. How foolish you feel when you have to paddle about in the shallow water while others are having all the fun of a real sea bathe!

But there's something more than fun in it. The other day a six-year-old boy was fishing in a canal at Derby and fell into the water. Two Boy Scouts were passing at the time, and, fully dressed, they dived in and brought the child to the bank, little the worse for his wetting.

These boys did not look upon themselves as heroes. They were working boys; one of them is employed at the Midland Station at Derby as a seller of refreshments. Suppose he had said to himself: "Swimming has nothing to do with selling buns and tea; it won't help me with my business." Well, he might quite easily have felt like that, and if he had, that little boy might quite easily have been drowned. The other Scout was just a school-boy. But they had evidently both made up their minds that to be good Scouts and citizens they must be able to swim.

Be Prepared

It may happen to you—any of you, at any time—that you see someone in danger of drowning. If you are a swimmer you go in, get hold of him the right way, and bring him ashore; and you have saved a fellow-creature's life as those boys at Derby did. But if you can't swim, you have a horrible time. You know you ought to do something better than to call for help while your fellow-creature is fighting and struggling for his life, and gradually becoming weaker before your eyes.

A Girl Guide was walking along a canal bank the other day when she saw a figure struggling in the water and a man standing on the bank. She asked him if he were not going to the rescue, and he said yes, he had sent home for his bathing suit. Well, the girl lost no more time; she jumped in

and swam to the rescue and brought the body to shore. Unfortunately, she had come to the scene just too late to save the life.

On another occasion, the Chief Scout alluded to a little Bantu Boy, Panya, who rescued his brother from a burning hut and became a hero through having the knowledge of what to do and the presence of mind to do it quickly, as well as the will to help. Sir Robert says:

A true Scout was Panya. We all think a great deal of a man who, at the risk of his own life, saves someone else's. He is a hero. Boys look up to him as a being altogether different from themselves. But he isn't; every boy has just as much chance of being a life-saving hero if he chooses to prepare himself for it. Panya, at twelve years old, seized the opportunity which comes to most people at least once in a lifetime, but many people three or four times his age allow it to slip by. There are two things necessary in carrying out a gallant rescue—the will to do it, and the ability to do it. Panya had both these qualifications. If you see a fellow-creature in danger of drowning and cannot swim yourself, it is of very little use to plunge into the water, because you will probably only make a single tragedy into a double one, however keen you may be and however much you may have the will to help.

The following are heroic deeds connected with bathing accidents:

The gallant conduct of Assistant Scoutmaster Johnson, who dived into a rough sea to the assistance of the two lovers at Porthleven, near Penzance, and rescued one, Miss Potts, was warmly commended by the coroner at the inquest at Penzance on James Alfred Nunn, of Rotherhithe, who was drowned. Johnson dived from a rock, fully clothed, under perilous circumstances, and the coroner said he should bring his conduct to the notice of the proper authorities. It was, he said, a wonderful performance.

A story of bravery displayed by a thirteen-year-old schoolboy in trying to save the life of another lad from drowning in the Regent's Canal was related at a Shoreditch inquest yesterday upon Alec Bach, aged eight, of 1, Peter's Street, Bethnal Green. Albert John Tootill, aged 13, told the coroner that when he was dressing, after having spent some time in the water, he was told another boy had been seen to sink. He took off his shirt, and kept diving into the canal until he obtained a grip of the boy's foot, and succeeded in dragging the body to the bank. Dr. Edwin Smith (the coroner) said that the witness was a very plucky and persevering little fellow who was to be commended for his courage.

A moving tale of a boy's sacrifice of his life in a splendid effort to save a younger brother was

related at Aldershot, at an inquest on Harry (15) and Frank Hitchcock (10) of the village of Churchcroft. Both boys were drowned in a deep pond in a disused claypit, and to the coroner Dorothy Cranstone (10) said she was in a garden adjoining the pond and saw Frank roll down and fall in. He called for help, and his brother Harry at once jumped in to save him. Dorothy shouted for help, and Mrs. Baker, an infirm old woman, came at once, but was too weak to render aid and had the terrible experience of seeing the boys drown. In returning a verdict of "Accidental death," the coroner paid a tribute to the gallantry of Harry.

John Byres, an Aberdeen boy, who lives in Chapel Street, gallantly plunged into the River Dee and saved a little girl from drowning. Mary Brown, the little girl, aged four, was playing, when a gust of wind blew her hat into the water. She waded into the river after her hat, was caught in the current and swept into deep water. Hearing her cries John Byres hurried to the spot, and, flinging off his jacket, swam out to her. He succeeded after considerable difficulty in reaching her and bringing her safely to the river bank. By this time a small crowd had congregated at the spot, but the gallant lad modestly slipped away, and it was not until a day or two later that his identity was discovered.

It is not only in the human kingdom that there is this spirit of sacrifice, as the following story shows: A girl was walking in Neath with her collie dog when a motor bus which she failed to hear came up the street behind her. But her dog saw the danger, and, jumping against her, pushed her out of the way. The faithful dog was struck by the bus and killed.

Margaret Boileau, the daughter of a Norfolk baronet, adds another name to the roll-call of noble women. Brought up in comfortable surroundings, she felt the call of suffering humanity, and left her happy home to see what she could do in social work to make those who were less fortunate, happier. Finally, to help her in her work among the poor in London, she qualified as a doctor. When the War came, she gave herself to the service of the children, and through that terrible time she carried on the work of propaganda, striving to teach the people the importance of the care of the body. Ever was she a fighter in the cause of Truth, for ignorance she regarded as the most deadly enemy of the Nation. A few months ago while she was engaged in striving to discover the cause of Cancer, she fell ill and, on examination, it was proved that her own illness was cancer, and the doctors told her she could not live. On hearing her sentence, she sent for professional friends, and made them write down how she felt. This she continued to do, though in great agony, until she died, for her one idea was to make use of having the disease for the benefit of humanity.

"A brave little chap," was the coroner's com-

ment on the action of Jeffrey Frederick Smithers, aged 11, who strove hard to save his brother Claude, aged 15, from drowning in the Thames. The two were swimming at Teddington, and the elder was drowned in view of a large crowd. One man went in to the rescue, but he was too late. He was Percy George Bailey, of 111, Kingsway, Mortlake. At the inquest at Hampton Court Bailey said: "I didn't think much of the sporting crowd on the bank. There must have been many there who could swim, but nobody helped." The Coroner (Dr J. S. Crone): "Your conduct stands out all the nobler. You acted the part of a man. The dead boy's brother said that they swam across the river and rested on a house-boat, but a woman came out and told them to get off. As they were swimming back, his brother went under. Witness twice caught hold of him, but could not keep him up long enough. Having commended the boy, the coroner remarked that several things in the case were to be regretted. If the boy had been left to rest a little longer on the house-boat, he might have recovered his breath better. The people on shore, too, might have rendered assistance."

A Cat and Dog Life



This charming picture is of a cat and a dog, who certainly did not lead the proverbial cat and dog life. As a matter of fact, they were the greatest of friends, playing with each other all day long. The game of Hide and Seek was one of their favorite occupations, with a variation of rolling over each other and racing up and down the garden. The cat's name is appropriately "Jet," and the dog, a citizen of China, was called "Chin". Both animals are very dear friends of Miss Esther Bright and Mr. G. S. Arundale who, unfortunately, however, had lately to mourn the loss of "Chin".

The Burning of the Rice-Field

(Adapted from a story by Lafcadio Hearn)

ONCE, there was a good old man who lived up on a high plain, far away in Japan. All round his little house the land was flat and the ground was rich, and there were the rice-fields of all the people who lived in the village at the mountain's foot. Every morning and every evening the old man and his little grandson, who lived with him, used to look far down on the people at work in the village, and watch the blue sea, which lay so close round the land that there was no room for fields below, but only for houses. The little boy loved the rice-fields dearly, for he knew that from them came the good food for all the people. He often helped his grandfather to watch over them.

One day, the grandfather was standing alone, before his house, looking far down at the people and out at the sea, when, suddenly, he saw something very strange far off where the sea and sky meet. Something like a great cloud was rising there, as if the sea were lifting itself high into the sky. The old man put his hands to his eyes, and looked again as hard as his old sight could. Then, he turned and ran to the house. "Yone, Yone!" he cried, "bring two or three brands from the hearth!"

The little grandson wondered what his grandfather wanted with fire; but his habit was to obey, so he ran quickly and brought the brands. The old man seized one, and at once started off towards the rice-fields. Yone ran after him. What was his horror to see his grandfather thrust his burning stick into the ripe, dry rice, which stood ready for the harvest.

"O grandfather, grandfather!" screamed the little boy, "what are you doing?"

"Quick; set fire! thrust your brand in!" said the grandfather.

Yone thought his dear grandfather had lost his wits, and he began to sob; but a little Japanese boy always obeys; so, though he sobbed, he thrust his torch in, and the sharp flame ran up the dry stalks red and yellow. In an instant, the field was ablaze, and thick, black smoke began to pour upwards. It rose from the mountain like a cloud, black and fierce; and, almost at once, the people below saw that their precious rice-fields were on fire. Ah, how they ran! Men, women, and children climbed the mountain, running, as fast as they could, to save the rice. Not one person stayed behind.

When they came to the high plain, and saw the beautiful rice-crop all in flames, beyond help, they cried bitterly, "Who has done this thing? How did it happen?"

"I set fire to it," said the old man, very gravely; and the little grandson sobbed: "Grandfather set fire to it."

But when they came fiercely round the old man, with "why?" "why?" he turned and pointed to the sea. "Look!" he said.

They all turned and looked. There, where the blue sea had lain so calm, a mighty wall of water reaching from earth to sky was rolling in. No one could scream, so terrible was the sight. The wall of water rolled in on the land, passed quite over the place where the village had been, and broke, with an awful sound, on the mountain-side. One wave more, and still one more, came; and then, below them, all was water as far as they could see; the village where they had been was under the sea. But all the people were safe. And when they saw what the old man had done, they honored him above all men for the quick wit, which had saved them from the tidal wave. *The School Paper.*

Review

Business is Business: An Address on the Christian Method for Sociology: By Fritz Kunz. (S. Alban Press, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia)

During the last few centuries there has been a remarkable change in the social structure of Europe. The old idea was that a country and all it contained was the private property of the King, who had a paternal interest in the people thereof, being inspired to humanity by the Church. With the

coming of taxation and modern business methods, all the power in a country is wielded by the business men, who control the money. No thought of humanity enters into the administration, for in all matters where money is concerned "Business is Business," and must not be confused with humanity or anything else! The only hope for humanity lies in the more spiritual attitude of the Labor Party in Great Britain. T.

The Song of the World

How beautiful is the song of the world, itself a song of reverence and praise for Him who made the world and gave it life; and as we hear a faint reproduction of that song coming from someone like ourselves, only purer and stronger, we listen eagerly and joyously. Our love—the outward expression of the unity which has been stirred into manifestation—becomes deep, admiration spurs us on, and in our turn we begin to join in the great song, and to sing as we have never sung before.—G. S. ARUNDALE

A Boy's Work

Here is a wonderful story of a boy of eleven and a half years of age, and his music. Great souls are being born into our world in exceptional numbers.

An audience of 2,000 people, who included a great number of musical notabilities and critics from Paris, assembled at Tourcoing on Friday night to make the acquaintance of Rota Rinaldi, the 11½ year old composer of the oratorio "L'Enfance de Saint Jean Baptiste". It had been arranged that the composer should himself conduct the orchestra and choir of 250 members, but at the last moment he refused to do so, and while the work was conducted by M. Julien Dupuis, of Lille, Rinaldi listened behind the scenes, his moods alternating between quiet satisfaction and fits of impatience, when he stamped his feet and covered his ears as he heard some passage which did not sound to his liking. Meanwhile many efforts were made to persuade him to take the baton himself, but it was not until almost the end of the performance that he would consent to do so. Then he appeared and conducted the majestic "Gloria" with which his oratorio concludes, being greeted at the end by a storm of enthusiastic cheering, in which the whole house joined. Before the actual performance, Rinaldi had directed two rehearsals, during which he was unsparing in his criticisms of the performers in his anxiety to get exactly the effects he wished. The oratorio is based on the poem of Silvio Pagani, and comprises two parts, with a Prelude and Interlude. The principal rôles are those of John the Baptist

(soprano), his mother (contralto), his father (bass), and the teller of the story (a tenor). Choruses play an important part in the work. The performance of the oratorio appears to have made a very favorable impression, though as yet no serious critical notices of it have appeared. It is described as a very simple work, full of entrancing melodies, impressive choruses, and ingenious fugal effects. The final "Gloria" is described as being of high inspiration. It is remarked that the work bears evidence of juvenility in several respects; there are even some striking technical faults; but on the other hand, it is not denied that it is rich in fine passages, and, as one of the critics says, contains a wealth of musical thought sufficient to make the fortune of several operas. Rinaldi's mother has received several very attractive offers for a tour in the United States with her gifted son, but she has decided to refuse them all, and to insist that Rinaldi shall not have his boyhood warped by his genius. To one journalist she stated that she would never again permit her son to conduct, since he could not exercise sufficient control at the head of a body of adult musicians. Even his composing is to be kept in check, lest it should interfere with his health and normal development. Up to the present time the prodigy has remained much as other boys, except for his musical talent. He is neither shy nor bold, though given much to fits of reverie, in which he neither sees nor hears the world about him.

"As a Man thinks, so shall he be"

Take a man at his best; he will realise it in the future.

TRUE caste is not a matter of birth, but of temperament. Have you analysed yourselves to determine to which temperament you belong—to the Brāhmana, purveyor of wisdom and truth? to the Kshatriya, purveyor of courage and protection? to the Vaishya, purveyor of material prosperity? to the Shūdra, the purveyor of service?

Whether you are born in India or in another country, whether you are born a Brāhmana, a Kshatriya, a Vaishya or a Shūdra, what you are temperamentally is the line of your Dharma.

G. S. Arundale

Theosophy, in fact, is the Science of complete living.—G. S. ARUNDALE.

That we should do unto others as we would have

them do unto us—that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our rights respected—is not a mere counsel of perfection to individuals—but it is the law to which we must conform social institutions and national policy—if we would secure the blessings of abundance and peace.—*Henry George*

The new basis of civilisation asserts that man is a Soul. The individual is a spiritual entity, a fragment of God, who has the divine nature in him life is a process of releasing the divine nature from its trammels.—*C. Jinārājadasa*

It is the Brāhmana who should solve the question of untouchability.—*K. V. Seshu Iyengar*

My duty to God and man is extremely heavy, and I pray to God to give me courage to do it.

—*Muhammad Ali*

Listen, Brothers

(This was written in 1918, for a public notice in Bihar. It is still needed.)

IN the old days there was a Panchayat in every village and it managed village affairs.

The Panchayat was elected by your forefathers, and was not appointed by the Sarkar. It was elected by the villagers to carry on the business of the village, so that all might be comfortable and have a fair share of land, and water and pasture for their cattle, and fuel and green manure from the forests near the village. The members of the Panchayat being elected by the villagers, were responsible to the villagers; and if they did their work badly, they were turned out at the end of their year of office, and better men were put in their places.

Some of the members of the Panchayat formed a Court, which settled small disputes among the villagers, so that they were not obliged to go to Law in expensive Law Courts outside.

There were Grazing Lands, forming a ring round the village, and a man was appointed as cowherd and shepherd to keep the cattle on a division of this, and to lead them to another division when the first was well grazed and so on.

There was a village watchman, who was responsible for the safety of the property of the villagers, and had to make it good if it were stolen.

There was a village schoolmaster, who taught the children free.

There was a village priest, who took care of the village temple.

There was a village carpenter, and there was a village blacksmith, and a village potter.

There were village servants, who were paid by being given a small piece of land for a house, and a fixed share of the produce of each villager, and they gave their services in exchange. Large villages had more, and each village had also a headman and a record keeper; but as these were responsible to the village and not to some officer of the Sarkar outside the village, they could not tyrannise.

The only King's tax was on the land, and it was a fixed share of the produce. So if the harvest was

good, he got more; if the harvest was bad, he got less. There was no tax on land that had no produce. The first charge on the land was the food of the villager and his family. The next was the seed for sowing the land. On these the health and prosperity of the villagers and the King alike depended, so they were made safe.

The old Kings, both Hindus and Musalmans, were very careful about the irrigation of the land, and built great channels and reservoirs for water; and they dug wells and made good roads, and planted trees.

The water in a village was distributed by a Panchayatdar, or by some officer appointed by the Panchayat, and the villagers dug their wells and made the water-channels.

Villagers can manage their own affairs, far better than outside officers, with men chosen by, and responsible to, them they manage them. The villagers know each other, and they know each man's character and needs. The Panchayat they elect can administer village business much better than village officers appointed by the Sarkar, who often tyrannise over the villagers in order to please their masters. The old way is the best way, and the villagers were much happier in it than they are now. They were then like a family, a community, working for the common good. Now they are all individuals, each doing the best he can for himself, and careless about his neighbor. The result is that all suffer, because one little man cannot stand up against a big officer of the Sarkar. But many little men, acting together for their common good, are strong enough to help and protect themselves.

Let us try to bring back the Village Panchayat, the Village Community. But remember that it must be self-reliant, self-contained, and not controlled by an outside officer, appointed by the Sarkar. Else it will not be the prosperous and happy community which it was in the old days.

ANNIE BESANT

"Lord and Friend"

Lord and Friend,

Lover and Savior, Thou who hast subdued
Angers and pride, desires and doubts and fears:
Thou that for each and all hast given Thyself,
Who art the Buddha that shall assuage our woes.
Ah! Blessed Lord! O High Deliverer!
Ah! Lover, Brother, Guide, Lamp of the Law,
I take my refuge in Thy name and Thee,

I take my refuge in Thy Law of Good,
I take my refuge in Thy Order. Om!
The Dew is on the Lotus! Rise, Great Sun,
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.
Om Mani Padmé Hum! the Sunrise comes,
The Dewdrop slips into the Shining Sea.

—*Light of Asia*

A Man with Reverence in His Heart

A TRUE INCIDENT IN THE GREAT WAR By WAYFARER

IN all the scurry and bustle of to-day there is a danger that we may lose sight of respect and reverence.

These words are getting out of date, we must bring them back and make them fashionable again. Perhaps we have mixed them up with grovelling, with "respectful thanks," and with the use of "Your Reverence". I am old-fashioned enough to say that I like people to reverence others and to show respect. I go so far as to say that if we believe in God we should reverence each other, because whatever our ideas of God may be, if we believe in Him, we allow that He is greater than ourselves, and almost inevitably allow that He is the Creator of our being. Once we believe so much, we must respect each other as a part of His Creation, an actual part of His own Divinity. There are, however, degrees of reverence and respect. We can respect each other and each other's feelings; and thoughts and opinions; respect and tolerance, reverence and compassion are very closely related and are very near to each other. We have many instances during the Great War of devastated country, trees destroyed and houses torn down, nothing left standing except a Calvary, which was often only slightly damaged and frequently uninjured. In talking of reverence, I am reminded of a great reverence shown to a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The little church had been entirely destroyed, no walls left standing, only the statue left upright, uninjured. The statue had been in the Lady Chapel.

This happened in a village not far from Ypres. Now perchance, in a battery guarding the salient of Ypres, there was a certain soldier, in charge of his battery, who had a great reverence in his heart,

a great reverence for all that was held sacred by other people, and he saw the peasants, men, women and children, weeping because the statue of the Holy Virgin was exposed to view, to bad weather and to the fire of the guns.

Because of the great distress of the peasants, this man, with a great reverence in his heart, called for volunteers to go with him to make a shelter for the statue, so that the villagers could go again in all weathers to worship at the shrine. Many of the men volunteered at once, of all sects, and a little band of seven or eight went by night, when they could not be seen by the enemy, led by the man with reverence in his heart; he was bound by no sect, only by love of his fellow-man. They took with them poles and canvas, the best they had, and built a little shelter, a screen to protect Our Lady and to screen and protect the worshippers. The shelter was made while shells burst all around, but the little band of men were nothing daunted; fear has no place in the heart filled with worship and love.

It is a big thing so to love your fellow-man that you reverence what he reverences, that makes for Brotherhood as nothing else does. One of the worshippers, an old, old woman, turned out of her home, because it was destroyed, sat by the shelter and weaved a bit of lace, and brought it to the man with the great reverence in his heart, as an offering of the gratitude she felt for the respect shown to the statue of the Holy Virgin. The old woman had neither home nor money, but had saved the pillow on which she had made her lace for years.

That is a pitiful bit of lace; strange what a tale a piece of lace may tell. Yet these tales are written in the Eternal records. God alone understands all that they mean to each one.

A MUCH-TRAVELLED CAT WONDERFUL HOMING INSTINCT

The latest instance of the wonderful homing instinct of a cat is described by a Ripon correspondent of *Country Life*:

Our chauffeur's daughter recently came by rail from her home in Cardiff to visit her father here. She brought with her, in a basket, an ordinary black tom-cat which she has had four years, intending to leave him with her father. After the first day in his new home, while his mistress was still here, Tom disappeared and could not be found. Enquiries elicited the fact that a black cat had been seen on the railway which passes near the house. Ten days later a letter arrived from Cardiff, saying that Tom had come home! He was in an exhausted state, with all his claws worn off and the flesh of his toes abraded. The distance between Ripon and Cardiff is fully two

hundred and fifty miles. The cat must, therefore, have travelled nearly thirty miles a day. Physically that is a fairly good feat. But if he returned by the way he came, how did he travel? Did he choose a route across country, or did he retrace his way through the busy junctions through which he had passed, but had never seen? Or did he choose his train and escape the vigilant eyes of guard and ticket collector? Any explanation seems impossible, but the fact is incontrovertible. He left here, he arrived there, worn and travel-stained. I am glad to say he soon recovered.

How do cats manage these marvels, instances of which are known to most of us? And how many humans could equal this achievement, without the aid of speech or maps?—*The Madras Mail*.

Life—A Game of Pitch and Toss

IMAGINE yourself believing individual life to be a Spark, burning may be fifty years, may be only for a day, and then—nothingness, or, still worse, perpetual hell—for none of proper modesty anticipates Heaven for himself, though he hopes it for his friends.

The belief in a single incarnation and Heaven or Hell to follow after, gives to life a tremendous zest, a "now or never" tang to it.

Supposing also a man to be young, a good sort, and master of many hundreds of square miles of territory, passionately loving his life. Then the offering of it all up at the need of the Empire, and facing death, mutilation, or a living death and nothingness, voluntarily and cheerfully, that Freedom might remain free!

A Sublime Action!

This is a story of D. who acted just so, leaving his beloved vast plains and mountain ranges in Australia, as soon as some could be found to take upon them his great responsibilities, and set him free to go in 1915 to the front.

Life in the way-back, never-never-country of Australia is a never-ending gamble with fate, and either makes or breaks a man. He is ever facing great odds, and, pitting himself against them, wins or is broken.

The vast distances and great silences throw him in upon himself. His eyes, clear, dead direct and unflinching, seem to hold space bound and mastered (he has flown his own aeroplanes for years), himself free and quite indomitable. He has the simplicity of the little child or of the Greatest among Men—who are ever simple; add to this a perfect fearlessness and withal a great modesty, and you say

"How-do-you-do?" to D.

The Rishis must love with a special love those who do not "count the cost," but fling themselves, the (one) life which they adore and their great possessions into the nothingness whence they came.

For they are rare.

D., a flawless rider, passed all the necessary tests, and joined England's proudest regiment—one of the Guards.

One day in the riding school, where a very stiff jump had brought down horse after horse, there remained one horse which man after man had tried to put over, only to fail.

The General had come unnoticed among them, and stood silently watching. He could remain silent no longer, and smiling very, very gently, murmured something loving about "my young ladies' seminary".

This was not for one moment to be borne; and all the men having tried, D. himself mounted. He had seen that the only way to get him over would be to hurl him at his full speed over the length of the ground, when impetus would drive him over or into the chasm.

They went over, the horse's shoulder striking the farther side and hurling them both on their heads, arriven!

The General appeased, and the honor of Australia and the Regiment vindicated, practice went on.

When it was over, a white face, drawn with pain, appeared at the Doctor's Quarters, grinning none the less.

"God bless my soul, D., a broken arm and collar bone! How?"

"Oh! Just a little game of pitch and toss!"

THE PATH

Not afar

The Great Ones stand and watch us. They look down

With ever-near Compassion: They have known The travail of our searching, and the pain Of all our vain self-seeking, for *Their Feet* Have trod the selfsame pathway. Where *we* stand, There have *They* also stood in ages past, Striving still upward; and upon the heights Wherefrom *They* now behold us, *we*, some day, Shall stand and pour Compassion unto those Now far beneath us.

So the Law of Love

Draws ever slowly onward to its goal
The Heart of Love in all men.
Love, strong Love,
Is Lord of all the pathways unto Peace.

None can prevail without him; by his aid
All ways are opened. Enter ye the gate,
And tread the narrow pathway. Hard it is,
Beset with thorns and pitfalls, but it leads
To Peace beyond man's thinking, and to Him
Whose Name is All-Compassion.

New India

It is in the schools and colleges of India that young India is learning the lessons that it shall practise when it comes to manhood and womanhood. In the young is our hope, and if we can only inspire them with love of their Motherland, if we can only win them to realise what it is to be a citizen of a mighty and free Nation, then out of our schools and colleges there shall grow the India of the future.

And to us who have believed in her coming ere yet she has appeared; to us she will look back as those who have worked for her in the darkness, and she will realise that we too have had a share in the laying of the strong foundation on which Indian men and women, who are boys and girls to-day, will raise the great edifice of India's Freedom, and make India the Motherland glorious among the Nations of the world. —ANNIE BESANT: *The Birth of New India*

A Teacher's Prayer for the New Year

BY ENID BLYTON
(Teacher's World)

Father of all, we would pray Thee to hear us at this New Year's dawning.
We, who have charge of the minds and the training of souls of the children,
Come to Thy footstool for guidance throughout all the difficult future,
And humbly we ask for ourselves all the gifts we would pass on to others.
Lord, give us clear-sighted vision, that strikes through the happenings round us,
Discarding the petty and worthless, and glimpsing the pure and eternal.
Oh, give us the power of knowing what things in the world are of value,
What things are the food of the soul, and not merely the comfort of body.
Lord, in these days of ambition when men strive for money and riches,
And most of us grope for success, and belittle ourselves in the groping;
Help us to know that success in its noblest measure and meaning,
Is reckoned by Thee, not in gold, but in glorious growth of the Spirit.
Father, in these days of hatreds, of wars and of National chaos,
Help us to see that our vision, our outlook on life, must be altered,
And love and a caring for others become the mainspring of the Nations;
Not Balance of Powers, nor Peaces, but simply a love for our neighbors.
Great Father of Mankind, the Teacher of prophets and seers and poets,
We, who are humbler teachers, would ask for Thy help in our teaching.
We work for a far greater future, a future of love and of beauty.
Help us, O Lord, to create it, by guiding the souls of our children.

AMEN

The Child Jesus

A little Christian child addresses the following words to the Child Jesus. Our readers will agree, we feel sure, that it is a touchingly beautiful poem. A Hindû might regard it as addressed to the Child Krishna.

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of heaven and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of THERE,
And wonder where the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For My house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were.
And at waking 'twould distress me,
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall.

With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play "Can you see me?" through their wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes with playing on OUR soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven because 'twas all clean blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best that we
Should join our hands and pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.

Did Thy mother at the night
Kiss Thee and fold Thy clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed and sweet and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small,
And Thou knowest I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way.
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?
So, a little child, come down,
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own.
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my Baby talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair!)
And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."
And He will smile, that children's tongue,
Has not changed since Thou wast young.

Ninety-three years ago there were only 16 miles of railroads in all America. Now there are over 270,000 miles. If these were made into a single track the line would go round the earth more than fifteen times, and if arranged as a single rail it would reach three times the distance to the moon.

(Children's Newspaper)

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The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL I.

MADRAS, 1st MARCH, 1924

No. 12

From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

THIS is written on political matters to Young Citizens, who intend to be good Citizens of their Motherland in days to come. Sir Stafford Northcote, the famous Conservative Prime Minister of Great Britain, a man who was regarded as pre-eminently "sound" and "safe" by British squires—two adjectives which, in the mouth of Tories of the old school, signify the highest sobriety and sagacity; I mention this, because he was speaking to students, to young men, in troublous times, and he would not have said anything dangerous or rash, lest his rather excitable audience should have become drawn into some rash line of action—well, this Sir Stafford Northcote told the college students that they ought to take a keen interest in the political problems which were facing their country, that they should study and discuss them, for it would be sad to see them behaving like people seated in safety on the shore during a storm, while the waves were battering a ship at sea, looking with indifference on the ship of the State, tossed by the raging billows, careless whether it were wrecked or not. And so to-day I say to you, young men and women of India, you who in a few years will be the crew of that gallant ship which is the Motherland, that it does not beseem you to be so wrapped up in your studies and in your games in the safe shelter of your colleges, that you have no time and no interest to spare for the great problems on the solution of which the safety or the wrecking of that ship of State depends.

I am writing in Delhi, in the part called Raisina, where, like one of the great Indian Kings of old, King George the Fifth is building a new City, to which the Government and the great officers of State, and large numbers of smaller people are being transplanted, to make a new capital for India, on the ancient site where reigned the Kings of Yudhishtira's royal line, where Pathan Monarchs held sway, and where the mighty Mughal Emperors ruled. Delhi has been called the Grave of Empires, but Empires, like men, grow old and die.

For God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

And these Empires had lived gloriously and passed away when their work was done. And so King George's Government is building a new City, for the Swarāj of India, the beginning of which he proclaimed through the mouth of his Royal Father's brother in 1921, in the midst of the ancient Imperial City. For in this new City shall be seated the first Swarāj Government of India, whereof King George spoke, a Government worthy of its predecessors, a Government of which the foundations are being laid by the Mother-Race and her daughter settled in that far away island in the northern seas, to which, as said Sir Henry Maine, her Aryan Saxon children carried her immemorial village system, and the inextinguishable love of Liberty and Self-Rule that was the heart of Britain through Feudal and Tudor and Stuart tyranny, so that she alone of all the European Aryans was counted worthy to be chosen by the High Gods

to recall the ancient Motherland to her ancient glory and to fan into flame, even unconsciously, by her high ideals, the smouldering embers of Self-Government, that had well nigh been smothered by selfish pride beyond her own power of revival, save by the stimulus of the brand of inferiority, and the loss of honor and dignity through what Mr. Asquith called the intolerable yoke of foreign rule. Thus by their co-operation, mother and daughter, shall New Delhi be the seat of the coming Swarāj Government of the vast Commonwealth of India, wherein you, young men and women, shall have the splendid but most solemn responsibility of rule. And the pick of you shall also share in the splendor and responsibility of sharing in the guidance of the yet greater Indo-British Commonwealth, which shall serve as fair example for the Federation of the World. But if she is to be great, this beloved Motherland, Home of the Mother-Race, you, her young men and women, must study the problems that face her, must understand the causes of her depressed condition, and plan resolutely how to end them.

And first you must realise that power carries with it responsibility, and that responsibility must be prepared for by study, discussion, and by preparation for action. You must not do, when you are men and women, as your elders have done in the Central Provinces and in Bengal; you must not stand as candidates for a Legislature which shares in the Executive Government of your Province, and controls some of the vital organs of the State, and swear, after your election, to do your duty, and then, having gained the right to power, shrink from the responsibility of wielding it. Hence you must learn to bear responsibility during your school and college life; you must organise useful societies to help the poor around you, and take office in them and perform the duties of your office. Active political work is not yet for you; you do not know enough to play with the life and safety and welfare of the State. You must study the conditions of the poor before you can be trusted to legislate for their welfare; you must know their needs, before you can supply them. Create your Parliaments,

bring in your measures, learn to avoid personalities in debate, be steadfast in standing for a principle, yielding in non-essentials, recognise the good in your opponents and the errors in yourself. I know a young man who, as a boy in school, organised his comrades to help in the education of the poor, adults as well as children, built and started several schools, collected money for them, and left it for their upkeep when he went on to college. Begin in a small way and let the work grow.

Learn both how to rule and how to obey in your game, how to co-operate with other players, and how to co-operate in their defeat. Play the game for your side, not for your own glory; learn to win without conceit, and to lose with good humor and a gay determination to do better next time. Do not envy nor bear malice; admire heartily and generously, and do not make excuses for your own failure. Never take an unfair advantage, but play ever an honorable part; your izzat is stained by the slightest shadow of unfairness; there is no disgrace in losing; there is disgrace in winning a victory by anything which a gentleman does not do. I do not mean by "gentleman" a man born in one of the higher castes or classes. I mean a man who cannot lie, either in word or act, who is of stainless honor, brave, courteous, gentle to the weak, resisting injustice by the strong, who uses his strength to protect and to serve, and never to oppress. He is the old ideal of the "parfaite gentil knyght".

My young brothers and sisters: Am I asking too much from you in placing before you this high ideal of preparation for playing your part in the India that shall be? Nothing is too great to lay at Her feet; nothing is too precious to be sacrificed for love of Her. It is a priceless privilege to be allowed to serve Her, to be able to say: "I am an Indian." But while you may hold your head high in pride in your Indian birth, ask yourself in private, seriously and honestly: "Am I worthy to be an Indian?" And for India's sake purge your character clean from all that is petty, mean, sordid and ignoble. Only then shall you be fit to be a Citizen in a Free India.

In The World's Service

The Lord Chaitanya

By RAI PURNENDU NARAIN SINHA BAHADUR, F. T. S.

[Rai Purnendu Narain Sinha Bahadur, late General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in India, contributed a remarkable series of articles on Chaitanya to the pages of the Bengali Theosophical journal, *Brahma Vidya*. Chaitanya appeared at Nuddea in the Province of Bengal, a little over four hundred years ago. He was a remarkable person in many ways, and is looked upon by a large number of people, not only in Bengal but in other parts of India, as a Divine Incarnation. These articles throw a good deal of light on the preparations that go forward when a new spiritual impulse is to be given to the world, such as was given by Chaitanya when he appeared in Bengal four hundred years ago, and it is well for people all over the world to know of important events in any part of it. There are contemporary records available of the life and doings of Chaitanya and of some of his immediate followers and disciples, many of whom were remarkable personages; and these have been drawn upon by Rai Purnendu Narain Sinha in his contributions to the *Brahma Vidya* to which we have referred. Our readers may study this paper, as giving suggestions for our own time.—Eds.]

THE age of Chaitanya was an age of great spiritual achievements and intellectual activities. Nuddea was then the intellectual capital of eastern India. Thither flocked the students of philosophy from all parts of India. Religion was at a low ebb, especially the religion of Devotion. At this juncture appeared Mādhambendra Pūri, who was the herald of the new dawn, as he has been acclaimed by Chaitanya himself. He was a great devotee of the Lord and used to spend his time in contemplation and devotional exercises. Finding that his environment was unfavorable for the development of devotion, he retired to Brindāban, which was then full of dense jungles. Here he had a remarkable dream, and re-established an occult centre for the future dissemination of devotion. Having finished his work there he was ordered, also in a dream, to proceed to Nilāchal in Orissa (one of the centres to be utilised by Chaitanya

later on). He came to Shāntipūr and there initiated Advaita, who was destined to play a great part in the Chaitanya advent later on. He also met Nityānanda, the companion and alter-ego of Chaitanya. Mādhambendra Pūri inspired his disciples, among others Advaita, with the belief that Shri Krishna would soon manifest Himself in Nuddea, and there was to be a deluge of devotion overflowing the land. Having thus done his pioneer work, Mādhambendra passed away.

Nityānanda was a native of the village Ekehaka in the Garh Divison of the Province of Bengal. His was a remarkable childhood. Untaught, he used to imitate and act the boyish games of Shri Krishna. When he was 12 years old, a Sannyāsi—an Indian ascetic—borrowed him from his father, and from that time until the age of 32, Nityānanda, as an ascetic, roamed all over the country. In the course of his peregrinations he went to Shri Mountain, an occult centre of Hinduism, and there met a mysterious Brahmana and his wife. Then he went to Badrikāshrama, and is said to have had an interview with the great Vyasa Himself. Then he returned to Mathurā, and abode there until, as he said: "The Lord should manifest Himself at Nuddea, when I will go and join Him." It is related that when in due time Chaitanya manifested Himself, Nityānanda left Mathurā and came over to Nuddea. He did not go over to meet Chaitanya at once, but took up his abode in the house of Nandan Acharya. Chaitanya said to his disciples that he felt some great person had arrived in Nuddea, and they should go and look for him. They searched and searched, but could not find him.

At last Chaitanya went with all his near disciples to the place where Nityānanda was abiding, and the books describe this remarkable meeting, and say that Nityānanda having met Chaitanya "recognised the Lord of his soul".

Vishvarūpa, the elder brother of Chaitanya, was in every way a notable person. His whole life seems to have been dedicated to the furtherance of the mission of Chaitanya. Even when he passed away from the physical body, his zeal in this respect did not abate. From boyhood upwards this Vishvarūpa, though well-

not playing in his body. When he was about 16, Vishvarūpa's parents arranged for his marriage. Vishvarūpa did not relish the idea at all, and so he left home unperceived by them and became an ascetic. Before leaving, he wrote a paper and enjoined his mother to give it to Chaitanya when he grew up; but this paper never reached his brother, as the fond mother, thinking that it might contain injunctions for asceticism, put it into the fire. After his death, Vishvarūpa did not forget his mission, which was to help the work of Chaitanya; and, as is related in



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versed in the learning of the time, made devotion all his own, so that love for Shri Krishna was his dominant characteristic. The joys of the world had no attraction for him. He used to keep the company of devotees, and spend his time in singing hymns to Krishna, and would often meet Advaita, who was his senior, and hear the stories of his Lord expounded by the latter.

While still a child, the Presence sometimes overshadowed or worked through Chaitanya, and Vishvarūpa used to wonder if the Lord was

Chaitanya-Chandrodaya, he overshadowed the Vaishnava devotee of the name of Ishvarpūri, who was later on to be the spiritual preceptor of Chaitanya. After receiving instruction from Ishvarpūri, Chaitanya was making for Mathurā to seek God in quiet meditation, when he heard a voice warning him to return to Bengal. Whose was this voice, if not the voice of Vishvarūpa? Before this incident and when Chaitanya was still a boy, he used to have trances, and when he came to himself he would sometimes relate that his brother

Vishvarūpa had taken him away, and had urged him to become an ascetic. Later on, Vishvarūpa entered the body of Nityānanda, so that he might be Chaitanya's constant companion. This explains the tradition still current in the Vaishnava world of Bengal, that Nityānanda was no other than Vishvarūpa; and it is related that the mother of Chaitanya would often mistake Nityānanda for her departed son Vishvarūpa, and find the replica of him in Nityānanda. When Chaitanya went to Pūri and had to live apart from Nityānanda, whom he left to carry on the work in Bengal, Vishvarūpa entered into the body of another devotee, Paramānanda, who was a constant companion of Chaitanya during his stay in Orissa.

To understand Hindu teaching on the incarnation of higher Beings, it is necessary to remember the three grades of Logoi, as taught in Theosophical books. First, there is the "Planetary LOGOS," the Ruler of this earth of ours, who is called



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Vishnu, the Lord of the White Island. He is the Supreme Person on this earth. Next above Him in grade comes the Solar LOGOS, who is in charge of the whole Solar System to which we belong; He is the Vishnu usually spoken of in Hindu literature as the Second Person in the Trinity. Above and beyond Him is the Supreme LOGOS, the Mahā-Vishnu (Great Vishnu), the Over-Lord of countless millions of Solar Systems. Now each LOGOS of these may, Hinduism teaches, overshadow, or partially embody Himself, in a chosen human being,

for the helping of the world, and in the great Indian Epic, the *Mahābhārata*, and elsewhere, it is said that a great Sage, a Rishi named Nara, appeared as Arjuna, and his companion, the Rishi Narāyana, appeared as Shri Krishna. It is said, in the *Brahma-Vaivarta Purāna*, that these great Sages, Nara and Narāyana, came to help the world, and Nara went forth to take birth as Arjuna, and Narāyana disappeared into the body of the LOGOS. What does this mean? It means that when the Solar LOGOS manifested Himself as Shri Krishna, He used the body of the Sage Narāyana as His physical vehicle. In the Hindu books Shri Krishna is sometimes spoken of as the Rishi Narāyana; sometimes as Vishnu,

the Lord of the White Island; sometimes as the Solar LOGOS; sometimes as the Supreme LOGOS, Mahā-Vishnu. Thus we find that the Sage Narāyana gave up his body to serve as a vehicle for the incarnation of Shri Krishna.

The whole drama repeated itself on a lower level four hundred years ago, when Shri Krishna overshadowed the body of Chaitanya, and Nara overshadowed Vishvarūpa and, later on, Nityānanda.

[An instructed Theosophist will see, in this Hindu story, suggestive hints as to the opinions about Christ, the Bodhisattva, and the "Cosmic Christ". Very much may be learned by the student, if he will read and compare the persons and events spoken about in history at special epochs. It is perfectly true that "history repeats itself," and from a study of the past we can forecast the future.—Eps.]

Buddhist Stories

X

VANGISA THE PHRENOLOGIST

“WHO KNOWS THE RISE AND FALL OF THINGS”—This was the text of a discourse given by the Master while He dwelt at Jeta Grove, concerning the Elder Vangisa.

Once there lived, they say, at Rajagaha, a certain Brahmana named Vangisa. This man, by tapping men's skulls, could declare, this skull belonged to a man, who is reborn in hell; this, to one reborn in the animal world. This belonged to one reborn among the ghosts; this, in the world of men, and this was once the skull of one who has been reborn in the world of the gods.

Now the Brahmanas thought: “By means of this fellow we might trick the whole world.” So they clothed him in red and roamed the country-side with him, proclaiming to people thus and thus: “This Vangisa, a Brahmana, by merely tapping on the skulls of men, can find out where they are reborn. Ask him about your relatives' rebirths.” So folk would give him according to their means, some a fee of ten pieces, some of twenty, some a fee of a hundred pieces, and inquired about their relatives' rebirths.

Later on they came to Savatthi and took lodgings not far from Jeta Grove. One day after breakfast, they saw a great company with flowers and perfumes going to hear the preaching of the Good Law. So they asked: “Where go ye?” and they were told: “We are going to the Residence to hear the Good Law.”

“What's the use of going there?” asked the others. “There's no one can compare with our Brahmana Vangisa. Why, just by tapping on a skull, he can tell where a man has been reborn. Ask him yourselves about your relatives' rebirths. Just ask him.”

But they replied: “Pooh! Vangisa! What does he know? There's none to compare with our Master.” “None like our Vangisa,” said the others; and so a wordy warfare started. At last: “Well!” said the Master's followers, “We'll test the knowledge of your Vangisa and our Master's.” So they took him along and came to the Residence.

Now the Master was aware of their coming, and He had ordered to be brought five skulls of men deceased, men who had been reborn in the Four States, namely, one in hell, one in the animal world, another in the world of men, and another in the world of the gods. To these four He added the skull of a Perfect Saint (Arahant), thus making five in all, and placed them all in a row.

When Vangisa arrived, He asked him: “Is it true, as they say, that you can tell merely by tapping on the skull of a dead man, the place of his rebirth?” “Yes, I can,” was the reply.

“Then whose skull is this?” asked the Master, pointing to the first. The man tapped it, and replied: “It's the skull of a man reborn in hell.” “Well done! Well done!” said the Master, praising him. Then he offered the other three, and asked the same question. About each Vangisa gave the correct reply, and to each reply the Master said: “Well done! Well done!”

At last He showed him the fifth skull and asked: “Now whose is this?”

Vangisa tapped and tapped, but could make nothing of it. He did not know the rebirth of that man.

“Come, Vangisa,” said the Master. “Don't you know?”

“No, I don't,” said Vangisa. “But I do,” said the Master.

Then said Vangisa to Him: “Teach me this trick-charm.”

“I cannot give it to one who has not renounced the worldly life,” was the reply. Then thought Vangisa: “If I could learn this trick, I might become the master of all Rose-Apple Land.” So he said to the other Brahmanas: “Do you stay here awhile. I will renounce the world.”

So he sent them away and took the robes at the Master's hands, and later got ordained, and was called “the Elder Vangisa.”

Then the Teacher gave him as a lesson the meditation on the thirty-two parts of the body, and said: “Now master the preamble of the

mantra-charm.” While trying to learn this, one day he fell out with the Brahmanas, who kept asking him: “Have you got the charm?” “Not yet, not yet,” said he. “Wait a bit while I learn it.”

Now after some days he attained Arahantship, and, being again questioned by the Brahmanas, he replied: “Friends, I cannot now return (to the world).” * When the brethren heard of this, they told the Master of it, saying:

“Lord, this brother has untruthfully announced perfection.”

But the Master replied: “Say not so, brethren! For now, brethren, my son hath indeed become

* Note.—To say “I have done with the world” constituted a confession of Arahantship. For a brother to do so untruthfully is one of the great sins of the Order. Hence the brethren complained to the Master.

a knower of all his births and deaths.” Thereupon He sang these verses:

Who knows the rise and fall of things in birth and death,
Who is not of the world, who hath the Path
Well trod, who hath become Awake—
Him I deem a Brahmana.
Whose passage hence the gods themselves cannot discern,
Nor demi-gods, nor men:—a worthy One
In whom the passions are subdued—
Him I deem a Brahmana.

So Vangisa, the skull-tapper, became one of the Arahants.

At the end of this discourse many reached the Fruits of Stream-winning.

(Trans. from the *Dhammapada Commentary* on V. 419-20)

F. L. WOODWARD

A Picture

THERE is an edition of the *Wandering Jew* which is illustrated by Gustav Doré, and there is one picture which is more impressive than all the others. In the foreground is a lake, and through the tiny waves which lap the strand walks an old man, white-bearded, head bowed in weariness, leaning upon a pilgrim's staff. It is evidently a grey sunless evening. Behind the strand is a thick, dark, menacing wood of black pines, through which the eye cannot penetrate, and above the tops of the trees, through the mist, rise the many turrets and pinnacles of a castle upon a hill. All is symbolical. The lonely soul journeying on through the waters of illusion, who has just passed through the dark pathless wood of ignorance and despair which skirts the shore of bewilderment, while above and beyond shines the pinnacle of the fair city of Truth, rising out of the mists of suspicion and doubt. Could he but lift his head, it would be revealed in all its beauty of Light and Reality, but his eyes are fixed upon the lake. It is only when one has looked long at this weary old man with eyes bent upon the water lapping about his feet, that one sees, in the broken waves ahead of him, the rippling semblance of a shadow, the dim figure of the Christ bowed beneath the weight of His Cross. To this weary old man, it is

the image of his sin, and he might well cry out “My sin is ever before me,” but to us who look on the picture, it is as though it were a reflection of the man himself, bearing his cross through the ages, weary and exhausted, without rest and yet not without hope, for the example of that matchless selflessness, ever moving before him, bearing all for the sake of others, must, after a time, find its reflection in the wanderer, so that he shows it forth in gentle thoughts and kindly acts to all whom he meets. And so, at last, a day will dawn when he knows himself to be one with Christ. On that day, he will at last be able to identify himself with the Shadow which moves before him. No longer an outcast, no longer a homeless wanderer, but able to echo the words of Him whom in the past he had reviled: “I and My Father are one.” Knowing himself to be one with the Father, he knows himself to be also one with every other wanderer. He is no longer under outward compulsion to wander on, but he is content, nay, more, it is with joy that he takes his staff and sets forth, seeking rest no longer, knowing there can be no rest for him until

“...each who feels himself as one with Thee,
Knows himself therefore one with every other”.

E. G. C.

The Servant of Youth on Tour

AS we expected, the young men of Calcutta—I wish I could have written “and the young women, too”—have responded eagerly to the Call of Youth throughout the world, that Youth the world over shall organise for active Brotherhood and active Service. Day by day, as Mr. Arundale lectured, now on one subject, now on another, the audiences grew larger and larger, until the Theosophical Society's Hall in College Square became too small for the numbers that were eager to listen to him; hundreds had to be turned away daily, and it was, therefore, decided to hold the Brotherhood of Youth lecture in the Calcutta University Institute. There again the hall was over-crowded with an audience hanging on every word, as the lecturer described in graphic words what Youth the world over was doing to help to reshape the world, to regenerate their respective Motherlands. All were deeply stirred as the appeal was made to the Youth of India to follow the example of their fellow-citizens of the Kingdom of Youth in other lands, to leave party politics to their elders, to leave to their elders the disintegrating differences, and to go to the root of their country's weakness—the misery, the starvation, the hopeless outlook, the untouchability, the degradation of countless thousands of their own brother-citizens of India.

“Be what you like individually,” urged Mr. Arundale, “hold what opinions you like, believe what you like; but in your Kingdom of Youth, inaugurate a common service of those less fortunate than yourselves, in which you can all share, be your political opinions what they may, your caste or social position what it may, be your creed what it may. If you can help the suffering, if you can make them feel that their Indian citizenship is worth while, if you can make them proud of being Indians, and not indifferent or even ashamed—surely the shame is ours that we allow our brothers to lead such hopeless lives—then are you indeed helping India forward to her freedom, for you are strengthening the weak links in the chain of India's life. Leave party politics alone, young men. Leave the transformation

of the Government of your country from Foreign Rule to Home Rule to the wisdom—I hope the word is justifiable—of your elders. Let them give India the forms; be you at work at the life which shall give the forms their worth, their beauty and their force. Be ‘a union of those who love in the service of those who suffer,’ and when your turn comes also to work at the forms and to make and modify, or repeal, the laws, you will be able to do so on the basis of actual experience of the needs of those for whom the laws are wanted, whom the laws are intended to serve and guide. Teach the ignorant, comfort the suffering, give courage to the hopeless, help those in need. Do all these things, you who have knowledge, who have health, who have, I pray, happiness, who have hope, who have courage, who have enthusiasm. So shall India's citizens, proud of their citizenship, serve her well, make her respected.”

This final lecture made a deep impression, and during the next few days young people were at work on the preliminaries of an organisation. On Wednesday, the 30th January, to inaugurate the Calcutta Branch of the Indian Section of the International League of Youth, once again was the Theosophical Society's hall over-crowded, although only a small attendance was expected for a business meeting. Unanimously, the large audience ordered the establishment of the Calcutta Branch, and elected a Provisional Organising Committee to consider the details of an All-Bengal Division of the Indian Section. This Committee will soon report to the large general body, and the Calcutta Branch may be expected shortly to be in full working order, for there are a number of young men who mean business, and who will thus be able to inspire their comrades to mean business too.

The distribution of pamphlets was fortunately able to be made on a large scale, over Rs. 100 worth being sold of the six numbers of the International League of Youth Series.

Mr. Arundale will visit Muzaffarpur, Patna, Gaya and Chhapra on the same mission, before this account appears in print, and will surely meet with an eager response from the

Youth of these places. Already he has had a crowded meeting at the first mentioned town, and a Muzaffarpur Branch is being established.

It was not, I think, mentioned in my last report, that thirty young men of Calcutta have decided to form a Youth Lodge, as a result of Mr. Arundale's exhortations during his stay in their city. He had no time to form the Lodge while in Calcutta, but Mr. Hirendra Nath Datta has the matter in hand, and the necessary application forms, and before these words are in print, the Youth Lodge, Calcutta, will be an established fact. It is expected, too, that the Theosophical movement among the young in Calcutta will spread very quickly, for not only are these thirty young pioneers youths of the right type, young men in Calcutta, in addition, are hungering for a chance of solid work. The Non-Co-Operator asks them to do what they cannot do, or is contented with their applause and noisy demonstration. Young men are, I think, beginning to grow tired of noise, tired of the cold of Non-Co-Operation, eager for the warmth of constructive activity not incompatible with the duties they already owe as members of families, as of necessity future wage-earners, and, therefore, as of necessity students in institutions, the certificates of which will help them to find more or less a remunerative status in Society. The Theosophical movement in Calcutta has before it a great future, if only the older members will become young in heart, so as to lead their younger brothers on the pathway of study to the end of enthusiastic service.

Leaving Calcutta, Mr. Arundale was to have proceeded with Mrs. Arundale to Shantiniketan for a couple of days' stay with Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. Unfortunately, no answer came to the letter in which they asked for permission to come, since the poet was himself away and did not receive it until his own return. Immediately on arrival, he telegraphed to Mr. Arundale asking them to come, but by this time it was too late—Mr. and Mrs. Arundale being already at Muzaffarpur when the telegram reached them. They very much regret that the visit could not be arranged, as they had hoped to see Shantiniketan before leaving for Europe on

July 1st next, on an extended educational and Youth Movement tour.

Muzaffarpur was the next halt, and, as usual, large audiences awaited Mr. Arundale's lectures. The Youth, also as usual, were very eager, and a Youth Lodge of sixteen members was formed, an increase in membership being expected in due course. A Muzaffarpur Branch of the League of Youth was also formed. At a question and answer meeting, Mr. Arundale was informed by an ardent Non-Co-Operator that the Great World-Teacher had already come in the person of Mr. Gandhi. Was Mr. Arundale aware of the fact? Mr. Arundale was not aware of the fact, and denied it emphatically, stating that while he had great respect for Mr. Gandhi's personal purity of life and selflessness, his conception of a World-Teacher was very far different from Mr. Gandhi. The Non-Co-Operation movement had definitely and dangerously stimulated hatred, and such a movement could never be tolerated by a Lord of Love.

At Patna, of course, the meetings were larger still, the Brotherhood of Youth lectures two in number—at the Bihar Young Men's Institute being attended by an audience far too large for the hall, the result being an uncomfortably hot meeting with every door and window stopped up with human bricks. However, the keen attention made up for the discomfort, and at the close of the second lecture a provisional Committee was formed to consider ways and means of reorganising the Youth Movement in Bihar. At present it seems likely that the Bihar Students' Conference will be revived—a most desirable event, considering the admirable record of its work in the past and the fact of its being the mother of Indian Students' Federations—and a Patna Branch of the League of Youth started to help generally in promoting Youth activities on the broad principles of Brotherhood and Service, unsectarian, undenominational and without a party political creed.

Very great interest was shown in the Theosophical Society, and a number of students attended a discussion on its objects and work, Mr. Arundale answering numbers of questions. As a result, a Patna Youth Lodge of the Theosophical Society was formed with twenty-two new members—all very keen and active.

Mr. Arundale inspected the Anglo-Sanskrit School, founded by the late deeply lamented Rai Bahadur Purnendu Narain Sinha, M. A., LL.B., on behalf of the Theosophical Educational Trust, and met the members of the Managing Committee.

Leaving Patna, Mr. and Mrs. Arundale journeyed to Gaya, where they stayed at the ever-hospitable home of the brothers Durga, Damodar, Raghunandan, Yadunandan and Sant Prasad, at the head of which these good brothers' mother presides—a staunch Theosophist, who both practises and preaches her Theosophy. The first afternoon was occupied with a pilgrimage to Buddha Gaya, where a meeting, under the Sacred Tree, of the Gaya Self-Preparation Group of the Order of the Star in the East, was held. On his return, the first public lecture on "The World's Need and the Coming of the World's Helper" was delivered in the fine premises of the local Lodge of the T. S., to a deeply interested and very large audience, the hall being quite over-crowded again. The next morning Mr. Arundale lectured in the same hall on "The Brotherhood of Youth," after which the Gaya Youth Lodge was duly constituted with a membership of about twenty-four. It is interesting to note that the total admissions of new members to the T. S., so far during the tour, has been about one hundred.

A unique feature of the tour, so far, has been the promise of a friend at Gaya, Mr. Raghunandan Prasad Varma, to provide two rooms in the city for a Gaya Home of Greatness, similar to the Home of Greatness in Indore, and funds are being collected to equip the Gaya Home with pictures and literature. Mr. Raghunandan Prasad Varma has established and endowed a fine library—The Shri Mannu Lal Library—which he invited Mr. and Mrs. Arundale to visit in the afternoon of their second day's stay in Gaya. They were delighted with the Library and specially with the collection of manuscripts.

On the afternoon of the 7th, Mr. Arundale was given the following Address by the staff and students of the Model High School, to which he made a reply, surveying the work to be done by a Model Indian School in the direction of Indianising the system of Education obtaining in India. Mr. Arundale expressed himself as very much pleased with the bright faces of the students, and hoped that such would be the work done by the School that he would be compelled to come often and often to Gaya to study the latest and most successful Indian educational experiments. In this connection, your correspondent forgot to mention the very interesting visit which Mr. and Mrs. Arundale paid

to the National College in Patna. Mr. Arundale was much struck with the spirit of self-sacrifice and earnestness of the small group of workers, and in the course of a short address urged them to be sure that love was the dominant note of their lives and activities, purging India of that spirit of hatred which of late years had become all too dominant.

The Address

We, the Staff and Students of Model High School, Gaya, greet you, Mr. Arundale, and your worthy consort, Srimati Rukmini Arundale, on the occasion of your first visit to this School, and we ardently hope that, in the future, we may often have the privilege and pleasure of welcoming you amongst us.

As the Principal of that great institution, the Central Hindu College, you, Mr. Arundale, are known to students throughout this land. Your bold experiment in Education on new lines has already proved successful and the new spirit manifest in the students of India to-day is largely due to your persevering efforts.

This School is a public school started by the Hindus and Muhammadans of Gaya, with a view to imparting education on religious lines. Many of the workers for this School recognise in you a very embodiment of their educational ideals, and whatever success we have achieved during the last nine years of our existence is very largely due to the example of educational work set by you in India during the last twenty-five years.

This School has had to struggle against enormous odds in its mission of producing worthy citizens of the Empire and noble sons of the Motherland, but your glorious and inspiring example is ever before its workers to cheer them on in their difficult work.

We have also made our humble contribution towards the cause of Scouting in Bihar, and we venture to hope that in the near future, both the Scout Movement and the newly started Youth Movement will have sufficiently taken root to energise as well as to spiritualise the Youth of our Province.

May you and Srimati Rukmini Arundale live long to continue to inspire us, so that we may be sufficiently strong to restore our dear Motherland to her rightful place in the great Commonwealth that is to come.

Our hearty greetings, once more, to you, Mr. Arundale, and to your worthy consort, Srimati Rukmini Arundale.—*New India*

Mussolini

BY C. JINARAJADASA, M. A. (Cantab.)

ONE of the most remarkable revolutions which has lately taken place is that which has been effected almost silently in Italy. It is only within the last few months that India has heard anything of Mussolini, but all the same he has been doing much which is most noteworthy. It is rarely that a man springs forward so rapidly to lead a Nation as Mussolini has done, and his work is therefore worth study.

Three years ago, practically no one outside of a radical group of Socialists in Italy had heard of Mussolini; but now he has practically the whole Italian Nation at his back.

What is the reason of it all? The reason, put briefly, is that Bolshevism was on the eve of capturing Italy, and Mussolini came and saved Italy. This fundamental fact is to me the importance of Mussolini. It is only after coming to Italy and listening to people, that one gets an insight into a most dramatic situation in Europe. There is little doubt that very serious attempts were made by Bolsheviks to capture Italy. If one is to credit what is said by responsible people, the temporary collapse of Italy against Austria in the War was due to Bolshevik propaganda at the front. This collapse was, of course, retrieved by Italy at the Piave; but after the War, Bolshevik influence grew still stronger. In towns in Northern Italy where the administration was Bolshevik in practice, I am told it largely meant maladministration and exploitation. An ugly spirit began to pervade the workers, and I am told it was not an uncommon thing for tramway drivers, when signalled to stop by well-dressed people, to ignore the signals



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI

and pass on. The climax of the Communist propaganda came when those who had fought for Italy in the War were insulted when they wore the medals which they had gained for their heroism. Instances actually happened of ex-soldiers having their medals torn from them in the streets.

Mussolini first began to make his name because, as editor of the foremost Socialistic paper of Italy, he called upon Italians to join the Allies. This action on his part naturally made him hated by Socialists. He finally lost his post as editor, but enough people came forward to start a new paper for him, through which he went on with his propaganda that Italy should not hold aloof from the great War for Civilisation. He himself fought at the front and was wounded. After the declaration of Peace, he organised a small band to uphold the National Spirit. His method of organisation was striking. He went back to the old days of Rome and took ideas and symbols belonging to that period. For instance, everyone knew that in Republican Rome each Magistrate of the people was followed by a band of "Lictors," or punishers. These Lictors carried a bundle of sticks

with an axo in the middle of them. The idea was to whip offenders of the law, but even in the days of the Republic, the Lictors' bundle was merely a sign of magisterial authority. The word "Lictors' Bundle" in Italian form is "Fascio". From this arose the idea of "Fascismo". Mussolini organised in each town a little "Bundle" or Fascio of his supporters. They were most of them young men who had served in the War, and were full of the spirit

of National sacrifice. They pledged themselves to serve the Nation, to lay down their lives if necessary, and to give obedience to their superiors. Their aim was to combat in every form Bolshevik propaganda. Their method of action was striking. It was found, for instance, that under the Bolshevik propaganda, peasants began to claim the ownership of the land of the proprietor, which was hired to them for cultivation. In many places the cultivation was on the basis of the peasants tilling the proprietor's soil, and having half the produce for themselves. But under Bolshevik influence the peasants began to till only that half of the soil which they claimed for their own, and they left untilld the proprietor's half. The result was slow demoralisation. The Fascisti solution was to send young men to till the soil when the peasants struck. In cities, when, under Communist influence, the tramway men went on strike, the Fascisti ran the service. So in place after place the struggle ensued between Communism and the Fascisti. These latter were perfectly ready to defend themselves with arms and to sacrifice their lives. It was practically Civil War of a kind. To-day, of course, Facismo or the Fascisti regime is supreme, but there was a time when everyone who was known as Fascista was a marked man and went about with his life in his hands. In one town, in the early days, there was only one solitary Fascista, and they say that this sole follower of Mussolini spent most of his time in hospital.

The organisation of Fascisti is interesting; each "Bundle" has his chief who is called "Consul". This Consul is supposed to know every individual of his group, not only intimately but also all his movements, so that within two hours he can get together his "Bundle" all ready for military action. After whatever work had to be done, when they returned to headquarters, there was a roll-call. It is noteworthy that, as each person who had returned alive from the expedition answered to his name, when the name was called out of a dead comrade, *all* answered "Present". There are no dead among the Fascisti. This most mystical idea is very noteworthy, and even now on the anniversary days of Fascismo, when all the Fascisti are drawn up in a square, there is

a roll-call and as the name of a dead comrade is called out, all answer "Present".

As the Fascisti group by group fought the on-coming tide of Bolshevism, more and more of the Italians, especially of the middle classes at first, but later workmen also, joined their ranks. But still the Ministry of Signor Nitti, though in theory not Communistic, was so strongly under the Bolshevik terror that the Communist regime was allowed to develop even though the majority of Italians were against it.

Slowly, the Fascisti began to dictate their policy to city after city. The Cabinet, who controlled the Army and the Police, could not, by any manner of means, proclaim the Fascisti as rebels, because while they fought Communism, they were for the King and for Italy. Finally matters came to a climax. Either the Cabinet had to make up its mind to suppress Communism or the Fascisti would head a revolution. The only possibility of success against the Fascisti was for the Military and the Police, controlled by the Cabinet, to smash them, but both the Military and the Police heartily sympathised with them and refused to carry out orders against the Fascisti. The Communist Cabinet then asked the King to sign an order for Martial Law throughout Italy. This would have undoubtedly been a serious blow against the Fascisti, as their actions would have then been formally and legally labelled revolutionary.

The King refused to sign. Meantime, the Fascisti had completed their arrangements, and from all sides men came in thousands to enrol, determined to fight. The moment the King refused to sign the order for Martial Law, the Cabinet resigned and the King then sent for Mussolini.

The Fascisti have a sense for the dramatic as have all Italians, and they began with a striking uniform. Garibaldi and his band was famous for their red shirts. The Fascisti began with a black shirt, black collar and black tie. They were mostly armed with walking sticks, but, as soldiers, knew the use of fire arms. On the black shirt, they wore their military medals. When the King sent for Mussolini, Mussolini arrived in his black shirt, and accepted the headship of the Ministry, and so showed by his dress

that it was to be clearly a Fascisti Ministry. It is not usual, when summoned before the King, to appear except in formal frock coat and top hat or in military uniform. Mussolini came to the King as a Fascista. They tell the story that immediately after his first interview with the King, he sent his lieutenants to buy him a frock coat and top hat, because as a Government official greatest deference had to be shown to the King.

There are two striking ideas in Fascismo.

The first is Duty. According to the new creed, man must forget about his rights, and centre his attention on his duty. The second is summed up in the word "Hierarchy". "Each man at his place," is the conception, and it is not the business of each to tell everyone else how to do his work. With the cry of Duty and Hierarchy, Mussolini began his regime.

Needless to say, the Communists fought hard, but here again the Fascisti adopted a method which is striking. As they gained power in one city after another, it was perfectly possible for them to imprison their opponents; but imprisonment makes a martyr, and the Fascisti determined upon ridicule as more effective than prison. Hence the very drastic and undoubtedly cruel administration of castor oil in huge doses to their political opponents. A group of Fascisti would descend upon a Communist leader and give him a stiff dose of castor oil which would nearly tear the man's inside to pieces.

When after a few days he was up and out again, pale and feeble, they would most politely enquire after his health, and an Italian of all things hates to be made a fool of. Therefore the castor oil regime was effective after a time. Now that Mussolini is in power, one of his practical difficulties is to restrain his own people. He is beginning to do that by expelling from his ranks all those who are disobedient. One curious fact is that as soon as Fascismo began to be popular, Socialists began to enter its ranks, as

one way of discrediting it.

After hearing a good deal about Mussolini and seeing that undoubtedly he had brought about the salvation of Italy from such a calamity as Russia is suffering from to-day, I determined on getting, if possible, an interview with Mussolini. It is not easy to get at the Prime Minister, but as special correspondent of *New India*, and through the good offices of friends who were able to set the proper machinery in motion, an interview was finally arranged.



Sig. Mussolini's Wife and Children

Mussolini does not speak English, but he is fluent in French; on the other hand, I am fluent in Italian and this counted in my favor. After the usual routine of waiting in ante-chambers, I was conducted to the Prime Minister. In the corner of a very large room of the famous Chigi Palace, I found him behind a long table littered with papers. The room was perfectly simple, and there was only an Under-Secretary of State with him. The moment I was introduced, my

first question was to ask him whether he would give me five or ten minutes, and he replied "ten". He began in French with me, but beamed when I explained that I spoke Italian. I plunged in at once and explained to him that the two leading ideas of Fascismo, of Duty and Hierarchy, were very, very old ideas in Indian social organisation. This interested him at once, and his face lit up. I may mention here in passing that Mussolini has a very powerful face, at times stern and rigid, and when he nods it is as if Jove nodded, but his smile is charming, and there is then a sense of comradeship which he shows to his followers. I went on to explain further the mystical idea of "Danda" or the sacred staff of the hermit, which stands as the inner conscience of the Indian King, for since Fascismo is based on the idea of the bundle of sticks I thought it would interest him to know about our Danda. Finally, I took out of my pocket an Italian translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*, which an Italian friend and I had made 20 years ago, and I offered the book to Mussolini, saying that he would find all his Fascisti ideas of Duty and Hierarchy explained in that little work. He promptly took it and said with a huge smile that he would read it and he put the book at once in his pocket. Mussolini is a very well-read man and has read a great deal of philosophy also, although he is by birth the son of a blacksmith. He knows something very generally of India, and made the remark that we were a very ancient people. I assented, but added that India was very young also, and quite as alive now as any other Nation and had a message for the whole world, which was to spiritualise the conception of National life. He was much struck with the idea, that in spite of her being an ancient people, India was a growing Nation intent on doing things in the world.

One or two secretaries had appeared during the course of this conversation and time was passing. Mussolini instructed one of the secretaries to arrange an interview for me with the principal paper in Rome, about the relation bet-

ween the ideas of Fascismo and the Indian ideas of social organisation on the basis of Dharma. The editor of the paper was sent for, and I gave him the interview as arranged. I then said good-bye to Mussolini. It is true I did not get very much out of him. On the other hand, I did not go to get anything, but rather to tell him what were the great ideas of India, and I found him a very interesting listener.

Mussolini, though democratic, yet fully believes in Kingship. Indeed the Fascisti are fervent royalists, and wherever possible put the King forward. There is a spirit of youth and enthusiasm about Italy, which is a marked contrast to France. Mussolini undoubtedly has saved Italy from the Bolshevik calamity, for had Bolshevism captured Italy as it was on the point of doing, there would have been a serious European collapse. Whether Fascismo is a permanent regime or not, time only will show, but there is no doubt that Italy has gained enormously from Mussolini and she knows it and is grateful. There is little doubt that some in Italy are beginning to think that perhaps Mussolini is a reincarnation of some strong Roman. Instinctively he goes back to Roman ways of doing things. The Fascisti salute is not the military salute of the hand to the forehead, but a stretching out and up of the right hand forward as the ancient Romans did. The Fascisti cry is "Alalà," said to be an ancient Roman salutation of greeting. If Mussolini dreams of reviving the power of the ancient Roman Empire, he will find it difficult, because the world is being weaned from War to Peace, and all Europe will turn against him. However just now, he is more anxious to balance the budget than for Imperialism, and he is doing it in a very remarkable way. He has instilled terror into the lazy-going bureaucrats, and a Government job is now no sinecure under Mussolini, for he exacts work for every minute for which the bureaucrat is paid by the taxes of the people.

Trains in Italy now run to time, and so long live Mussolini!

An Exceeding Great Reward

Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward: it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Young Citizens in Ancient Days

II. IN THE CITIES OF YUCATAN

BY LEONARD TRISTRAM, B. A., F. R. A. I.

THERE are few more inaccessible places in the world than the jungles of Central and South America. There are almost impenetrable barriers to be faced by the intrepid explorer. Dense forest, swift rivers, alligators, snakes of all kinds, mosquitoes, malaria and all kinds of fevers, are all in the day's work when one is travelling in this region. Yet lust for wealth, for gold, for oil, is so strong that it will drive men into the wildest places if they believe that their desire for these things will there be satisfied. It was in this way that a large part of Central America was explored. The peninsula of Yucatan was explored for minerals and oil.

But in Yucatan, there were other things to be discovered besides oil, gold and silver. Vast ruins, ancient cities, buried deep in the jungle, with huge temples, grotesque carvings, and monstrous pyramids, greeted the eyes of the astonished pioneers. Who could have expected to find these things in such a place, hundreds of miles from any habitable country, in a spot where no man can live for long to-day? For one thing, everything is covered by the jungle, and there is no room for growing crops, or cotton for clothing, and yet these cities are vast in size, and there are many of them.

Who were the people who built these cities, and how long ago did they live? Truly, the climate must have been different from what it is to-day, for this race has been found to have had a high civilisation, and the land cannot have been covered with forest, but must have blossomed under fair fields of maize, cotton, and other necessities. Little is known about these wonderful people, but enough is known about them to show that they were wonderful. The Spanish conquerors have left some records, and some accounts come to us by way of Mexico, but the language of the people themselves cannot be read, although there are many monuments with inscriptions. The Spaniards called

them the *Māya* people. Many expeditions have gone to their country to excavate and to obtain knowledge, but the results have only succeeded in puzzling the archaeologist. Knowing nothing about Atlantis, how could they explain the things they found?

They believed that the earliest remains they discovered dated back to about 500 B. C., but the most recent discoveries and theories we will deal with later. The most curious thing about the explorations was that the deeper they dug down, and the more ancient the remains were, the more highly developed the civilisation seemed to be. To Theosophists the reason for this is obvious, but not to the scientists.

The civilisation of these early people was very gay and joyous. They worshipped their Gods with flowers. Flowers were everywhere, on every occasion, and the land must have been one beautiful garden. Delight in flowers was the characteristic of these people. Their physical appearance appears to us to be rather grotesque. This feeling is accentuated by their extraordinary head-dresses made from feathers. Their clothing was made from cotton materials, such as quilts, and was gorgeously dyed in many colors, and they wore massive gold and silver ornaments. Silver was more precious than gold, because gold was so common that it had ceased to have much value. It was extensively used in the temples, whose walls were sometimes plated with it. So their physical appearance as shown on the sculptures is rather grotesque, because of the cotton quilts and the massive ornaments, but there are other reasons for their curious appearance also. For instance, the *Māya* are the only people known who looked upon a *squint* as a mark of beauty. Mothers were accustomed to hang some small object from the foreheads of their children in order to produce a squint. The head was also deformed. Boards were applied to the heads of infants so that the forehead and the back of the head became flat.

tened, and the top of the head became rather like a sugar loaf. This remarkable practice is common among the aborigines in America and does not appear to have done them much harm. The teeth of children were also chipped into various shapes, and were even inlaid with gold to make them look beautiful. Thus the life of a child in Yucatan cannot have been as delightful as one would have expected; but once the stage of head deformation and tooth-chipping was passed things were probably fairly pleasant. Paint was largely used for purposes of personal decoration, men painting themselves black, and women generally painting themselves red.

The Mayá are renowned among Archaeologists for their Calendar System, which rivals the Egyptian, and which is the only part of the Mayá language which can be read, though probably inaccurately. They are also renowned because they have a sign for zero, but if the archaeologists could go further back they would probably cease to be surprised at such trivialities.

This happy civilisation of flowers and gladness did not endure. Savage Aztec tribes swept down from the north, from the direction of Mexico, and obliterated the flowers and the gladness, erecting in their stead huge altars of sacrifice to their savage Gods.

In the Mayá days there were no human sacrifices. In the period of the Aztecs the human sacrifices formed a most terrible blot upon the civilisation. The children were the worst sufferers. Young men and women were laid upon the altars of the Gods, and their hearts were torn out of their bodies and held up, still beating, for the people to see. There is a ghastly pool hidden in the forest near the ancient city of Chichenitza into which the bodies were thrown after they had been sacrificed.

For the sacrifice they were decked up in all their finery, with huge ornaments of gold. These were sacred, and could not be touched. In consequence the pool in the dark forest at Chichenitza is a veritable mine of wealth, which once lay round the necks and bodies of the murdered children of Yucatan. A large

portion of this treasure is now in the Peabody Museum at Boston, and more is being recovered.

The sacrifices were made on the tops of huge-stepped pyramids, which rose tier by tier from an enormous base, until they dwindled to a small platform for a little temple and altar. Many of these pyramids have been found in Mexico and Yucatan.

There is one recent discovery of a pyramid that supports Theosophical teaching, and shows the archaeologists that Mexican history goes back into remote antiquity. At the southern end of the valley of Mexico there is an extinct volcano, by name Ajusco, which has had no eruption for at least two or three thousand years. Some excavators happened to dig down through the lava which had flowed from this extinct volcano, and underneath this lava they found a still further layer of dust and ashes which had come from the eruption of yet another volcano.

Underneath this layer they discovered a complete Step-Pyramid!

How many thousands of years old must this pyramid be! And how long must the people have been developing the ability to build such structures? The pyramid is composed of chunks of unbewn rock, it contains no cement or plaster, and is entirely devoid of any kind of ornamentation, being thus quite different from the later pyramids, covered with carvings. The discoverer was Dr. Cummings, Director of the Arizona State Museum.

Some wonderful discoveries are also being made by Professor Niven, of California. In the valley of Mexico he has discovered a civilisation which he declares must be thousands of years earlier than Tutankhamen, and which produced objects quite as wonderful. These people had a very Mongolian cast of features. Miss Zelia Nuttall has also been making some very remarkable researches, which will revolutionise our conception of the antiquity of civilisation in Mexico. She has found traces of some exceedingly ancient people, of almost a Mediterranean type, who also built pyramids. All these explorations are still proceeding.

The Home of Greatness

INDORE

IN connection with the birthday celebrations of His Highness the Mahārāja Holkar of Indore, a very interesting institution has been arranged for students, so that they may come into touch with greatness, to realise that the lives of great men all remind us, we can make our

lives sublime.

Living greatness has had to be excluded, for the simple reason that, as His Highness said in the course of his opening address, living great people are generally the subject of more or less acrimonious discussion and criticism, and he wanted to keep away from the Home all spirit of con-

been opened through His Highness' generosity. It is nothing less than a special building will be housed wherein portraits of all the greatest men and women in the world irrespective of religion, race or color, as well as a library containing biographies and autobiographies of great people, so that the public may see the pictures of the world's greatest, and read of great deeds, great words, great thoughts.

The Holkar State Home of Greatness consists of two large rooms, one for the pictures and one for the Library. It is being arranged to have periodical lectures on the lives of the various great people whose pictures are to be found in the Home, so that a more intelligent interest may be taken in them, and profit derived from a visit to the Home.



THE HOLKAR STATE HOME OF GREATNESS

troverly and discord.

On the occasion of the opening ceremony on the



A VIEW OF PICTURE GALLERY

regret was on account of the absence, through

29th November, 1923, representatives of all the great religions of the world attended to invoke a blessing upon the Home, and the large audience was deeply impressed by the beauty and solemnity of the idea which they had been invited to witness in process of actual inauguration. The only

indisposition, of His Highness the Prince Yeshwant Rao Holkar. A number of pictures are already hanging on the walls of the Home, and the beginning of the Library has been made and a substantial annual grant will be forthcoming so as to add year by year both to the pictures and to the Library, with a view to make both collections as complete as possible. In this way it is hoped to have eventually a very complete collection of portraits of all who have left a great mark upon the world from the standpoint of Brotherhood and Service in any department of life, and to have a library equally complete.

In asking His Highness to open the Home, Mr. G. S. Arundale, with whom the idea originated, delivered the following speech:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I deem it a very great privilege to be associated with the opening of the first Home of Greatness in India, indeed, in the whole world, where true greatness, irrespective of all distinctions of race, of faith, of sphere and line of activity, is to find an honored and a worthy home.

True greatness is universal, belongs to all Nations, is the property of the world, be its race and its faith what they may. And if we are to hope for the advent some day of the Universal Brotherhood of Mankind, we must begin to take stock of what we share in common, so that little by little the separating differences may be seen as but different methods of approach to the same goal, so that little by little we may perceive that the essential unity is above all differences, must some day dominate them, however opposed the differences may just now seem.

If there is unity among the British to-day, it is, I venture to think, because they have—if I may use the expression—pooled their heroes, their saints, their martyrs; that they share them in common, even though these very heroes, saints and martyrs may in the past have been in fiercest opposition. Robert the Bruce, William Wallace, for example, are as much honored by the English youth as by his Scotch comrade, for, at least with regard to the heroes of the two islands, greatness has transcended the borders between Englishman, Welshman, Scotchman and Irishman.

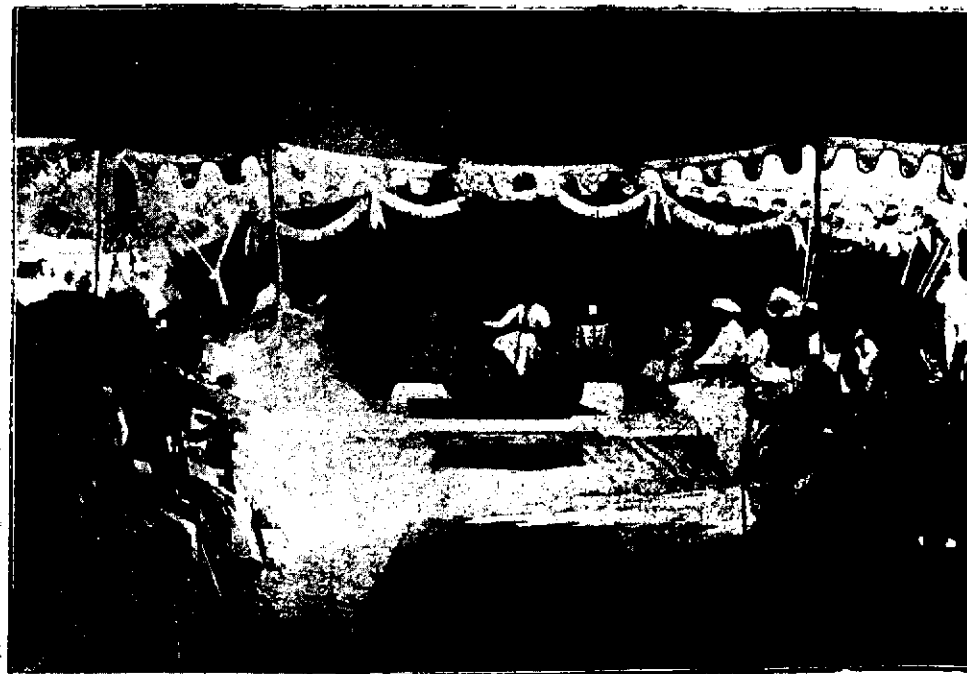
On the same principle, here in India, Hindus, Mussalmans, Christians, Parsis, Buddhists, Sikhs, Jains, must learn to reverence each other's heroes, saints and martyrs, as Indians, and as the common sources of all Indian Greatness in the future. Only

thus can India become a Nation, and her many peoples, her many faiths, live in brotherhood within the common Motherland.

And we must go one step further still. Greatness must also be recognised as International, or, if I may coin the word, Supernational, so

that the warring Nations may gradually learn that their paths are not opposed, even though they may sometimes have to disagree, may have had in the past, though I pray will not have in the future, to follow up the disagreement into war.

True greatness must be internationalised or supernationalised, and to this end are Homes of Greatness being founded wherever opportunity offers, and all lovers of Brotherhood are happy that Your Highness has deigned, with that vision which your servants, among whom I hope to be permitted still to number myself, have learned to associate with you, to indicate one aspect of the way to Unity.



MR. G. S. ARUNDALE DELIVERING HIS SPEECH

Brotherhood and Comradeship, no less for the world than for India, in the establishment here, in your capital city, of an abode in which all greatness may be gathered, wheresoever it may have lived, of whatsoever condition it may have been. And gathered to what purpose? For the edification and inspiration of all, that they may learn from the examples before them to tune their own lives to greatness, turning from the narrow and tortuous paths of selfishness, which lead nowhither, to that road of Service which leads to Life Eternal and to a knowledge of God.

To this end is this Home of Greatness being inaugurated by Your Highness to-day. May the Holkar State, greatly begun in days gone by, achieve still nobler greatness in the future for the homage paid to Greatness by its Sovereign, a homage which, I pray, may stir Your Highness' loyal subjects to realise the profound truth underlying the utterance of a great Greek teacher: "Dear is the home and hearth to the good citizen, but dearer still should be the State which protects the heart and home."

I hope that in course of time a majority of Your Highness' subjects—young and old—may pay a pilgrimage to this Shrine of Greatness, thus becoming acquainted with that Path of Greatness which sooner or later we shall all desire to tread, and surely shall tread.

I hope that as the years pass a great picture-

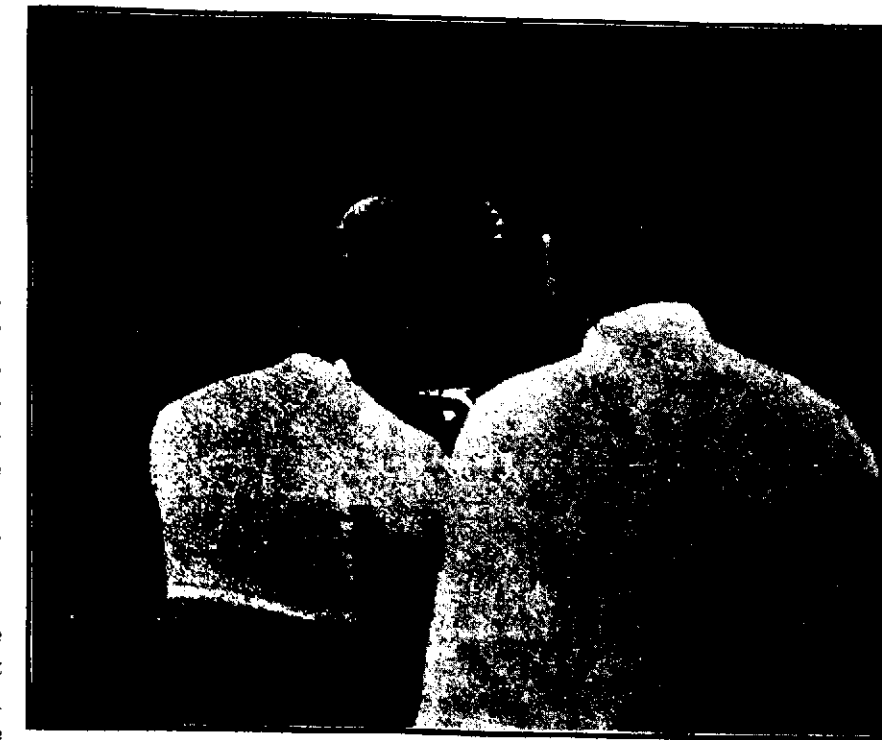
gallery of Greatness may adorn these walls, as well as a great library of literature dealing with great thoughts, great words, great deeds—irrespective of all differences of race, color, creed and sex. I trust that from time to time inspiring addresses will be delivered on Greatness and on the lives of the various great men and women, youths and maidens, who compose this shrine. I hope, too, that periodicals sounding that great message of Brotherhood and Service, for the noble utterance of which in one form or another these great ones of the world have here an honored place, may be found on the reading-room table. And I would ask that reverent silence be maintained within the Picture Gallery

itself—the *sanc-tum sanctorum* of the Shrine itself, so that in quiet peace, the seed of greatness, surely within each pilgrim, may be stirred to growth by contact with the flowers of greatness without.

May I now humbly ask Your Highness to open this Home of Greatness that greatness may spread among Your Highness' subjects, for the greater honor of their Sovereign

and of their State no less than for their own, and that elsewhere, through Your Highness' example, similar shrines may be established to the end that some day the whole world may grow into a great Brotherhood which differences and distinctions shall enrich rather than endanger?

(To be concluded)



THE MAHARAJA SAHAB OPENING THE HOME

HEROES

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day.
Think! Wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?
Out of Eternity
This new day is born;

Into Eternity
At night will return.
Behold it aforesaid
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever.

Another Miracle of Jordan

THE SACRED STREAM PROVIDES LIGHT

A POWER plant has been completed on the River Jordan, in the Holy Land, and the sacred stream is already turning the dynamos to give light not only to Jerusalem, Jaffa and Haifa, but also Nazareth itself.

Not only have the waters of the Jordan been put to work for modern progress, but the power plant itself is close beside a bridge which was old when the Savior was born and the stones of which unquestionably were trodden many times by His own Feet.

And it is likely, too, that the very pool in which Jesus was baptised by John lies very near this ancient bridge, and that the waters of the Jordan, as they rush through the whirling turbines and find their way back to the stream pass directly into that pool which, if its location were accurately known, would be set aside as the holiest spot on all that holy river.

The bridge is part of one of the oldest main roads of Galilee. That road leads straight from Nazareth, the Savior's birthplace, and it was trodden by thousands of feet for many score of years before the Messiah's birth. It is, it would seem, the very road He would have taken when, as it is written in Matthew:

"Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptised of him."

Since that time thousands of pilgrims have journeyed to the River Jordan and dipped themselves within it, so they might feel closer to the Savior.

When the Crusaders went to the Holy Land to rescue the sacred places from the control of the Muslim, it was to the river Jordan that they hastened for refreshment of spirits through Baptism in its waters, and they brought home bottles of that water to those who could not go on the Crusades, so that they might still feel the touch of those precious drops.

But the Jordan plays an important part in the Old Testament as well as in the New. It was that river which parted its waters so that the Israelites might pass over, under the leadership of Joshua, as they rushed to the conquest of Canaan.

It was in the Jordan that Naaman, the General of the Syrian Army, who was afflicted with leprosy, dashed at the suggestion of the Prophet Elisha, and was healed of that loathsome disease.

And while there may be some doubt as to the exact location of the pool in which John the Baptist

dipped the Savior, there is no doubt at all that the bridge crossing beside the new power house was once and perhaps not once but many times pressed by the very Feet of the Messiah.

This bridge is at least three thousand years old. It was built by the Jews. The Romans repaired it, and after them the Saracens. The Arabs called this bridge the "Jisr Mujamia". Architects and archaeologists have examined its masonry, and they know that it was built by the Jews at least a thousand years before Christ. It has a span of 413 feet, and clears the river by 30 feet. And it was so well built that to-day the heaviest motor cars can pass over it in safety.

But to return to the Jordan itself. After all the power plants have been built upon its banks its future will be even more miraculous than its past. The river will perform the greatest of miracles. For it will make Palestine blossom like a garden. It will turn the wheels of countless factories; it will provide power for railways, and it will furnish all the light for all the cities.

Irrigation upon a tremendous scale has been planned, and the life-giving waters of the Jordan will make the soil as fertile as it was thousands of years ago and those waters will be driven through machines by the power given by the river itself!

The Jordan lends itself to this vast development because of the peculiarly favorable fall of many hundreds of feet between the Sea of Galilee—or the Lake of Tiberius and the Dead Sea, and the economical method of blocking the waters of the lake so as to furnish a steady flow, even during the dry season, when the rainfall is reduced to a minimum.

The Jordan is 140 miles long from its source to the Dead Sea, into which it empties. In that one hundred and forty miles it falls some 5,200 feet. The engineers have built the first power house, just eight miles below the Lake of Tiberius, and have begun a supply canal from that body of water. A dam is already in the course of construction at its outlet.

Where the first great power station, just completed, stands—the one beside the ancient bridge and close to what is thought to be the sacred pool where the Savior was baptised—there is a fall of 135 feet. A second power house is already under course of construction at the other end of this fall.

When the dam at the outlet of Lake Tiberius is finished, and this will be not far in the future, the flow of the waters over all the falls will be

controlled, so that only the amount of power that is desired for the time will be generated by the big turbines.

When all the power houses on the Jordan are finished the energy will be conducted by high tension lines of 66,000 volts to the main centres of consumption, where it will be transformed and transmitted by lines capable of carrying 15,000 volts in the country districts and 6,000 volts in the towns and distributed by low tension wires carrying 110-220 volts.

The distances to which the power must be transferred are so small—not more than 50 miles—that there is no difficulty whatever in transmitting the electricity with slight loss.

Federation of British Youth Movements—Provisional Committee

TEMPORARY SECRETARY. 2, Upper Woburn Place, Theodore Besterman. LONDON, W. C. 1

1. The Organisation shall be known as The Federation of British Youth Movements.

2. The Object of the Federation shall be to co-ordinate all British Youth Movements, and to collect and disseminate news concerning National and International Youth Movements.

3. Membership of the Federation shall be open to Youth Movements in Great Britain and Youth Sections in Great Britain of any other National or International Movements.

4. The Federation shall work through:

(a) An Assembly to consist of one delegate not over thirty years of age from each Federated Movement, the Assembly to meet annually in March and at such other times, if any, as the Council may determine. Delegates shall receive not less than six weeks' notice of Meetings of the Assembly.

(b) A Council to consist of the Officers and twelve members of the Assembly. The Chairman, the Treasurer and the twelve members shall be elected by the Assembly, and the National and International Secretaries shall be appointed by the Council.

(c) The Officers, who shall be a Chairman, a National Secretary, an International Secretary, and a Treasurer.

(d) A Central Office.

(e) A Magazine.

5. Each Federated Movement shall pay an Entrance Fee of ten shillings and a Subscription of ten shillings, which shall ensure Membership until March, 1925.

6. This Constitution can only be altered by the Assembly at its Annual Meeting. Notice of any desired alteration shall be in the hands of the Secretary

The new project, the Palestine Development Company hopes, will supply light for all the cities, power to drive the railway, street cars and machinery in the towns and heat for warming the homes and cooking the food of the people by electricity.

With the practically unlimited supply of power that will be secured by this scheme, Palestine will not only be well irrigated, but may become the great industrial centre for manufacturing whatever is needed as far East as the Persian Gulf, gathering expert manufacturers from the ends of the earth to conduct her factories, and thousands of workmen and workwomen to supply the necessary labor.

Once more the Jordan River will have worked a miracle—one that will astonish the world.

not later than three months before the Meeting.

NOTES ON THE CONSTITUTION: The expression "Great Britain" was temporarily decided upon owing to the momentary ignorance betrayed by all present concerning the right name for Great Britain and Ireland minus the Irish Free State. The term eventually decided upon will probably be "United Kingdom". Very considerable discussion arose on the point of finance. The various points may be summarised as follows: the Federation desires to be self-supporting; the money required for this purpose can therefore only be raised by subscription fees. (Note: it is not contemplated that the Officers shall be paid.) The methods of doing this are: Capitation fee; fee according to income; a fixed sum. The objection to the first is the fact of the very great variation in membership in the various Movements; the same objection applies to the second, an additional one being the character of various Movements affecting their income in a manner which would make a proportionate levy impossible; the third one is apparently the best, the difficulty here being at what sum to fix the Annual Subscription. It has therefore been decided to make it ten shillings for the first year and then to revise the amount, if necessary, in the light of experience. It was also suggested that Movements should be invited to give more than the minimum amount if they feel able to do so.

THE DATE OF THE INAUGURAL MEETING was fixed for Saturday, the 8th of March; the Provisional Committee was dissolved; and the following Temporary Officers were elected until March:

Chairman:	ARTHUR PEACOCK;
National Secretary:	THEODORE BESTERMAN;
International Secretary:	MOYA JOWITT;
Treasurer:	DOROTHY BING.

Playgrounds in America and Europe

By JAMES A. TOBEY

Washington Representative of the National Health Council

The work of the Junior Red Cross in developing the Play Movement in Europe—Rapid progress in France, Belgium, Italy and elsewhere—A million children a day attend in the United States and Canada—Over \$9,000,000 expended in America in 1922—History of the Movement.

THE Playground Movement is now so well established in the United States that it is accepted as a matter of course. Our communities have come to realise that the true spirit of play is one of the essentials of civic progress, although there are yet far too few playgrounds. In Europe, however, the recreation centre, as we know it, did not exist until recently. To be sure, the children of Europe play and always have ardently played, except in these dark periods when War has blighted all existence. European cities have, furthermore, often provided better facilities in the way of parks and open spaces than have those of the New World. But the children of Europe did not know organised play until a few years ago, when the Junior American Red Cross established playgrounds in France, Belgium and Italy. From time immemorial the children of these countries had romped and played together, but there had been no mass action, no team-work, no group effort, such as we have produced on this side of the Atlantic for young children.

The Junior Red Cross undertook this work as part of its general European programme. Formed during the World War to enlist the school children of America to help win the War, the Junior Red Cross is part of the American Red Cross. It has about 5,000,000 members, which is also approximately the number in the parent organisation. In July, 1919, the Central Committee of the American Red Cross authorised the creation of a National Children's Fund, in order to give to our boys and girls the opportunity to assist those in need overseas. To date, considerably over \$1,000,000 have been collected for this purpose. The collections have decreased materially since the War; during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, they amounted to about \$100,000. It is estimated that over half a million European children have been benefited in various ways from activities paid for out of this fund. The money is devoted entirely to child welfare and is kept separate from the relief operations of the American Red Cross. Besides promoting playgrounds a great many other projects in Europe

have been launched, including establishment of industrial and agricultural schools and supplying them with equipment, furnishing clothes and material for garments, creation of summer camps, organisation of social centres, distribution of health service, and various other similar activities.

Development in Europe

The first European playground was established at Rethel, France, in the Spring of 1921. Here, in a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, which was entirely devastated during the War, approximately 600 children have been enrolled. In all France, a dozen playgrounds have been set up. Five of these are in Paris; the first, known as Bagnole, on the fortifications of the Boulevard Mortier in the Twentieth Arrondissement; the second at La Résidence Sociale, a modern settlement house in Levallois-Perret, a suburb of the city; the third called Cité Jeanne d'Arc in the Thirteenth Arrondissement, and the fourth and fifth at the Porte de Versailles and the Boulevard Bessières, respectively. Practically all these are situated in the poorer districts of the city, where facilities for play had previously been lacking.

In the beginning many difficulties had to be overcome. Ground had to be levelled, supplies procured and equipment arranged. No steel apparatus was available, though wood was obtainable. The steel equipment could be imported only at a prohibitive price. An ingenious American architect named Harold Warner not only designed the apparatus, which has served as the standard for all the other playgrounds of Europe, but he built it.

Outside of Paris, other playgrounds were installed at Arbonne, Reims, Saint Denis d'Oleron, Epehy, Abbéville, and Plage de Ris. Besides the permanent playgrounds, demonstration centres were temporarily operated at Roubaix, Tourcoing, Lille, and also at the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. In order to prepare directors for these play centres and those in other countries, a training centre was operated at Bagnole, and three training courses were held there. Students from all over Europe, though the majority were French, graduated from these three courses. A playground manual, containing a course of study and 150 group games and dances, was developed for the use of these new instructors. In March, 1922, a Conference of playground officials from all parts of France was held here.

In Belgium, three permanent playgrounds were brought into existence, as well as several for demonstration purposes. The former are at Charleroi, a mining and industrial centre; in Brussels, on the Quai au Foin; and at La Louvière. It seemed as if trouble never ended at La Louvière. This is probably one of the most dismal towns on the Continent; it is the centre of a mining district and the principal scenery consists of piles of slag. Hardly a blade of grass is to be discerned anywhere. The site for the playground and a play centre in such a barren environment is as essential to child life as the sun is to the rose—was an abandoned mine. In excavating for the foundations of the shelter house, a century-old subterranean shaft was struck and the ground promptly collapsed about it, leaving a yawning chasm. After similar depressing incidents had occurred several times, and the local mining company had spent about 100,000 francs on the job, their ardor waned. Success was eventually achieved, due to the persistence of the playground workers, who were determined that the gamins of La Louvière should have a proper place to give vent to the play spirit. More than thirty school yards in different parts of Belgium have likewise been presented with playground equipment.

In Italy, the Junior Red Cross playgrounds are at Rome and Florence. That in Rome is situated in the Testaccio quarter, a working-man's district, which slopes from the Aventine to the Protestant Cemetery, where repose the remains of Keats and Shelley. The Florence playground is in a criminal locality, San Frediano. Plans are under way for other play centres in Europe, especially in Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Rumania and Greece, where the Juniors have already done much relief work. A recreation space in connection with social service work was, in fact, conducted at Elbassan, in Albania, as early as 1919, and 300 children were in daily attendance there.

The Junior Red Cross playgrounds have now all been turned over to local authorities. Most of those in France were transferred last Autumn, while the Italian playgrounds have only recently been transferred. At Bagnole in Paris, the Juniors accompanied the gift with 3,500 francs for its maintenance. With the initiation of this movement and the providing of funds and equipment to start it, the value of the playgrounds has been shown and great enthusiasm for them aroused among the local population. In every case, the transfer of the playgrounds has been attended by an appropriate ceremony, and in a number of instances

the occasion was observed by the presence of royalty. Much of the credit for the success of the Juniors' playground activity in Europe has been due to Miss Ruth M. Findley, who, until recently, was Playground Director there. She was ably assisted by Mrs. Alice I. Thornton, Field Representative to France, by Mr. I. T. Murgatroyd, in a similar capacity in Belgium, and by Miss Florence Van Sickler in Italy. The playgrounds have been deeply appreciated, and have proved of great benefit to the children of these countries, who have learned not only how to play together, but have had instilled in them the spirit of teamwork, of loyalty, honesty and fair play.

The Movement in America

The Junior Red Cross does not conduct all its activities in Europe. In our own country, its 5,000,000 children are interested in many laudable enterprises. The production of articles, such as garments, furniture, hospital supplies, and playground equipment for use at home and abroad, is one of these activities. Others include health work, personal service, school correspondence, assistance in financing worthy projects, and community service. Participation in movements for more and better playgrounds is within the legitimate scope of these functions. In fact, the American Red Cross has issued a pamphlet entitled *Manual Training for Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries*, which outlines how simple playground equipment may be constructed.

Further development of the Playground Movement is, indeed, necessary in our own country. Only about one-half of the communities having populations over 8,000 are now supplied with recreation centres, and many of these are in operation for only part of the year. According to the Playground and Recreation Association of America there were, in 1922, 505 cities in the United States and Canada which maintained playgrounds. The total number of these recreation centres was 4,601, or an average of about nine to a community. The attendance at these centres averaged well over a million children a day. In the larger cities the number of playgrounds often exceeded a hundred, while the smaller towns frequently have only one. In seventy cities, there are playgrounds devoted exclusively to the colored population. In spite of the general financial depression which characterised a portion of the year 1922, nearly half a million dollars more was expended on playgrounds during that year than in 1921. The total spent in 1922 was \$9,317,048. The Playground and Recreation Association directs attention to the fact that in one day in this country an even greater sum was spent on luxuries, such as

chewing gum, candy, soft drinks, tobacco, and theatres. In other words, we spend nearly 400 times as much on luxuries as we do on playgrounds. Playgrounds do not come under the category of luxuries; they are civic necessities.

A striking advance was noted in the increase of trained playground workers in this country in 1922. The playground movement has so progressed that now the principal problem is believed to lie in the field of personnel development. It may be asserted that, like many other humanitarian endeavors, it is a question of men rather than mechanics. The 505 cities mentioned as having playgrounds in 1922 were operated under the leadership of 10,967 trained workers, 2026 of whom were employed all the year round. The increase in these latter over 1921 was about 30 per cent, a significant indication of progress. These full-time workers were located in 215 communities.

In the Year Book of the Playground and Recreation Association for 1921 every State in the Union except three is listed as having playgrounds. The greatest number is in New York, with 803; 355 of these are in New York City. Pennsylvania, with 514, and Massachusetts, with 383 playgrounds, follow New York. Ohio's number was 318; then come Michigan and Illinois with 298 and 249 respectively. The States listed as having no playgrounds in 1921 were Arkansas, Idaho and Nevada, while South Dakota had only one; New Mexico had 2, Mississippi 5, and Montana 6. In general, there seem to be fewer playgrounds in the South than in the North, and more in the East than in the West. This fact can be explained partially by population ratios and the proportionate number of communities in the various States. There is, nevertheless, no adequate excuse which will explain the absence of a playground in any town or city with a population of over 8,000. This is a matter of municipal responsibility, of community initiative and of civic pride.

Most of the play centres are now supported by municipal funds, in contrast to a few decades ago, when the majority were privately maintained. Even to-day a fairly large percentage are carried on under private auspices, such as by the local women's clubs, parent-teacher associations, civic leagues, or neighborhood organisations. In general, however, they are controlled by Boards of Education, Recreation Commissions, departments of Public Works, or similar official bureaus. In a great many instances private funds are used to supplement the municipal appropriation. The development and maintenance of playgrounds is certainly a Governmental respon-

sibility. As with many other welfare movements, voluntary organisations took the initiative in starting recreation work. There is always a period of demonstration when prejudice and inertia must be overcome. Once the practicability and utility of the movement are shown, however, it is the function of the municipality to keep it going.

Early Beginnings

The playground movement in this country is only thirty-eight years old. Some writers have endeavored to show that it is much older, and even assert that it began with the laying out of the Boston Common in 1634. This park space, however, was originally intended for a pasture. A few sporadic attempts were made to open playgrounds in the nineteenth century. An outdoor gymnasium was set up in Salem, Mass., in 1821, and others were opened during the next few years, but soon went out of existence, owing to lack of interest. In 1868, an outdoor children's playground was operated for a season by the First Church of Boston in the yard of a public school near Copley Square; in 1872, the Town of Brooklyn, Mass., purchased land for playground purposes (the first public recognition of the need for play space); and in 1876, the "meadow" was opened in Chicago for team games. None of these attempts resulted in definite action leading to a National playground movement.

Boston Common may or may not have been the precursor of American playgrounds, but at any rate to Boston belongs the credit for having really inaugurated the playground system. In 1885, the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association placed heaps of sand in the yards of two of its social centres. This simple act was the genesis of scientific recreation for children in America. Immediately these sand boxes became exceedingly popular among children under 12 years of age. Other boxes were added, so that in 1899 there were twenty-one, all but one of which were in school yards. The City Council indicated appreciation of the work by contributing \$3,000 a year to its support. The example of Boston was followed by other cities, and the project was also extended in the Hub itself. A comprehensive park system for the Metropolitan District of Boston was under way in 1892, and at the suggestion of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, one of the members of the Commission, playgrounds were included in the plans. Philadelphia emulated Boston by installing sand boxes in school yards in 1893. Before 1900, the movement had spread to other cities, and New York, Providence, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Worcester, Chicago,

Newark and Portland had instituted playground systems.

In order to take up National playground propaganda in an effective manner, the Playground Association of America was formed in 1906, with President Roosevelt as Honorary President, Jacob Riis as Honorary Vice-President, Dr. Luther Gulick as President, and H. S. Curtis, Secretary. Dr. Gulick was succeeded in 1910 by Joseph Lee, who may be said to be the real father of the Playground Movement in this country. He had been associated with its early developments in Boston, and had stimulated the work for many years. He is still President of the organisation the name of which was changed to the Playground and Recreation Association of America in 1910. The Secretary is H. S. Braucher. During the War, the association sponsored the War Camp Community Service, which organised the recreational facilities in camps and their environments. This activity has been carried over into peace time as "Community Service, Incorporated".

Growth of the Movement

In its triumphant march of progress, the play movement has gone through a number of stages. Beginning with sand boxes in 1885, the second decade saw the development of more complete playgrounds. Thus provision was made not only for the young children but for youths of the adolescent period. As the movement rounded the twentieth

century, small parks came into vogue. The efforts of the late Jacob Riis towards securing parks for the slums of New York were crowned with brilliant success. From playgrounds and parks, the recreation movement gradually broadened, until to-day it includes all kinds of community service which can provide physical, mental and moral stimulation. Not only does the Playground and Recreation Association attempt to foster an intelligent application of the play spirit, but many organisations of National scope and other societies are actively interested in this type of service.

"Play," writes one authority, "is not simply an incident in the drama of life; it is rather the thread of the plot itself." The spirit of play has existed since the dawn of history. It has been developed and moulded throughout the ages. In its present form it is simply more scientific in its application, though no more modern than the race itself. Whether playgrounds be established in Europe or America, every playground so established is a contribution to the whole movement of human advancement. In this country we have not yet reached our maximum effort in this achievement. We have much to accomplish, many more recreation centres to organise, many more expert workers to train, and, finally, we have to create and foster an intelligent realisation by the general public that play is essential to biologic, physiologic and psychologic development. The goal is worth the game, for life itself is the goal, and "life is the gift of God".

Nature Notes

The wonder of the Skies

SO far we have seen in these columns some observations which were confined to land and water only. Now let us turn our attention for a while to the limitless sky which is decked with many celestial bodies—the stars and planets. The appearance and disappearance of these bodies have always influenced men's beliefs and actions. The appearance of great comets were signs of great catastrophes, as, it is said, "when beggars die there are no comets seen". Many stories are attached to these celestial bodies. But let us not for the moment go into the validity of these, but try to recognise certain of them and appreciate their beauty and form.

Stars in groups have been recognised by the Indians, Chinese, Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks and Arabians who have given them names, and very often strange names, but with some interesting meaning behind them. Some of these we are going to observe now.

The sky this month

About the time of sunset if we turn to the west, we see a great brightness above the horizon. It is not a star, but a planet. Planets are those celestial bodies which, like the moon, reflect the sun's

light, whereas stars are all suns having their own original light.

This planet is known as Venus—the "Herald of the Sun". Sometimes it is seen in the East just before sunrise. So it is commonly known as the "Morning Star". It does not always appear as the morning star, but as it now does, it is the "Evening Star" also. When this sets at about 7.30 p.m., in the east is seen a group of stars known as Orion or the Hunter.

Of course, this constellation never looks like a hunter at all but, as I have said, these names have some story behind them. The bright orange colored star in this group forms the shoulder of the giant and the other bright star to the south forms the foot. The three faint stars in the diagonal direction form the belt, and one star to the south of the belt forms the sword. This great giant, a representation of the sun, is said to be chasing something. What? A hare! the celestial hare (Lepus)! This constellation of Lepus is a faint one to the south-east of the foot.

To the south of the great Orion is seen the brightest star in the heavens, Sirius, with its group of stars forming the constellation of Dog or Canis Major. This Celestial Dog is also chasing his master's prey.

N. VAITHESWARAN

Ten Fingers Form Basis of Our Counting

Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans and Hindus Contributed to Our Modern Numbers

BY CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

IT IS said that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. This may or may not be true, with our modern array of space annihilators and of time savers; but, certainly, there are large spots that still remain in Stygian darkness.

Down in South America the natives of Guiana have a system of numeration which they childishly cherish as their very own. Four fingers constitute four; to indicate thirteen they display both hands and three toes. Twenty, being all the fingers and all the toes, is represented by a man.

The savages of Patagonia, the South Seas and Africa also count in much the same manner as do those in Guiana. They do not know how primitive their methods are. They do not know that long, long ago, many years before the days of Christ, the Phoenicians and the pre-Phoenicians were improving on the fingers-toes method.

As people became more civilised they showed less disposition to make use of the toes in counting. The fingers, however, continued in favor. Gradually they began to designate once around the fingers by the simple symbol of a circle, and even to-day once around these digits is indicated, similarly. Take the number ten, for an example; the one signifies once, and the cipher connotes completion. But completion of what? The circuit of the fingers.

No system of figures was employed by the ancient peoples of Europe. They used the letters of their alphabet with the addition of certain marks to increase the original values. The early Phoenicians and the Hebrews had almost an identical alphabet and expressed numbers in practically the same style. Aleph, Beth, Gimel, Daleth and He, corresponding to our A, B, C, D and E, were in their regular order the numbers upto and including five. Yod, the tenth letter, had the numerical value of 10; but the next letter, Kaph, was a score. Koph, the nineteenth, represented 100; and the following letters, the final three of the alphabet, progressed by leaps of 100 in chronological order.

The Phoenicians, Greeks and Romans utilised certain devices to multiply the value of the letters in their rôle as numbers. Aleph with two points above it represented 1,000. To get the same degree of amplification, the Greeks placed a dot below a letter, whereas the Romans drew a line above. There were occasional exceptions to these rules,

especially in the later development of the numerical system.

The general plan of the Phoenicians and Hebrews was followed by the Greeks, but the Romans evolved one of their own which appears irrational, but really is not. They counted by fives rather than by tens, thus using one hand as a unit. Their 10, indicated by X, consisted of two fives, indicated by V, joined together; the lower one of these fives rested on his ears in an undignified position, but the Roman sense of harmony seems not to have been violated thereby.

C, D and M the Romans used to express 100, 500 and 1,000, respectively. These were the initials of the words; Centum for 100, Demi for half and Mille for 1,000. In this connection, of course, the D of Demi served admirably as the half of Mille. L signified 50.

Some critics claim that the Romans did not employ letters as figures. They say that certain signs which were used became identified with the letters by the mere accident of resemblance. They allege that 0 divided by a perpendicular line represented 1,000, which could easily be mistaken for an ornamental style of M. Half of this symbol, taken off the right side, naturally had half the value and looked much like a D. According to this theory, an upright anchor carried the value of 50, and when the left fluke happened to be broken off, it appeared to be a curved L. All these allegations, particularly the last, seem too flimsy to be regarded seriously.

The Roman system was more negative than positive, and therein lay its principal defect. Whenever two figures were written together, the first had to be subtracted from the second. X and L separated were 10 and 50, but together they were 50 minus 10, or 40. I and X separated were one and ten, but only nine when placed together. The notation of the Romans was too awkward and involved to be practical.

In 476 A. D., the great Empire that the Romans had created fell before the barbaric hosts. Then a few centuries later the religion of Muhammad, the Prophet, swept over Africa and the East. In the year 711, Taric led the Saracens or Moors from Africa across the Straits into Southern Spain. He planted the Muhammadan banner on the mighty rock which received the name of Gibel-al-Taric or the hill of Taric. Long ago we shortened this

cumbersome name to Gibraltar, and Gibraltar it is to-day.

The Moors subdued Spain and overran France and would have penetrated farther into Europe, if they had not been stopped in 732 by the terrific battle at Tours, which lasted seven days. Not until seven and a half centuries later did the Christians of Spain manage to drive the invaders back to the continent from which they had come.

In the meantime, the followers of Muhammad excelled in the manufacture of sword blades, in their knowledge of astronomy and mathematics. They taught the people to use chimneys in their houses and glass for windows. They were able to produce sugar and alcohol. In literature, they made probably the first use of rhyme. Their great University was located at Cordova.

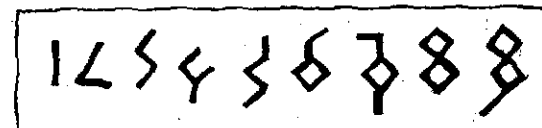
The Christians were jealous of the Moors, because they possessed so many accomplishments of a useful character. Perhaps they envied the invaders mostly their ability to calculate quickly and accurately; next for the art, known as alchemy, which developed into our modern chemistry. The Christians could not understand how the enemy appeared to perform miracles. They naturally felt that if any miracles were to be performed, they should not be performed by the hated infidels.

What was the source of the Moorish power for calculating? What enabled the invaders to reckon with lightning-like rapidity? Finally, it became known that their abilities were due to an art, called Algorismus, which was taught at their great University in Cordova.

There is a legend to the effect that a certain bright Christian scholar determined to acquire the art of Algorismus and then disseminate it. He did not relish the monopoly of the Moors. Accordingly, he dressed himself up in the Moorish costume, he passed himself off as a Moor, entered their University at Cordova and there studied Algorismus. This subject dealt with the use of figures; when he

had finished the course he knew the science, and then he proceeded to give to the people the fruit of his investigation.

The figures the Moors used were supposed to have come from the Arabians; for many years we called 1, 2, 3, 4 and the rest Arabic figures. However, it is now regarded as more probable that they originated in India. In 874, a Hindu took to Baghdad some astronomical tables and gave to the teachers there the wonderful art of Algorismus. This name is now known to be a corruption of Abu Jafar Muhammad al-Kharizmi, who in the eighth century wrote a treatise on numbers and processes of calculation. Subsequently, the book was lost to the world, while the name itself has given place to Arithmetic derived from the Greek.



As to the origins of the figures of digits, ingenious investigators have supplied a plausible explanation. The Phoenicians used short perpendicular lines to express the numbers up to nine; these were arranged in groups of three. Perhaps, the Hindus began thus, but it finally occurred to them that the lines could be written connectedly to a better advantage; so they or some other people worked out a different arrangement whereby two was represented by two sides of a triangle, eight by a double diamond and nine by a double diamond with a tail attached.

Now, of course, there is a natural tendency among most peoples to substitute curves for angles. Little by little changes were made. The diamond in the seven became just a heavy line, the six rounded out and the four kept its angles but became much more erect. The upper diamond of the nine was finally dropped. While our modern figures differ from these angular ones it is not difficult to identify the latter as their ancestors.

TALKS WITH NATURE

"I think you are quite funny," I said
To the river; "for while you've a bed,
You're awake night and day,
And run on, yet you stay;
And your mouth is so far from your head."

I said to the hill: "I'll allow
You have a most wonderful brow,
But you've such a big foot
That you never can put
On a shoe of the style they use now."

I said to the tree: "You are queer;
Your trunk is all packed, but I fear
You can't leave until spring
When—a curious thing!—
You must still remain standing right here."

To a green-red blackberry I said:
"I know you are green when you're red,
And you're red when you're green;
But to say what I mean
Is enough to befuddle one's head."

—S. Nicholas, a magazine for young people

The Secret of the King

BY CARNATION

ANY, many years ago in the West country, beyond the blue hills over which the sun sinks in the evening, there was a land where the weather seemed always bright and cheerful, and the flowers smelled sweetly, the children laughed with happiness, and even the older people would often join in the fun, for they themselves were never sad or troubled, but always had a pleasant smile and a friendly word to give.

A wise old King ruled over this country, which some people called the Land of Giving, and he had, when quite a young man, found out a certain law, and he had whispered this discovery to his Chief Adviser. His Chief Adviser, who was really quite a solemn man till then, had actually laughed outright, and he had whispered it to the Second Adviser, who had a crooked line across his forehead through worrying, and the Second Adviser was so much amused that he forgot to worry, and in a short time the crooked line was rubbed out and no one knew what became of it.

Very soon everyone in the palace had had this Secret of the King's whispered into his ear, and everyone thought it so funny, and wondered so much why they had not thought of it before, that several strange things happened. The cook forgot to scold the kitchen maid; the head butler, who was nearly as important as, and much more stately than the King, was found smiling in a corner by himself, and the smile did not wear off, so that he really began to look quite pleasant, and you felt as if you would like to speak to him. And by degrees the Secret spread in whispers through the kingdom, and that was why everyone was smiling, and why the sunshine and the flowers looked so bright, for they, of course, knew the Secret too.

Well, after many years, the King grew very old and felt that it was nearly time for him to lay aside his white old body. So he called for his head gardener whose cheeks were like two red apples and his nose like a pear between them, and he made the gardener carry him out into a deep, cool part of the gardens, where there was a pond with white lilies and an overhanging willow-tree. And the old King bent his white head over one great lily, a Queen of Lilies, and whispered to it softly, and the lily seemed to bow its head, as if it knew and understood. And then the old King closed his eyes, and laid aside the worn-out body which he had used so long and wisely.

Many years passed away, and the people began to forget the Secret of the old King, and so they did not always smile, and they forgot to whisper the Secret to their children, and the Land of Giving became quite an ordinary country, with smoky chimneys and even with dirty streets, and some people were poor and some were rich, and many were unhappy, and although they had all heard of the old times when the sun shone more brightly and everyone seemed to be happy, no one could find out how it was. And the pond where the Queen Lily grew was quite forgotten, and no one thought of going there to find out the Secret which the good old King had whispered so low.

At last one day a young Prince was born who seemed always to have a smile in his eyes when he looked at you, and as he grew up he used to wander out into the woods and make friends with every living thing he could find, and nothing was afraid of him because of the smile in his eyes. He was very fond of that quiet pond in the royal gardens where the white lilies grew, and often he stooped over the Queen Lily and listened to something he could hear, but of which no one else seemed able to catch a whisper.

Now it came to be time for the young Prince to ascend the throne and to become King of the country. Great preparations were made and everyone thought they would put on their very best clothes and look superb. And the chief butler was more stately than ever, and the cook was hot and cross with so much cooking, for there was to be a royal banquet.

But the young Prince went out quietly into the peaceful place in the gardens where the white lilies grew beside the willow-tree, and he stooped over the Queen Lily and listened to the voice he heard, and it seemed to please him very, very much, for he looked so happy. Then he returned to the splendid hall of state where the great lords and councillors were waiting to place the crown upon his head.

The palace presented a magnificent appearance and everybody's clothes looked superb, but no one had so much as a shadow of a smile upon their faces, from the Chief Adviser, who was rather fat and found his robes too warm, to the Lieutenant of the Guard, who had starched his collar so much that it hurt, and so he could not smile.

But the young King whose eyes always smiled,

A Marching Song of Youth

(Tune, La Marseillaise)

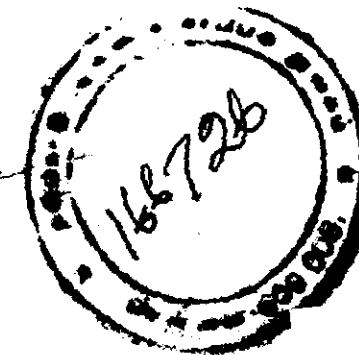
Whose feet are those upon the mountains
Like dawn earth's darkened vales above?
Whose eyes are those like burning fountains
Of courage, purity and love? (Repeat.)
This, this is Youth, whom every Nation
Awaits to right its ancient wrong,
And tune the hearts of men to song
Of brotherhood that brings salvation.
(Single voice) Arise!

(Boys): We hear thy call!

(Single voice) Arise!

(Girls) We answer all!

(All) We march beneath thy flag unfurled—
"Youth shall reshape the world."



J. H. Cousins.
QM 1 N 33

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ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, Editors.

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