

465

Everymens Review

NO-10

vol-10

vol 9

October-1924



JL

3 m 2/11, N16

N24.9.10

160677

RENOWNED NOVELTY

NO NOXIOUS PILLS OR MIXTURES.

The manly Vigour can be restored. Potency can be absolutely re-established, a new lease of life can be obtained even for those who have become total wrecks, with the mechanical apparatus.

"ERECTRUSS"

Constructed according to Dr. Biers's principle of Hyparaemic Treatment by Messrs Huston Bros. Coy., of Chicago, U.S.A. No. affection on the body—Success without fail—Durable—Harmless—for old and young.

NATURE'S OWN WAY.

None but Nature herself can effectively cure the ills brought about by the contravention of her law in the shape of youthful follies, dissipation and excesses.

Price Rs. 20 only plus p. and p. charges,
Huston Bros., (E.M.R.) Sole Agency,
P.O. Batala (India.)

Detailed Booklet giving full particulars entitled "Life after Death", in English or Urdu, sent free and for nothing, on application to the above address.

KÉSARI'S **1**
LODHRA
CURES ALL DISORDERS OF
WOMEN.

KESARI KUTEERAM, Indian Chemists & Druggists,
Police Commissioner's Office Rd., Egmore, MADRAS.

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO ALL

PRICE	PRICE
LATEST EDITIONS OF Sir, John Woodroffe : The Garland of Letters Studies in Mantra Shastra : Rs. 7 8	CHEAP PRINTS OF Count Leo Tolstoy :— Fables and Legends: 1. The Overthrow of Hell and its Restoration. 1. How much land does a man need ? 3. The Story of Ivan the Fool. 4. What men live by. 5. Where love is there God is. 6. If you neglect the little Fire. 7. The Godson. 8. The Two Pilgrims. 9. How the Little Devil earned the Crust of Bread. 10. The Story of Ilias. 11. King Assarhadon. Each As. 2 The above 11 Stories bound in 1 vol. Re. 1 The Only Means : As. 2 Rule by Murder : As. 2
SHAKTI & SHAKTA Essays and addresses on the Shakta Tantra Shastra : Rs. 7 8 The World as Power Power as Causality and Con- tinuity Rs. 2 0	GANDHI AND NON-VIOLENT RESISTANCE By Miss Blanche Watson of New York Rs. 2 8
By Paul Richard :— The Lord of the Nations A Companion Volume to To The Nations : Rs. 1 8	By Dr. James H. Cousins :— New Japan Impressions and Reflections: Rs. 4 0 Modern English Poetry Its characteristics and tenden- cies Rs. 1 8
Complete works of Swami Rama Tirtha In 4 Vols: Each Rs. 2 0 Heart of Rama Select Sayings of Swamy Rama Tirtha : As. 8	THE GREAT SHANKARA And His Successors at Kanchi "A crisp study for the intelligent student" By Prof. N. Venkataraman : Rs. 1 8
The Rising Temper. of the East By Frazier Hunt : Rs. 7 13	

Please apply for a descriptive Catalogue :

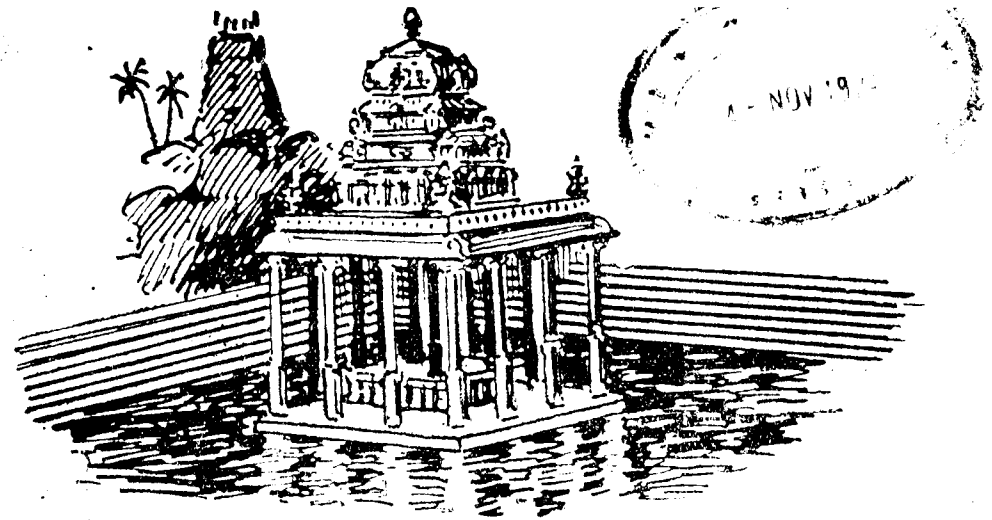
GANESH & Co., PUBLISHERS. MADRAS

Everymans Review

OCTOBER] CONTENTS [1924

Glimpses of the Golden Side ...	617
Indira's Illness By Vivius.	
On Failure ...	620
By C.L.R. Sastri, B.Sc.	
Troubles of a Doctor ...	624
Rabindranath Tagore ...	625
(A Study of His Later Works,—V) By K. S. Ramaswamy Sastri, B.A., B.L.,	
Proposals for Monetary Reform ...	633
By L. N. Govindarajan, M.A.	
All About Ants ...	637
The Housewife's Wisdom By P. R. Krishnasawmi, M.A.,	
H.H. Col. Sir Rama Varma ...	639
By P. Ananthaswamy,	
University Reform—V. ...	646
Secondary Education in Madras Presidency By S. Sankaranarayana, M.A., B.L.	
The Religion of the Ancient Tamils ...	652
By the late Mudaliar S. Sabaratnam, G.G., J.P.	
In Three Worlds—A Poem ...	655
By A. Madhaviah,	
Ancient vs. Modern Education in India ...	657
By A.A. Krishnaswamy Ayyangar, M.A, L.T.	
Koyirpuranam of Umapati-Sivacharya ...	663
By A. S. Ramanatha Ayyar, B.A., M.R.A.S.	
The Bounder ...	673
By T.C. Karunakaran.	
'Court in Dream' ...	678
By S. Sundaresa Ayer, B.A.	
Memories and Thoughts ...	681
By Rao Sahib P. Sambanda Mudaliar, B.A., B.L.	
Degeneration of South Indian Music ...	686
By P. S. S. Raghavan,	

465



EVERYMAN'S REVIEW

Vol. ⁹~~10~~

OCTOBER 1924

No. 10.

Glimpses of the Golden Side

Indira's Illness.

By Vivius.

INDIRA is a sweet little child. She has been little always. But she has not been always so sweet. She was, before the events I am about to narrate, just like any other ordinary child, playful, impulsive, often mischievous, occasionally naughty and self-willed and inconsiderate. She was the eldest child of her mother still a girl in her teens and so she came to be petted and indulged by every one of the house, parents and grandparents and uncles and aunts and servants also.

Last year she had an illness. At first it was thought only to be a slight attack of something. No one cared much and it

160610
618

was expected it would pass off soon. But it did not. She grew worse day after day. The illness seemed persistent. The poor child was getting thinner every day and weaker. And then they became anxious and removed her to her mother's-father's house, where, it was hoped, she could be more carefully looked after and treated better by the doctor who lived close by. In spite of it however she did not improve. It was not the fault of the doctor. He was a very nice man and very careful and clever too. His only fault, if fault it be, was that he seemed always to be by the patient and so anxious about her recovery. In fact, one would have thought that he had no other patient in all the world. He would talk to Indira as though he was fully sensible of her importance. All the efforts on his part to make her laugh would only evoke an occasional smile. Numberless toys he would bring and present to the patient, as if they were medicines to be regularly given.

Days and weeks passed thus and yet there was no improvement. At first the mother and the grand-mother and other ladies attended on the child but after some time when that was seen to be telling on them, on the advice of the doctor, a nurse was engaged. She was a delightful old lady and the child took to her from almost immediately. It seemed that if anything could cure the child the very presence of that nurse would. No doubt the nurse was relieved, off and on, by the ladies of the house who by that time had learnt all about sick-nursing. Day after day new medicines were sent for and given to the child. And yet somehow the doctor or the drugs were not able to check the progress of the illness in the least. The doctor was often seen lost in thought pondering within himself what the matter really was with the child. Later on, several other doctors, in fact, all the medical men in the city with any reputation, were called in for consultation. But none of them seemed wiser and none of them was really able to do anything for the tiny little patient. For, by that time the child was reduced to a little heap of bones and skin.

Naturally more and more anxiety came to be felt for the child. The little mother and the grand-mother would sit apart

20000116 1124.9110

for hours and watch the child with restrained tears in their eyes. The father, the grand-father, the uncle and many other male members of the house became also concerned and showed their anxiety by staying at home at all times and doing what they can to cheer up the little one. Numerous relations and friends of the family, coming to know of the protracted illness of the child, came to visit her and enquire about her. Gradually the child, suffering thus, became the centre of attention and concern all round. Indira seemed to understand and realise this, as she lay on the bed, weak and helpless, with just a tiny breast and her big black eyes.

More days and weeks passed. Still there was no improvement. One evening indeed she seemed to be almost sinking and there was a stir in the house and deep concern on every face. But the doctor would not despair. Nor would the nurse. They struggled hard. They sat up all night that critical night and pulled the child through, safe. When the morning dawned Indira was better. She smiled after many weeks. There has been, overnight, a distinct turn for the better. She improved gradually. And after many many days, after she was nearly quite well, the doctor advised giving her a bath. The grand-mother went and lifted up the child in her arms and said to her, "Indru, you are quite all right now and the doctor has said you may have a bath. Come along child."

Indira said, "Yes, grand-mother—but how much have you all suffered on my account!"

And as Indira spoke thus, there were tears in her eyes? Perhaps there were.

* * *

And Indira today is a sweet little affectionate child.



On Failure

By C. L. R. Sastri, B.Sc.

OF course, it is no new thing. People fail by thousands. In fact, it is the rule, not the exception. Moreover, it is so easy. If you doubt it, you may try it yourself. Further, there is some indefinable pleasure in it. You do not count that pleasure, of course, by the money-bags you accumulate. They are, after all, evanescent. A money-bag may, at any moment, take unto itself wings and fly. It goes the way it comes. Money has no permanent element in it. And often enough, in all conscience, it doesn't give you joy. It gives you the other thing. But the pleasure that failure gives, thought indefinable, has some positive quality about it. It may give you disappointment at first. But it fills you with a sort of inward peace as time goes on. Contentment takes possession of you. You are satisfied with that which you have; and don't covet that which you have not. That in itself is a point gained. It is not so easy to give up what, at that distance of time, seems absurdly within your reach. It may even appear to you that it is yours for the asking. In the process, you reach your hand towards it. The prize evades you. Just as you are about to pin the butterfly to your specimen card, away it flies. You try a second time, nothing daunted: the same experience meets you. Then, reluctantly enough, you cease wishing for things. It is a trifle hard at first, and there is pain in it, but you have got to do it, nevertheless: you jolly well have to. The art of giving up is one that is learnt with difficulty. It comes only with time, and practice. There are those however, in whom it is native: they seem to imbibe it with their mothers' milk. There is a certain *grace* in their refusing things. It is not, as you may imagine, put on for the occasion: it is quite artless. Mr. Gandhi is the most typical example. *His* is a case of resignation, indeed: resignation *pur et simple, Voila tout*. But we need not

1924.]

ON FAILURE

621

consider such persons: they are far out of the common way. They do not come within the limits of a dissertation. We are concerned only with the average man.

The average man is, as we have said, a failure. That is the plain truth. In what way is he a success? Does he always get what he wants? And if he does get it, does he feel happy even then? Let us not deceive ourselves. There is lot more misery in the world than we suppose. If we only lift a little, the veil that covers the private lives of most individuals, we can see the real extent of their failure. Most of us only put on a happy countenance, because we are loth to let others see our actual state. We would rather appear at our best the while we can; in process of time even this may be taken out of our hands. But, when all is said and done, it is only hollow gaiety: it suggests the animation of a trout with a hook in its throat. What Mr. E. V. Lucas says of love is equally true of everything that constitutes life. "Why love is still so comic would need a psychological essay to reveal; but the cynic might say that we hasten to think it comic lest we should see that it was tragic, as the philosopher made haste to laugh lest he wept." In this way we may indeed be able to deceive some people; but the trick is not worth an egg. Of course, we should follow the ways of the world, and conceal the projecting edges of our misfortunes; and after considerable practice we may in this way even *forget* our misfortunes. We may put on severe faces, and, in a sense, stand four-square to all the winds that blow. The anguish that is eating at our hearts may thus be averted. But, be sure, in its our good time it will come out in all its nakedness, kicking up the layers of pretence that have so long enveloped it, and the result will be a thousand times worse. "It is a kind of hideous little underworld; the sort of thing you see when you lift up a large stone and see disgusting insects, beetles and centipedes, scuttling about."

We are born to fail; and there ends the matter. We begin to do things with really apostolic fervor, and start fancying ourselves a little, but, before we are half way through, we detect a considerable falling off in our enthusiasm, and, a little after the

futility of it all seizes us and over powers us. It is when we are actually in the middle of the thing that we find out that it is too gigantic for our small minds. The more we travel, the further have we to go. And when we do believe that we are at the end of our investigation, a fresh point strikes our minds, or we detect a flaw that had previously escaped us, or some other man disproves it altogether, or he goes one better than we, and, at the end of it all, we feel like the revellers in Mr. Chesterton's poem, who "went to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head" and in the end did not get into Birmingham. To our astonishment we find ourselves exactly at the point from which we started. We work of course, but we work—like a pig's tail, "going all day and still in a twist come night." It is like the working of Mr. H. G. Wells's mind, which has been jumping from one rocking-stone of philosophy to another, with astonishing alacrity, till now it finds itself, as Mr. Lewis Hind says, in much the same state that most of us as babies, learnt to be in our mother's knees. The beginning and end are almost the same thing. A suckling-babe and an old man tottling on the verge of his grave are more or less the same kind of objects. Take Birth and Death. We come into the world—but we do not know whence we came; and we go out of it—but we do not know whither we go. It is not an unlikely hypothesis that both are one and the same place. What says the Prayer Book? "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes."

The end of everything is—Nothing. In that sense are not all our lives failures? Is there *one positive* thing in all that we do? Most of the startling discoveries of modern times were, it may safely be supposed, discovered long before, and forgotten or lost, and—*He* discovered again. It is like rehabitating a dead thing, that is all. It is like finding out a missing coat. It is not much of an advance, after all,—is it? Even as regards the science of shorthand, a *Madras Mail* correspondent has recently shown that it flourished long ago. Well, what is there in all this to turn our head? Aye, what indeed? Like Mrs. Jarley when Miss Monflatters insulted her, we are "almost inclined to turn atheists when we think of it."

The Hindu religion says that everything is—*Maya*: you do

not know it and I do not know it. And the student diligently wades through interminable oceans of books and lights at last on this highly illuminating observation that—all is *Maya*. Why, the babe unborn knows it. In fact it is the easiest thing to know.—only, characteristically enough, we climb roughest paths to discover it,—and all the time it is down below, lying at our very feet. Even God Himself is concealed in a dark shroud of *Maya*. And then there is this very enlightening statement about Him—"To those who think He exists, He exists: to those who think He does *not* exist, He does not exist." So, it is immaterial, anyway. And one religion prohibits what another enjoins! Life is a vast failure indeed!

The greatest battles are fought—for Lost Causes. The latest war is the supremest example.

Failure is writ large on the face of the world. The world itself, perhaps, is the greatest failure. It might have been created, for aught we know, in a moment of absent-mindedness. Or, it may be likened to Frankenstein's serpent.

Take the most successful men. They are only *apparently* so. The ignorant multitude knows nothing of their real minds. Most of them may not be happy, after all. They themselves may feel a doubt about their success. Anyway, it may not be what they strove for; and, compared to their original conception of it, what they have attained may only be a fraction of what they started to attain. The more they succeed, the more they may have still to succeed. Or, perhaps, the success that they actually attained may be of a different kind to what they at first imagined it would be. Anyway, it is a bad bargain—looked at from whatever point. The Vulgar crowd's conception of success and the successful man's conception of success may be two entirely different things. As Hazlitt says, "He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind."

Success is only what *seems* so. The real thing none of us knows.

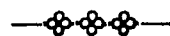
All of us, of course, according to our opinion, are failures: only, some realize that they are failures, while some fancy that

they are real successes. On the principle that ignorance is bliss we may well leave the latter to enjoy their opinion of themselves. The former, however, have at least this thing to be said for them: they are humble, and they know their limitations. They are gifted with a sense of their frame.

In conclusion, we may say this: Success and failure are not the true tests. The true test is *happiness*—"the rest is leather and prunella." We may quote the words of Mr. A. G. Gardiner: "Learn all you can, my boy, about this wonderful caravan on which we make our annual tour round the sun, and on which we quarrel and fight with such crazy ferocity as we go. But at the end of all your learning you will be astonished at how little you know, and will rejoice that the pleasure of living is in healthy feeling rather than in the accumulation of facts. There was a good deal of truth in that saying of Savorasola that "a little old woman who kept the faith knew more than Plato or Aristotle."

Troubles of a Doctor

66 MY dear fellow", said my doctor to me, "you have no idea what we have to put up with. If we call to see a patient frequently, I am trying to run a bill; if I don't it is shameful neglect. If I manage to get to church and am called out I hear afterward, 'Working the Bob Sawyer dodge on Sundays eh, doctor?' If I am so busy that I cannot go I am sure to be asked, 'How is it that you doctors are all atheists?' If my wife calls on people it is because she is trying to get patients for me; but if she doesn't, it is because she is 'too stuck up.' If I cure a patient quickly—get credit you say? Oh, dear, no!—the patient wasn't half as bad as the doctor tried to make out; why, he was quite well in a week; but on the other hand, should the case develop serious complications, 'Ah, the doctor never understood the malady; in fact he was worse when he had been taking the medicine a week, than when he was called in.' If I suggest a consultation, it is only because 'I don't know what is the matter; if I pooh-pooh the idea as unnecessary, I am afraid of showing my ignorance.' I am expected to, so to speak, cast a horoscope on a baby's life, and tell mother what its ailments will be. If I can't do that I can't possibly know very much." I am expected to foresee all the ills that flesh is heir to, 'six months before they come.' I once lost a patient whom I had treated for influenza, because I did not foretell an attack of rheumatism which came on three months later. In all cases, if they get worse, the fault lies in the medicine. If I send in my bill, they say, 'He is in a terrible hurry for his money.' If I don't, it is so unbusinesslike. 'But we get well paid?' do you say. My dear sir, if I received payment for one half I do, I should die from shock."—*The Madras Medical College Magazine.*



Rabindranath Tagore

A Study of His later Works, V

By K. S. Ramaswamy Sastry, B.A., B.L.

THE very heart of youth's passion revelling in the contemplation of the beloved's beauty and dwelling on single moments of joy till by the intensity of the thought they acquire an inner incandescence is described in the 15th and 16th poems. In the 15th poem he says:

"She is dark as the message of the shower in summer, dark as the shade of the flowering woodland; she is dark as the longing for unknown love in the wistful night of May".

The passion of protective love that urges man to make the rough paths of life smooth lest they should hurt the soft feet of womanhood in its graceful and gracious passage through life is expressed in the ninth poem. The fullness of woman's purifying and sweetening and evangelising power on human life is expressed in the 45th poem:

"Bring beauty and order into my forlorn life, woman, as you brought them into my house when you lived. Sweep away the dusty fragments of the hours, fill the empty jars and mend all neglects. Then open the inner door of the shrine, light the candle and let us meet there in silence before our God".

In the 13th poem he describes woman in her dual aspect—as the goddess of the emotion of love accepting the offering of man's pure youth and as the guardian of godliness and devotion in man. Two types of womanhood are described in the 54th poem—one that maddens men with the wine of loveliness and the other who "brings them to the temple of the Unknown, at the holy confluence of life and death". The 42nd, 43rd, and 44th poems describe with the passion of longing and the vision born from it the womanhood that crowned life with joy and then sought heaven before its time. In the 42nd poem the poet says:

"You have moved from my world to take seat at the root of my life..... You are no longer before my songs but one with them"

The very rapture of yearning is expressed in the description in the 43rd poem: "Your holding the cup of death to my lips, filling it with life from your own". The intensity of compassion and love refining man into an angel on the withdrawal of his beloved from his side to shine in his heart is expressed in the 44th poem: "I felt that my life had grown perfect, the man and the woman becoming one in me for ever".

of Prof. Fisher's Book on "Stablising the Dollar". In our opinion it rests on a fictitiously simplified form of the quantity theory of money. We admit that the monetary situation is far from an ideal one, and the whole system is turned topsy turvy when there is departure from the specie basis. But in our opinion no good is served by departing from the sound maxim of making solid specie the basis of circulating medium. Prof. Fisher's plan would be true if the quantity theory is literally true. But once that theory in its crude and naked form is disproved, the whole system of currency of Prof. Fisher falls to the ground.

Prof. Fisher assumed that credit would expand and contract, and prices would rise and fall with the varying weight of the dollar. Prof. Keynes rightly doubts this connection so much that he would abandon the gold standard altogether and would control directly the making of credit.

The application of the quantity theory of Prof. Keynes is no doubt in appearance more reasonable than that of Prof. Fisher. But this too fails to take into account certain important considerations. Prices depend as much on the production of things as on the quantity of money. If stability is to be had the control of production of commodities is as much important as the control of credit. Moreover general prices are made up of relative and particular prices. How are relative prices to be stabilised by the manipulation of credit? How are prices in India made to be immune from the vagaries of the price movements in other countries? However, vague references are sometimes made to the control of International credit. But even if general credit is controlled by International credit (the example of International Bimetallism is not encouraging), how are we to operate on particular prices? How are we to stabilise the price of wool, for example by the control of International credit?

The difficulties of managing the quantity theory are of minor importance compared with the dangers, which can be summed up in one word, Inflation. The control of credit would only mean its expansion. There will be no step backward. Expansion is politically an easy process and contraction is one attended with danger.

(To be continued)

All About Ants The Housewife's Wisdom

By P. R. Krishnaswami, M. A.

LAKSHMI was rating a couple of servants who were busy destroying innumerable ants about a hole in the corner of the wall.

"Don't they sting us ma'm?" ventured the sweeper—

"And you kill them outright, a life for a sting, is that fair?"

The servants looked ashamed.

"The right way to do with the ants is to cast a handful of rice into the ant-hole when all the ants will creep into the hole and never come in your path," explained Lakshmi.

"But nobody minds about protecting ants, and some will fain snatch away the grains from the ant's mouth," said the sweeper in extenuation of her cruelty.

"Ah well, no one can escape the wrath of God for crushing the poor ant, there will be similar crushing by God of such," Lakshmi stated solemnly.

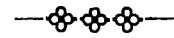
There was once the great sage (rishi) Mandavya who in his wanton boyhood had pierced dragon-flies with pins, and he paid dearly for his acts. As he was sitting absorbed in penance, one day, he was arrested and rudely led away for the presumed implication in a theft in the royal palace. He answered for the sins of his boyhood by being impaled on a stake.

Lakshmi narrated another story of a wife who long suffered misery under a heartless and merciless husband. He had been such a great miser that he would not scruple to snatch a particle of grain from the ant's mouth and kill it in revenge. The wife whose heart was filled with true charity was suffering perpetual agony on account of her husband.

One day the great God was inclined to put to test the strength of the woman's heart. He took the form of a starving

Conclusion

WE have endeavoured to deal with some of the most important aspects of Secondary education, and considered how far the recommendations of the Secondary Education Committee of 1921 have been able to satisfy the present needs of this Presidency. While the fundamental assumption, the basis on which the recommendations have proceeded is wrong, we could least expect them to be useful for the youths of our Presidency. It must be the primary concern of all educationists to carefully handle the raw-material, and nothing is more culpable than to give a wrong kind of education to the pliant minds of the youths in their most impressionable period. It will not be too much if we all in a united voice cry for another and a more useful curriculum than those that are at present recommended by the Committee of 1921.



The Religion of the Ancient Tamils

By the late Mudaliar S. Sabaratnam G. G. J. P.

Part I. Chapter VII.

THE sacred hymns of Thevaram and Tiruvasakam are so full of high ideals and lofty sentiments that it would not be possible to single out a solitary verse in which such ideals and sentiments are not expressed in some form or other. If a copy of the Thevaram or the Tiruvasakam is placed in the hands of a stranger and he is asked to give his opinion as regards the religion of those hymnners, it will not be a difficult matter to guess what his reply would be. It would not be too much to say that few religions on the face of the Earth possess such a high range of religious literature. If the Tamil race could produce such a sublime literature at least fifteen hundred years ago,

their progress in the spiritual plane at that period, can well be imagined.

I will now quote a few passages from those hymns which will unmistakeably show what the particular doctrines were in which the hymnners believed.

(1) The doctrine of transmigration

என் பிறவித் துயர் தீர்ப்பாணை—(தேவாரம்)
புல்லாகிப் பூடாய் புழுவாய் மரமாகிப்
பல்விருக மாகிப் பறவையாய்ப் பாம்பாகி
கல்லாய் மனிதராய்ப் பேயாய்க் கணங்களாய்
செல்லா அநின்ற வித்தாவரசங்கமத்துள்
எல்லாப் பிறப்பும் பிறந்தினைத்தேன்—(திருவாசகம்)

(2) The doctrine of Karma

1. வெய்ய வினையிரண்டும் வெந்தனை
2. முன்ன வினையிரண்டும் வேரறுத்து முன்னின்றான்—(திருவாசகம்)
3. அம்ஸத்துறைவானடியார்கட் கடையாவினையே
4. அல்ல லென்னை மருவினை யென்செயுந்
தொல்லை வள்வினைத் தொந்தந்தா னென்செயும்

(3) The existence of Maya

1. பாசமறுப்பீர்காள்—சுசனணியாருர்
வாசமலர் தூவ—நேசமாகுமே—(தேவாரம்)
2. பாச வேரறுக்கும் பழம்பொருள்
3. மும்மலப் பழ வல்வினை—(திருவாசகம்)

(4) Belief in the Vedas

1. நான்மறைக்காடனார்
2. சடையினன் சாமவேதன்
3. முந்திய தேவர் கூடி முறை முறை இருக்குச் சொல்லி—(தேவாரம்)
4. மூவா நான்மறை முதல்வா போற்றி
5. நான்கு மறை பரில் தில்லை யம்பலத்தே கண்டேனே.

(5) Belief in the Agamas

1. மந்திரத்தான் தந்திரத்தான்
2. அரணாகம் யிகக் கூறு மனம்—(தேவாரம்)
3. ஆகமமாகி நின்றண்ணிப்பான்

