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A magazine for Students

Edited by A. C. CLAYTON, O.B.E.

21 MAY 1926

MADRAS

New Series No. 191

May 1926

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THE CHRISTIAN LITERATURE SOCIETY FOR INDIA

Madras Allahabad Rangoon Colombo

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CHRISTIAN LITERATURE SOCIETY, P.B. 501, PARK TOWN, MADRAS

21 MAY 1926

PROGRESS

New Series No. 191

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Notes by the way

It is with very deep regret that the editor announces that 'Progress' will end with the June number.

FOR two years the Publishers, the Christian Literature Society for India, Madras, have feared that it would not be possible to carry on the magazine owing to the steady decrease in the number of subscribers, but have continued it till now in the hopes that the repeated testimony which has come of its usefulness would mean a larger circulation. Those hopes have not been realized, the circulation has dropped to a few hundred copies a month. There is no sign of any improvement. The Publishers are losing nearly a thousand rupees a year on it. The editor too feels that the time and care given when the circulation was some thousands of copies a month was justified. But the position is quite different when the circulation is only a few hundreds. He has edited *Progress* without break for almost fourteen full years. He is constantly told that *Progress* is on the right lines. But the falling circulation shows that *Progress* no longer meets a need. That being so, it has not the claim to a place in his day's work which it once had.

From the Publishers point of view a magazine which has a dwindling circulation and involves a considerable loss should be ended. And as the editor has to confess that he cannot prove that *Progress* now does the work for which it was founded, he has had to acquiesce in ending it.

Magazines

The editor has been long enough in India to have seen a great change in the matter of periodicals likely to give reading matter to those who might be readers of *Progress*. Nearly every College and High School has its own local magazine. Many of them are very poor. Some of them are excellent. But all appeal to the pocket of the 'boys' and 'old boys' of the institution as no outside publication can. This has meant again and again that the editor of *Progress* has been told that a standing order of sometimes one, two or three hundred copies would be discontinued because 'our fellows are starting a magazine of their own.'

But apart from this there are now scores of monthly or weekly magazines that contain exactly the sort of reading matter that our readers want, but could not get twenty years ago. Scout magazines, Boys' papers, Girls' papers, journals dealing with literary matters in a popular and easy fashion, and magazines of travel and adventure abound. And they are so cheap that any library or reading room can afford to have a good supply, if

only the committee in charge will plan the budget with foresight and knowledge.

Illustration

And not only is the reading matter in these magazines good, the illustrations are excellent, and far beyond anything that can be done by such a magazine as *Progress*. Look into any number of the 'C. N.' the *Children's Newspaper* edited by Arthur Mee. Pictures of explorers and ships and aeroplanes and politicians and strange animals and new inventions and all manner of scientific apparatus appear in every number. It is quite true that it is a journal for 'children' but many of us who will never again be admitted to the junior school read the *Children's Newspaper* every week with delight and profit. The pictures alone are a wonderful budget of news and information. When *Progress* was started and for many years afterwards, not indeed till a very few years ago, was such a magazine dreamed of. And now that it has come, the editor of *Progress* willingly and with admiration admits that the 'C. N.' is doing what he has tried to do, but is doing it incomparably better. Yes, the more he considers such publications as the 'C. N.' the more does he feel that the falling circulation of *Progress* is an unmistakable notice to make way for publications that can do the work for which *Progress* was planned better than *Progress* can ever do it under modern conditions.

Refunding subscriptions

The Secretary of the Christian Literature Society will refund to subscribers *Progress* the amounts due to them on account of the termination of *Progress* with the June number.

The international mind

You remember the proverb about the frog in the well? 'What does the frog in the well know about the affairs of the country side?' Does that not describe some of us? There are many men and women round us who never think of anything but their own house or garden or rice-field or cabbage-patch, whatever it may be. The municipal councillor who uses his little influence not to make the town more healthy, but to get a lamp post planted at his front door—yes, we all know him. But ourselves? Well, is it not true that too often we think only of our own house or garden or rice-field or 'cabbage-patch,' whatever it may be, and never realize that we are living in a world that is now so linked by motor and aeroplane and wireless, that neither nation nor town nor hamlet can any longer live by itself and for itself alone.

Not long ago a dozen University men were having a long, lazy after dinner talk about all manner of things that this old world needs now that it is escaping from the ruin that came on it with and after the War. Some of the talkers were Americans. Some were Britishers. They were all men who were aware of the facts. As the talk went on someone asked, 'What one thing, in the opinion of each man here, would most help the world to regain normal conditions?' It was a big question. But the answer was brief and given in a moment. Without argument that unanimous answer was, 'An international mind.' We all need to be able to look at things not merely as we see them while standing in our own little national or racial or municipal or linguistic corner. We must be able to look at them as they seem to others. We need to enter into the problems and difficulties of other nations, not to take it for

granted that they must look at our problems just as we look at them and for our advantage always. And it is not emotion and sentiment that are wanted from us. But constructive thinking, the thinking that tries to see what can be done to better things, and to better them for 'the other fellow' along with ourselves, or before ourselves. Patriotism is good. But patriotism that says 'My country and myself first, last and all the time' is not good. 'Agreed' we cry, 'Frenchmen ought to think of the welfare of Germany as well of the welfare of France. Japan should not try to exploit China. Poor old Great Britain, there are hundreds of things she shouldn't do.' And ourselves?

Men who succeed

Who are the men and women who make a real success of life? Who really find out new things and tell us about them? Who trace out the right ways of living for the state and for the individual? What are the qualities of mind and method which go to make a scientist or a statesman? Professor Seward, the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University has ventured to tell us. The first requirement is the power to concentrate the powers on a definite subject. 'The men who succeed best whether in the sense of advancing knowledge by research or as administrators, or in any other walk of life, are those who have learnt the art of concentration.' He adds some very important qualifications which we may not think of at the moment. Successful men must have 'the ability to admit that they have sometimes made mistakes.' Once reminded of it, we see that that 'ability' is very desirable. Then Professor Seward considers that they must know 'that it is worth while laboriously to solve problems for themselves.' Put into other words, Professor Seward believes that the men who succeed are those 'whose training has demonstrated that most of the difficulties to be faced are overcome by hard work or common sense and not by genius.'

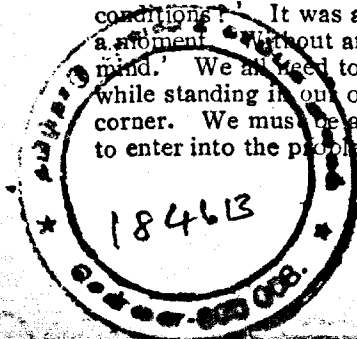
Concentration, perseverance, hard work and common-sense, these then are the conditions of success. It does not sound so difficult, when put like that. But is that all?

In partial confirmation of the Vice-Chancellor's words and because they suggest new thoughts along with them, I would mention five characteristics of the late Lord Balfour of Burleigh:

(1) Loyalty to people and causes; (2) Willingness to take any amount of trouble to help either; (3) Constancy in friendship; (4) A great capacity for taking pains, rather than great ability; (5) Last but not least in this goodly list—He answered every letter by return of post.

The song of the seekers

We are the seekers who long have sought
The message of spheres unseen;
We are the minds that the years have wrought
To wisdom and hearts serene;
We are the thinkers of worlds of thought,
The dreamers of endless dreams;
We are the souls that at times have caught
The vision of higher themes,



We are the voice of the wind and sea
That sings of a Law supreme;
We are the prophets of worlds to be,
We have our dreams to dream;
We are the keepers who guard the key
That leads to Eternal Truth;
We are the eyes that forever see
The purpose of Age and Youth.

We are the seekers; we seek to know,
And in the knowing to find
The truest way that the heart should go
For Beauty and peace of mind.
We are the music of stars at night,
A pulse in the changeless scheme;
We are the seekers who seek the light,
We have our dreams to dream.

VERNAL BRONSON HOUSE,
in the *Canadian Bookman*.

Mahabalipuram or 'the Seven Pagodas'

THIRTY-FIVE miles from Madras, on the coast, to the south, is a lighthouse, to which all ships signal as they come up to Madras. It is built on a great boulder of red granite, one of many piled in heaps or standing solitary in the sand, west and south of the lighthouse.

Here says the story was once the city of the great king Bali, and so the place is called Maha-Bali-puram. Because the great Bali gave way to pride, the gods ordered the God of the sea to overwhelm his city, and the floods rolled in and destroyed the city. Some say that there were once seven temples on the shore, now all gone but one; and that is why the place is called 'Seven Pagodas' in English.

The name does not matter. Except for a day or two in February, when crowds come to bathe near the remaining ruined 'Shore Temple' the place is almost deserted, and has been deserted for centuries, perhaps for thirteen hundred years. Yet thirteen hundred years ago, the boulders were all laced with scaffolding. Burden bearers and slaves toiled around the great stones. Stone-cutters smoothed wide surfaces and hewed out caves. Skilled sculptors chiselled image after image with dexterity and patience and imagination. A king and his retinue watched the work from day to-day, and hastened the sculptors in their labours.

Then the king changed his mind, or died, or an enemy invaded his kingdom. The slaves and the stone-cutters and the sculptors were driven to other places or were scattered by the foe or slain. The scaffolding fell from its sockets in the rocks. The sea sand covered many of the carvings and wore away others. The noble design, begun with devotion and generosity, was forgotten. A long silence and neglect fell on the lost city of the great king Bali.

But the work of the old-time craftsmen has lasted through the centuries and the wonder of it abides, more venerable now than when the king and his courtiers looked on it in the making.

The 'five cars' or '*rathas*,' for instance, are among the most notable stone carvings in India. A line of boulders or a ridge of granite, has been hewed into a five shrines, somewhat like the cars or '*tér*' or '*rathas*' in which the images of gods are taken in procession from temples at festival times. But the likeness is not very great. They are more like the temples themselves which one sees in many a village, only larger. The lower part resembles a square hall surrounded by pillars or a shallow verandah. The upper portion is pyramidal with several rows of carved figures, or sometimes like the cover of a large bullock cart. The peculiar shape of the boulder or rock before it was cut probably determined the shape of the finished 'car', and of its roof. They are named, to-day after the Pāndava brothers and their wife Draupadi. Into some of them cells are cut. For instance there is a cell cut into the Draupadi 'car' in which four people can stand. But when it is remembered that the upper structure of these 'cars' is a mass of solid stone, it will be clear why the ancient stone cutters did not hew very deeply into the lower storey. Had they done so, the whole would have collapsed. The Bhima 'car' is forty-two feet long, twenty-five feet wide and twenty-five feet high. These measurements will give some hint as to the size of the rock from which this shrine was cut. Near by are an elephant, a lion, and a reclining bull, each carved from a single block. Figures of gods, goddesses, devotees and animals are on all the 'cars,' carved out of the same stone. Some are unfinished, left unfinished when the enterprise was stopped. Many have been worn by weather and sand. But others are as sharp cut as when the sculptor dropped his chisel thirteen hundred years ago.

The second group of monuments is near or around the lighthouse. Here are caves cut deep, with enormous labour, into great rocks. The walls of these caves depict such scenes as the goddess Durga, mounted on a lion, overcoming the buffalo headed demon Mahishāsura, and Krishna holding aloft the mountain Govardhana. The carving is done with striking vigour.

But the most arresting of all the carvings is the representation of Arjuna's penance to cause the god Siva to appear to him and give to him the magic weapons by which he should overcome all his foes in the great war between the Pāndavas and the Kauravas. Here the sides of two adjacent boulders were cut into one long wall of stone, and on the surface, nearly a hundred feet long and fifty feet high, Arjuna stands, emaciated, with hands above his head in penance. Round him are a multitude of gods, serpents, sages, and celestial beings, scores and scores of them. Two huge elephants and their young are in the foreground. Also there is a cat doing penance though rats are about, and there are monkeys and dwarfs. The whole shows remarkable fertility of imagination and perception of the possibilities of the stone surface as well as limitless perseverance in labour.

There are many other caves and carvings, and many traces of work begun. All are of interest, but the 'Shore Temple' alone can have a sentence in so brief an article as this.

The 'Shore Temple' is perhaps a thousand years old, not so old as the 'cars' or the caves. The main tower or '*vimāna*' of this temple is over the 'holy of holies' not over the entrance portico, and is about sixty feet high. The peculiarity of this temple is that though it is surrounded by many 'Nandis,' the sacred bulls of the god Siva, and contains the '*lingam*' the symbol of Siva, and images of Siva, and of his wife Parvati, and also a special shrine for their son Subrahmanya, there is also in a sort of cell, a large image of the god Vishnu reclining on the thousand headed serpent. The suggested explanation is that the temple was built before Saivism and Vaishnavism were very distinct. Who can say?

That is but one of the puzzles of Mahābalipuram. As yet no word has been found in the caves or on the 'cars' telling us what king's piety decreed their construction, what artists wrought these fancies into stone, why the work was begun or why it was left unfinished. Perhaps these questions will never be answered. But caves and 'cars,' shrines and carvings are all the witness of masterly genius, of manifold fancy, and of tireless skill.

A. C. C.

Credulity

[The following paragraphs appeared in *The Epiphany* of January 30.]

UNHAPPILY there are multitudes of people in India and elsewhere who are ready to accept as true any belief however absurd, and there are others who are only too successful in exploiting this credulity.

As we write these lines we have before us the card of a certain person calling himself an 'astrologer,' who actually has the effrontery to ask for a notice in the *Epiphany*. He offers to provide 'talismans' and charms which will ensure that those who wear them will be both successful in life, and enjoy good health—at a price paid to him! If one wants only small things like good health or success in racing and games of chance the cost is little—only Rs 7-8. But this charlatan provides also more expensive charms—for example the special one 'worn by all Hebrews first quality,' which costs Rs 30, and if success is needed in 'gemming'—whatever that may be—one has to get a talisman which costs Rs 225. Finally it is worth noting, those who wish to obtain these charms must send the money in advance. Presumably he regards himself as a philanthropist; for rather than wear his own Rs 225 talisman and be successful himself in 'gemming,' he would rather the public bought his charms and went 'gemming' instead.

But he is more than a mere seller of charms, he is an 'astrologer,' who can read any one's future from the stars. Send him the time and date of your birth, and Rs 15, and he will read the future for you; but don't forget the Rs 15.

It is indeed a pitiful comment on the credulous folly of mankind that there are people, who are such simpletons as to believe that by wearing a trinket they will become wealthy or powerful, or who think that the position of the planets at the time of their birth has something to do with their future. But there is no question that there are a great number of such foolish people, because there are many men who plainly are making a living by catering for their credulity. The advertisement pages even of such a magazine as the *Modern Review* are well worth reading to see how many credulous people there are, who apparently believe that wearing an amulet or talisman has made them successful in business or litigation, and are not ashamed publicly to announce this. It is also obvious that the selling of such things must pay well, or else the vendors of them could not afford to advertise on so wide a scale.

Another example of credulity is the absurd belief in palmistry or hand reading. How any sane man or woman can believe that it is possible to tell the past or the future from certain lines in the hands is difficult for sanity to imagine. Yet there are quite a number of people superstitious enough even for this. Of course it is true that certain trades and professions show traces in the hands of those who follow them. A blast furnace man for example is certain to have a hard scarred hand, a doctor a strong but beautifully kept

hand, and a man who habitually uses a pen will probably have a little lump between the first and second finger.

But the palmist is usually able to take in his dupes by a certain amount of guess work, a little observation, and a great deal of generalization. For example, he will say, as he looks at a hand, 'You had a serious illness in your childhood,' 'Wonderful' thinks his client. But is it? After all most of us have had at least one serious illness in our childhood; it is therefore a fairly safe guess. But the gullible payer of fees never thinks of that, and accepts all the palmist tells him of the future on the strength of some very obvious guesses about the past. Another form credulity may take is the very common belief in those patent medicines which profess to cure every kind of bodily ill. People who dose themselves with quack medicines instead of going to a skilled doctor are wasting their substance on what is worthless. They are accepting without any real examination of the evidence what the advertiser says of his patent medicine. A well known quack medicine is made mostly of soap costing about 1½d to manufacture, but is sold at 1s 1½d.

[In *The Epiphany* for February, 27 the following letter appeared.]

Dear Sir,—I read with special interest your article on 'Credulity' in the issue, dated 30th January 1926. For many years I have found it difficult to persuade the boys in my school that these self-styled 'astrologers' are swindlers. For this reason I recently tried the experiment of replying to an advertisement, and at the cost of Rs 3 asking for a 'five years' detail record' of my future. After ten days I received three foolscap pages, giving various dates in my past and future when my 'position and purse' had improved or were to improve, when I had been or was to be successful in love affairs, 'unsuccessful in love affairs,' 'unhappy in domestic affairs,' etc., etc., *ad nauseam*. Every single date in the past was a bad shot. For the next five years my fortune was to be 'on the whole bad.' One period would be 'marked by pecuniary and positional loss, domestic happiness, bereavements, troubles, useless travelling and ill-feeling with others.' If there were any law in India to deal with such swindlers, I could successfully foretell this astrologer's immediate future!

There followed a 'character sketch of the native.' I am 'high-minded and generous, but a bit hot-tempered. Once enraged he will become furious.' I am also very susceptible—but modesty forbids further quotation.

This experiment has, I believe, done much to sow the seed of scepticism in the minds of my boys. I write this letter in the hope that a wider circle of boys and young men may be convinced that if they waste their money and faith on such charlatans, they will be to quote the words of a rather futile poetess—'paying credulity with pain.'

Yours faithfully,
W. D. P. HILL.

Benares.

The *Madras Mail* a week or two later gave particulars of another charm, as follows:

An Indian paper advertisement at the price of two rupees for six months or five rupees ('five times more powerful and gives immediate effect') for a year. It is unnecessary to give the advertiser's name, for he specifically disclaims any attempt to make a profit—the cause of selling this most highly beneficial and invaluable object at such a low price is only to do good to the public both rich and poor for the sole object of doing divine good

at this critical time': also because he explains that 'it cannot be prepared at any time but only when the sun comes at its original place when during a short time it is prepared at the cost of great trouble and sacrifice': not only that, indeed, but 'at the risk of one's life—so that the less he sells, the less danger will there be to his philanthropic existence.

'If shop-keepers keep it in their cash boxes they will find nine in one on the very day, i.e., they will find an increase in the cash on the very day.

'Just as an iron bar shelters the big building offices against the electric storms and thunders, this Charm saves one against many diseases, i.e., plague, cholera, consumption, convulsions or sudden deaths, difficulties, misfortunes and miseries.

'Man or woman will easily and quickly unite into marriages by its possession.

'This Talisman will help to pass in all sorts of examinations.

'In races and lotteries, there is nothing equal to it.'

The man that swallowed himself

ALL the world looks to India as the land of the magician and the conjurer. How often we have seen the sleight-of-hand performer with his tame mongoose, his flageolet, his flat baskets of snakes and his bags of promiscuous properties. We have watched him juggle eggs and coins from the most unexpected places. We have been delighted with the mango trick, and puzzled by the basket trick. And we have hoped, how we have hoped, that he might put up the rope trick, of which we have read so much and seen so little.

But what a sight to see a juggler swallow himself! Sword-swallowing we have seen, time and again; but who ever heard of a man swallowing himself? We may any of us read of the feat for ourselves, but it was left for a theological professor to put the idea into these very words. If you will turn to the book of Ecclesiastes, near the middle of the Bible, the tenth chapter and the twelfth verse you will read, 'The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious: but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself.' There is the picture. Is it true? Is it possible?

Let us see. Take for example the boaster: he does not have to be imported from any other country of big things and 'tall stories,' he can be found in almost any village. He tells us of the great distance he has thrown the village *ilanthari* stone, which others can barely lift. Or he tells us how, when other contestants could not shoot an arrow along one side of the Teppa-kulam, at Madura, his ancestor easily shot one from one corner diagonally to the opposite corner. Or he tells how his pair of trotting bulls made the Collector's horse 'eat dust' for five miles. As we listen to the boaster the man we have been looking at disappears and is swallowed up in a mass of words. Who would ever think of asking his advice in a matter of business? No more than one would ask it of one of the pop-eyed, pot-bellied stucco figures perched above the gateway to a silk-weaver's palace! The man has gone: only a gibbering Braggadocio remains to cast a shadow in the sunlight.

Or take the peppery tempered, unreasonable man, who is always 'looking for trouble,' and finding it; who carries a chip on his shoulder in the avid hope that someone will knock it off and so 'start something.' Then, when he opens his mouth in a rage and the ugly, unreasonable, senseless words come tumbling out—'little pot soon hot.' Instead of a man—

homo sapiens the anthropologists call him—we see only a little boiling kettle half hidden by its own steam as it boils over on to the hot coals.

Or there comes up a picture from the Malabar fields, where the grey monkeys have come out from the forest to grub in the cultivated fields for sugar-cane sprouts or sweet-potatoes. One old fellow happens on his mate pulling up a big, green ginger-root. He snatches it from her before she can dodge him. In his greediness he takes a huge bite from it and stows it away in his cheek-pouches. But it is suddenly hot and burns his mouth, and in his rage he springs on the nearest of his family and bites it. So the lips of the choleric man swallow him up, and only a shrivelled, frantic, old monkey remains.

Then there is the man who simply cannot tell the truth. If only he could keep his mouth shut he might, easily, be taken for a wise man. But to him silence is painful. Nothing else so pleases him as to hear himself talk. He has little knowledge of the facts of the world about and above him, so he soon falls back on fiction. He does not dream that it takes more brains to be a convincing, or even an entertaining, liar than it does to tell the truth. As he talks how he shrinks until he seems no more than a crow, standing on a brick wall, and endlessly cawing to assure the world that he is an eagle—strong, fierce, invincible.

When we see such a disappearing trick—from which the man will never more fully return—we shall do well to think of the other half of the picture—'The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious.' Let us resolve to listen to them, and ourselves try to learn to use that kind of speech. We may find help to do this by remembering that others are watching and weighing our words as we have been watching others' words, and remembering that our words are real parts of us and show just what manner of folk we are.

The Scotch poet, Robert Burns, on one occasion, saw a finely dressed woman seem to shrink to the size of a small insect. From the sight he was led to exclaim—

'Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion!'

Unless we take the time to review our conduct—our deeds, words and thoughts, for from our thoughts spring both words and deeds—we shall never realize how we appear to others. There is scarcely a more pitiable sight than the man who lives in the 'fool's Paradise' of his own excellent opinion of himself; one shared by no one else.

Yes—'The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious.' And we may put two other true sentences alongside it: 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver'; and 'A word spoken in due season, how good it is.'

The old monk's Aztec book

THERE are many famous books in the world whose history is as marvellous as if they were living men passing through great adventures.

One of these is going to be published in Europe. It is called *A History of New Spain*, meaning Mexico, which to us is a very old Spain. It is the oldest book ever written in the Aztec, the Mexican tongue, and was

begun almost four hundred years ago by a Spanish monk called Bernardino de Sahagun.

Bernardino sailed to Mexico in 1529 as a Franciscan missionary. Mexico had been conquered by Cortes only eight years before, and the old Aztec civilization was not yet crushed out.

The scholar's zeal

From the first Bernardino was intensely interested in the history, customs, and rites of the old Mexican people. Soon he became quite absorbed in the subject and was glad to hand over the charge of his monastery to someone else and devote himself to study. When he had compiled the first version of his book he submitted it to a committee of the most able Mexicans he could find, threw out what they doubted, and revised the manuscript again.

By this time Sahagun could write the language of the Mexicans (Aztec) better than any Spaniard of his day, and he wrote this marvellous work, which ran to twelve books, in the Aztec tongue.

A generation passed by while he was thus employed. The Spanish monk became old. His work was his life. He had the true scholar's zeal for the chosen subject of research, and nothing would take him from it. His course was not easy, and his greatest enemies were those of his own household. His brother monks regarded his time as lost, and while Bernardino was away one day tracking down another custom he had just heard of the monks burned part of his manuscript and sent other parts away to other monasteries until the greater mass of the good monk's work was squandered.

Happy to be working

The monk quickly decided on a course of action. He wrote to a high personage in Madrid, explaining the scope of his work and reporting what had happened to it. This letter he contrived to deliver into the hands of a sea captain who was sailing shortly to Spain. Sahagun settled down to wait.

Time rolled by, and another Spanish ship brought a letter from the high personage in Madrid, who knew that the old monk's work would be of priceless value as a picture of a vanishing race. The monasteries were ordered to restore to Bernardino the missing parts of the manuscript, and Bernardino was requested to translate the book into Spanish. He was now eighty, but he began the enormous task of the translation without any delay, quite happy to be able to go on working.

Lost for 200 years

He arranged the work in parallel columns, like a big family Bible. In one column was the history in Spanish, in the other in Aztec. Here and there were paintings done by Mexicans themselves. Perhaps because extreme old age was on him and he thought it was better to have half a loaf than no bread, the aged monk abridged the Spanish version, leaving out a number of the Aztec stories and traditions. Even then it was a monumental work. When the precious manuscript was finished the old man sent it to Madrid, and a little time later he quietly passed away, one of the most remarkable men the world has ever known.

No one knows quite what happened when the manuscript reached Spain, but for two hundred years it was lost sight of. Before the end of the

seventeenth century historians who were interested in Mexican history spoke of it as one of the wonders of the world and bitterly lamented its loss. If only they could find it all their ideas of the ancient Aztecs would be put right.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century a historian called Munez ran the precious manuscript to earth in a convent library in Navarre, and copied the abridged Spanish version. It fell into the hands of Lord Kingsborough a generation later, and in 1830 he published Munez's transcription. Someone else produced a French version. Then a great Mexican scholar set to work to translate into Spanish the original unabridged Aztec of Bernardino, but death cut short his labours.

He was followed by another enthusiast, Professor Eduard Seler, a German, who managed to get hold of Sahagun's original manuscript, and he began translating the Aztec version into German.

Years rolled by, and then the war ploughed its bitter furrow through this peaceful field of scholarship, but the professor finished the work just before his death a few years ago. He did not make the necessary notes, but these have been added by his widow, and this famous book is to appear in Berlin.

For the first time in the history of Europe we are to be able to read in full a work which is one of the marvels of the world in its essence, its life-story, and the faith and character of the man who produced it so long ago. No doubt we shall see the old monk's great book in English. It contains a marvellous story of a civilization dead and gone, and shows us the steps by which one fragment of the human race worked out its mysterious destiny.

From the 'C. N.'

The Gazelle outwits the Leopard

A Congo tale

ONCE upon a time a Leopard and a Gazelle lived together with their wives and families in the same part of Africa. One day the Leopard said, 'Friend Gazelle, let us go and buy some drums in the Zombo country.' 'All right,' replied the Gazelle; 'but where is the money?' 'I have the money by me,' answered the Leopard.

They started, and when they had walked a little way the Leopard growled out: 'Wait here. I must return to the town, as I have forgotten something.' The Leopard returned to the town and went to the Gazelle's wife and said: 'My friend has sent me for his children.' Mrs. Gazelle gave them to him, and putting them into a bag he returned to the place where he left the Gazelle. They started again, and when they had travelled a long distance the Leopard saw some honey in a hole in one of the trees, whereupon he said to the Gazelle: 'Wait for me here while I go to eat the honey, but you must not undo the sack.'

The Gazelle was left to guard the sack, which he untied, and looking in he exclaimed: 'Why, they are my children!' He put the sack on his back and hurried to the town, gave his children back to his wife, and went to the Leopard's house and said: 'My friend has sent me for his children.' Mrs. Leopard gave them to him. He put them in the sack and returned quickly to the spot where the Leopard had left him. After a time the Leopard arrived, licking the honey off his lips. He picked up the bag, and away they went again on their journey. By and by they reached Zombo,

and bought some drums, and when the Leopard paid the money for them [to the sellers], he whispered: 'Don't undo the bag now; there are some Gazelles in it.'

As they were returning home they tried the drums. The Leopard beat a tune and sang: 'The stupid people go on foolish journeys.' For the Leopard thought the Gazelle had helped to sell his own children for drums. The Gazelle then beat a tune and sang: 'At the place where they ate honey they left their bag of wisdom.' The Leopard did not know he had exchanged his own children for drums.

On their way home they played and sang in many towns, and received goats and pigs as presents for their entertainment. On reaching their town the Gazelle hurried to his house, and sent off his wife and children to hide.

The Leopard went to his house, and looking round, he asked his wife: 'Where are my children?' 'Why, you sent the Gazelle for them,' she replied; 'and now you ask: "Where are the children?"' The Leopard went in great rage to the Gazelle's house, but the Gazelle ran away, and as he was escaping, he cried out: 'I am the wise Gazelle who has outwitted your craftiness.'

From 'Congo Life and Jungle Stories,' by John H. Weeks (R.T.S.).

Shakespeare's Collaborators

DID Bacon collaborate with Shakespeare, or did he translate him? a hopelessly muddle-brained student was overheard asking another recently in the reference room of a public library.

'Neither,' answered his companion scornfully. 'He only edited him, pumpkin head!'

Some years ago, when the airy little farce by Charles Lamb, 'Mr. H.', was given a successful amateur performance, two ladies in the audience were talking before the rise of the curtain.

'Mr. H., a Farce in two Acts, by Charles Lamb,' read one of them from her programme thoughtfully. 'Do you know, I had quite forgotten that Lamb was a dramatic author.'

'Oh, my dear, of course he was!' exclaimed the other, with an air of kindly and superior amusement at an exhibition of ignorance. 'Surely you must remember that he and his sister collaborated with Shakespeare.'

'Did *what*?' cried the first lady. Then an explanation popped into her mind, and she added, 'Oh, you must be thinking of *Tales from Shakespeare*, by Charles and Mary Lamb.'

She meant to be polite, but she could not keep her voice from shaking with suppressed laughter or a gleam of appreciative mirth from appearing in her eyes. The first speaker, sensitive as pretentious persons usually are to ridicule, perceived it and realized that over-hasty cramming for the occasion had somehow led her into error. Though she coloured deeply, she kept her superior poise.

'I did not mean collaborated with him, of course,' she explained condescendingly. 'That was merely a slip of the tongue. I meant translated him.'

Great Thoughts.

Song of hope

Hope on, nor let the demon of Despair
Within your bosom make himself a lair;
Look for the sweet and lovely things that are—
No sky too black, but somewhere shines a star.
Hope on!

Hope on, cast all your doubts and fears away,
To-morrow must be better than to-day;
While Hope's bright rainbow spans this 'vale of tears'
With courage you can meet the coming years.
Hope on!

Hope on, hope on, your eyes fixed on the goal—
The issue lies in your own conquering soul;
The while you strive, learn to 'be still' and wait;
Know he who masters self has master'd fate.
Hope on!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE, in *Chumbers's Journal*.

Wise words and helpful thoughts

A student's prayers

Life's small duties

O Heavenly Father, help me to remember that in doing the small duties of life well and faithfully I am doing service to Thee. In home and school, in college or office, in shop or workshop or factory, help me to work for Thee.

For those in need

O God, remember those who are in sorrow, or are finding it hard to support themselves and their loved ones, or who have to care for the sick, or are themselves sick or weary. May they know that Thy purposes are good, and that Thou wilt bring good out of all evil to those who trust Thee. Help them to trust Thee.

For a pure heart

O Holy Lord, teach us so to master the desires and passions of our bodies, that we shall live lives clean in Thy sight.

For faithful discipleship

O God of all wisdom, give us wisdom to be the faithful disciples of Jesus. Help us to love truth and justice; to show kindness and courtesy and pity; and to copy the life of Jesus in our daily life. May we learn of Him, and as we learn may we follow Him, not seeking to please ourselves, but to do right in all things. And all we ask in His name. *Amen.*

Education

The first object of education should be not to supply facts but to create a desire to know.

A. C. SEWARD.

Consideration

In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindness, if sought for, are ever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that whenever a great sacrifice is called for he shall be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The likelihood is, he will not make it; and if he does, it will be much rather for his own sake than for his neighbour's.

G. A. SALA.

Self-control

There is a beautiful story which D'Aguesseau, a French Advocate General of the seventeenth century, tells of his father: 'Naturally of a quick temper,' his son says of him, 'when under provocation one saw him redden and become silent at the same moment; the nobler part of his soul allowing the first fire to pass without a word said, in order to re-establish straightaway that inner calm and tranquillity which reason and religion had combined to make the habit of his soul.' There you have the thing taken from the life; the trained soul caught in the entire fineness of its action. The whole philosophy of the spirit is there; the higher nature constructing its next thing, not from the grosser impulses, but from the free obedience it pays to the highest that is in it.

J. BRIERLEY.

Quiet obedience

Let us, then, labour for an inward stillness,
An inward stillness and an inward healing:
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait
In singleness of heart, that we may know
His will, and in the silence of our spirits
That we may do His will, and do that only.

LONGFELLOW.

Reading and thinking

Both for the duties of life and for the recreation of the mind it is necessary to know and to think, and you cannot know and think without reading. Without reading there cannot be any adequate or complete intellectual life. It is reading which opens avenues for the recreation of our intellectual life.

R. S. RAIT

From the Editor's note book

The degrees of comparison

Bad; very sick; dead.

Yellowhead's escape

Yellowhead, of Wabamun Lake, belonging to the tribe of the Stoney Sioux Red Indians has had a wonderful adventure.

A short time ago when journeying with other braves of his tribe to attend a great celebration at Banff, in Alberta, Yellowhead and a few others decided to leave their horses in the valley and make a daring trip along a narrow mountain ledge.

In such places the slightest accident means disaster, and when Yellowhead slipped in rounding a corner and fell headlong into a hollow a hundred feet below, his comrades felt that he must be dead. Fortunately, however, his friend Ghost-Skin wanted to make sure, and had himself lowered over the cliff. To his utter amazement, there at the bottom was Yellowhead, sitting with his head in his hands, badly bruised and dazed, but still alive.

Beside him lay a seven-foot puma, called a cougar in the Rockies, and near by were the remains of a half-eaten mountain goat. The cougar had been feeding on the goat when Yellowhead fell through the air right on the top of it!

The cougar had broke his fall and thus saved his life. And the cougar was also killed by the shock of Yellowhead falling on it. Otherwise Yellowhead would have assuredly gone the way of the goat.

Peoples of Asia

In 'Peoples of Asia' Mr. Dudley Buxton comes to the conclusion that the Races of Asia are much the same as those of Europe, with the addition of the Negritoes (a small and unimportant group) and the 'Mongolians.' The Mediterranean Race forms the bulk of the population of the near and middle East; and the Dravidians of India may be related to it. Traces of direct Nordic blood are found in the middle East, and the race that Haddon calls 'Indo-Afghan' (which includes the Aryan-speaking invaders of India of ancient times) is considered to be not proto-Nordic but a distinct development from the same parent stock as the Nordic. The Alpine Race is traced to Armenia and perhaps accounts for the broad-headed element in Western India. It is possible that the other great group of broad-headed peoples, the 'Mongolians,' is allied to this race.

War on insect plagues

The entomological expert of the British Ministry of Agriculture has just made a startling discovery. He has found that an insect known as the capsid bug has become an enemy. It used to live on the willow tree and did no harm there. But a farmer found that one of his apple trees was suffering from the attacks of an insect that he did not know. He sent a specimen to the entomologist, and the entomologist at once knew it for the capsid bug. It was at once clear that the capsid bug had for some reason begun to make its home on the apple tree and was doing much harm there and would do more. Of course there was at once an active campaign against the new

enemy, thus found out in time. This little incident shows the value of scientific work in matters agricultural.

Little Chaka, 105

An old Zulu of 105 has just bought and settled on land at Klipspruit which he intends to cultivate himself in spite of his 105 years. His name is Little Chaka.

He is a son of the notorious Zulu King Dingaan and a cousin of King Cetu-wayo. Readers of Rider Haggard's stories about Alan Quatermain will remember both names.

Little Chaka tells terrible stories of the days of his youth, but he likes most to tell how he proved himself to be, in his father's words 'a born leader, brave enough and strong enough to catch a lion bare-handed.'

This he did by walking through a great fire made of burning trees. As Little Chaka walked through this fire he fell, and his chest was burned to the bone. But he got up and walked on, to his father's great delight.

He was given command of the famous 'Tiger Impi.' This was a Zulu regiment which had been sent out unarmed to capture a leopard, and had succeeded! After his father's death Little Chaka was given away as a slave by his uncle.

Vitamins

Vitamins are the microscopically minute organisms in foodstuffs which make them nutritious. These are three kinds. They are called A, B, and C. Vitamin-A is present in Animal fats, such as butter, dripping, and cod-liver oil; Vitamin-B is in Brown, that is whole meal cereals! and Vitamin-C in fresh juicy fruits and green vegetables.

The origin of the silk-worm

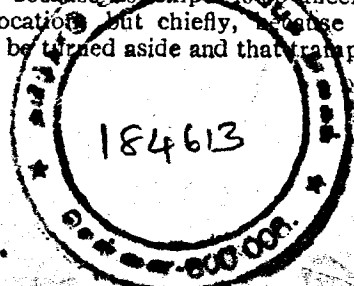
The wise men of ancient times told a quaint story of the origin of the silk-worm. They said that the Queen of Sheba sent King Solomon a diamond bored in a zigzag and asked him to thread it through the zigzag boring. This zigzag troubled him a little, for no thread could be passed through it. But at last a demon brought him a small worm, which crept through the winding passage, drawing a silken thread behind it. In gratitude for this Solomon asked the worm what reward it desired. It prayed for a suitable tree on which it might live, and from which it might draw nourishment. So he placed it on the mulberry tree, and this is the origin of the silkworm.

Hens, a cat and buffaloes

Hens were introduced into the island of Spitzbergen in the frozen Arctic only a short time ago. The first egg laid was carefully preserved and sent to the public library at Oslo in Norway.

A cat which was recently taken to a new home in Gloucestershire, walked back 25 miles to its old home.

An experienced hunter says that the lion is not the most dangerous beast in Africa, though an occasional man-eater may kill many human beings. The buffalo is far more dangerous, partly because it is so uncertain that it will often charge without provocation, but chiefly, because buffaloes charge in a great herd that cannot be turned aside and that tramples down every creature in its path.



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