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Vol. 2

No 9

THE SCHOLAR

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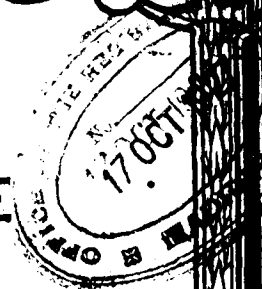
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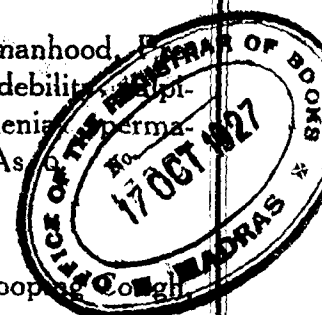
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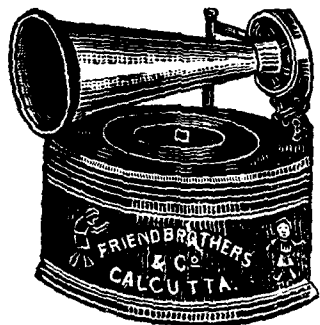
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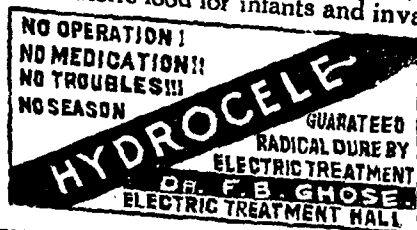
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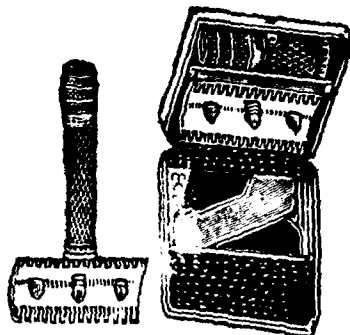
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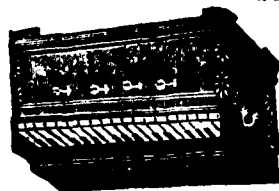
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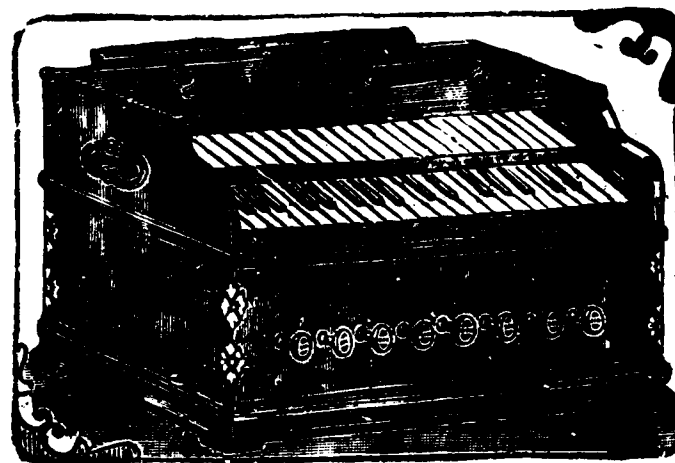
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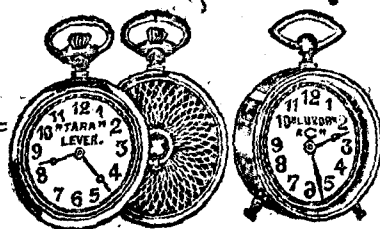
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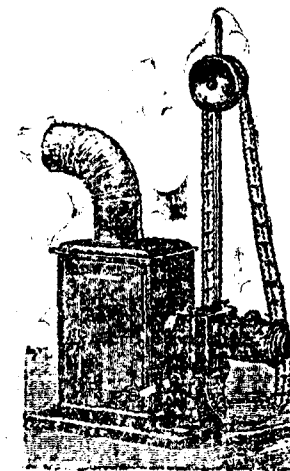
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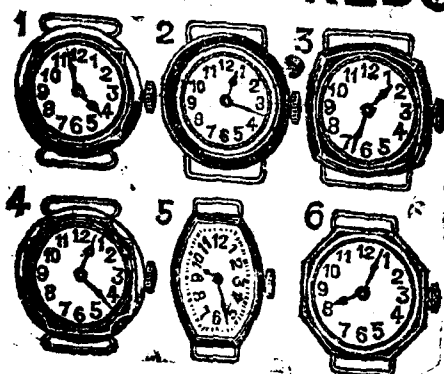
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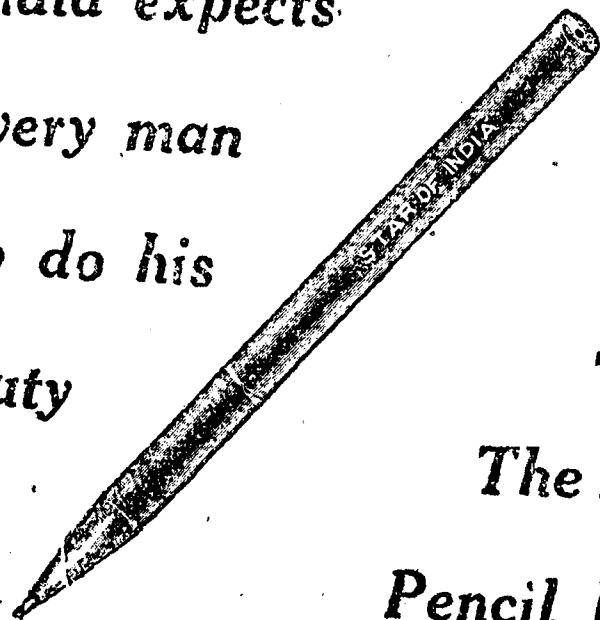
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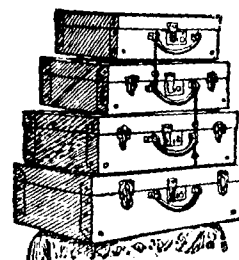
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Vol. 2

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No. 9

MAHATMA GANDHI—A STUDY

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BY L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR M. A., B. L.

AMONGST the great ideas that dominantly possess the life of men, there are some which lead to the puckering of brows ceaselessly bent on the silent pursuit of knowledge, others which caress the imagination with their seductive charms and yet others which take men by storm, make them shout, struggle and strive. Such an one is the collective idea which sets a nation a-stir for the attainment or restoration of its freedom through the aid of its own native strength. And this idea, when it appears, easily becomes imperious. It growls. It rakes up a disquieting amount of mire and inspires men with desperate fury. It is war!

Thus, through the course of centuries, the history of successive freedoms is the history of wars marked by greater or lesser holocausts and horrors which are not mentioned even for being justified. Valour? Yes!—but the insensate valour which plants its flag on wrecks and ruins.

Now, a unique and astonishing message greets our ears from India. A voice rises there calling out to the peoples: "You are in the throes of suffering. Massacre will be no remedy. Cast off your weapons and cleanse yourselves! India will live again in peace through renunciation!"

From afar indeed comes this message of new harmonies. And how more strange than distant for us is this India of

fascinating mystery! Our imaginative excursionists have projected before our eyes only the fantastic pageantry of this land:

"From the earth surge animals and plants hustling one another in their exuberance. The rarest plants and the noblest animals thrive majestically amidst this plethoric glut.



And in the midst of all this, man is active. He has exalted Nature.

Innumerable palaces and temples sing the glory of God. Flauntingly magnificent, unbelievable! Akbar's descendants had an emerald peacock for their throne. The King of Delhi made for himself a cascade paved with gold and studded with precious gems, so that the water in its fall might take on from the sun's rays the most captivating hues. The Maharaja of Amber wished to have a town of entire marble of rose, and Jeypore arose to his command. Benares and Ellore show that the splendid monuments dedicated to the gods surpass all others in richness and grandeur."

And as all-powerful sovereigns ruling over submissive subjects, appear in this list the great potentates of India. Their life shines forth towards fuddled Europe in fabulous pictures where diamonds gleam, and precious gems, and nautch-girls at the feet of Buddhas.

The India that the West has seen in the mirror presented to it is the India of the Maharajas.

Now, perhaps, across this astonishing splendour, comes to us, muffled by the sound of the ocean, a laconic cry: *Famine!* It remains inexplicable and is lost in our indifference.

It was the entire people that groaned. It is to this distressful cry that words of peace and renunciation have been addressed!

He who has uttered these words, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, "the great soul," has turned towards the India of sufferings his soft and serious face, his plain smiling looks charged with an intrepid force. "He has stood," says Tagore, "at the thresholds of thousands of the poor, dressed like one amongst them and speaking to them their native tongue. Here at last is Truth and not a mere quotation from a book."

Truth of sainthood? Truth of prophetship? Only too willingly does man grant a supernatural halo to those who preach such truths. Thus does he stand apart from their arid purity, by regarding them, from the very start, to be inaccessible. "What good is all the mighty effort," asks he, "since the stake is in heaven and we are on earth?"

A prophet Gandhi neither is nor wishes to be. Messiahs are periodically invented for us, adapted in varying degrees to the perfected refinement of modern life. Greater mystery indeed is essential for godhood.

Is he a saint, then?

Of saints there had existed many, and there are many now.

It is not a new thing,—the spectacle of men having mortified themselves in their flesh and in their soul. In the estimation of those who believe in heaven, these saints have opened its doors to sinners; in the opinion of those who believe in the power of example, they have infused a little of virtue in the world, and in the opinion of those who believe in nothing, they

have simply vacated their places for others. And then they have been forgotten without the world having marched any the farther for their existence.

Neither a prophet nor a saint is this man, —I wish to remove all misconception,—Mahatma Gandhi is only.....a barrister!

His father and his grandfather were the prime ministers of the princes of Porbandher. His youth saw only honours and wealth. In his nineteenth year he started for London for the completion of his studies, causing distressful agitation to his devout mother. Do not smile,—on the eve of his departure, she made him take the triple vow of abstention from meat, wine and women.

After his return to his native land, Mohandas Gandhi practised his profession with success. And, in India, a successful practice means a financial triumph such as would fill the most favoured among us with humility. A great lawyer there has been known to remit six millions every year into the bank.

In 1893, by chance, his practice led him to Natal for a year's stay. The very day of his arrival, he received a shock which greatly moved him: he, an educated gentleman of the Inns of Court, child of a noble race who knew the splendours of a Hindu palace, friend not of the humble but of the powerful and the refined,—he was forcibly ejected from the door of a first class compartment in a railway train. By remaining in the compartment while a European had entered it, he had been forthwith guilty of treason to the white race!

His stupefaction was extreme, but was to increase further in the course of the same day. The conductor of a coach in which he was travelling ordered him to move out of his seat and sit on the footboard. Gandhi budged never an inch, whereupon the brute fell upon him and struck him violently.

This insult was, for the young Indian barrister, brilliant and self-confident, the light which discovered to him in a flash the unknown world of suffering. The sole objective of his visit thenceforth became an accessory aim. His discovery entirely upset his feelings: there in South Africa he had not the rights of a man because he was an Indian. His compatriots there—emigrants from India—were temporary slaves whom the rulers, Dutch by origin, wished to make slaves for all time.

The barrister had come for a year, the man left only twenty years after, when he had with the moral backing-up of England, restored to his Indian community its legitimate honour.

Step by step, he left off his profession which he considered immoral; the best of barristers should have been accessible to the poorest. One day, in the course of a cross-examination he quitted the court suddenly, because he found that his client had deceived him. He became absolutely unpractical, according to the accepted social canons.

His political manners too were equally surprising. When he was commissioned to go to England, he returned to his compatriots the funds of his mission. He similarly gave away to the poor the souvenir-plate presented to him at Natal.

In his twenty-fifth year, all the legitimate ambitions of a young man had left him. His work of devotion and service totally absorbed his life which he thenceforth held in trust for the cause of others.

This work, gentlemen, we are not going to judge. "For estimating the greatness of men untainted by their errors," said Valery, "they should be studied apart from their strength." The error, in our instance, matters little. We have not to seek if it exists at all. The great man alone claims our attention, even as he has interested his opponents, the Englishmen, who in paying him a personal tribute have shown rare nobility of outlook and exceptional liberty of judgment.

His work had nothing of the revolutionary in its aim. In South Africa, as later on in India he declared to the government: *reforms and not rupture*; and yet he has immortalised himself in history through the unique events which we shall be discussing now. From what living source did these surge up?

From an inordinate ambition? From a fanatical patriotism? No! Gandhi was free from both these scourges. The living source of inspiration for this man whom some call a politician, was the religious ideal.

Have no fear, gentlemen! Gandhi is not a missionary. He wishes to exalt not a religious ideal, but *the* religious ideal!

We are used to hearing the Christian preach Christianity, the Mussalman Mohammanism. Would not the Hindu preach *his* religion? Impossible as it may seem to the clerically-minded

among us, the Hindu religion does not exclude from its fold other faiths. It is the embodiment of tolerance itself, and it pays for it dearly in having gathered into its bosom undesirable doctrines too—because it knows not how to reject. But give this smiling Hindu religion a place in the heart of a pure man like the Mahatma, he crops off all the parasitic outgrowth and presents to us its pure uncorrupted soul. "Christ," said he, "is a resplendent revelation of God, but not an only one. I do not see him on a solitary throne."

Hinduism, his religion by choice, teaches him the need for purifying his passions and not for destroying them. It teaches him the compatibility of a busy worldly life with the inward activity of the soul.

He respects Buddha, because in reality this great religious teacher excelled all other men in purity, but Buddha's doctrine of quietism does not attract him. Negation repels Gandhi who, however, draws from Buddha the ideal of mental discipline and the complete denial of the self.

Towards Christ, his soul ever harks with fervour. The New Testament was his first great religious emotion. He was then twenty years of age and was living in London and the attempts of some of his friends to make him accept the teachings of the Bible had completely failed. The great Hindu scriptures became clear to him only later on.

And then he sought and found what the Sermon on the Mount taught him—the law of love and suffering.

It is with a quotation from the gospels that he ends his work on Ethical Religion—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and the rest shall be added unto you."

These words are not for him, as they were for Renan, an illusory dream of the "charming doctrinaire". He gives them a simple yet large meaning, precise and practical. To say that they are only a doctrine and unworkable in our industrial era, is (to quote the indignant observation of Tolstoy) "as if drunkards were to say that the advice preferred to them to become sober is misplaced in view of their state of drunkenness."

Christ has not theorised, he has given to the world a definition of human action entirely different from the ancient codes.

And the great wager was that Gandhi flung himself into politics surrounded by all this spiritual cortege, that he was neither mad nor powerless and that he irradiated the world with his soul.

His South African campaign affected only a handful of people, but in India he led 320 million men inhabiting not a mere Utopian planet but a solid continent shouldering woes for the past thousands of years.

This fight which we are going to follow through its causes, its programme and its passionate *denouement* up till the unexpected calm of a majestic trial,—against whom was this fight directed?

Against England? No!

Against humiliating injustice and against all that man's sense of honour cannot support.

Gandhi addressed England thus: "See what your administration has done! See its crimes and errors! Make amends! Is it not true to say that England stands for her constitution which is the guardian of so many liberties, and for all her proclamations addressed to her subjects of whatever race or creed, beginning from that of Queen Victoria? "In their prosperity," said the good Queen, "will be our strength, in their contentment our security and in their gratitude our highest reward."

Till the time of the proclamation of King George V in 1920 which desired to show justice and clemency, the Queen's august wish had not been a prophesy. True, the Queen was far away; her agents perhaps had taken advantage of the distance but the royal ideal had not wavered. "I sincerely desire," said His Majesty King George, "that every trace of resentment between my people and those at the head of my government be effaced." And by his order political prisoners had been amnestied.

"I love the English," concluded Gandhi, "I love their constitution, I wish that entire India will be loyal, but an India honourable and proud, and not an India humiliated and trampled under foot."

Was he the most loyal of subjects to the Empire?

From 1914 to 1918 when the existence of the Empire was imperilled, Gandhi recruited soldiers for its defence. In April

1918, he accepted the urgent invitation of the Government to appear at the War Conference at Delhi. He urged his countrymen who were becoming rather indifferent, to support the Empire's cause in her peril, without bargaining or equivocation. "Later on," he said, "when Englishmen will be in a position to hear our appeal, we shall demand of them a worthy association on a footing of equality such as, for example, the Dominions enjoy. We shall then be partners and friends."

An *entente* was expected, but in its stead came bitter strife.

Was the cause of the struggle merely the uneasiness of a nation in political travail desiring to attain a conventional type of Government, for the mere pleasure of moulting and hearing one's own slough snap off?

Such indeed would have been the case, if the history of India had begun with 1858 when India was annexed to the British Crown. But India ceases to have any significance viewed merely through a half-century or a century and a half.

Her history is 5000 years old and her literature dates back to 2000 years ago. Her antiquity is lost beyond that of civilisations long since crumbled into dust. She alone has survived. Under the aegis of multiple kings or of one all-powerful Emperor and in the enjoyment of an immense prosperity, she has proudly deployed herself through centuries.

Even the most revolutionary of social systems that have ever existed, cannot show, in its attempt to conceive a substitute for the classic picture of the frightful tyrant, a parallel to the following unexpected precursor, in India, of our most advanced communist ideal. A certain great emperor appears to have put an ancient ancestral custom into practice by distributing, every once in five years throughout his reign, the wealth accumulated in the treasury during the preceding years. And, *mirabile dictu*, as a surprising gesture which gives a striking proof of the greatness of the Hindu religion, the pious Hindu King after having satisfied the poor and gifted the Buddhist monks used to distribute his wealth to heretics and non-Hindus too, for a period of ten days!

Since then it came about that the India of the great dynasties, the India which pulsed with life, the India of marvellous legends and abstractions, gradually became moribund.

The influence of the West in the nineteenth century arrested the soft and supple rhythm of India's age-old activity. Europe let loose upon her her grand methods and her complicated machinery. But India absorbed nothing. Methods and engines were rained upon her; struck with astonishment and powerless to respond in the same strain, she saw herself enveloped in the grip of this incomprehensible civilisation which far from fostering her, swallowed her up.

India became the submissive victim of all these steel-frame men and of all these hard-tempered instruments. Sparkling with accumulated wealth and infinite promises she offered temptations too great for the West to resist. And if these people from the West introduced railways and all the commodities of their civilisation, they availed themselves of these only for dredging away from India her infinite riches.

India was disfigured and not fortified. The introduction of material forces brought in its wake only the destruction of her spiritual strength.

This is the under lying cause of the fight: Gandhi desired that emasculated India should re-discover her innate genius.

The immediate causes also were not wanting.

Scarcely was the armistice of the 11th November 1918 concluded,—which, there, as here, was the hope of a better life—when the Rowlatt Bills were passed. Following upon the conspiracies of a few individuals, the penal code was modified in order to arm the Government with extraordinary powers against the entire population, the meekest in all the world.

On the other side, a great trepidation seized the Mussalmans of India. Lloyd George had promised them, in recognition of their loyalty, that the integrity of the Ottoman Empire would remain inviolate. Echoes of the conferences in Europe now reached the ears of the Indian Mussalmans. There was talk of the dismemberment of Turkey, and, what was more, England

was not going to be one of the powers which supported the defence of Moslem claims.

The Moslem, even in India, is violent and fanatic. If he is freely left to choose between loyalty to Brittanic connection and devotion to his religion and the Prophet, he does not hesitate for a moment. Holy spots were being tampered with. This was sufficient to provoke the Ali brothers to activity; and in one bound the 66 millions of Mussalmans ranged themselves round the new leaders.

Was this cause of the Caliphate going to remain an exclusively Mussalman one?

If one were credulous enough to believe the story that makes out—without any proper justification—Hindus and Mussalmans to be irreconcilable enemies for all time, then with equal credulity four-fifths of the people should have hailed with ill-concealed joy, the pretty game which Lausanne played to their credulous countrymen.

But history as well as the genius of the Hindu religion exposes the hollowness of this legend of Hindu-Moslem animosity.

Hindu emperors had succeeded Mussalman kings without any conflict, without any trace of that open yet silent struggle between man and man which renders all social relations impossible. Akbar, the great Mussalman emperor married a Hindu princess without any catastrophe following in its wake.

Moreover, why should the Hindu religion which is at peace with all the religions of the world, war with that of Mahomet? Its complaisant amiability, on the contrary, has made the Mussalmans of India the most tractable of all Moslems.

The Hindu-Moslem problem is all a question of artificial politics, its origin dating from about twenty years ago. That, on the one hand, vexations have been caused to the Hindus in

connection with their cult of the cow and that, on the other, Hindus have indulged in music before Mohammedan mosques—all this is only petty-minded brawling for which religion has been used as a pretext. There had never been any definite hostility between the two religions. Of course, differences exist in dietetic arrangements, social matters and matrimonial customs, but the fact that the members of the two communities do not sit together at the same table or do not inter-marry, is only the result of that social prudence which regulates the life of every community according to its own genius.

Thus the Hindus did not find it difficult to make common cause with their Moslem brethren in the Caliphate cause.

Gandhi's espousal was sufficient encouragement for this. A promise had been made to the Moslems, it ought to have been kept—a promise not futile but vital for the Mussulman—because it was aimed at preserving what any day the Mussulman would be ready to defend with his life—his religion, his faith and his holy lands.

The Moslem, belonging as he does to a race without guile subterfuge had taken seriously a phase of diplomatic policy which was only a piece of playful gullery.

Thus was India thrown into agitation by the Rowlatt Acts and the Caliphate problem.

Gandhi felt the injustice more than others, but far from exploiting the irritation, he controlled it. He held out his hand to the Ali brothers who were strong with the strength of 66 million adherents but he disarmed them. He preached disobedience to the Rowlatt Acts but demanded the solemn vow of abstention from violence to person or property.

He began to run a journal without official registration.

He circulated proscribed literature, his pamphlet on Home Rule, Ruskin's work entitled "Unto the Last" and Plato's Defence and Death of Socrates" translated by him and interdicted by the Government in 1919. At the same time he organised

religious demonstrations throughout India : hartals, days of fasting and prayer when the soul retreated unto itself and collected its strength so as to foster the power of conviction, Government would see its error. And throughout the spring and autumn of 1919, the hartals increased, silent and grand ! Was this impalpable strength going to throw militarism into a frenzy ?

It came about that in Jallianwalla Bagh in the Punjab, order was given by General Dyer to shoot down inoffensive demonstrators. There was a holocaust of 2000 victims.

A cry of indignation rang through the land.

At the same time arrests were made *en masse* in the Punjab, in accordance with the Rowlatt Acts, and the guilty were sentenced summarily in defiance of the most elementary rules of human law. A kind of frenzy had seized the administration of the Punjab, thanks to a few maddened officials.

The Central Government ordered an enquiry. The Indian National Congress also did the same. The enquiries were conducted on parallel lines for six months by judges equally impartial. Their reports served to confirm the facts in all their incredible barbarity. Between the one report and the other, there was only a difference in form. In the judgment of the one, the Jallianwallah Bagh affair was a massacre while, for the other, it was an error of judgment committed by General Dyer.

The Brittanic Parliament became aware of the facts. The House of Commons seethed with indignation. The fine speeches of Messrs. Asquith, Montagu and Churchill evidenced it powerfully.

Then there occurred a phenomenon which might surprise the credulous populace but not the politicians who know. The great eddy of agitation which whirled in the Commons became a stagnant sea of indifference in the House of Lords. There in the Lords,—it was only too clear,—indignation was stifled and the work of justice fell into lethargy.

The guilty were not punished; by inadvertence, certain of them were promoted.

India groaned with misery.

(To be continued)

THE POEMS OF THOMAS HARDY*

BY N. R. HARIHARA IYER, M. A., L. T.

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For, in unwonted purliens, far and nigh,
At whiles or short or long,
May be discerned a *wrong*
Dying as of self-slaughter; whereat I
Would raise my voice in song.

The unknown God:

"You taught not that which you set about,"
Said my own voice talking to me;
"That the greatest of things is charity."
And the sticks burnt low, and the fire went out,
And my voice ceased talking to me.

Survivor.

Hardy.

GENERAL

IN 1925, in his eighty-fifth year, Mr. Hardy's *Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles*—full of songs but no trifles—was issued, and he is at his desk every day even now. A glory as of a mellow sunset is shed over these poems, the meditations, reflections and hopes of one who has long brooded over life, its mysteries and passions, the world, death and destiny. His fame as a poet of humanity and as a lyricist has grown and has been assured.

Even in his youth he was given to versifying in the intervals of his duties as an architect. His first volume of poems *Wessex Poems* published in 1898 at the end of a long period of novel-writing contains pieces of the early dates 1866 and 67, and others often returned by editors as unsuitable. When his name as a novelist was established, the public was more receptive.

The two early volumes *Wessex Poems* (1898) and *Past and Present Poems* (1901) mostly reflect the moods of his youth and are echoes of the various traditions of the Napoleonic menace in the South Coast. Between 1898 and 1904 he was also at work on the *Dynasts*—an epic drama of the Napoleonic Wars. As he relates in the poem 'one we know' in *Time's Laughing-stocks*, he

* 1. *Wessex Poems*. 2. *Past and Present Poems*. 3. *Time's Laughing-stocks*. 4. *Satires of Circumstance*. 5. *Moments of Vision*. 6. *Late Lyrics and Earlier*.

had heard in childhood many stories round the family fire—the Alarm, Leipzig etc., he had seen some veterans of the Army and his sensitive imagination was quickened.

And I heard sounds of insult, shame and wrong,
And trumpets blown for 'wars.'

The historic and Roman associations of Wessex, the treasures of Roman art dug up in the foundations when his home Max Gate was built and his own reflective temper have given him a vision across time. Local traditions also gave him mental and spiritual food.

Time's Laughing-stocks (1909), Satires of Circumstance (1914), Moments of Vision (1917), and Late lyrics and Earlier (1922) have shown his ripening mastery of metrical form and the wide range of his lyrical gift. The titles are illuminative of the passionate thinking and feeling of the poet on Time laughing at man and conditions mocking him in satire. These poems include tales of love, sad and ironic, sonnets, war poems, poems of a deep pity and humanity and beauty, cynical turns of situations in life with seeds of tragedy in them, patriotic songs, memories of love, reveries, questionings and phantasies and songs of hope. They touch the reader's mind at various points of his daily experience and stir the feelings and emotions and thought.

EARLY YEARS—INFLUENCES

His mother, a woman of ability and character whom he pictures in the 'Roman Road' in Time's Laughing-stocks 'guiding his infant steps' along with the ancient thoroughfare gave him in his childhood a copy of Dryden's Virgil. A noble mother, of a noble son, she is again feelingly referred to in the poem 'After the last Breath' in Time's Laughing-stocks as 'having escaped the Wrongs All' and 'Prisoner in the cell of Time no more.' She died in 1904, aged ninety-one, having seen her son rise to fame. His education was in the local schools which he commemorates in 'He revisits his first school' (Moments of Vision), the schools in which he

'Conned the grand Rule-of-three
With the bent of a lee'

Pink, tiny crisp-curled, when fresh
My pinions yet furled,
From the winds of the world.

At sixteen he was articled to an ecclesiastical architect Mr. Hicks. Himself the son of a builder, he learnt the lessons of design in his sphere of work. Many are the words scattered in the poems, of his architectural lore of those days. He drew plans and made measurements and, during the church restoration craze, saw many churches and added to his store of tales and plots. Many of the poems bear traces of his early interests. As he sat drawing details in a church, or a churchyard, the seer in him was roused to a keen sense of the ironies, pathos and transitoriness of life. His sense of form, both in the novels and the least of his poems, is a wonder. The story of the Abbey Mason who was 'so modest as to renounce fame's fairest fee, though his visionings are crystallised in the glorious Gloucester Cathedral' leads one to muse upon popular greatness based on no claim but boomed well. When 'copying architecture in an old Minster' he heard the thin cheepings of the ghosts of dukes and knights met in assembly to devise means for the welfare of mankind, and drops his pencil in a cranny in his dreamy musings. Here is a characteristic mood of the poet:

'Or perhaps they speak to the yet unborn,
And caution them not to come,
To a world so ancient and trouble-torn,
Of toiled intents, vain loving kindness,
And ardours chilled and dumb.'

In a later poem of mature age, after long meditation, his thoughts turn to those in the church-yard and

'in the mood that stillness brings,
.....as the day wore pale'

he accepted the view of the dead that was 'sought' by the yew.

'Now set among the wise'
They say: 'Enlarged in scope,
That no God trumpet us to rise
We truly hope!'

The growth of his sense of irony in life may be seen in the early dated poem (1882)—reminiscent of 'restoration' days—in which the dead cry for deliverance from the ravages of the 'restorers' in 'The Levelled Churchyard'.

The wicked people have annexed
The verses on the good;
A roaring drunkard sports the text
Tectotal Tommy should.

This irony takes on a tinge of horror when circumstances satirise the squabbings of the mothers over their children, in the poem 'In the Cemetery' in *Satires of Circumstance*.

'And then the main drain had to cross,
And we moved the lot some nights ago,
And packed them away in the general boss
With hundreds more. But their folks don't know,
And as well cry over a new-laid drain
As anything else, to ease your pain.'

And when, in 'Channel Firing' in *Satires of Circumstance*, the guns disturbed the restful dead, they feared it was Judgment day. The same passionate imagination as vivified the turbulence and woe in the world of men, birds and beasts caused by the wars of the Dynasts glows in the lines:—

'While drearier
Arose the howl of weakened hounds;
The mouse let fall the altar-crumbs,
The worms drew back into the mounds,
The glebe cow drooled. Till God called 'no'
It's gunnery practice out at sea
Just as before you went below;
The world is as it used to be:
'All nations striving strong to make
Red war yet redder. Mad as hatters
They do no more for Christ's sake
Than you who are helpless in such matters'

The woes of a distracted world that has not bettered reached the dead.

'And many a skeleton shook his head,
'Instead of preaching forty year'
My neighbour Parson Thirdly said,
'I wish I had stuck to pipes and beer.'

The same thought that Death is a rest and that the dead are happy and are transformed into flowers, dancing leaves, shining leaves of the laurel, berries of juice and gloss etc.—transformations appropriate to the quality and the bitter experience during life on earth—seems to grow into a faith with the poet. They mask themselves

'This branch may be his wife.
A ruddy human life
Now turned to a green shoot.
And the fair girl long ago
Whom I often tried to know
May be entering this rose.'

Transformations
Moments of Vision.

The faith is strong in the 'Voices from things growing in a church-yard' in *Late Lyrics & Earlier*. Take the lines—

I'm old squire Audley Grey, who grew
Sir or Madam
Aweary of life and in scorn withdrew,
Till anon I clambered up anew
As ivy-green, when my ache was stayed,
And in that attire I have long time gayed
All day cheerily,
All night eerily!
And so these maskers breathe to each'

A second lasting influence of his early years is the halo of memories and associations round the Mellstock Church to rehang the bells of which Mr. Hardy recently appealed for funds. The Mellstock Choir, 'The String Band' live for ever embalmed in under the Greenwood Tree. To the child it must have been a familiar but impressive sight. The singing on Christmas nights from end to end of the Parish is the theme of many tales in the collected poems. The choir is also immortalised in the poems 'Friends Beyond', 'The Dead Quire', and 'The Paphian Ball' in *Human shows*. To Hardy, music and architecture appeal with touching associations. Many turns in the events of the stories, many crucial situations in the relations between a couple about to marry, or married, arise out of these old impressions in which his mind is steeped. 'The Rash Bride' and 'A Church Romance' illustrate this. 'A Church Romance' is characteristic of Hardy's abiding sense of the beginnings of love in little-noticed graces or attractions—an attitude or a glance of the beloved—a pose, a hint of rose—which, when Age has dried up Romance, shoots across the memory irradiating it.

In age, of the charm, he writes,
'Sparely come it, swiftly goes,
Ti ne again subdues her.'

Wives in the Sere, Past and Present Poems.

We call to mind the vision of Fancy Day wishing the choir 'a merry Christmas to ye' capturing young Dick who, as a result, later, was 'a lost man in the eyes of the members'.

Church-singing memories are seen in *An Apostrophe* to an old Psalm Tune. Here is a fine touching personal reference to the child Hardy.

I met you first—ah, when did I meet you first?
 When I was full of wonder, and innocent.
 Standing meek-eyed with those of choric bent,
 While dimming day grew dimmer
 In the pulpit glimmer
 and he has lived on to these 'years of belligerent fire' and

Spiritless
 In the wilderness
 I shrink from sight... *Quid Hic Agis.* Moments of Vision.

In 'To my father's violin' the poet regrets that the violin cannot cross into the abode of the Dead where the father would speak his heart to it as in dream and guide the quire. He sadly shapes the bygone story of the violin.

Full of the sadness of retrospect are the poems touching the days of early psalming in the church.

'We watched the elms, we watched the rooks,
 The clouds upon the breeze,
 Between the whiles of glancing at our books,
 And swaying like the trees.'

Afternoon service at Mellstock.

Moments of Vision.

Years of doubt followed 'the mindless outpouring of childhood.' The old faith weakened. Thought killed the optimistic faith shared by all about him that all was well. And yet he hopes

My lack may move their sympathies.
 And Christian charity
 O doth a bird deprived of wings
 Go earthbound wilfully?

Impercipient - Wessex Poems.

Yet he knows with pain 'that subtle thought on things since we stood psalming' has gained him little. The church is the background, in the poems, of tales of human joy and human agony, as in 'The Chapel Organist' and in 'The Christening.' 'She revisits alone the church of her marriage.' And, from beyond, the old members of the choir admonish roysterers and light heartedness on Christmas eve in the long poems the Dead Quire and Paphian Ball. The human and higher associations of the church move the deeps in his heart and the churchbells on holy and festive days awaken reflections on the passage of time and life in his many New-Year poems. They reveal his sense of his limitations and the growing burden of the years. He is humbled and wonders why the mechanic wrapt spinning of the world goes on.

A. I. YOUTH CONFERENCE

Vaswani's Message of Hope and Faith

THE following address was delivered by Mr. T. L. Vaswani, the President at the A. I. Youth Conference held at Gurukul Hardwar.

Friends,

If I had my own option in the matter I would not speak, I would rather sit amidst you in silence; for in silence is strength. Many centuries ago there appeared in ancient China a Rishi called Confucious. And he said "Heaven is silent; the seasons change and all things multiply,— heaven is silent." If Heaven is silent, must not man, also, learn to be silent? And I have felt again and again that India needs inspiration of what is more than, words—the inspiration of silent service, the inspiration of a mighty deed of sacrifice. And even as I speak to you, young friends, I breathe out an aspiration that our actions may go much further than all our words.

You have chosen for this chair a poor unworthy man, a 'darvish' of the desert. You have summoned me from my seclusion and silence to give you a message. The Lord has linked my heart with the young from the beginning of my days. I come to you not as a scholar or leader; I come as a servant of the young. I come to have your blessings. I come with love in my heart. I come with something else also— with faith in you, the youth of the Nation, with faith in India and her destiny. I believe profoundly that you who are young can build a nation of the strong, a nation of the free. I give you the tribute of my homage and affection. You are the path-finders of to-morrow. You are the builders of a greater India. Many have told me, many have sent me letters to say, that young men are going astray. Some think the young are running into ruin. Many of my countrymen are pessimistic about the youth. I come to you with immense optimism in my heart. In my quiet retreat, away from the high noises of the day, I have communed with the stars of the clear star-lit skies of my native land. And I have said to myself:— "The same star looked upon the India of the

long ago. India then was mighty as she is fallen to-day. India then was strong, rich and prosperous as she is poor to-day. India then was the leader of the nations, a 'guru' of humanity, as India alas! is treated to-day almost as an untouchable among the nations of the earth." Then have I shed tears and cried in the darkness of the night; "Oh mother, the ancient mother, Mother India! why hast thou hidden thy face of beauty and strength from thy children to-day?" And I have heard a voice saying:—Be not dismayed,—my young sons and young daughters will build a new nation on nobler lines in the coming days." Yes, the youth will build a greater India. I come to you with the message of hope and faith. To-day the country is divided. To-day there is a depression in many hearts. I am an humble servant of the young. I come to you with faith immense in India and her Destiny. Young men of India can work wonders. But they must be united in one body in a common service. They must be united in the strength of faith in India and the Indian ideals. To-day we start Bharat Yuvak Sangha," an Order of Young India.

The very first article of the Order's faith must be faith in "Bharat Dharma." India has not lived for herself. India lives to give the message of the Rishis—the message of the Ancient Wisdom,—to the world. Let young men be filled with the inspiration of Indian ideals. If they perish, then must perish the hope of India. One important object of the Order of Young India should be to study and spread Bharat Dharma. I ask you that are young to turn your thoughts away from the distractions and depression of to-day to the mighty destiny that awaits India. An Upanishad has well declared:— "A man becomes what he thinketh upon." Think, then, of what India may be in the coming days. Think of the mighty potentialities within you, to make her fulfil her mission to humanity.

The Bharat Yuvak Sangha should have "ashramas." There must gradually be built a net-work of "ashramas" throughout the length and breadth of India. I have in my mind a picture of an ideal "ashram." I have not the time to describe the picture to you in its several aspects to-day. I shall be content

with an imperfect statement of three or four aspects of the picture. The "ashrama," as I think of it, should, among other things, teach this central truth of national advance:—Be strong. I want India's youth to be sons of 'Shakti.' I want every young man to develop strength, and therefore to develop first his body and train it to be a servant of the ideal. To-day young men are weak. Many years ago, an English man came to Sind. He described the Sindhis as strong in physique. To-day Sindhi young men are weak in body. Coming to the Punjab, rich in noble traditions and memories of the martial spirit, what do I see? The Punjabi young men, too, are declining physically and the Bengalis, too, have declined physically. I want the young to be strong. India needs strength—all possible strength, to-day, strength of body, strength of mind, strength of the Atman. No weak nation may hope to be free. Look not for freedom to council debates, look not for freedom to parchments of Parliament. Freedom will grow out of 'Shakti.' Be strong. Weakness is a sin. And believe me, the body is a temple of God. How true is the ancient Sanskrit saying, 'Shariram Brahmamandiram'! The first lesson I would have the young learn in the ashrama is—'be strong', the second is, 'be simple.' Indeed, in true simplicity is strength. A Lahore friend told me that young Punjabis are running after fashions. Fashion is folly. Study the lives of India's great men. They have been simple. The 'rishis' of Aryavarta,—how simple they were! The heroes and teachers of India—from the mighty days of Shri Ram Chandra, down to our own dark days—illumined by the life and example of Mahatma Gandhi,—have been simple.

In the 'ashrama', as I think of it, I would also have every young man observe this rule that he must do at least one act of service every day. 'Shewa', service of the poor, is what involves and enriches life. Service of the poor is the end of knowledge.

We stand on the threshold of a new age. Shall we have a new India,—a liberated India? Who will lay the foundation of a new nation? In every province are needed young men, who would be sons of strength and courage, 'shakti'—worshipers. Such young men filled with the Indian ideal and rich in wealth of renunciation and sacrifice will open a new chapter in our

history. Young men, who would be "Bhikkhus" of the spirit united together in the service of love can work miracles.

Believe me, they wait for you,—the multitudes in the country. They wait for you. They wait for the message in towns and villages. There is a beautiful story in an ancient book. A boy says to his mother:—"Mother! you have spoken oft to me of Shri Krishna. Is Krishna alive?" "Yes," the mother says, "the Lord is not dead, he lives." "But I see him not," says the boy. And the mother says, "If you would see him, my child, you must practise one Sadhan." And he says, "I am ready, teach me." And the mother says, "My boy, if you would meet Krishna, thy Lord, offer every day, this little simple prayer, with faith and love in thy heart "May I, O Lotus-eyed, be a sacrifice to Thee."

Youngmen! Offer this ancient prayer. Purify and strengthen your life with this ancient aspiration—"May I, O Lotus-eyed, be a sacrifice to Thee!" Then go out to the multitudes that wait with hungry hearts for the message of India,—the message of Bharat Dharma. Go, and tell them that India lives for a mighty mission. Carthage and Babylonia are gone, India lives on. Rome that dreamt the dream of dominion and conquest, Rome is gone,—India lives on. Greece, the cradle of culture, the shrine of art and philosophy, Greece is gone,—India lives on. Not without a purpose, India lives to give a mighty message to the nations; and what greater privilege than this,—to do and die in the service of India? Go and spread in town after town, village after village. Ane with the beauty of the ancient ideal, hypnotise the whole of Hindustan.



BARRISTER RAJU—HIS EVOLUTION

BY "SATYA-KANTHA"

NOT AT HOME

IT was five years ago that Lallapet, an obscure village of South India was bestirring itself with arrangements to receive Sarangam who was said to be returning from England after winning laurels all over the continent. Eldest son of Ramaswami Raju, the landlord of the village, Sarangam was sent to England in obedience to the mandate of a Sub-Collector Sahib who took a fancy to the elderly man and inflicted upon himself the task of a suggestion to relieve the old man of his stock of money! Sarangam had not reached his sixth form and his dexterity for over two years in each of the high-school classes did not move the cruel headmaster to give him a promotion; but he was careful to obtain marks of one digit distinction in all subjects! The old gentleman Ramaswami Raju knew fully the capacity of his youth but to demur to the advice of the Sub-Collector Sahib might mean the one chance of losing a titular evolution into a Rao Bahadur—it was a pity that though Ramaswami was a Raju by caste he was christened into a Rao Sahib as a new year-gift four years ago.

Sarangam, the intelligent boy (who took honours course of three years in each class!) sailed off Marseilles *en route* London in *S. S. Dhobiana* in 1920. Spent full six years in a college and an Inn—Sarangam was mightily pleased that Barrister's course should be always in an Inn as it particularly made him recollect the happy meal and life of satisfaction obtainable in an Indian inn! Whatever it was, Sarangam scrupulously respected the dinners in the course and what is better made a curious literary discovery that the Barrister course should have evolved out of the ideas of Indian inns on the trunk roads.

"R. Saranga Raju" in India evolved into "R. S. Raju" in England and still accurate, "Raju of Lincoln's Inn." Sarangam was getting his quarterly and half yearly instalments from home. Six years' stay in England made Sarangam feel that his aged father would have obviously become more aged by the time he returned! He did not want to entrust him with the task of

selecting a bride for him. Barrister Raju thought he could best please his father with a daughter-in-law to be announced as such on his return to the village! Mrs. Lousiana Raju—"Lucy" as she is called by her lord Raju—a girl of twenty-five just a year or two older than Raju was a cinema girl of some attractive grace. She was thrown out of the Cinema Company as having given out her best and was on a house-to-house penny expedition to sustain her soul and stomach. The chivalrous Raju could not bear the sight and as all—this kind of—marriages happen, Miss Lousiana George evolved into a Mrs. Lousiana Raju. It was a kind of marriage, a wedding in the right, "east and west" type. It was a *Gandurga* form but with all the frivolities of an English wedding which essentially mean heavy tailor's bill and a honey moon stay throwing money into the coffers of a "Hotel De Luxe."

Barrister Raju, the dutiful boy he was, did not invite his father or mother to his English wedding—not that he lacked affection but only wanted to see that his father did not undertake a costly journey, when the cost of which can be spent profitably on the wedded pair! He did not even inform of the marriage as he wanted apparently to take his father by surprise! As fortune would have it, the old Ramaswami Raju was also to enjoy the pleasures of a grandson in George Raju aged a couple of months when Barrister resolved upon return-home. I beg Raju's pardon. 'Home' implies England in Raju's terminology. So I shall have to correct myself "return to India."

Raju cabled his father his success in the Barrister's course and his arrival on Saturday 24th March at Lallapet after a brief stay in the cities of Bombay and Madras. Old Ramaswami was all joy, imagined himself as the father of a barrister, rich persons coming and begging him for his son's hand in marriage with their daughters, ordered a big pandal to be put up, a separate house for reception of the guests. Band and Nagaswaram were ordered and the entry to the village was marked with the arch bearing the inscription "Welcome to Lallapet Ramaswami Sarangam Raju—Barrister."

The 24th March has arrived and the Rajus—Mr., Mrs. and Master—all hale and strong got down at the nearest Railway station to Lallapet, engaged a taxi and motored to the

The entrance was full of crowds—innocent and curious. Ramaswami Raju when he saw his Sarangam leaped at him and shed tears of joy; so also Mrs. Ramaswamy. Paternal feelings know no decorum. Mrs. Rajammal Ramaswamy would pull Barrister Raju out of the motor and kiss him—her dear son—after six years. But what about the Barrister? His right hand was always in the right palms of Lousiana and he would stir out of the car only after his Mrs. and Master got out. Sarangam did not feel so emotional as his parents expected him while his passions and attachment were on the new white comers to Lallapet. The old pair Ramaswamis understood that their son was probably obsessed with his duties to his English friends and co-operated with their son in attending to their convenience. Junior Raju would try to see that Lucy and George were first garlanded before he was and all respect shown to them first before anything was done for him. The reception was over and the house—specially decorated for the occasion—was named at once by Raju as "Lucy Villa" and immediately a telegram was sent to a Madras firm for a signboard with the inscription.

It was 6 p. m.—four hours after the Barrister's arrival at the village. The parents had not exchanged a word with their son. The anxious crowd were treated to the bows of Mrs. and innocent laugh of the Master Raju. The England-returned Barrister Raju was all mute and maintained his dignity. The old Ramaswami anxious to have a word with his dear son approached him with his over-anxious Rajammal. The son would nod, ask them to wait at the pial till he finished his talk with Mrs. The Senior Raju questioned Junior re the antecedents of the white friends.

Senior. Who are they?

Junior. They are my friends, boon companions.

S. They seem to be very free with you.

J. Yes, they are. Yo do not know English life, father.

S. Why don't you come to our house—family house—for an hour and satisfy all our villagers with a word or two?

J. Papa, you should understand that I am a Barrister. I should not make myself cheap—even to you, father; even to you, mother. The profession demands it.

The Ramaswamis obviously felt the change that had come

over their son. They did not want to take a serious attitude at once against him. Time passed, days and months too. "Lucy Villa" presented the appearance of a residence of an Anglo-Indian (new style) and the house now and then set forth pleasant smoke of *Golden Flake* or when swedeshi-inclined that of a *Scissor* or *Elephant*. A small brass plate announced the residence of "R. Raju—Lincoln's Inn." There was the board—easily adjustable one—containing "At Home" or "Not at Home". A *Chokra* boy of 12 years was stationed at the outer pial to pull the punkha, below which Mrs Raju with great discomfort was spending her days in India! As became the dignity of a Bar-at-law and an English consort, the dinner table was full of dishes prepared by the blackest of Indians—unfortunately called Depressed Classes but who get themselves into very Elevated Classes in an Anglo-Indian household and even turn out sometimes the most highly placed Brahmin on the adjustable excuse of his master being indisposed. Rajus had their evening walk and drive and the whole family budget was to be met by the Ramaswamis.

As months passed on, the old pair naturally thought that the white new comers were people that were bound to stay on with Raju. Their long stay had dispelled the idea of their being guests or friends of Raju. The Ramaswamis were everyday pestered with marriage negotiations and letters from all persons beginning with the Hon'ble Sir V. K. Raju, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Hamadjapur State and ending with Rao Sahib Seetharama Raju, Tahsildar of the Lallapet firka. No reply could be given by the poor old pair but every letter was forwarded on to Barrister Raju making him understand of the lustre he had created by being an England-retained man. To none Barrister would send a reply either in writing or orally to his father.

On a Sunday evening while Raju was taking his consort to the nearest church at Sikkapatam the old Ramaswami with a determined hand got hold of Raju who was in right English style and asked what he meant by this silent defiance all those months and what he was going to do with his parents or himself. No reply was given. The old facial lustre of Sarangam—the boy of one-digit-mark distinction in high school days was still there with only two differences—a hat and a half-side shaven moustache. The Barrister tried to shake himself off from the clutches

of his father with a dashing remark "bad manners" but the father with his little knowledge of English got indignant and with his massive walking-stick attempted to deal a fatal blow on Raju's head. Lucy and George got terribly perplexed. With a grin Lucy got hold of Raju to evade the old man's blow crying out "My darling, my love, Rajee! What does this mean?—Cruelty! Danin old wretch!! Help me God—Oh Rajee!" The old Raju understood at once the relationship between his son and the white comer, got terribly furious and damned Lucy in broken English, "Love—you, rascal, my son you spoiled, made bad to me and Rajammal, kill you." After this feverish blessing old Raju got home to inform his wife of the day's revelation.

Rajammal, the mother of the Barrister felt the news as a terrible calamity for the family. To own an English daughter-in-law in an orthodox Indian village was sufficient damnation. She advised her husband to be more kind to Sarangam believing he could be got over little by little and that the whites might be sent home afterwards. Old Raju agreed. The old pair daily made their approaches to "Lucy Villa" to enter and converse with their son. As soon as they approached the outer gate the board indicating "At Home" will change into "Not at Home" and the *chokra*-boy will inform the couple as "Master not at home." Several times they were treated to this reply and they thought that their son had gone out into the town of Sikkapatam for purchases. But one day when the son was on the pial they caught sight of him and wanted to enter. Even then the boy said 'not at home.' The pair got wild; they said the master was there, the boy would repeat the same reply implying his master was not disposed to see them. The old man grunted in his vernacular "Not disposed to see them—who is this idiot and a coward—I shall teach this fellow a lesson—I shall set fire to this Lucy Villa—Let the whole gang go." Swearing thus he drew out the sign boards and threw them into the nearest pond. There were thereafter no "Lucy Villa" and "At Home" or "Not at Home" indications. The house got back into the odour of its original Hindu hospitality and the ominous signs of "Not At Home" were once for all removed. Did Barrister Raju turn more hospitable to his parents?

(To be continued.)

SYMPATHY IN CRITICISM

BY P. V. AGHORAM IYER, B. A., B. L.

A GREAT thinker pointed out two opposing tendencies in the mind of man when it is engaged in the work of criticism of men and institutions. He employed a figure of speech to denote their nature. He said that men are either like the fly settling on ulcers or like the honey-bee drinking the juice out of flowers. In the one case, their criticism retards progress and in the other, it is helpful to human growth and the critic gives to the world a real insight into the object of the study. There is no doubt, whatever, that the helpful class of critics are far fewer in every age and every country than the other class. A mistake that is often made by men in judging human character is to draw pointed attention to one particular wrong done by the individual whose character they study and to forget almost everything else that is good in him. If they are comparing him with another, they pit this particular wrong in him against a host of indifferent virtues in the other and pass a judgment on him which is untrue and incorrect. Another phase of this small-mindedness may be studied in the eagerness men show in imputing without foundation, a great many mistakes and misdemeanours to their opponents, in every walk of life. The public worker and the thinker are in great peril of being misunderstood by their opponents.

If I happen to be of the anti-touchability persuasion and have to live amidst orthodox friends, it is no surprise at all to me for fanatical orthodoxists to impute to me vices of which I am quite innocent. My good critic cannot have the patience or the sympathy to study my life with detachment and find out for himself that the imputation was wrong and that he would do greater justice to himself in thinking of me in a different light. Likewise, the heretic who has hardened into the habit of thinking every orthodox man crude, cannot control his rage against the orthodox opponent and is too prone to believe in every evil thing attributed to him. Both sides excel each other in their short-sightedness.

We are seldom wise in our judgments of other communities or other nations than ours. We are almost always partialists. Almost from our birth we are placed in environments which

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warp our vision and judgment. The Indian conception of the European intermingling of sexes is as wrong as the European conception of the Hindu institution of castes. Both study the perversions and excrescences on the other side and believe that the world's happiness and progress are held back by the existence of these abhorrences. The vegetarian's condemnation of the meat-eater's cruelty and vindictiveness is about as bad as the meat-eater's loathing of the vegetarian's effeminacy and cowardice.

If a man put a high aim before him and worked for it all day your critic not having the gift of sympathy, chaffs at the poor results achieved by the aspirant. Before he has walked a few miles, the critic expects him to travel infinite distance and crushes him with his cold and unfriendly words. What mistakes men make in thinking that life is writing on a clean slate! With what pain and effort is a character built! On the ruin of a hundred hopes is the success of one life reared! Goethe is full of human sympathy and knows that men are too prone to err on the smallest matters. He exclaims "there is no crime in the world which I may not have committed!" When I plead for sympathy in criticism. I don't want the sentiment which rises in the heart on a sudden impulse, but that feeling which we owe to an enlightened and unfettered view of life!

The owner of a small shop in Scotland was paying a visit to the manager of one of the big London stores. "If it's a fair question," said the Scot "what is your average profit on any specific article you sell?" "Well," replied the manager, "that's rather a personal question; still, I don't mind telling you in confidence that we're content with 10 per cent." "Ten per cent." echoed the appalled Scot. "and here's me takes only 1 per cent." "Oh come" laughed the Londoner, "you make a bit more than 1 per cent. I wager." "I do not," replied the Scot; "if I buy an article for a shilling I never sell it for more than two."

WHAT THE WEST TEACHES

BY MURTHY

THE West has got a quicker preception of things new. Any departure from the beaten track is welcomed as an enterprise, and originality finds the atmosphere where it can live and thrive. Genius which has the unhappy knack of "blushing unseen" in out of the way places is pushed into limelight in spite of itself and placed on the pedestal of public recognition. It does not matter at all if it offends against accepted canons and draws on itself a deserved measure of ridicule afterwards. When Epstein, the German artist, sculptured Jesus Christ as a pox-pitted figure with a blunt nose and lifeless eyes to match, all the clergy were at his heels. But he got recognition all the same. A new school has risen up round him to watch the new ventures of his bold chisel. Similarly the man who plans on paper bow to shoot a rocket to the Moon or Mars, like the man who tries to defy death with monkey-glands gets an equal meed of warm welcome. If tomorrow, a person comes forward with books and pretensions to prove that the Earth is a fixed body, flat as a pan-cake and that Copernicus was a blasted fool to have maintained the contrary, Europe will not refuse an audience to him. The story of the rogue who advertised in America a lecture on "Snakes in Iceland," collected a big gathering and gate-money and vanished by the back-door as soon as he could manage to tell the audience—"Ladies and Gentlemen, there are no snakes in Iceland."—argues not merely the gullibility of the public but the thirst for the original.

But not so in India. Here originality is ignored. If it still struggles for recognition, a cold dash of ridicule prepares it for a collapse. Whether in the realm of ideas or action, the rebuff is the same. Genius is under-priced. What is the reason? Are we really incapable of picking out brains from the dead level of mediocrity? Is it not a shame, for India and Madras in particular that Ramanujam should have drudged in a Customs house before being picked up for Fellowship of the Royal Society by an itinerant foreign professor? Had not chance brought the latter to Madras, the candle would have burnt itself out under the bushel. Again Dr. Tagore is a poet whom we all adore at present; but how much of him would we have known, had not

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W. B. Yeats been charmed to ecstasy by *Gitanjali* and the thrill duly passed on to the members of the Nobel Prize Committee! Instances are many where Indian appreciation has slavishly followed foreign recognition. Why is this?

This purblindness to the talent at home proceeds from the same source as the adoration of foreign brands. We love *dhotee* and *kurta* but bow our heads to the trousers and top-hat. We give very sound education to our youths in the Universities but look on helplessly when they are superseded by graduates from Dublin or Manchester where probably degrees are as plentiful as blackberries. Even those who have built up their reputation for scholarship thirst for foreign recognition though of the cheapest kind.

It stands to reason that the Government attaches a premium on foreign recognition and shuts the gates of preferment on those who lack it. For they want to uphold their culture by rewarding aspirants after it. But where is the logic in Indians craving for recognition and often bargaining with diploma-brokers for alphabetical suffixes to their names? While real talent is unrecognised, mediocrities adorn themselves with foreign recognition and compel an amount of respect they do not deserve. The psychology of this lies deep in our warped nature. Slave-mentality is at the bottom, and all our queer behaviours are explicable on this basis. When Western culture stepped in at the door courage flew out of the window. It is not suggested that Western culture has taught us cowardice or had been thrust on us on purpose to displace our leanings for indigenous culture. It has produced just that mentality which is incapable of thinking except in terms of Western culture—just that frame of mind that loves always to be led.

Every rule has an exception; and Bengal one should think, is an exception to that aspect of slave mentality which refuses to recognise native talent. This has got a better chance of living in Bengal than elsewhere. The first show of talent is greeted with applause and appreciation pours in from all quarters. The average Bengalee is not conceited enough to ignore a neighbour's talent and much less to cry it down.

The presence in the Calcutta University of talented men like Prof. Radhakrishnan, Dr. C. V. Raman and a score of other outsiders bears ample testimony to the trend of Bengal's mentality. Though in other fields, like Government service, Commercial preferment, etc., where the Bengalee finds himself gradually ousted, he naturally raises the shibboleth of Bengal for Bengalees, he never fails to appreciate talent whenever it be found. Often what should be appreciation merely ripens easily into a sort of hero worship. This is only an error on the right side. Bengal has more emotion than its sister-provinces. Chaitanya is its most recent saint; and this bundle of ecstatic emotions was possible of production only in Bengal. The tendency to boil over with sentiment is a thing natural here. Sir J. C. Bose and Dr. P. C. Roy are great men, no doubt, but how much of their bigness is due to crescograph and vegetable chemistry and how much of it is due to their brethren revelling in appreciative sentiment is a very ticklish question. Even granting these have been lionised beyond measure, who will stint to the Bengalee his capacity to recognise native talent and to Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee the epithet—"Sun of Patronage which opened many a talent in bud into blossoms"? Even on the lower planes of human activity like the football field and tennis court, the Bengalee crowd cheers coming champions. This spirit is wanted in other parts of India and if they disdain to learn it from the West, let them copy Bengal's example at least.

If one
Ponders on objects of the senses, there springs
Attraction; from attraction grows desire,
Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds
Recklessness; then the memory— all betrayed—
Lest noble purpose go and saps the mind;
Till purpose, mind, and man are all undone."

Bhagwat Gita

BEHOLD THE MOTHER!

BY T. L. VASWANI

India!

Or didst thou shine like stars,
And thy light was on the paths of nations in the night!
Thy ancient Glory? Where is it? Where?
Where are the kshatriya-souls of old?

The warriors of the Spirit?
The men that sought no gains but Self-realisation?
No riches but Renunciation?

Where are the Dreamers of the Ancient Day?
And Sages, Prophets of the inner vision?
And Supermen of Action flaming into Sacrifice?
And Singers of the Secret that is God?
And Leaders who sought the service of the poor,
Not the tinsel of 'greatness' nor the emptiness of crowd's
applause?

And where, O where, are the youth, that dared in strength
of faith,
To offer their all as sacrifice at His Lotus-Fet?

Will India lie defeated long?
It cannot be. For India's bondage is the world's
And until this ancient nation stand erect—a nation
of the free—
Wounded still must be the heart of Humanity.
Courage! Comrades! Courage! Sons and daughters of sages
of the East!

I see Her re-arise from whom are the Healing Flames!
I see Her ride the Shakti of the Rishis and the Gods!
The Ancient Mother is out again to make the nation new
and strong and Free.

REMINISCENCES OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

BY A. SRINIVASA PAI. B. A., B. L.

IN the year 1893 while I was a student reading in the Presidency College, Madras, I had the good fortune of coming into personal contact with Swami Vivekananda. It was shortly before he left for America to attend the Parliament of Religions at Chicago. He was then unknown to fame but his unique personality attracted a considerable number of people—a good proportion among them being students—to his formal talks. I do not recollect seeing at these meetings any of the leaders of Hindu Society in Madras then, but there were students, teachers, second grade officials and vakils. It was after the Swami returned from America in 1897 with a name and a world-wide fame that the leaders and high grade officials and people used to flock in hundreds to listen to his talks and lectures. He was residing then (1893) with Mr. Bhattacharya (a Bengali gentleman then Deputy Accountant General at Madras) in a house situated at a short distance from the southern end of the Marina. I used to go to this house in the evenings with some fellow-students to listen to the Swami. We used to squat in the orthodox fashion very near the Swami on carpets spread on the floor. Vivekananda would smoke while talking. His talk touched on a large variety of subjects. And it was delightful to listen to him.

The bare-headed photographs in the book "Swami Vivekananda's Speeches and Writings," published by Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co., give a good idea of the appearance of the Swami. But no photograph or description can give a correct idea of the power of his eyes. They were wonderful. Like the "Ancient Mariner" in Coleridge's famous poem he "held you by the eye." The voice too had an indefinable attraction. Though not ringing and silvery like Mrs. Beasant's in her prime, nor soft and pleasant like Mr. Norton's, it attracted you and held you. He could sing beautifully. One evening as we were sitting listening to him a pretty little child—a daughter of Mr. Bhattacharya, I believe—toddled in. He took the child on his lap and sang a Punjabi song. He observed that the song was attributed to Guru Nanak and told us of its origin. One evening at the time

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of *Arati*, Nanak went to a temple. The Brahmin priests would not allow him to enter. So, he turned aside and sang this song in which he compares the sky to a silver plate, the stars to little lights—*Niranjans*—in that plate used for *Arati*, the perfumed evening breezes to incense, and so on, reminding us students of Moore's poem which we had read in one of the School Text Books of the time, beginning with the lines:

"The Turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My Temple, Lord, that arch of Thine."

In manner Vivekananda was natural, unaffected and unconventional. There was none of that solemn gravity, measured utterance and even temper that we usually associate with a sage. At times his manner was somewhat Johnsonian and brusque when he wanted to put down one who had asked a silly question or a question intended to show off one's knowledge. One hot morning (this was after he returned from America to Madras) at the end of a long sitting when many questions had been asked and answered, a somewhat conceited young man asked pompously. "What is the cause of misery in this world, Swami?" "Ignorance is the cause of misery" blurted out Vivekananda and rose and closed the interview. On another occasion one in the audience pointed out to the Swami that the view expressed by the Swami on some point of philosophy differed from that of Sri Sankaracharya. "Well," said the Swami, "Sankara was a man, you are a man and you can think for yourself." An orthodox Pandit appears to have had an interview with the Swami and attempted to show off his learning. Speaking of that interview the Swami said, "The fellow who cannot pronounce 'Jnana' properly has the cheek to criticise my pronunciation of Sanskrit."

On Vivekananda's return to Madras from America in 1897 the public reception given to him was magnificent and the crowds which came to greet him, some of the largest. His first public lecture in Madras cannot be called a success as a lecture. But that was due to the over-enthusiasm of the crowds. It was arranged for, I believe, in a big Circus-tent, but even that was found insufficient to hold the crowds and the Swami had to come outside and mount a carriage to address the huge concourse in the "Geeta fashion" as he said. He strained his voice to the utmost, gesticulated, but it was all no good. The noise

and disorder were great and the lecture had to be given up after a short time. The subsequent lecture in the Victoria Hall on "The sages of India" was a grand success. It was a very impressive lecture marked by a flowing eloquence. When he came to that portion of the lecture which deals with "Rasa Kreedā" or the Love of Gopis to Sri Krishna and explained the true significance of that sublime Love, the expression of his face and especially of his eyes was beatific and soul stirring.

Informal talks in the mornings and answering of questions were arranged for in a pandal put up on the Marina, near the old "Capper-House Hotel," somewhere near the site of the present premises of Queen Mary's College. Now, the leaders of Hindu Society in Madras, big Officials and Vakils and people in hundreds came and we students found it hard to get near to the Swami. One morning a European Lady (a Protestant missionary, I believe,) came and spoke somewhat disparagingly of the enforced celibacy of a Sanyasin's life and of the harmful results of the starving of a noble instinct (noble, when rightly regulated). After a short psychological and philosophical explanation of the necessity of celibacy in a Sanyasin (which perhaps was not quite appreciated or understood by the lady,) he turned to her and said half-humorously, "In your country, Madam, a bachelor is feared. But here you see they are worshipping me, a bachelor."

Once he said to a number of young students in the audience that it was their first duty to cultivate physical strength and health. "You may have the Geeta in your left hand but have a football in your right." He expressed on one occasion the view that it was the men who were physically weak that yielded to temptations easily, and that those with plenty of physical vigour and strength were far better able to resist temptations and exercise self-control than the former.

When the effect of religious beliefs (Hindu and Christian) on the masses came up for discussion, Vivekananda said, "If like me you had visited the slums of Europe and America and seen how near to brutes the inhabitants of those slums are, and then compared them with our masses in India, your doubts as to the effect of Hindu religious beliefs on the masses would have vanished."

INDIAN CURRENCY AND ECONOMIC PROBLEMS

BY P. R. KRISHNA IYER

"There are comparatively few people, who claim a deep knowledge of the subject of Indian Currency and Exchange; there are perhaps even fewer who possess it. Yet currency enters into our everyday life in a way that scarcely anything else enters. We all know what a rupee and anna look like. Yet I think probably it is a subject about which less is known than almost any other subject in India."

The Hon'ble Sir Basil Blackett

THE above words coming as they do from a person of the eminence of the Hon'ble Sir Basil Blackett, the Finance Member of the Government of India, and an acknowledged authority on international finance deserve serious consideration. It is a remark of which every educated Indian should be ashamed. The rebuke seems to be well-deserved in view of the apparent indifference with which the average educated Indian treats his country's financial and economic problems. The advancement of a nation is mainly dependent on its industrial and economic prosperity, and as a proper and well-managed financial system is the pivot on which the industrial and the economic life of the country revolves, it is extremely necessary that this subject "which enters into our everyday life in a way that scarcely anything else enters" should receive more widespread attention at the hands of the educated public at large than hitherto. In these days when Government action is to a large extent a reflex of public opinion, it is necessary that public opinion should be intelligent and educated, and this is nowhere more essential than in matters of currency and finance, on the proper management of which by the executive, so much of the country's prosperity depends. The indifference and comparative dread with which the educated classes at large view this subject, are to be found in the general belief, imaginary to a certain extent, that the subject is too technical and dry for the average intelligence to grasp, and that, therefore, it can best be left to those who wish to specialize in this. It is true that the subject is very complicated, requiring intelligent

application and strenuous study on the part of those who wish to become experts. What is wanted is not that everybody should become a full-fledged financial expert, but that the average educated man should be given sufficient opportunity to acquaint himself with the elementary principles underlying the management of his country's financial and economic problems, thereby enabling him to take an intelligent and active interest in the moulding of public opinion, and to guide the executive to discharge its responsibilities in the best interests of the country. Shorn of much of its technicalities and presented in a popular form, a knowledge of the ground work of currency and exchange problems should not be found more difficult of understanding than other branches of study, such as Mathematics, Science or History.

To make the diffusion of knowledge regarding matters financial more popular, two things seem to be imperatively necessary. The first is that our Universities and Examination Boards should give the science of finance and economics a more important place in their curricula than is at present the case. In most of the Universities in India the study of financial and economic subjects begins only with the third year in the college, and that too is only optional, and in no way compulsory. And even here the study of Indian finance and economics occupies only a secondary position. The result is that a student who passes his arts degree in economics hardly gets a working knowledge of the subject. The main difficulty, however, is in regard to students, who have unfortunately to terminate their college career after passing the Intermediate or Matriculation examination. They never get even an elementary knowledge of the subject. Unfortunately, owing to the extreme poverty of the masses at large, the average parent is in a majority of cases not in a position to give his children a higher education, and consequently the major portion of our educated young men never get an opportunity to equip themselves with a branch of knowledge so essential to the efficient discharge of their duties as citizens of a civilized country. Unless and until our Universities give this subject the same importance as they give to, say, mathematics, science or history, the charge levelled by the Hon'ble Sir Basil Blackett will persist.

Secondly, the dearth of text-books on the subject is also partly responsible for this apathy on the part of educated young men to probe into the supposed mysteries of the subject. Not that there are no books on Indian currency, finance and economics; on the contrary there is a plethora of them. The difficulty is that with a few exceptions, they are too technical, and the treatment so dry, that they very seldom appeal to the average reader, except to those who wish to make a serious study of the subject. Another defect is that most of them are written by foreigners, whose outlook on Indian problems can never be national. What is required is treatises on the subject popular and lucid; at the same time devoid of too much technicalities which serve more to confound the reader than to enlighten him, and which view the problems from a national standpoint. In this respect the example set by Mr. Hartley Withers, the eminent Editor of the *Economist* and author of some of the most popular books on Banking, Currency and Finance, should serve as a model for our authors, who are never tired of writing books scarcely serving the purpose for which they are written. The vernacular languages in India should serve as an excellent medium to acquaint the masses at large with the elementary principles of our currency and economic problems, and the utter ignorance that at present prevails can thus be removed to a great extent.

It is no exaggeration to say that a proper understanding of the country's economic and financial problems is as essential to national advancement as any other branch of national activity. Governed as we are by an alien bureaucracy, which displays a half-hearted sympathy and short-sighted outlook on matters Indian, it behoves everyone who has India's interests at heart to give a closer and detailed study to India's financial and economic problems. This is the more necessary, because it is in matters financial that the interests of India and England mostly clash, and the history of Indian currency and exchange affords ample examples where India's interests have been subordinated to those of England.

CUPID AND THE CALCULATOR

BY F. W. THOMAS

Once upon a time there was a very learned youth who was a whale on the Higher Mathematics, and knew the Differential Calculus well enough to speak to. The evaluation of Pi was as easy as Pie to him, while a nice fat Logarithm or a Recurring Decimal brought more joy into his young life than a rise in salary.

Consequently his head was covered with an assortment of large and portuberant knobs, caused by the information contained therein.

But one day, when he wasn't looking, our friend suddenly became enamoured of another Figure, and one which had very little to do with Mathematics. For it belonged to a certain young female named Phyllis.

She was a nice little thing, with big yearning eyes, and the usual number of noses and mouths; and she looked upon Egbert's suit with favour, though she thought his cuffs were a little frayed at the edges.

So these young people went on in the usual manner, going for moonlight walks and holding hands; while Egbert told her of the beauties of Quadratic Equations and Square Roots and Fractions.

Not the Vulgar ones, of course, because Egbert had been well brought up.

One lovely evening in June they betook them to the bank of a gentle stream where daisies grew and violets nodded by the moss-grown boulders.

The air was balmy (but not nearly so balmy as Egbert) and full of sweet scents; and a moon like a Dutch cheese was just coming up over the distant blue hills.

There on the velvet turf they sat, while the nightingale poured forth his passionate song and in hushed accents Egbert told his lady-love all about the Binomial Theorem.

And as the shadows lengthened Phyllis plucked from the grass a pink-tipped daisy; and, even as her Mother Eve had done, began to strip it of its petals, at the same time reciting that age-old incantation, "He loves me, he loves me not."

"Pardon me," said Egbert, "but I think I can show you a much quicker method of obtaining the correct answer. First of all it is necessary to ascertain the exact number of petals, which we will call x ."

"We must then find out whether this total is even or odd, and to do this we divide the number by 2. Should there be any remainder we know that the number is odd, in which event you may take it that he, the person aforementioned, loves you. On the other hand, should the number turn out to be even, or in other words a multiple of 2, then there will be no remainder: from which one may safely argue——"

But at this juncture the young lady sprang to her feet, bashed Egbert's hat over his eyes, and fled into the balmy night.

Five weeks later she married a brass-finisher.

MEPPATHUR BHATTERIPAD

BY A. S. VAIDYANATHA IYER, M. A., L. T.

MEPPATHUR Narayana Bhattheripad is a person justly held in high reverence throughout Kerala as the celebrated author of *Narayaneeyam*. I intend to bring within the compass of this short article what little is now remembered regarding the events connected with the external life of this personage. His internal life consisting of the evolution of his unsurpassed learning and his all-absorbing spirit of devotion is unfolded in his several works. The ambitious student who feels inclined can make a careful and critical study of the impulses and ideals, the aspirations and achievements on the intellectual and spiritual side of Bhattheripad revealed in his numerous and many-sided works.

As is the lot of many of the world's great men, very few of the events of Bhattheripad's life are now known to us. Meppathur is the name of his 'illom' which now exists only in name. This illom is said to have been situated in Ponnani taluk in South Malabar. Adjoining the illom is a *Bhagavathi* temple named Chandanakavu which exists down to this day. The Goddess of this temple is considered to have been the family deity of Bhattheripad's illom. At present it looks almost impossible to give any idea at all of his parents or of the immediate environment in which young Bhattheripad was brought up. Following the practice of famous Sanskrit writers, Bhattheripad himself has enabled us to know precisely the time in which he lived. He makes reference in his *Narayaneeyam* to the date on which that work was completed. The concluding words മെപ്പാത്തൂർ സന്ധ്യ in his concluding sloka of his immortal work, gives us on calculation, that, 1,712,210 days had passed since the commencement of *Kaliyuga*. On working this out the day of the conclusion of the work falls on Sunday 23rd Vrischigam 763 M. E. We can understand from this that Bhattheripad lived in the latter half of the 16th century A. D.

Tradition has preserved a few interesting anecdotes in his life one of which is the great illness with which he was overcome and from which he obtained release by composing *Narayaneeyam* which is a work of one thousand and thirty-four slokas divided into a hundred *dasakas* each of about ten slokas. At the conclusion of each *dasaka* is the appeal to the God of Guruvayur temple for the cure of all his illness.

Bhatteripad, it would appear, received but little education in his early years. On growing up, he had his *sambandham* in a "Psharam" in Trikkandiyur wherein one of the inmates by name Achutha Pisharoti was an accomplished scholar and an astrologer to boot. One day this Pisharoti was very much struck with the apparently insolent and clumsy behaviour of Bhatteripad to whom he made a reprimand for want of learning. This reprimand served as the immediate occasion for awakening in Bhatteripad the desire to learn and thus proved to be a lasting gain for Bhatteripad and the world of Kerala. Bhatteripad with the desire for learning kindled, took Pisharoti for his guru and applied himself assiduously. In a few years he became fully learned in all the Sastras.

In the month of Vrischikam and Dhanu in Malabar is a practice among all Brahmins learned in the Vedas to recite the whole of the Vedas by stages covering over 40 days. This practice is current among Nambudiri Brahmins as well as other Paradesa Brahmins. During this period the men learned in the Vedas are feasted every night. It is generally considered meritorious to make contributions towards the support of this institution. To come to Bhatteripad. During the festive nights of this period he made it a point to occupy the honoured place—the first seat. He little remembered that there was a radical defect in his learning, namely, that it was out and out secular only. The orthodox Nambudiris were very much put out by the impudence of Bhatteripad. But they were afraid to take action as they all felt themselves small before him in the knowledge of the Sastras. The story goes on to say that the offended Nambudiris conspired and brought about an occasion—an intellectual contest in which Bhatteripad was compelled to acknowledge the superiority of Vedic learning. This occasion of humiliation to Bhatteripad was a gain to him as well as to the people of Kerala.

The superiority of Vedic learning once conceded, Bhatteripad at once made up his mind to remedy this defect in his learning. He misunderstood certain texts and vowed to have his previous Guru as his only Guru and thus to instruct him in the Vedas also. Achutha Pisharoti by his birth was ineligible to study or to teach the Vedas. Bhatteripad was too proud and

inflexible. Between them an arrangement was arrived at by which a Brahmin learned in the Vedas was appointed to teach with a curtain separating him from his disciple Bhatteripad and Achutha Pisharoti whom Bhatteripad had vowed as his Guru. The Brahmin from one side of the curtain would chant the Vedas. Pisharoti on the other side of the curtain would give the order to Bhatteripad to proceed. Tuition went on in this fashion and our Bhatteripad became versed in the Vedas also.

The above arrangement which involved a sin on the part of Pisharoti according to received Sastras, brought on a fatal punishment in the form of *vatarogam*. Pisharoti upbraided Bhatteripad as the cause of his illness. Realising his guilt and wanting to deliver his Guru from his illness, Bhatteripad by the exercise of his manthric lore attracted the disease to his own body and began to suffer acutely. It is this acute agony which occasioned the immortal work Narayaneeyam. Bhatteripad first of all thought of describing all the stirring incidents of Krishna Avatara. But on consultation with another great contemporary of his, who sent him the message — മദ്ധ്യം വെട്ടി കൂട്ടിക്കൊള്ളുക — Bhatteripad decided on describing all the ten avatars beginning with Mathsyavatara. He had himself conveyed to Guruvayoor temple wherein he composed Narayaneeyam as already referred to which on his own narration resulted in the achievement of his object. Bhatteripad was blessed with ആശ്വാദോഹ്യ സൗഖ്യം.

Bhatteripad is justly famous on account of his Narayaneeyam. But his title to fame rests upon other works also. He seems to have been a prolific writer having composed works of various kinds, which include "chambu", "stothra", "nataka", grammar etc. Space prevents even a cursory recital of these works and their general contents.

Bhatteripad's fame will ever live. In his Narayaneeyam he reaches the high water mark of poetical diction coupled with stirring devotion. The mingling of high poetry with remarkable devotion is his special title to fame.

If this short article should make any impression upon the readers, I may be permitted to exhort such to undertake a trip to Guruvayur and Chandanakavu—to be inspired all the more with the lessons of Bhatteripad's life.

CANADA'S PRODIGIOUS GROWTH

A LESSON TO INDIA

BY K. S. RAMACHANDRA IYER

EVERY school boy knows to-day what the seven wonders of the world are, although it is stated that some more items have been added to this list. Be that as it may, the development of Canada during the last 25 years can be considered as another great wonder of the present century.

The population of Canada to-day is hardly nine millions—less than what a dozen of our Indian cities have. But look at Canada's achievements. Canada stands to-day fifth in trade among the world nations; it is amongst the first six nations in the world as an exporting and importing country, and is third in her *per capita* national wealth among 35 nations listed by the League of Nations. It has become the greatest wheat exporter in the world, has the highest ratio of increase in agricultural production of any nation in the past 25 years. Its live stock and field crop wealth to-day run to the tune of a billion and a half dollars in value. In the pulp and paper industry, the growth of Canada is phenomenal. Canadian paper mills produce over 8,000 tons of newsprint every day. With vast plants now nearing completion, Canada is expected to take another definite leadership over world competitors in this line. To-day Canada has 115 paper and pulp mills with an invested capital of 500,000,000 dollars. Forty years ago, the capital invested in this industry was not even 100,000 dollars and there were hardly 5 paper mills. Canada's revenue for the year 1867—68 was not even 14½ million dollars, whereas for the year 1925—26 it was 524,000,000 dollars. Canada has invested in her industrial, mining and manufacturing concerns something over 360,000,000 dollars. This investment is going on increasing every year, 58% of the capital invested in Canadian industries are owned by Canadians themselves, with America coming in for a 31% share and the mother country—Great Britain—sharing about 10% of the balance. The tonnage of steamships exceeds 400,000 tons. It has regular services in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and winter services practically to every large port in the world. Over

CANADA'S PRODIGIOUS GROWTH

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41,000 miles of railways run throughout Canada out of which over 22,000 miles are state owned. In respect to banking, Canada is supreme in that five of her leading banks alone held in deposit for the year 1926 as much as 400,000,000 pounds sterling of Canadian money. In life insurance, no country can approach Canada if we omit her aggressive and go-ahead neighbour—the United States of America. The total life insurance in force with Canadian life insurance companies at the end of 1925 was about 4,000,000,000 dollars. The total amount of life insurance in force in India for 1924 (according to an American report) was hardly 204,000,000 dollars. That is to say, Canada with a population of nine millions has assessed the life value of its people at 1200 crores of rupees, whereas the life value of 330 millions of the Indian people is hardly 70 crores of rupees.

The following table will give an idea of the strength of Canada's economic position to-day when compared to what it was ten years ago.

	1915	1925
Value of manufactured products	1381547225	2781165514
Value of field crops	825370600	1153395000
Value of mineral output	75814841	224846237
Exports	409418836	1315192791
Imports	455446312	927402732
Total foreign trade	864865148	2242595523
Trade balance	46027476	387790059

With these figures before us, it may be pertinent to ask, what is the underlying reason for this phenomenal development? Only a Canadian can answer this question, so I make no apology in quoting Mr. G. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., who has put the position in a nutshell as follows:—

"Nothing is more fascinating to human beings than the process of construction, particularly when these human beings feel that they themselves are sharing in the construction. That is one of the reasons why we all delight in belonging to a growing concern and one of the factors which is helping to develop a Canadian spirit is the realization of our people that they are making their own not unsubstantial contribution to the building of a nation. Our youth inspire courage and confidence and our Canadian

institutions are developing within their own ranks an *esprit* the influence of which is felt far beyond the boundaries of the institutions; a spirit of loyalty of constructive effort and pride in growing achievement are factors which in our view are bound to constitute a conspicuous contribution to the development of what will be a very great nation."

Compared to what Canada has achieved to-day in every department of life, where does India stand even in one respect? What is the lesson which Canada conveys to the rest of the world--more so to such a backward country like India? It is that no development or progress can be possible in any sphere if there is no national consciousness in the people to build and develop their own institutions. We appear to be content with our mighty past and our mightier civilization; but it must be remembered that our ancestry won't help us much unless we have the stuff in ourselves. What is wanted to-day is that ardent patriotism and national sentiment to Indian things and concerns. It should be the first care of every one of us to see that the national wealth of our country is multiplied as rapidly as possible. This can be accomplished only if we confine necessities to articles produced in India rather than rushing to foreign-made things. The Negroes of America have a number of artificial disabilities placed in their way by their white bosses. That has not, however, prevented even these down-trodden people from developing some of their own every-day institutions. They have their own banks, insurance companies, co-operative stores, hospitals, schools and colleges, lawyers, doctors and professors and to-day they are holding their own with the 100% American in all walks of life.

When we closely examine our own 'achievements' in India, can we say that there is anything to the credit of India to-day even in one small department of life which we can point out as our exclusive output? Has the standard of life in any way become better than what it was even 100 years ago? For anything, it has deteriorated considerably in several directions. If a country with a population of nine millions bent upon improving themselves in all spheres of activity can achieve these wonders in a quarter of a century, what is there to prevent us from working in the same directions? On the other hand, what

we do see in our leaders is nothing but useless fight for technicalities and wordy warfare for airy nothings. What is the solid contribution that we are making to-day for developing any national institutions? It cannot be said that India is wanting in such institutions. Even with all the disadvantages that we are suffering from to-day as a subject nation, there have grown slowly but steadily financial and industrial concerns even in this land of slow growth and slower achievements. Unfortunately however, these have not become a power yet, because of the general lukewarm attitude of our people for things Indian. Unless every Indian makes it a religious duty to support things and institutions Indian, how can it be possible for any industry to prosper and any credit institution to grow in this unhappy country? If therefore our people will be a little more national in sentiment towards Indian institutions and things and less indulgent towards foreign concerns, the building of industrial and financial institutions in India would not be a difficult task.

Housewife: "Fancy a big, strong fellow like you asking for money. You should be ashamed of yourself."

Tramp: "I am, madam. But once I got twelve months for taking it without asking."

* * *

Little Boy (writing to his schoolmaster): "Everybody at home is delighted with the progress I have made at your school. When I came to you I knew nothing and now even in this short time I know ten times as much."

* * *

Mother: "You had quite a lot of money in your money-box last week. Where has it gone?"

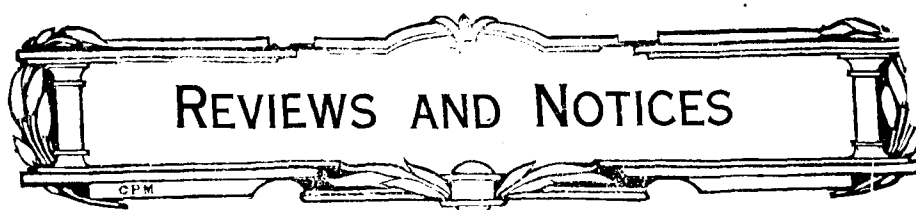
Tommy: "Daddy said I was to save it up for a rainy day. It was a rainy day yesterday, so I spent it."

* * *

Mother: "Is it true that an apple a day keeps the doctor away?"

Yes, darling, why?

Because, if it is, I kept about ten doctors away this morning--but I'm afraid one will have to come soon.



A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF MALAYALAM PHONETICS

By **L. V. Ramaswami Iyer**, M. A., B. L., Maharaja's College, Ernakulam
Published by the Calcutta University.

This is a unique and laudable attempt to analyse the phonetic features of the Malayalam Language and to adapt the international phonetic script to the transliteration of Malayalam sounds. The attempt is indeed praiseworthy especially in view of the fact that the study of Indian Linguistics is so conspicuously backward in our Universities. Mr. Ramaswami Iyer's book is bound to be helpful for the study of Dravidian Linguistics. He deals particularly with Malayalam but much that he has discussed has common relation to all Dravidian languages. Mr. Ramaswami Iyer has departed from the conventional views in many respects. One of the most important of these is the question whether inter-vocal plosives are voiced in Malayalam or not. The orthodox view maintained by Caldwell, Gundert and others is that such inter-vocals are voiced in all Dravidian languages, including Malayalam. Mr. Ramaswami Iyer however, is not prepared to accept such a sweeping generalisation, he favours the view that the literary dialect in Malayalam admits of no such voicing though the colloquial freely admits it. He draws an interesting distinction between Tamil and Malayalam in this respect. The tendency is not a general Dravidian one, for, in Telugu and Canarese, unvoiced inter-vocal plosives are abundantly found.

Mr. Ramaswami Iyer's book has received appreciation from many foreign and Indian scholars, such as, Prof. Otto Schrader of the Kiel University, Prof. Sten Konow, Prof. Mark Collins, Prof. Otto Jespersen, Prof. K. B. Ramanatha Iyer, Prof. L. D. Barnett, etc.

Mr. L. V. Ramaswami Iyer is an ardent student of Dravidian linguistics. As his contributions to periodicals show. We hope that he will pursue his researches with unabated zeal and give us ere long an authoritative work on Dravidian linguistics in general.

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kind in the field. The book is neatly printed, attractively bound and copiously illustrated. It is a book worthy to be placed in the hands of our school children and we strongly recommend the same to the public especially the teachers and the taught. The book is cheap at the price it is offered.

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This magazine is edited from San Francisco, California by the Indian monk, Yogananda, who recently attracted considerable public attention by the interview he had with President Coolidge. The magazine is the organ for the dissemination of Yoga teaching carried on by the Swami in America. Since the time of Vivekananda's visit to America and the public preaching work carried on by him, a generation ago, Indian philosophic thought has been rapidly spreading through Western countries. Of these America has the greatest curiosity to know about India and takes the most intellectual interest in Indian culture. What Vivekananda so well began is followed up without break by the monks of the Ramakrishna Mission and by isolated and independent monks like Rama Thirtha and Yogananda. It would be too much to say that Yogananda is achieving the success of Rama Thirtha Swami. The latter sannyasin almost swept through America with the force of a hurricane and though he did not organise institutions seriously in America, he laid a good many earnest-minded American men and women under a deep debt to him by changing their character and outlook. Yogananda is achieving a smaller measure of such success in the field and he is doing his work with great zeal and persistence. The extent of his following is great and he is a popular figure in many of the great cities of the United States. He advocates the cultivation of a healthy state of equipoise and balance of mind and incidentally promotes the cause of vegetarianism and anti-tobaccoism and anti-alcoholism. The magazine is edited in up-to-date American style and is very well-illustrated. The Swami himself writes in it and contributions of varied interest presenting high thought from different points of view are published in it. We commend the journal to our many readers and venture to express the hope that the Swami's work carried on under good auspices would raise our country still higher in the estimation of the westerns and benefit the western people by drawing more men and women into the Vedantic teaching and wisdom of India.

NOTE

Mlle. Juliette Villiere, noted French lawyer chose "Mahatma Gandhi's Trial" as the subject of her oration at the formal opening of the court season in Paris last December. The meeting was attended by the leading members of the French legal profession and many other notables, including ex-President Poincare. Mlle. Villiere held her audience fascinated while she described sympathetically the great movement of Gandhi. The speech is translated by L. V. Ramaswami Iyer, M. A., B. L. and forms our first article.



MAY CROSS-WORD

We regret that owing to want of space we have to hold over the results of our last Cross-Word Competition for the July issue. The last date for receiving results of May Cross-Word is extended to 1st July 1927.

ANAGRAM COMPETITION

Anagrammatise the following:—

1. ADEEILMORS
2. AEEEINRTTV
3. AEFINOOPRT
4. AACEEINNRRSS
5. AACIIINSSTTT
6. AHILMNPRTTUY

Send your solution enclosing postage stamps to the value of one anna, in a cover addressed to **Anagrams, The Scholar,** Palghat, before 6th July 1927.

RULES

1. Two prizes of Rs. 8 and Rs. 2 worth of books will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions of the above, opened on 7th July 1927.
2. There is no limit to the number of solutions that may be sent by a competitor but a postage stamp to the value of one anna must accompany each solution.
3. The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final and no correspondence regarding the competition can be entertained.

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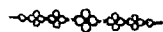
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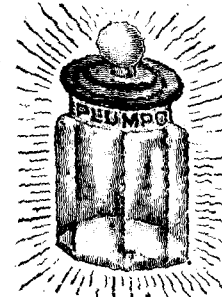
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