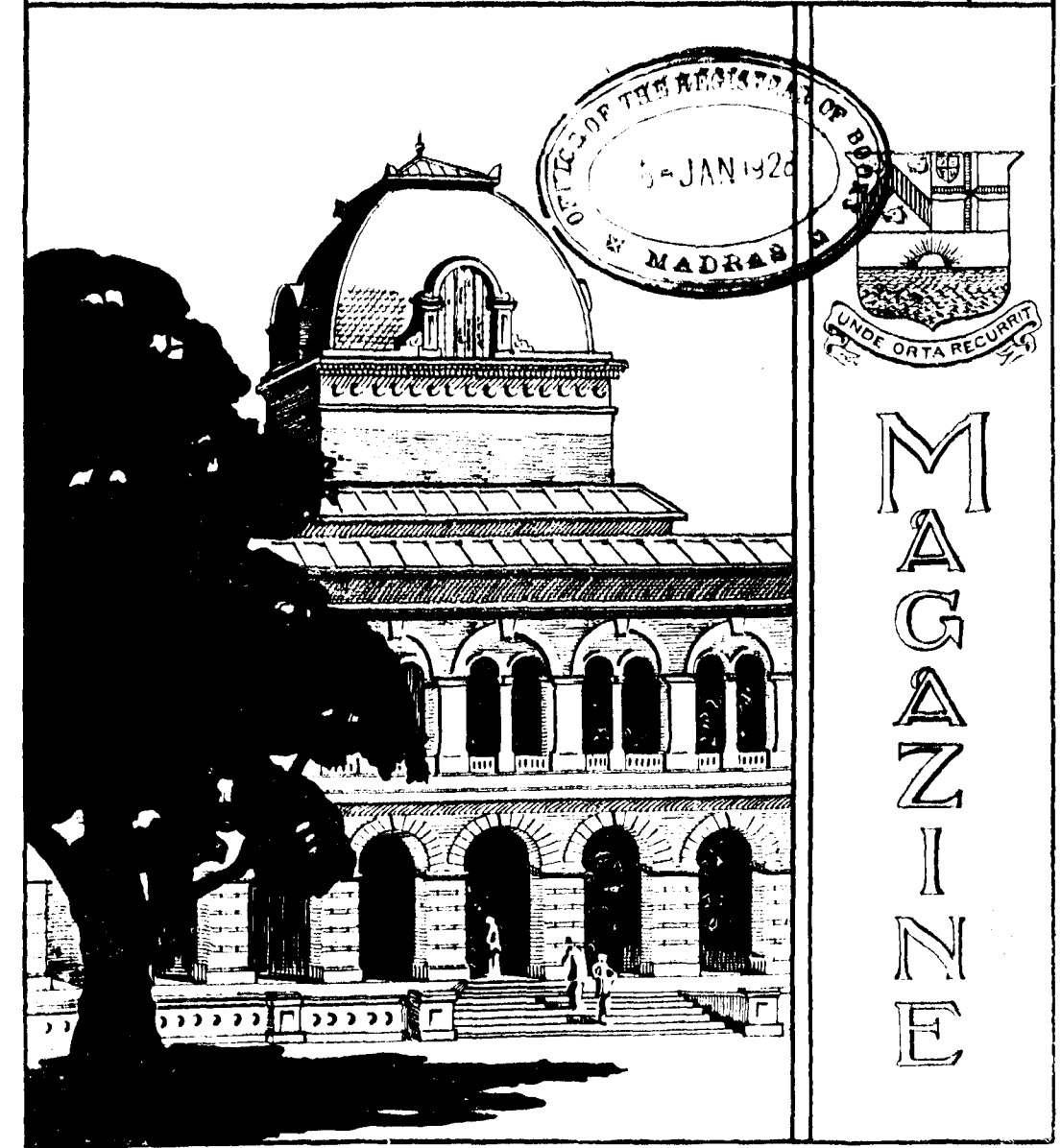


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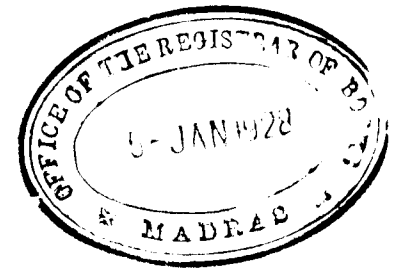
The PRESIDENCY COLLEGE 40



MAGAZINE

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The Presidency College Magazine

Editor.—S. E. RENGANADHAN, M.A.

Associate Editors.—R. A. STRACEY AND M. J. NALPON



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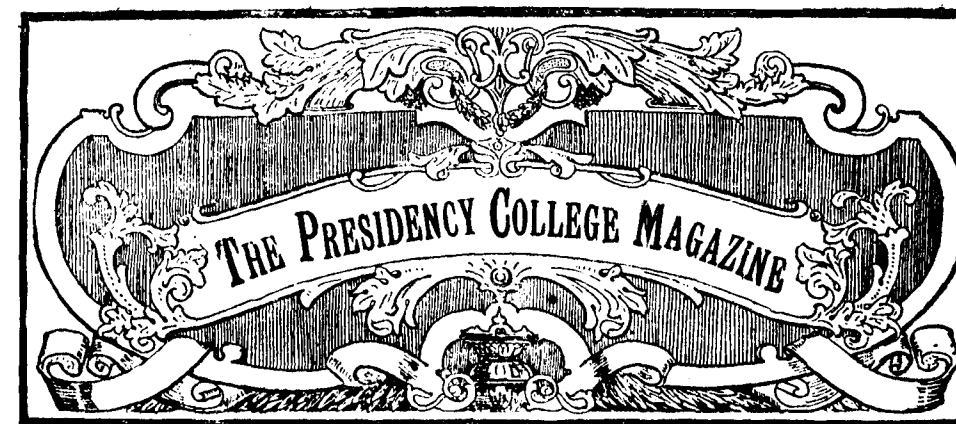
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Contributions to the Magazine from the Members of the Staff and the past and present students of the College will always be gladly received by the Editor.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor "Presidency College Magazine," Madras.



Vol. III

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No. 2

The League of Nations

The work that the League of Nations is now turning out may be divided into three categories. The first and not the least important is the gradual formation of world opinion on certain fundamental, political and economic problems. Whereas in the old days the outlook of each nation or group of nations was frankly dependent on ambition, fear or jealousy, it is now almost impossible for a country openly to avow such motives as for instance operated at the Congress of Vienna. Whenever there is a political disturbance or threat of disturbance, each nation now-a-days attempts to make out that it is not the aggressor. True it is that we are always hearing rumours and threats of conflict and the wolf and the lamb do not yet slumber side by side, but the wolf finds it necessary to assert that its teeth have been or will be filed and its claws clipped. The League of Nations has further created the conviction that the race for armaments and the struggle for territorial possessions are not the main sources of disturbance in the world. It is recognised that economic rivalry and false economic theories are perhaps even more responsible for it than territorial ambition. The shrinkage of the world, the facility of communications, the general levelling up of the standards of living have accentuated this aspect of the matter. Hence it is that we should all welcome the deliberations of the Economic Conference and the implementing of its resolutions by the League,

It is noteworthy that the Soviet Republics and the United States have felt it incumbent on them to join with the other nations in the investigation of the economic basis of society and are seeking to find solutions for present-day problems. The participation by Russia in the Disarmament Conference is perhaps not unconnected with the existence of tariff walls and barriers erected around the various Soviet Republics. The third form of beneficent activity on the part of the League of Nations is connected with the investigation of Hygienic and Health problems as affecting the world. It is abundantly clear that nations and countries can no longer isolate or segregate themselves. Disease and pestilence and famine are universal in range and effect and have to be combated only by means of international fellowship. Thus, therefore, in spite of justifiable complaints as to certain aspects of the work of the League, it is becoming manifest that there exist no other means of generating world opinion and dealing with economic, social and hygienic problems than the body which owes its existence to the wise idealism of President Wilson. Furthermore the League is, though only gradually, turning its eyes eastwards and my firm conviction is that Eastern races in their evolution will be greatly assisted by this body.

In the work that the League accomplishes there are to-day co-operating many men of outstanding merit and calibre. The resignations of Viscount Cecil and Henri de Jouvenel are an undeniable loss. The former with Professor Gilbert Murray represents the spearhead of the British movement towards peace. Both of them are willing to make immense sacrifices for the eradication of warfare as a means of adjustment of national disputes; but in saying this it must be recognised that both of them are in addition true patriots. For the moment however they are somewhat unfashionable. The international reputation of Sir Austen Chamberlain, on the other hand, has been growing from year to year. The opposition encountered by his speech this year at the League has, perhaps, for the nonce made him unpopular in some countries. When carefully analysed, however, it is clear that he is as good a "European" as his confrères but that he is a little too anxious to emphasise the limits of the practicable. In contradistinction to Sir Austen Chamberlain both in outward aspect and in psychology is Monsieur Briand, the darling of the newly created Central European States. His volcanic eloquence bears down opposition but in his speech last September which was a triumph of improvisation and of rhetoric, he said exactly the same thing as Sir Austen Chamberlain as to the

limits and the conditions of disarmament and the prime importance of breaking down economic and other barriers as a necessary condition precedent. Nevertheless his sense of the dramatic and his wonderful phrasing gained for him the adherence of the very men who were loudly critical of Sir Austen's speech. Dr. Stressemann was a complete contrast to Monsieur Briand as well as to Sir Austen Chamberlain. M. Briand is a born orator and actor and the gift of effective speech is innate in him. Sir Austen Chamberlain is by no means an orator although he is somewhat Gallic in his gestures and locution; he is on the other hand a keen and ready debater. Dr. Stressemann is neither. He looks pugnacious and is a man of few words but like Disraeli and Gladstone in the House of Commons he is constant in attendance at sittings of the Committee and of the Assembly of the League and by his assiduity and his evident devotion to the League and its ideals he has acquired a personal following which has stood him in good stead. The German Delegation in the course of a year has acquired an enormous influence over the gathering and it is evident that as time goes on, it will be a dominant factor in the League. The importance of the delegations at the League of Nations, moreover, depend not so much upon the strength and the size and wealth of the country as upon the characteristics and the influence of the delegates. Japan has a tremendous amount of hold over the League but this is due not only to the circumstance of Japan being a great power but to the fact that she has always taken care to send its foremost statesmen to Geneva. Baron Adachi and Viscount Ishii, subtle in intellect, adepts at adjustments and compromises and with a calm and deliberate assertiveness which is all their own, have created for themselves a unique position in the League and, in addition, on every subject which comes up for discussion they are so thoroughly prepared and documented that they speak with authority and knowledge and are listened to with respect.

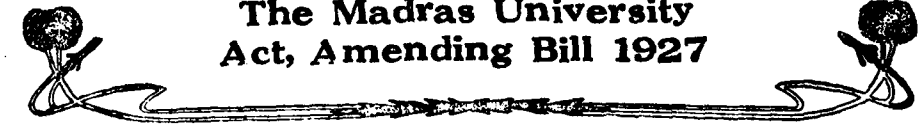
The constitution of the League providing as it does for an equality of votes in the case of all the powers has brought into international prominence representatives of some small States whose contribution to the work and whose power over the decisions of the body are incommensurate with their size or prosperity. One of the dominant figures at the League this year was Monsieur Polites of Greece, a wellknown authority on international law, whose opinion was nearly decisive on many important issues. Dr. Benes, of Servia, is another similarly outstanding figure of the League. Dr. Nansen, the great Arctic explorer, and M. Hambro of Norway, were both regardless of conventions and not

over-careful about treading on other peoples' corns and their firm advocacy of disarmament and their fierce onslaught against secret diplomacy shook the League out of its complacency and made it face the realities of the political situation. Even those that openly differed from them modified their views after hearing them. The South Americans, voluble and somewhat disunited amongst themselves but idealists to their finger-tips, also count for a great deal in the League and the election of M. Guani to the Presidentship was a just tribute to their devotion to the cause of peace and economic and social reconstruction. Although the United States have not joined the League, Americans are very much in evidence in Geneva. Their benefactions have helped the Institution in its humanitarian work and the most recent instance of their farseeing philanthropy is Rockefeller's gift of two million dollars to the Library of the League. American help to the League is not only monetary. The reconstruction of Austria and Hungary was effected through Americans. Their aid is sought in all social and economic matters and their participation in the Health and Economic Conferences was of far reaching importance. They are afraid to entangle themselves in the politics of the League but in all the technical organisations they are dominant factors.

C. P. RAMASWAMY AYYAR.



The Madras University Act, Amending Bill 1927



I have been asked by the Editor to write a few observations on the 'Madras University Act, Amending Bill 1927'. I do so willingly ; not because I wish to enter into any local controversies, but rather because of the fact that I am happy enough to be completely detached from them. Being neither a member of the Syndicate, the Senate, the Academic Council nor the Council of Affiliated Colleges, I may perhaps be able to look more impartially upon these four important factors in the University's constitution, than I could have done had I been bound to them by any ties of loyalty. Further, I ought to say that in these observations I am expressing solely my own views ; not, of course, committing in any way my colleagues or the College.

The Madras University Act of 1923, to which the present Bill is an amendment, was such a complete departure from the former traditions of the University, that it was inevitable that many defects in it and in its practical working would soon be apparent. I do not, however, attach very much blame for these defects to the framers of the original Act, for it is obvious that such defects could only be discovered after the Act had been given a fair trial and worked for a considerable time. But after a few years' trial, these deficiencies have forced themselves upon the consideration of all who are interested in the progress of the University and the efficiency of its administration ; and to remove them is the object of the present amending Bill.

The original Act was based on theories as to what a University constitution should be : it was largely a leap in the dark. But the amending Bill is based upon the much surer foundation of past experience.

This intention of the new Bill, namely, to remove the various deficiencies which the actual working of the Act of 1923 has brought to light, is openly confessed in the following paragraph from the 'Statement of Objects and Reasons' :—"The experience gained of the working of the Madras University Act of 1923 during the last four years has shown that the Act is in need of amendment in several particulars. The increase in the number of University authorities has not resulted, as was hoped, either in the rapid development of University activities, or in the furtherance of special schemes already under consideration. On the other

hand, much delay has been caused in the consideration of proposals, made either by the Syndicate or by the Senate, owing to the number of authorities to be consulted. The individual powers of the various University authorities require more careful definition in order to avoid the contradictions and duplications which appear in the present Act."

The changes which are designed to remedy these defects, chiefly concern the constitution and functions of the Syndicate, the Senate and the Academic Council—the three bodies which in practice divide between them the control of the University. Their functions have been more explicitly defined and differentiated, and various changes have been made in their constitutions. In the case of the Syndicate and of the Senate the changes propose a reduction of numbers. The Syndicate is reduced from nineteen to fourteen—a reduction which is bound to curtail talk, and facilitate and expedite the actual transaction of real business. Any change that does this will be welcomed.

The most extensive changes, however, concern the Senate, and it is on this point that the greatest controversy is likely to arise. The present Senate is a big unwieldy body, consisting of about two hundred heterogeneous members, representing a variety of so-called "interests," for many of which it is difficult to find any need or justification in a University assembly.

The incompetence of the present Senate, which has just transgressed the limits of a joke and become a by-word, is condemned in the 'Statement of Objects and Reasons,' which says:—"The Act of 1923 largely increased the membership of the Senate, and it has been felt that such a large body is neither necessary in the interests of sound administration, nor effective as an authority which is required to carry through a large volume of work speedily and efficiently."

How refreshing to find in an official document a clear and concise statement, straight to the point! Those of us who have followed the proceedings of the Senate in the public press, or have been entertained by verbal accounts of its recent performances, will not be likely to dissent from this condemnation. It may upset preconceived ideas or the prestige of individuals, but the verdict is in accordance with the evidence. Let this cumbersome body quietly pass away with Dryden's telling couplet as its epitaph—

But far more numerous was the Herd of such,
Who think too little and who talk too much.

The changes which are proposed to remedy this state of affairs take the form of a reduction in numbers from about two-hundred, as at present, to about two-thirds of that number. This is to the good; and it is evidently hoped that the smaller body, rid to some extent of superfluous elements, will be able to get down to something real in the way of business. But will it? There are many who will regret that, inspite of this reduction in numbers, the old proportions remain the same—thus perpetuating the representation of constituencies (if the term may be used in this connexion) which, in the opinion of many, whose interest in the University is confined to its efficiency as the highest educational institution in the Province, require no representation at all. For instance, the number of members returned by the registered graduates is reduced from thirty to twenty; a similar reduction is made in the case of members nominated by the Chancellor, and the number returned by district boards and municipalities is halved. The number of members elected by the non-official members of the Legislative Council remains unaltered.

It is not unreasonable that many people should think that members of the local legislature have no right at all to representation on the Senate of a University. The members of the House of Lords and of the House of Commons in England certainly have no representation on the governing bodies of English Universities. The members of the Legislative Councils are elected to their Councils avowedly as party politicians in order to further the political programme of their party; and, theoretically at any rate, party politics should find no place in University administration. But it is thus that we fall short of the ideal. This trouble, regrettable as it is, seems irremediable. It is indeed unfortunate that Universities in India are brought into being by an Act of the Legislature, and not, as in England, by Royal Charter. The latter ensures the exclusion of party politics; the former compels its intrusion.

It is difficult to write about the return of members by district boards and municipalities on the one hand, and by the registered graduates on the other, without bordering upon local controversies, which, as I have already said, I would rather avoid. But rumours and gossip are persistent, and it is sometimes inevitable that even the most detached ears are sullied by them. However, to be brief on this point. One has always been given to understand that the provision permitting the return of members by district boards and municipalities was nothing more or less than a vote-catching

device and a manoeuvre to secure on the Senate a large number of gentlemen belonging to one particular party. As a counter-blast to this, there is the provision permitting the election of twenty members by the registered graduates. This in practice usually results in the return of members of the opposing political party. Thus the balance is kept; but one may be pardoned the doubt whether this representation is not out of all proportion to the utility of the persons elected and to the interests they are supposed to serve.

Personally, I can see no justification whatever for the representation of any district board or municipality, unless that board or municipality supports a first-grade college at its own expense, or contributes a handsome sum annually to the funds of the University. Neither can I see that the registered graduates have any need of twenty representatives: three would be ample. I should not have been sorry to have seen both these representations drastically cut down in the way I have suggested; indeed, I should not have gone into mourning if the former had been abolished altogether.

There is, I believe, before the Legislative Council, a Bill, presented by a private member, to amend the Madras University Act in ways which differ from those contained in the official Bill. I have not read this private member's Bill, but I am told that it proposes the abolition of the representation of district boards and municipalities, but retains unimpaired the privileges of election by the registered graduates. Well—to sensitive nostrils rats are not innocuous! Much that I should like to see the disappearance of the former, I should not, taking the real facts of the situation into account, approve of it unless it were accompanied by a drastic reduction of the latter, *alii alia volunt*; but I would prefer to see the axe applied to both simultaneously.

These changes are to be introduced, not for fun, but, as the 'Statement of Objects and Reasons' explicitly states, "in the interests of sound administration;" and to make the Senate "effective as an authority which is required to carry through a large volume of WORK *speedily and efficiently*" The italics and capitals are mine, of course; but it is a splendid ambition, and its novelty attracts me.

The Academic Council is to be changed in such a way, so as "to secure more adequate representation of the persons *best qualified* to give advice on matters concerning all branches of learning. In order to effect this, a revision has been made in the

representation of the various colleges, with the object of abolishing the present incongruities. For instance, it has always struck me as ridiculous that the Presidency College, which is affiliated to the University in all branches of the B.A., Degree course and in all the Honours Schools in the Faculty of Arts, should have exactly the same number of representatives on the Academic Council as, say, the Government Mohamman College, which does no Honours work, and undertakes only two branches of the Pass Course. Surely it is to the staffs of its Honours colleges that the University may look for those best qualified to advise and help in academic matters. So, for the first time, the Amending Bill makes a separate classification of "Honours colleges," and enables each such College to send three of its teachers to the Council; whereas the non-Honours first-grade constituent colleges send two, and the non-Honours first-grade affiliated colleges send one.

There is a further reform enacted by the new Bill, namely, that these representatives are to be elected "by the senior lecturers in each subject in each college". Although the term "senior lecturers" awaits precise definition, the object of the change is perfectly clear. Hitherto *all* the lecturers of a college have been privileged to vote in the choice of representatives on the Academic Council; and it has been found in practice that, probably on account of the natural desire and praiseworthy ambition of junior educationists to find a place on a University body, these young men have elected each other. They are more numerous than senior lecturers, and can always command a majority; but the University has evidently found that this method has not resulted in the return of those "best qualified to give advice in matters concerning all branches of learning". Under the present Act it is quite possible for a college to be represented on the Academic Council by its three most junior teachers—by men who may have had no more than one week's teaching experience! There is, of course, nothing in the new Bill to prevent clever and able junior teachers from being elected; but the privilege of voting is confined to those, who by their experience and positions of responsibility, may be the more expected to exercise wisdom in their choice. One hopes, however, that they will be careful to avoid the pitfall into which their younger colleagues fell and about which I have just grumbled, namely, the temptation always to elect each other.

The elegy on the Council of Affiliated Colleges is unflattering and to the point. Brought into existence "to further and

safeguard the interests of colleges situated outside the limits of the University," this Council "has not, to any appreciable extent, forwarded the development of University activities in mofussal centres, but has, on the other hand, created an unnecessary complexity in the working of the administrative machinery." The point is that this Council had no real work to do; for the mofussal colleges have no interests peculiar to themselves, which are not already adequately safeguarded by the other University bodies. Well—these proposed changes will have to be decided in another place. That some of them will provoke controversy, both justified and unjustified, is only to be expected. But, after all, the University's greatest assets are not its constituent bodies, executive, administrative or talkative, but the colleges which do its work; and *we*, therefore, can afford to be both detached from and superior to these controversies; though none the less interested in them. We, indeed, may keep in view, not the changeable and repealable words of any legislative Act, but the permanent truth of the University's motto—*Doctrina vim promovet insitam*.

ONE OF THE STAFF.



Ramasubban's Marriage

Nadu Street, Udumalpet,
12th December, 1926.

DEAR MR. GOPALAKRISHNAN,

I am writing to seek your assistance in a matter of considerable importance to me and I hope you will not grudge giving it to an old friend. I am due to retire in a few months and am anxious to get my youngest daughter, who is twelve, married before I leave service. The girl takes after her mother and is good-looking and intelligent. She is now reading in the first form at the Mission girls' school here.

As you have exceptional opportunities of knowing a large number of students at your college, I should be thankful if you would kindly make enquiries and let me know of any suitable young man. I don't mind if he is poor, but I should like him to be bright and studious. I am prepared to give him a decent dowry and to meet, if necessary, the expenses of his future education. As a father yourself, you will, I am sure, understand my anxiety to get this matter settled as soon as possible. With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

D. SWAMINATHAN,
Tahsildar.

Maduranthakam, Chingleput Dt.,
30th December, 1926.

DEAR MR. SWAMINATHAN,

I duly received your letter. I am sorry I could not reply to it earlier as I have been ill. I am now on long leave and will rejoin College only towards the middle of next March.

I remember, however, a young fellow by name N. Ramasubban, reading in the Junior B.A. Class, who impressed me as a particularly intelligent lad. He belongs to the Tanjore District and, I believe, comes of a good family. I have written to Mr. V. Srinivasan, one of my colleagues at the College to have a talk

with the young man and to send me his horoscope, if it could be procured. I shall let you know as soon as I hear from him. I quite realise your anxiety in regard to your daughter's marriage, and should be very happy indeed if I could be of any service to you in this connexion.

Yours sincerely,

V. GOPALAKRISHNAN.

3, Nallathambi Street, Triplicane,
Madras,

20th January, 1927.

MY DEAR GOPALAKRISHNAN,

Your letter and post-card have reached me. I couldn't get at this young fellow Ramasubban for sometime, as his subject is not maths. I saw him, however, a few days ago and had a long talk with him. He was inclined to be rather reticent about his private affairs, but I gathered he comes of a poor family in the Tanjore District. I must honestly confess that he didn't impress me as being particularly brilliant. It is just possible, however, that his mind may develop later. Physically he looks very fit and I learn he is a good hockey player. He was quite pleased with the idea of getting married to a well-to-do girl and has just sent me a copy of his horoscope, which I enclose. Hoping you are rapidly improving in health,

Yours sincerely,

V. SRINIVASAN.

Krishna Veni Hostel, George Town,
Madras,

25th February, 1927.

MY DEAR SEEMA,

I got your letter and am sorry to say that I am frightfully hard-up just now and unable to return your loan. As I am playing in the inter-collegiate matches in connexion with the hockey tournament, I have had to go in for some extra nourishment to keep me fit. The food in this Hostel is simply wretched.

You will be glad to know that I am going to get married soon. It all happened rather suddenly and so I could not write

and tell you anything about it earlier. I am likely to get a decent dowry as the girl's father, I learn, is a Tahsildar at Udumalpet. The marriage comes off sometime next month. By gosh! I shall have some cash to play with, then! May I trouble you, my good friend, to send me thirty rupees by telegraphic money order? The money is urgently required to meet the expenses of my trip to Udumalpet. So don't say no. I have a rich treat in store for you the next time you visit Madras. A new lunch Home has been opened in the Broadway, where you can get a splendid meal for a rupee. You may take my word that the *rasagolas* and *kara-somasis* made there are the finest I have ever tasted in my life. Let me know when you expect to come to Madras next. Please don't forget to send the money. I am depending entirely on you for it.

Your grateful friend,

G. RAMASUBBAN.

Nadu Street, Udumalpet,
1st March, 1927.

DEAR MR. GOPALAKRISHNAN,

Thank you very much for your letter and the horoscope of Ramasubban. The local astrologer, who is a very great expert, has studied it most carefully and tells me that it fits in beautifully with that of my daughter.

I have therefore written to Mr. Ramasubban to come and see us this week end and we are looking forward to his visit. If all goes well, the marriage will take place sometime towards the end of this month.

Thanking you for all your kind interest and help in this matter,

Yours sincerely,

D. SWAMINATHAN.

The Excelsior College, Madras,
20th March, 1927.

DEAR MR. SWAMINATHAN,

I have just rejoined duty after the expiry of my leave. I am extremely sorry to say there has been a very serious mistake in regard to the student who was recommended to you. The young

man, whom I had in view, turns out to be not the same as the one whose horoscope was sent to you. It was really the mistake of my friend, Mr. Srinivasan. The fact is there are two Ramasubbans in the junior B. A. class, N. Ramasubban and G. Ramasubban and my friend got hold of the wrong person. It happens, however, that both belong to the Tanjore District. I hope I am not too late in bringing this unfortunate mistake to your notice. With many apologies,

Yours sincerely,

V. GOPALAKRISHNAN.

*Udumalpet, Coimbatore District,
20th March, 1927.*

THE PRINCIPAL,

THE EXCELSIOR COLLEGE, MADRAS.

SIR,

I am sorry I had to leave Madras very suddenly and come here on urgent private affairs. As I have a very important ceremony to perform, I regret I shall not be able to attend college for ten days.

Please grant me leave of absence for those days and also exempt me from sitting for the annual class examinations which are to be held next week. I have been regular in attendance at College and have always given satisfaction to my professors in regard to my class work.

Yours obediently,

G. RAMASUBBAN.

*Nadu Street, Udumalpet,
23rd March, 1927.*

DEAR MR. GOPALAKRISHNAN,

Many thanks for your letter. It is a pity there has been a mistake in regard to the bridegroom, but I am afraid it is much too late now to think of putting off the marriage and setting about to find another suitable young man.

As I told you in a former letter the girl is already twelve and I dare not delay the marriage any longer. Besides, as I am retiring from service next month, I cannot command later many of those conveniences in connexion with the celebration of the marriage which I can now.

Ramasubban is with us here with his widowed mother, and has already made himself quite at home. My wife likes him immensely, as he seems to be something of a food specialist and has been helping her in the preparation of all sorts of nice dishes.

After all, my dear friend, as somebody has said, marriages are made in heaven. None of us can escape the Karmic law. The great thing is that the young couple's horoscopes agree, and Mars is well aspected in Ramasubban's. The astrologer has fixed the 30th of this month as a most auspicious day for the marriage.

Yours sincerely,

D. SWAMINATHAN.

The Excelsior College Notice Board

The following have not been promoted to the Senior B.A. Class :—

S. Kailasam.	A. Nilamegam.
V. Raju.	Md. Ghouse.
G. Ramasubban.	R. Seshagiri Rau.

O. K.

THE PRINCIPAL.

R.

30th March, 1927.



The Comforted

*She is too young for widowhood,
And though her eyes are fair
With memory of her maidenhood,
There is silver in her hair.*

*It seems too hard that life should lie
All barren at her feet,
That all the sunshine leave her sky
When gladness seemed complete.*

*But though the toilsome path be drear,
Weary the endless miles,
In a far land, through mists of tears,
She sees his face,—and smiles.*

Two Songs

*I heard a bulbul singing
In a garden one moon-filled night,
And the song from his throat came winging
To my heart, and it filled with light.*

*I saw a maiden swaying
In stately dance, and her voice,
With the vina's low sweet playing,
Made all my heart rejoice.*

*If I would tingle forever
In a melodious flood,
Should I choose the garden songster?
Or the woman of life and blood?*

R. A. St. C.

The Minstrel

*"Teri chabhal hai pyari
Teri kalbal han yari,"*

he sang to the accompaniment of a dholek on a cold, dark winter morning. "Ah! how it freezes! my fingers are blue with this accursed north wind, but who cares—'tis the winter that breathes the message of spring's approach in its icy blasts. I see the faint blush of a rosier light, the soft delicate tint of dawn when its deepening colours touch Jhelum's rippling water. Hark! what is that? Methought I heard a rustle. Was it the leaves of yond chenar? But he stands bare, forlorn of leaf and bud. Was it, could it be, but I dare not breathe the word for fear she darts away. I'd hear the tinkle of her silver anklets die away, while the north wind's rocking laughter leaves me desolate on these cold grey steps. Well, let me but whisper to those misty mountains. Why do you gaze on me so silently? Tell me, are you musing on the ages that have passed away? Oh dull blocks! grey spectators! Shall I tell you a secret that would make your topmost crag glow with ruddy fire? Search not the east for the sun's watery rays. Come hither. Nestle in her sunny smile. Laughter darts to and fro between her petalled lips, swifter than the flitting of a butterfly upon a flowery bank. Ah! who can define the depths of her eyes, those black pools of lustre, deep mines of precious light? Would that she might once again shed her radiance on my withered soul! Could I but catch a glimpse of her 'hyacinthine' locks behind the curtained casement!

*"Teri zulfar hai kali
Teri galloz par lalli
Teri baton se baton katarya jan."*

Hush! like the summer breeze, when it lingers on a field of wheat playing listlessly upon its grassy waves, methinks I can descry the tremor of her life-infusing breath upon the silken screen. But alas! why wast thou so cruel to me, Fate! Star of my destiny, who moved you to shine upon that luckless day when I first saw the light? Aha! what irony it is, blacker even than the nether dungeons of the evil one, that I should be a wandering minstrel and she a noble's daughter. I, a mean, wretched beggar, tattered, ugly,

begging my way along these gloomy streets devouring scraps rejected even by the dogs; and she the princess of my dreams, the light where many a noble moth is born to singe its wings, the huntress with her poisoned shafts of love! Once more the cock is crowing, man and beast will soon arouse the echoes of the sleeping streets. I must return, back to my lowly haunts, back to the old wooden bridge by the river side. I will sit down on the water's edge and watch the houseboats passing by, till night falls and I am left alone under the starry sky."

J. N.



The Lotus

Love came to Flora asking for a flower
That would of flowers be undisputed queen,
The lily and the rose, long, long had been
Rivals for that high honour. Bards of power
Had sung their claims. "The rose can never tower
Like the pale lily with her Juno mien"—
"But is the lily lovelier?" Thus between
Flower-factions rang the strife in Psyche's bower.
"Give me a flower delicious as the rose
And stately as the lily in her pride"—
"But of what colour?"—"Rose-red," Love first chose,
Then prayed,—"No, lily-white—or, both provide";
And Flora gave the lotus, "rose-red" dyed,
And "lily-white,"—the queenliest flower that blows.

TORU DUTT



Simplicity and Wordsworth



A touching simplicity is ever on the fair face of Nature, but rarely indeed do we see it; "the silence that is in the starry skies, the peace that is among the lonely hills" rarely moves us. The rugged and bleak mountains, too, have a severe simplicity of their own, if we had eyes to see it. The poets, each in his own day, have sung Nature's praises. They have made many a song of thanks and praise, they have come under her genial sway. In the world and yet not of the world, "true to the kindred points of heaven and home" they have sung of high truths, and still sing to us, who are in hourly peril of losing ourselves in all the dreary intercourse and bickering bustle of daily life.

The poet is indeed the lode-star to guide us and our shipwrecked hopes to a secure haven of rest. Then let us not scorn the poet, for high is his calling, and he is not a vain dreamer and a weaver of pretty phantasies.

Wordsworth is both a poet and a seer; and to study him is to be filled with "the faith that can look through death." His themes are, as he himself says, "the unassuming commonplaces of Nature"—a simple child that lightly draws its breath, a cuckoo with its two-fold shout, a lamb that bounds or anything, as what *we* might think uninspiring. These "commonplaces" spoke to him a language, which his muse has translated for us into English speech. There was a time in his manhood when his high hopes were wrecked, his faith was well nigh broken; then he turned away from the scene of strife, he felt the sway of "the primal sympathy" in him; he turned to Nature and found in her both consolation and joy. Then he did not shun the walks of men, he did not "fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles," but he walked into our midst and spoke out clearly what his comprehending mind had intuited. For he would often commune with Nature and catch from the humblest of her monitors, whatever of impulses sublime they might bring. It was his belief, and not a charming poetic fancy of his, when he said "one impulse from a vernal wood may teach you more . . . than all the sages can." One might say that both by temperament and by principle he was drawn to the simplicity of Nature, as naturally as one would be drawn to an entertainment. There indeed was both his ease and his discipline; his simplicity and his strength. Hazlitt wrote of him,

"He has scarcely any of the pomp and decoration and scenic effect of poetry; no gorgeous palaces nor solemn temples awe the imagination; no cities rise with glistening spires and pinnacles adorned; we meet with no hair-breadth 'scapes and perilous accidents by flood or field".

He only loved and loved to love Nature as a master-spirit attending to the needs of her foster-child, man. He studied her every movement assiduously—the dew drop that trembles on the leaf, not less than the sea that bares its bosom to the moon; the slight ripple that plays upon a wayside pool, not less than the waters that make a sound like thunder everlastingly; the pansy at his feet, not less than the woods glorified by the deep radiance of the setting sun, and the cheerful shout of the cuckoo not less than the noise of mountain torrents. Often as he saw some simple Pippa, he would think of "the innocent brightness of a new born day," and he would be as rapt with her bright and cheerful countenance as the poet, when he sang of the sky-lark,

"What love of thine own kind, what ignorance of pain."

These simple nurslings of Nature and their bright and unspoilt ways, were to him eloquent of the blessedness each of them was conscious of. These baptized him anew into the Faith of the comprehensive sway of a Divinity "whose everlasting purposes embrace all accidents converting them to good." This poet was indeed pre-eminently a seer—a seer whose master bias leaned to the essentially simple. And as a bee sucks in his honey, so this poet drank in his faith, communing with Nature. And Nature, who will, as Bynn says, "lend all her noblest fires to adorn the verse herself inspires" breathed grandeur upon the very humblest face of human life. In lowly and simple-hearted folk he found the elements of our constitution in their naturalness; here, too, he found human passions speaking a language that was neither sophisticated nor affected, but simple and forcible. These then were the means—praise be to them! that roused him from his spiritual lethargy and gave him high hopes of the future of man.

No flower of earth was too mean, no child too young or simple, no idiot boy too idiotic, no man too vile or brutish, but could give him thoughts too deep for words, could inspire him to one solaceful, restful poem.

S. KRISHNAMURTHI.



An Unwelcome Visitor



"Now, Sir, no nonsense here! Get out of this, ere worse befalls you, and make haste too!" said I, in tones of righteous indignation, to an unwelcome visitor, who had entered my room one day in the sultry hours of an afternoon, without ringing the bell or announcing himself in any of the established modes whatever. I do not pretend to remember when he came in by the open door; but not being in a good humour at the moment, his intrusion appealed to me as an infringement of my sacred privileges as the sole occupant of my room. I like to have a room all to myself, for many reasons: one gets so much more of what Hazlitt calls 'elbow-room.' Moreover the exclusive habitation of a room is invariably accompanied by a refreshing sense of unbounded freedom very exhilarating to the spirits. There are no meddling busybodies, no eternal bores with their incessant prattle to prevent you from doing what you like within the four walls of your 'chambers.' On the other hand, if you share your room with a chum, however friendly he may be, his constant presence by your side is a restraint upon your freedom; and you cannot indulge in the desires of your heart with the same non-chalance and defiance of etiquette which alone constitute the essence of freedom. Be that as it may, nobody had any right to sneak into my room without my knowledge. His presence came indeed as a surprise to me, and was a rude shock to my complacency. I noticed him for the first time when he came and sat on my nose

He was evidently one of those stingy wingy humming creatures common in tropical countries, that people usually denominate by the name of mosquitoes. I flecked him off indignantly. He wandered about for a while and settled on the wall; but finding that the monster of a figure in the middle of the room, who tasted so nice, was by far a more interesting subject for study, came back and settled upon the nape of my neck, just above the collar. That settled his fate: magnanimity has its limits, and he was to know that fact. "More than once, Sir" said I, "you have been warned that your present way of life is bad, that an august person of my type is not for the likes of you to meddle with. You are a public nuisance and a vagabond. You are poaching in other people's property and occupying this room

without paying rent or showing license. Considering your many misdemeanours, therefore, the court enforces the capital penalty upon you. Justice demands it and the court awards it—," and I delivered a swift sharp blow upon the nape of my neck where he was doing research work in my blood.

I missed him; he avoided me with disgusting ease. My conceit was aroused, my vanity was tingled. I pursued him throughout the room delivering blows in quick succession; but he bore a charmed life. I adopted all sorts of uncanny methods to catch him. I waited till he had settled down on the wall, and then creeping on towards him slowly, silently, dealt a quick blow on him—but once again he escaped me, and began gracefully practising a musquito dance just before my infuriated eyes, his wings beating slow time.

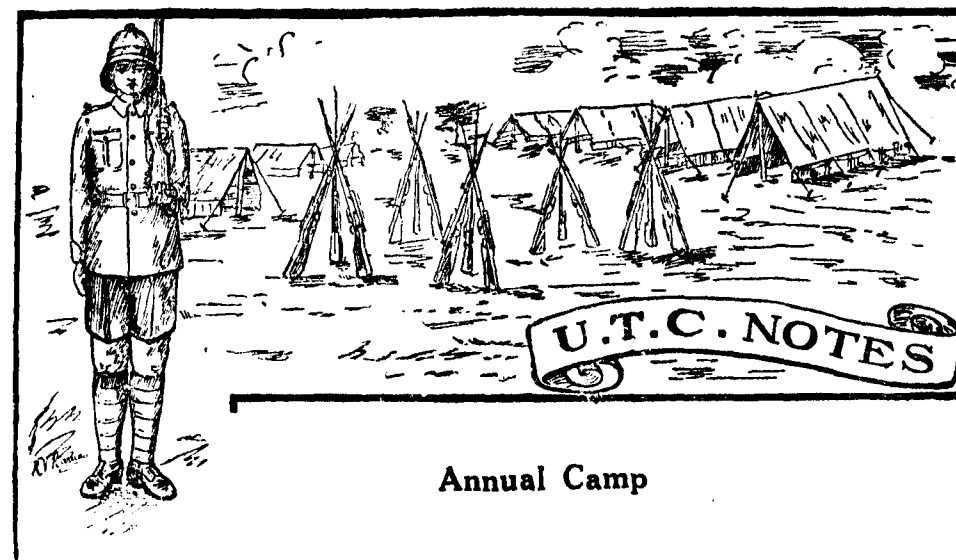
That evidently cooled my ire; I grew calmer: after all why should I kill? He was as much of a fellow mortal as myself, entitled in these democratic days to an equal share of the free air of heaven. He was in no way my inferior—in fact he had only proved superior to me in the only competition in which we had ever been engaged. And suddenly I felt my heart waxing warm towards him. He had come no doubt to sport with me, and I make it a point always to appreciate sportsmanship. Why should I not become friends with him, and shake hands after the bargain?

My new friend seemed to understand my intentions, and settled on my palm. "Alas, my friend" said I, "shall I close my palm, and give you your quietus? You are entirely in my power now, but I shall not abuse it. You are excused this time, on the strength of my recommendation. You shall understand that you have the unique honour of having a friend in human society, upon whom you may rely for his just esteem and patronage of your multifarious merits.

Just then the tea-bell rang, and I bade adieu to my friend:

'Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been!'

and as I was going out, he was madly wheeling round and about the room, as if rejoicing that for a few minutes he could enjoy the privileges of being the sole occupant of a room.



Annual Camp

This year the annual camp was held at Bangalore where we were given the run of the Pekin Barracks in Agram. We spent a most pleasant ten days in perfect and bracing weather, and none of our fun was spoilt by rain, though it almost came down the last day of our sports and the night of the Battalion Concert. The usual routine of camp life was gone through, and a little variety thrown in by way of company concerts. Besides, of course, there was the interest and excitement of the usual competitions.

In spite of much practising before the day of the Guard-mounting and Drill Competitions we fared badly here. It behoves every individual member of the company to see to it that, next camp, we regain our position as holders of the Willingdon Shield.

* * * * *

In Athletics we fared as well as ever and though we had no individual athlete, like Veerasinghe in the past, to carry off the individual championship for us, we put the best company team of athletes in the field and retained the Athletic Cup. It was indeed unfortunate that H. Ali Mirza should have lost the individual championship by a single point, but his four places were quite invaluable to us. He won the Hurdles and the High Jump in both the individual and company events. Subramanian took the individual quarter-mile and helped the company team considerably, while Padmanahban secured the second place in the cross-country run. In fact all our company men did quite well in this event, most of them coming in within the first twenty competitors.

In company team events we walked off with the High Jump and Hurdles (thanks to H. Ali Mirza) the 100 yards and 220 yards races, and with the lead Padmanabhan gave us, the half-mile too. This shows that the general standard of athletics in our company is very high.

Our team included besides those already mentioned : Joseph, Narayan Rai, Kondalrayadu, Reddi, K. P. R. Menon, Naick, Rangaswamy and Stracey.

* * * *

SOME HUMOURS OF CAMP LIFE.

[The character of Jeddi is only intended to represent a type and has no reference to any individual whatsoever.]

"Thank Christ we've got an army!—Hold them muzzles up! Whew!—and stop, for God's sake workin' them bolts!—'Ow many times am I to tell yer?—Jeddi! Y'arnt goin' duck shootin, Jeddi! You'll be shootin the medical officer, you will!—Hold them muzzles up!—up!—There, that's sumwat like it!"

And the hoarse red-faced sergeant-instructor ceased bawling at his squad and stood arms akimbo to admire the square of valiant recruits ranged around him. Each man was purposefully intent on the business of keeping the position he thought to be most in compliance with the command—"Port Arms!" The sergeant smiled, "Orl right, Order Arms!" and Jeddi with a sigh was so brisk in carrying out the command that the butt of the rifle came down heavily upon his right toe, causing him to perform a dance of anguish in the ranks, and calling forth more "sergeantical" wit.

"You ought ter get a boy-scout-pole, yer should. Them rifles is only nine pun eight ounces, and you treat'em like howitzers!—Squad! atten—shun! Port—arms!"

The wearisome business of attempting to make soldiers of us began again: amusing to the looker-on perhaps, but ask the recruits,—and the sergeant

The following would be something like a resume of one of Jeddi's days in camp: 6-30 A.M. hears the first weak plaintive notes of what is meant to be 'Reveille';—silence, 6-31 A.M. furious blare of the rousing call blown by an irate Sergt.-Major in a night-suit. Awakes to a bleak, shivering, early Bangalore morning, to grope in the dim light of a neighbour's candle for tooth-brush, paste, and

soap: fights to break through two circles of muddled men around the only tap available for his company, and just succeeds in taking his first mouthful of icy water as "Cook-house" is trumpeted from the guard-room.

Consequently he is late for the morning's chota hazri and is greeted by a cheery—"Take his number, corp'rl,"—as he trots up late to take his place in the P.T. Class. Physical training he enjoys, for though he is seldom, even by chance, found doing the right thing, it warms him; and things are getting really pleasant when it is time to get his grey-shirt and putties on for Battalion parade.

After frantic struggles with a pair of socks, a size too small for him, and after endless attempts to tie his putties after the smart model of his section commander's, he wraps them on anyhow, grasps a rifle, thrusts a helmet down over his eyes, and rushes on parade.

"Hi!—you there!—you! Where's your belt?" and Jeddi darts back into the barrack room and falls-in again as the squad is forming fours.

Battalion parade is a series of acrobatic tricks with a heavy rifle; and while his attention is partly given to balancing it in various positions, he intently watches the trained men, scattered all over the wide maidan, playing at forming up in the several battle arrays of "arrow-head," "diamond-formation" and "extended order." How he wishes he were a section commander! Easy job his: a stripe on his arm, nonchalantly trailing his weapon, and scattering commands of "Into file!" "Follow me" etc., with a lordly air of boredom.

"Jeddi! Right turn, I said! No, no! The other right, man! Which is your right-hand!" And more pious ejaculations of thanksgiving for the fortunate existence of an army.

Battalion parade over, ten o'clock finds him free to wash the sweat out of his eyes and the black rifle grease off his hands before sitting down to eat the first substantial meal of the day. In his hungry relish of the food he forgets to pass his critical opinion on the dainty meal. But that sauce of all sauces, hunger, having had its edge taken off by the consumption of a first helping, he calls boisterously for more and being warned by the 'police', on duty here as everywhere in camp, subsides into a loud murmur of protest against the men serving food.

After a rest of an hour or so after breakfast, he turns out with his company for musketry at which amusement we first came upon our hero. By one o'clock he feels that he has no feet, while he is painfully aware of possessing a left collar-bone and a pair of biceps.

At last!—"Dismiss!" and he is free for the rest of the day to bathe, sleep, dress like a gentleman once more, visit the canteen or hire a cycle and go for a spin along the pleasant Bangalore roads. That is about his average day except that he goes to the pictures in the evenings till he cannot do so any more for lack of capital.

But these are the ups and downs of camp life, and if he finds it not all beer and skittles, he at least spends a jolly time in the barrack room and canteen, where he is immensely popular for certain lilting Hindustani songs, which also cause him to be in great demand at Company and Battalion concerts. He is a useful man too in athletics, for in the battalion cross country he pants in twenty-second (out of ninety-one competitors, remember) and secures the only individual item that goes to his College.

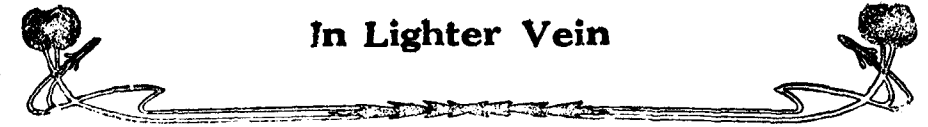
On the whole, if Jeddi stops to consider himself as he stands 'easy' in two ranks on the platform at Bangalore before entraining for Madras, he may perhaps come to the conclusion that his ten days of camp were the jolliest spell of holidays he has spent for a long time. As it is he is busy unwrapping a too tightly rolled pair of putties off his aching legs,—so here let us leave him.

A feature of our camp life this year was the demonstration given by a company of the Highland Light Infantry of the various movements that may have to be carried out on a field of battle. Their smartness, alertness and general show of efficiency were a revelation to us of what the strictest discipline can accomplish.

We were inspected by the General Officer Commanding Madras District, who expressed himself satisfied with all he saw.

All told we had a busy and lively time of it and we were secretly rather sorry to break up camp just when we were beginning to get used to and almost enjoy the rough heartiness of camp-life.

H.E. the Commander-in-Chief in India inspected the Auxiliary Forces and the U.T.C. on November 19th.



In Lighter Vein

DEWARISMS.

When a man says his word is as good as his bond, get the bond.

Some men electrify their audiences; others only gas them.

The first intimation in the Bible of broadcasting was when Adam gave a spare part which developed into a loud speaker.

If cheerfulness counts, the bride's father is generally the best man at the wedding.

The pessimist wears a belt as well as braces; the optimist wears neither.

One mother-in-law is a better argument against polygamy than a hundred reasons for it.

The man today who hides behind a woman's skirt is not a coward; he is a magician.

Some are born good, and others make good.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land. When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it. When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference.

SOME NEW HOWLERS.

Epics describe the brave deeds of men called epicures.

Pope wrote principally in heroic cutlets.

E. G. means egg sample.

The whole world, except the United States, lies in the temperance zone.

Coleridge was a retired mariner who took to verse.

Magna Carta stopped the King from ordering taxis without the consent of Parliament.

Barbarians are things put into bicycle wheels to make them run smoothly.

"What is a statesman?" asked the school inspector of a little girl.

"A man who goes about making speeches," she replied.

"Fair, but not quite correct," said the inspector. I myself sometimes make speeches, but I am not a statesman."

"I know," returned the girl, smiling brightly; "a statesman is a man who makes good speeches!"

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the meaning of the word "perseverance". "What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth, up hill and down, through jungles and swamps and raging torrents?"

There was a silence, and then Tommy, whose father was a motor dealer spoke up.

"Please, miss," he said, "there ain't no such car."

"Who's that impressive-looking woman over yonder?"

"That's Mrs. Peckum. She's a remarkable woman, and they say that she commands a very large salary."

"How does she earn it?"

"She doesn't earn it. Her husband earns it, and she commands it."

"That's a fine letter-case, old man."

"Yes, my wife gave it to me on my birthday."

"Fine! anything in it?"

"Yes—the bill for the case."

"Pa, you remember you promised to give me a sovereign if I passed my examination this year?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, Pa, you aren't going to have that expense."

"I suggest," Sir, "roared the brow-beating barrister, "That you are obviously an unscrupulous liar. Am I right?"

"Well," replied the mild-looking witness, "I suggest you are obviously a perfect gentleman and we're both about equally wrong."

Stout friend: "Stout people, they say, are rarely guilty of meanness or crime."

Lean one: "Well you see, it is very difficult for them to stoop to anything low."

Teacher: "I understand you attend the class for mathematics?"

Student: "Yes, Sir,"

Teacher: "How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"Indeed! what are they?"

"An inside and an outside."

Pupil to mathematics teacher: "Was Euclid a man whose words could be trusted, Sir?"

Teacher: "I have never heard it suggested that he was other than a man of entire integrity."

Pupil: "Then, why can't we take all these propositions as proved, Sir?"

The Mayor (reading from the town's health report). "The death-rate was twelve point nine."

Councillor: What do you mean?

The Mayor (embarrassed) "It means that twelve died and nine were on the point of death."

"Yes, madam, I am an official of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—what can I do for you?"

"I wish to draw your attention to the inhuman practice of scratching race horses; my husband, who is by no means a kind-hearted man, is much disturbed about it, too!"

A new clerk was due at the office, and the typist asked the Scottish Secretary of the Company whether she should buy another inkpot in anticipation.

"Och, no," replied the Scot: "Just wait till he comes. May be he'll use a fountain-pen."

The question of a new car was being hotly debated by the family. "Well, which model is it going to be?" asked Father. "An Ox" said the eldest son promptly. "A Cow" said another. "Well", drawled a third member, "as we are sticking to these barnyard abbreviations, why not let's have an Aus?"

Lady: "I want a cigar for my husband." Tobacconist: "A strong cigar, Madam?" Lady. "Yes, certainly. The last one I gave him broke in two in his pocket."

Father: "I wish you would learn to ask fewer silly questions. Don't you know that curiosity killed the cat?" Son: "Did it, Father? what did the cat want to know?"

CHIPS FROM AN EXAMINER'S WORKSHOP.

During the American War of Independence, according to Carlyle, Boston Harbour was black with unexpected sea.

There was no system or coherence in Emerson's philosophy; he was a poet who acquired his ideas by intrusion.

Meredith wrote a very interesting novel called Igoist.

Chesterton says that Tolstoy's return to nature is like the cat trying to return to its own tale. Chesterton is a didactic poet. His style is peculiar. He is also a paradox.

Carlyle's *Past and Present* is a great book. In Book II Carlyle gives us at length the story of Samson Agonistes.

George Eliot could not know how to portray mail characters.

Stevenson was very fond of books. He was very much addicted to novels and stories.

In Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* we get two very interesting chapters: *The Everlasting No* and *The Everlasting Go*.



College Societies

THE COLLEGE UNION.

A novel debate was arranged under the auspices of the Union Society, in which the professors of the College also participated. The subject of the debate was "that in the opinion of this house, the study of Literature forms a better preparation for life, than the study of History", led by S. Ahmed and ably supported by Messrs. S. E. Ranganadhan, Chakravarthi and T. S. Ramanujam. The motion was opposed by Messrs. S. Y. Krishnaswamy, J. Franco, T. K. Doraswamy Iyer and Hamid. Though the opposer characteristically went into unpleasant digressions, a high level was maintained throughout. The Professor of philosophy was more critical than otherwise. The motion was strangely lost. It is hard to understand the psychology of a college audience. Any way we hope that the professors will evince an active interest in the Union debates, in the years to come.

For the benefit of those who are doing the tragedy of 'Macbeth,' the Union Society arranged for readings from the play, by Mr. Arthur Davies. As usual, the readings were excellent and were appreciated by a crowded audience.

Monsieur Henriod, General Secretary of the World's Christian Students' Association, addressed the students of the college on 'The present conditions of thought among the students of the world'. He gave us an idea of the students' movement in Egypt, Ireland, France and other places in Europe. He left us with the fond hope that the next session of the World's Students' Conference will be in India.

The Hon. Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer was invited by the society to speak on "Geneva Revisited." Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Iyer presided over the meeting. The lecturer never fails to attract a large audience and he did ample justice to his subject. Very emphatically, he vindicated the character of the League, India's significant place in the Assembly and maintained that the League is going to be a potent factor in International affairs and the only means to build up a happy 'United States of the World.'

THE MATHEMATICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Association had to begin, rather unfortunately, with a meeting to move a condolence resolution on the death of one of its secretaries, Mr. D. M. Narayana Rao, of the IV Hons. class, who passed away at the General Hospital on the 14th September, 1927.

When the college was re-opened after the Michaelmas holidays, Mr. C. V. Narahari Rao of the IV Hons. class was unanimously elected joint secretary of the Association. Very soon, after the inaugural address of the Association came off. Dr. Vythinathaswamy, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E. of the Madras University delivered a very interesting lecture on "Research Organisation." Professor Ananda Rao, M.A. presided.

In the course of his address the lecturer pointed out that as far as absolute devotion to knowledge was concerned, the ancients were in no way behind the savants of to-day. The ancients tried to order all existing knowledge into a unified system, which they called philosophy. They were more deeply concerned with God and mind and nature than with the exact sciences. It was only late in modern times that the exact sciences branched off as separate subjects and received individual attention. While this has made possible an intensive study of each particular branch of knowledge the lack of an underlying unity is a serious drawback in the modern educational system.

After the President's remarks and the vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary the meeting terminated.

Subsequently there was an ordinary meeting of the Association when Mr. Narahari Rao read a paper on "Relativity and Space-Time." Mr. A. Narasinga Rao presided.

There was another interesting function when Rao Bahadur P. V. Seshu Iyer, retired Principal of the Government College, Kumbakonam, delivered a very fascinating lecture on "A mathe-

matical method of the realisation of the Upanishadic saying 'anoraniyan mahatomahiyam'." Professor Ananda Rao took the chair. The meeting was largely attended, and included the Vice-Chancellor and Dr. Vythianathaswamy among the distinguished visitors. With a few observations from the chair and the vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Ramachandran the pleasant function came to a close.

Mr. Ramasubba Iyer read a paper on "The Fourth Dimension."

THE TAMIL MANAVAR SANGAM.

The inaugural address of the above Sangam was delivered by Mr. S. Satyamurthy, B.A., B.L., M.L.C., with Mahamahopadyaya S. Kuppuswamy Sastrigal, M.A., in the chair. The lecturer spoke for about an hour on the important subject of 'Female Education' in India. The gist of his argument was that the necessity and value of the education of women are sufficiently recognised by many of us at the present day, and that the kind of education imparted to them is not quite satisfactory. It is imperative, the speaker argued, that the curricula of their studies be so adjusted and modified as to make their education complete and useful. But complete and useful it can never be called unless, in the first place, provision is made for domestic subjects being taught in schools, and, secondly, Puranic literature is included as an essential item in the curricula of female education. The life and deeds of typical Indian women like Sita and Savitri, he concluded, should form the daily study and model for imitation for all Indian women. With a few remarks from the chair the meeting came to a close.

A farewell entertainment was given to Mr. E. V. Anantharamiar, the retiring Tamil Pandit of this College on 14th October, 1927. Mr. Kuppuswamy Sastrigal presided on the occasion. A group photo of the members of the Tamil Sangam was taken, and the Pandit was presented with a fitting address of farewell.

Under the distinguished patronage of Sir M. C. T. Muthiah Chettiar Avl., K.T., the College Tamil Sangam staged on 5th November, 1927, Markandeya by Mr. Murugesu Mudaliar before a large and enthusiastic audience. The play was easily the best performance in Tamil that has been staged in the College till now. Not only did each actor appear to his best advantage but there was such remarkable co-operation among all the actors that the drama was a success from beginning to end. Of amateur actors there are those who possess histrionic ability of a high order with no musical talents to match, and there are others who are accomplished

singers but unsatisfactory actors. It may be said of this year's performance that almost all the actors displayed the possession both of acting and singing powers. The hero, Mr. Ramanuja, was excellent in both respects. It is no exaggeration to observe that he held the entire audience spell-bound by the exquisite melody of his songs. Mr. Krishnamachary was, as usual, at his best as the leading lady character of this play. Mr. N. V. Sreenivasan who appeared as Yamadharma won the applause of the audience by his brilliant acting. He exhibited the ease and grace of a born actor. Special mention must be made of the various comic scenes in which Mr. N. Krishnamoorthy in the character of Kamandu figured as the principal player of jokes. With his happy gift of humorous expression, his ready wit and resourcefulness he set the audience roaring with laughter. One excellent feature about these comic scenes was that they were introduced with much taste and appropriateness just at those points in the drama where it was felt necessary to supply some relief to the high tension of feeling caused in the audience by the serious part of the play.

The scenic arrangements were certainly of the best. There was much less disturbance this year from the pit of the theatre than in previous years. The secretaries deserve all congratulations on the very successful way in which they conducted the drama from every point of view.

NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION.

In pursuance of a resolution passed by the managing committee, an address was presented to Dewan Bahadur K. Ramuni Menon on the eve of his retirement from the Indian Educational Service. The function took the form of a social gathering, Mr. W. E. Smith presiding. When light refreshments had been served, the gathering were treated to some excellent singing by Mr. Vaidyanathan. Professor Ramuni Menon in replying to the address, advised the members of the association to follow the path of self-discipline and self-reliance. He feelingly said that there might have been times when he was somewhat harsh to students, but he assured them that all his harshness was in their best interests and was only momentary. He also assured them that he would always take a keen and personal interest in the activities of the association. But one sorry feature was the absence of lady-students. He hoped that in future lady members, especially those on the Managing Committee would realise more fully their duties and responsibilities.

The members of the Association were treated to two interesting lectures. The first, by Mr. Lakshminarayana of the Christian College, dealt with the "Experimental Study of Heredity." He instructively described all the theories on heredity and pointed out that investigations supported the Mendelian theory. The second lecture, by Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, was illustrated by lantern slides, the subject being "The role of insects in the causation of disease." It was quite a treat to the audience. He pointed out in his own inimitable way, the mischief caused by insects. He showed how certain diseases could be checked by breaking a link in the chain. "The link to be broken in case of plague," he said, "is the rat." In conclusion, he urged all young students to take up lines of investigation and research.

The Association was highly honoured by Sir J. C. Bose's address to its members. The great Indian scientist in his short speech offered some wholesome advice to those young men he saw around him who were studying the fascinating life of nature. He urged them to do less of what is commonly known as "cramming" and more of actual experiment and observation. It is matter for regret that the great scientist could not have spent more time at the meeting, but one and all were grateful to him for the opportunity it gave them of hearing one of India's most illustrious sons.

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

This Michaelmas vacation the members of the Chemical Society went on a long and interesting tour to several places of scientific interest in the Mysore State. The Gold Mines at Kolar were first visited and the various processes of gold extraction studied. At Bangalore three places of note were visited: The Institute of Science at Hebbal, the Soap Factory and the White Lead Syndicate. The party then proceeded to Mysore, on the way visiting the great Kannambadi dam, the largest of its kind in India. The Zoological Gardens also proved of great interest. Proceeding to Bhadravati, the Iron Works there were gone over, and a batch of students branched off to explore the Match Factory at Shimoga, before the whole party returned to Madras. The energetic secretaries are to be thanked for arranging so extensive a tour including, as can be seen, almost every place of industrial interest in the Mysore State.

Our Fifth Annual Exhibition was held on Monday, the 21st November, 1927. It attracted a large number of people and we had a record number of visitors this year. There were

about 50 items in the exhibition and everyone acquitted himself creditably in the arrangement and explanation of the various items. One novel feature this year was liquid air. Air was liquefied in the new apparatus erected at a cost of Rs. 18,000 and exhibited to the visitors and some interesting experiments were also shown with it. Among other items of interest in the exhibition which drew much interest, must be mentioned wood distillation, coal distillation, soaps, colloids, the sugar industry, the cellulose industry, glassblowing, dyeing and X-rays. On the whole, the exhibition was a grand success and was very highly appreciated by the visitors.

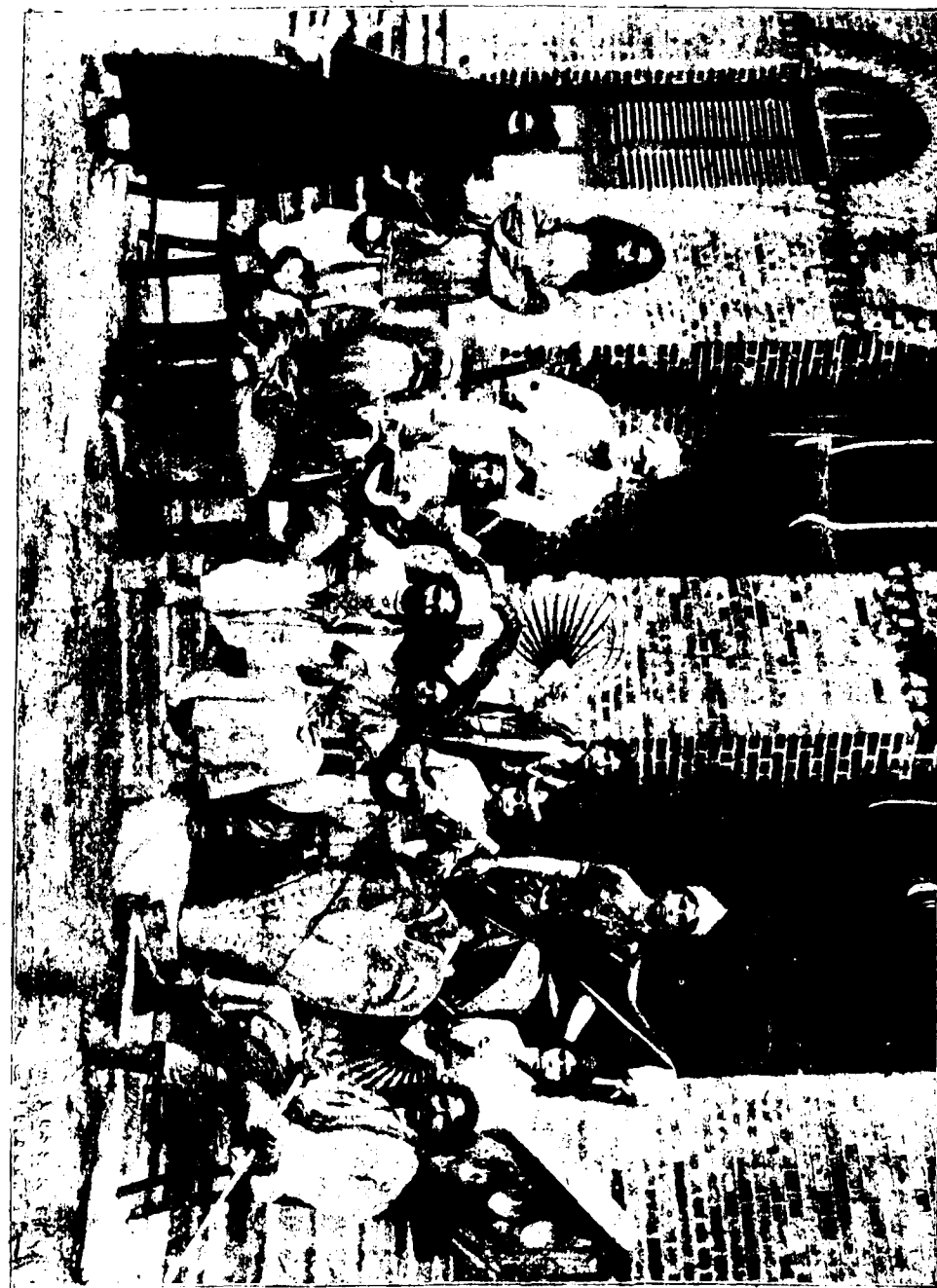
THE KARNATAKA SABHA.

Our only activity during this term was our inaugural address. Mr. V. P. Row, I.C.S., Secretary to the Government of Madras, spoke to the audience on "The evolution of languages." The Hon'ble Mr. A. Ranganatha Mudaliar, development Minister to the Government of Madras, kindly presided on the occasion. The speaker dwelt on the evolution of language to the modern phase in a very instructive speech and exhorted us to have the growth of our mother tongue as one of the principal ideals of life. The Chairman made a few remarks and with a vote of thanks to the speaker and the chair we dispersed. We hope to arrange a variety entertainment next term, if members will only take interest!

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION.

The Sanskrit Association put on the boards for the first time Dingnaga's Kundamala, a play having for its plot the story of the Uttararamayana, i.e., beginning from the repudiation of Sita to her reunion with her lord after the vindication of her unsullied chastity by Mother Earth—on Tuesday, the 29th November under the distinguished patronage and presence of Dr. Annie Besant. Among the large audience that attended the performance were present Prof. H. Lüeders of Berlin University, Mrs. Lüeders and Major Molony, a well-known Tibetan scholar.

The performance was a great success. Mr. R. S. Venkataraman B.A., who personated the difficult character of Rama more than compensated by his music for his deficiency in action. Mr. T. N. Ramachandran, M.A., an old boy of the College and a special member of the Association playing the role of Valmiki distinguished himself with his excellent and sonorous music. T. A. Sankaran

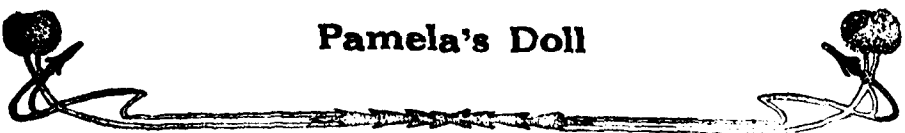


of the senior Intermediate truly represented the sweet, noble Sita with his appropriate gestures and demeanour. N. V. Sreenivasan, II class, personating Lakshmana excited the admiration of the audience by his superb music and acting. The two young boys, M. N. Venkataraman and R. Vaidyanathan of the I class, who acted Kusa and Lava, interpreted their parts well. The other actors also acquitted themselves creditably of whom mention must be made of M. Ramachandra Row, the Vidushaka and G. J. Rama Das, representing Vedavati. Lastly V. Sundarajan III. H. who represented Mother Earth captivated the audience by his graceful appearance and the clear accents in which he bore testimony to the chastity of Sita. The chorus that was specially composed in praise of Prithvi was also much appreciated by the audience. The scenic arrangements were good.

Dr. Besant congratulated the actors on their histrionic talents, the like of which she had never witnessed in this College before and she held that such a performance in Sanskrit was a sure harbinger of the approaching renaissance of Indian culture. Prof. Lüeders who was present throughout the performance, thanked the Association for giving him the opportunity and said that the success of it had been greatly aided by modern contrivances such as electric light, etc., and that the Association should endeavour to reproduce the stage as portrayed in Bharata's Natya Sastra. Justice V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar said that the acting was almost perfect. Mahamahopadhyaya Vidyavacaspati Kuppuswamy Sastri thanked the actors and among others, Pandit M. D. Alansingarachariar and Dr. A. Sankaran for the unsparing pains that they took in conducting the rehearsals and making the performance the splendid success that it was.

The Association was at home to Dr. Lüeders of Berlin University on Wednesday, the 30th November.





Pamela's Doll

A STORY OF SMUGGLERS.

I

I had been invited by a friend for a holiday in his mofussil home, and gladly accepting the chance of an escape from Madras, I found myself quartered for a month in the lonely home of an Inspector of Excise in the village of Anthapuram. This is a little hamlet on the northern frontier of the settlement of Pondicherry, almost on the coast and about eight miles from the nearest railway station.

I am of the city, born and bred, and the thought of being so cut off from civilisation was fascinating enough for me. To intrigue me further, I learnt that this district was notorious for its bands of smugglers often highly organised and successful in their defiance of authority for months at a time. An extensive illicit traffic in heroin (a form of opium) was being carried on across the border into British territory, but though the excise people knew of the leakage, they had not secured the clue that would lead them to put a stop to it. Mr. Woods, one of the smartest men in the service, had been just appointed there to see what he could do in the matter, but, he confessed to me, he had been so far as unsuccessful as his predecessors.

It seemed most romantic to me to talk of opium and smugglers, but in a very few days I discovered how monotonous mofussil life could be. It was just when I had become bored quite stiff, and, I fear, was not over careful to conceal my feelings, that Edgar, Mr. Woods' son, suggested we should tramp it one morning across the barren ridge that lay between us and the sea, have a dip, spend the rest of that day and night in the house of a salt-inspector we knew thereabouts, and return the next morning. I was so glad of anything that promised to vary the monotony of my stay, that I was for setting out even on the morrow; but recollecting that the next day was his sister Pamela's fifth birthday and that gala doings were in preparation, I suppressed my eagerness and it was settled that we should start for the sea the day after.

II

Pamela's birthday was celebrated with great eclat. A parcel arrived from Pondicherry, containing among other dainties, a large plum cake and, what delighted Pamela beyond all expressing, the most ridiculously complexioned doll I have ever had the fortune to set eyes on. The two round, flaming patches on its pale waxen face contrasted oddly, almost crudely with the delicate finish of the silken lashes and fine large eyes. The hands were exquisitely moulded to the very nails of the fingers. One could not help marvelling at the crude splashes of crimson daubed on its cheeks. It almost seemed as if it were meant to mark it out from the rest of dolls.

We did not take long over our preparations next morning. With each a haversack and water-bottle slung round our shoulders we set out across the three miles of barren uplands that lay before us. We could not have taken an hour in reaching the sea, and had finished our bath and reached the salt-inspector's bungalow by noon. It is not of our stay there however that I wish to tell. My story is of what befell us on our return journey.

Being too tired to rise betimes, we started on the homeward trail quite late. It was not more than an hour's walk and we took it easy. Besides, my friend was anxious to bag a porcupine, if he could, as he had heard that those animals were more frequently found in such barren places than in more wooded spots. To please him, I agreed to make a detour of a mile or two to the south, in the direction of the French frontier, our objective being a low, much caved hillock, (supposed to be the haunt of these animals), called Porcupine Hill. Ten to one we would have bagged nothing, but Woods insisted that we should take all the precautions of the stalker's art. I was intent on painfully choosing my steps over a rocky, insecure piece of ground when I heard him utter a sharp exclamation and bob down. I did so, too, and softly called out to ask what he had seen. He held up what, at that distance, seemed to me to be a bundle of bright cloth. I approached nearer him. In his hand he held Pamela's new dolly. I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"How the deuce?" I began; but he fiercely motioned me to sit down and pointed ahead. I was just in time to catch a glimpse of a man's broad back disappearing round a large rock about a hundred yards ahead.

"They dropped this," he whispered.

"But how?" I asked, for the doll was the exact replica of Pamela's doll—hair, eyes, clothes, complexion,—I could have sworn to it.

"Come on, let's see about it," he said and we cautiously approached the rock. He looked round.

"Nobody" he whispered. Then—"Let's climb this rock. We shall be able to see more."

And noiselessly putting our guns at its base, we began to climb the steep sides of the huge, black boulder. It must have been at least fifteen feet high, but being jagged gave us sufficient foot-hold to clamber up to the top with a little exertion. It was a square, flat platform on to which we had climbed. On our faces we crept slowly to the unexplored side. We looked over together and simultaneously jerked our heads back. Five men were sitting below in a little alcove in the rock down which we looked. They had not seen us. Cautiously we peeped over again. They were intent on their business.

Five bundles, compact and square, like the packs of any Madras hawker of silks and buttons, were open before them. We could scarcely keep from audibly venting our surprise; below us, lay rows on rows of brightly complexioned dolls, each the exact replica of Pamela's birthday gift. They had been brought here in those bundles, and the men were unpacking them. It was bewildering. We watched their movements fascinated. And we were still more mystified, when having unpacked their bundles, each of the men produced a knife and calmly proceeded to rip open the dolls before them. They worked silently and swiftly. I watched one fellow: deftly he scooped out a small brown packet from the abdomen of one of the dolls, slit it open and poured its contents into a leather pouch slung round his neck. I turned in amazement to Edgar. He had his pen-knife out and was operating on his doll in exactly the same way. Producing a brown oilskin packet he slit it up, and poured a white grainy powder into his palm.

"Heroin, by Jove," he whispered. "They are smugglers." My heart gave a leap.

We turned to look over the edge once more, and the powder, lying loosely in Edgar's hand, scattered and descended in a fine shower on the five men below. We were discovered. With a shout they jumped to their feet and looked up.

"The guns!" yelled Edgar and was clambering down the steep face of the rock. I followed. If we could only reach our guns—

Half way down we saw the five of them, our guns in their hands, waiting for us to descend. We had no chance of escape. They had our weapons. I, counting it futile to struggle, prepared to surrender myself, trusting to a plea of ignorance of their concerns to get us off. But Edgar was not for giving in so easily. Still six feet off the ground he made a jump for the nearest of the men with the guns, and I, to back him up, leapt for the other. It was lucky the weapons were unloaded; also that we carried the cartridge on our persons. The struggle was short. In less time than it takes to tell, we were securely trussed up, entirely at their mercy. I rolled over to see how Edgar had fared. He lay senseless, bleeding from a great gash in his head.

What would they do with us? Surely they would not kill us in cold blood? They seemed to be heatedly debating the point among themselves. Their talk was endless.

At last I was jerked on to my feet, and a rough-handed fellow blind-folded me securely. Then seizing the tag end of a rope that hung loose from my wrists, began to walk off. I followed as best I could, stepping high to avoid falling over a stone on to my face. We must have gone a mile, and all in silence. Then I felt I was being bound back up against a tree. What new move of theirs was this? My clothes were being torn off! It did not take them long to strip me. A pause: and then the sound as of a tree being hacked at. It was maddening not to know what was going on around you, and all in deathly silence. I wondered where Edgar was. If they had left him where he lay he might bleed to death in that waste.

The shock of a cold, slimy substance being daubed in handfuls all over my body made me yell. The odour nauseated me. I could scarcely breathe. The feel of it was revolting: a horribly foul concoction whatever it was, and they smeared it on thick and plentifully. A sickening smell and sweet—disgustingly sweet.

III

They had done their job at last. In a flash the bandage was whipped off my eyes and I heard them hurrying off. I found I was bound to a date palm in a little grove of these trees, naked, and smeared with this horribly smelling slime, evidently the sap of

some tree. Outside the grove of palms the sun burned down unmercifully on innumerable little hillocks of red mud. I looked at them for a bit. They were ant hills. What was the idea of all this? And Edgar,—where was he?

"Edgar!" I shouted. "I say Woods!"

A slight groan was all I got in reply. He was still unconscious. I waited, and at intervals kept shouting to him. This went on perhaps for a quarter-of-an-hour, and then at last I got him to speak.

"Edgar, are you there?"

"Yes"

"What's this sticky stuff for?" I asked.

"Which stuff?" Then—"O God! I did not notice it before! They are for the ants man,—ants! They'll eat us alive!" and he began to struggle and pant, wrestling with his bonds. At first I could not credit his words, and then the horrible realisation of the fate in store for us caused the sweat to break out in every pore. The fierce red insects, with unerring instinct would creep out in their millions . . . and we were left a prey to these terrible little creatures. The thought froze the marrow in my bones. Wildly, frantically I struggled to get free.

"Look! Look!" screamed Edgar. He was wild with terror. To our left, over the top of a low reddish brown hillock, a wave of darker brown appeared. The advance guard of an army of red-ants. Fascinated I watched that wave spread and sweep down the incline inch by inch, resistlessly advancing on their prey. I ceased struggle, and watched as if hypnotised closer, closer, slowly closer . . .

"Oh my God!"

The agonised scream pierced my very heart, rent the last fibres of my being asunder. It nerved me to one more desperate struggle. I could not die like this, helpless, tortured by a million red devils! A new wave of red was advancing upon us from the right.

Shriek upon shriek rent the air: I was desperate, maddened.

"My God! my God, save me!"

The forlorn cry of a soul in agony, a young soul faced by a horrible death, pleading for life; those screams of supplication broke down the last barriers of my resistance. It snapped like an over-wound spring, leaving the mechanism of my body limp, lifeless, inert; a mass of flesh.

IV

I remember nothing more till I found myself in bed with something very cold just touching my forehead between my eyes.

I thought very quickly for a little while to try and recollect where I had last left off thinking. And then in a gust of thankfulness it came back to me. We must have been rescued from that horrible army of ants.

"Thank God, we're through," I murmured to the nurse beside me. "Where's Edgar, nurse?" Is he all right?

"Yes, yes, don't bother about that now. It's finished." But I would not rest till Mr. Woods had told me the whole tale; and a marvellous tale of luck it was.

The afternoon of our leaving for Mr. Stanton's place, Pamela had got her new dolly crushed under the wheels of Mr. Woods' dog-cart, and in trying to restuff the body, he had discovered a packet of heroin in it. The doll was evidently one of a consignment, all similarly stuffed; and Mr. Woods at once concluded that the Pondicherry firm who had supplied his parcel were the smugglers' agents, and that they had sent him by mistake one of the stuffed dolls. Evidently, too, the strikingly lurid complexions were a sort of ear-mark. He had been too late in intercepting the consignment of dolls that had been sent through. But knowing that the smugglers would make for the uplands to the east, he had got together a raiding party with the intention of storming their stronghold. He had reached the spot where we first met the five villains, probably a little after we had been carried off, and found the dolls that they had evidently neglected to secure. He had also found Edgar's battered hat on the spot and signs of a scuffle with marks of blood. Lying in wait for the smugglers' return, he soon found out what they had done with us and was not a moment too soon in effecting the rescue, for the ants had already covered our lower limbs up to the thigh.

"It has been a close shave, my boy," he said in conclusion, and if Pamela had not broken her dolly we might have found—but there's no use dwelling on it any further. Thank God, you are safe."

And so I did, most fervently.

"R. A. St. C."

All That's Past

*Very old are the woods ;
And the buds that break
Out of the brier's boughs,
When March winds wake,
So old with their beauty are—
Oh, no man knows
Through what wild centuries
Roses back the rose.*

*Very old are the brooks ;
And the rills that rise
Where snow sleeps cold beneath
The azure skies
Sing such a history
Of come and gone,
Their every drop is as wise
As Solomon.*

*Very old are we men ;
Our dreams are tales
Told in dim Eden
By Eve's nightingales ;
We wake and whisper awhile,
But, the day gone by,
Silence and sleep like fields
Of amaranth lie.*

WALTER DE LA MARE



Dramatic Recital—A Malayali Recreation

The exposition in a dramatic form of any selected incident from the Puranas forms one of the most common and popular varieties of literary entertainments in Malabar. This is locally called Pathakam or Pathakam-parayal. Here the whole exposition is in the vernacular, Malayalam, and it entirely dispenses with all kinds of technical gestures. There are no stage equipments necessary and no conventions to be satisfied, except the presence of a Brahmin and a lighted lamp, both easily available. For these reasons, this variety of entertainment is very popular amongst all classes of people.

As the term, Pathaka itself suggests, the actor, or rather the narrator must be quite learned. Besides he must have a witty tongue and shrewd powers of observation. These are the qualifications of the ideal actor ; of course there are quacks, but even these take care to get themselves well coached up in the particular portion they expound. The dress of the actor is very simple, though quaint. He has a head dress which has some faint attempt at ornamentation. His breast is generally uncovered, but it is generally adorned with sandal paste, necklaces or garlands. Further he ties around his waist over his ordinary dress a piece of red cloth. There is nothing to mark off the stage from the pit, except the lighted lamp which separates the actor from the audience. There is no curtain, nor is there any need for the same.

When everything is ready, the lamp is lighted and the actor comes and stands facing it. He, then, performs *mangalam* in a voice that is scarcely audible, by reciting a verse in Malayalam invoking Vishnu. This is followed by a long prose piece, again in the local vernacular, setting forth in very chaste and elegant language the aims of dramatic narration. This and the opening verse may well be compared to the *sthāpana* we are so familiar with in Sanskrit drama.

These items over, he begins again in Malayalam and describes the particular situation of the story he is going to expound. The audience being thus well introduced to the context, he recites the text and expounds it with a wealth of illustration making references to current social topics and not rarely to individuals. There is, indeed, little of acting, though appropriate gestures, facial expression and modulation of voice are often utilised to make the narration more vivid and appealing. He also enjoys, though

in a limited measure, freedom of speech, but for fear of losing his patronage he does not use it to the same extent as the professional actor, the *Cdkyir*, does. Thus the main aims of this variety of popular entertainment appears to be the impartation of education leavened with wit and humour.

Such is Pathakam, and it will be seen that this is not far distant from the variety of the Malabar Sanskrit theatre, called *Prabandham Kuttu*, where also we have dramatic exposition of a Pauranic incident in Malayalam. The two however have their differentiating elements. Thus while in Pathakam narration predominates, acting and narration are equally important in Prabandham, consequently technical gestures find a prominent place in the latter but not in the former. Secondly, Prabandham may be acted only in a theatre or what may have the semblance of a theatre, and requisitions some sort of music and costume; but Pathakam dispenses with all these. A careful scrutiny of these, the more important differences will show that in Pathakam we have Prabandham simplified. The greater prominence given to narration and the use of the vernacular, and the freedom given to the performance regarding the place of and the person acting are evidently innovations introduced by a discerning critic in the direction of simplification with a view to make it more and more popular.

Well was it that such a popular type of creation came into existence. For in the first place the sparks of Sanskrit learning came to light up the masses. Secondly this and Prabandham led to the creation of a large body of *campu* literature, locally called *Prabandhams*. In number they are over thirty and in volume they may fill about three hundred pages of royal size, while in literary merit they easily occupy a high place in Sanskrit literature. Thirdly the need for an expository commentary to help the *Cakyars* and the *Pathakkarans* worked as a powerful driving force to create a school of literary criticism and a number of commentaries, of which the master piece is Purnasarasvati's *Vidyullata* on *Meghasandesha*.

It will thus be seen that the continued popularity of Pathakam and Prabandham has not merely supplied a source of noble recreation to all alike, both the literate and the illiterate, but also enriched Sanskrit literature both by original contributions and by valuable commentaries.

K. RAMA PISHAROTI.



As a consequence of some inexplicable congestion in the office of the secretary of the Inter-collegiate athletic association there have been very few matches played by our teams in Hockey, Cricket, or Football. There is hence little to report as our fixtures are in the main provided by the Inter-collegiate League System Tournaments.

It is reported that at a meeting of Cricket captains of various colleges recently held, it was decided to make a fresh start and run the tournament under the knockout system. We do sincerely hope that the same scheme be extended to the Hockey and Football tournaments as well. We are sure that there would be a far keener interest displayed by all concerned if the rapid, concentrative knock-out system were adopted instead of the present two rounds of matches often prolonged over two whole terms. This sort of tedious drawing out of the affair far from conducing to a higher standard of sport in colleges gives much room for slackness, late starts, bad umpiring and what is the constant lament of captains, irregularity of attendance at matches. We are also pretty sure that the frequency with which the sometimes most unsportsmanlike appeals against the decisions of referees reach the secretary is a consequence of this general tone of slackness. Besides, can it be expected that a team keep up its form for six or eight months at a stretch?—for this is generally the period over which these tournaments extend. Speaking for ourselves, our last Hockey match was played early in October. It is December now and we have still one or two important matches to play in the first round, besides the whole second round to face. Inference: we are a loose, disjointed, inefficient eleven as compared with the team we could have turned out (from the very good talent we possess) had we been faced with the strenuous prospect of a knock-out tournament.

The same remarks apply to the state of affairs in our Cricket and Football Clubs as well as to that existing in the Athletic Clubs of other colleges. Let us hope that the authorities concerned will in future provide us with brighter, more energetic, and more sporting contests. We shall be the better for it.

Hockey

This term our team has played but two Hockey matches.

The game against the Royapuram Medical School (a Tournament match) is so far off in point of time that we have forgotten the exact incidents of it. I think we won by 3 goals to nil and, if I am not mistaken, they were scored by Chandrasekaran, Padmanabhan and Pattabiraman. If things go on like this much longer—results of Tournament matches sinking into the dim regions of hoary tradition,—I fear our sound defence will crumble to dust for very lack of being battered at, and our fleet right winger lose the trick of his hot, accurate centres—Eheu!

The other day we managed to fix up a game with St. Patrick's High School, Adyar, and despite a late start and two of our men disappointing, we enjoyed a fast clean game winning by 2 goals to nil, Venkatasubban and Chandrasekaran catching the points for us.

Cricket

This term our A. team played four matches (one of them abandoned in deference to Jupiter pluvius) out of which only one was an Inter-collegiate contest. This was against the Engineering College on their grounds at Saidapet. We had first knock and put up a total of 141 runs, of which Venkataraman scored 32, Varadan 26 and Jaganathan 20. The last named player accomplished the surprising feat of capturing all ten of the Engineers' wickets for a total of 55 runs. This is perhaps unique in the annals of Inter-collegiate cricket. (Hear! Hear! Jaganathan! keep it up!) We were the easy winners by 86 runs.

Of our two other matches, the first was against the Triplicane Cricket Club whose crack player is the well-known bowler, Gopalan. Going in first our opponents knocked up a total of 91 runs, (Sreenivasa Iyengar 31). Our bowler Parthasarathy captured 4 wickets for 4 runs and Pattabiraman 2 for 2. In our innings which followed Jagannathan contributed 28, Varadan 25 and Parthasarathy 25 out of a total of 115.

We next met the Christian College XI and defeated them by over 140 runs. Our big total of 177 was rapidly piled up by C. R. Sundaram (75), Naick (23), and Rungaswamy (40) in a very short time and for the loss of only five wickets. Out of their total of 32, Kallappa scored 17 not out, Jaganathan taking 6 wickets for 18 runs, and Flory 4 for 13, both equally brilliant performances.

Our B team played two matches. Against the Chepauk Cricket Club they put up 91 runs for the loss of 5 wickets, Ragavachary scoring 44 and Rangaswamy 16. Their total was 108 for 7 wickets, our bowler Sreenivasa Iyengar taking 3 wickets for 25 runs.

In the match against the Young Men's Recreation Club, they put up a total of 74, out of which Sreenivasa Iyengar contributed 39. Our opponents replied with a total of 120 for 7 wickets, Ram Singh scoring 45 runs, and Parthasarathy, our bowler, taking 2 wickets for 4 runs.

Tennis

The Tennis Club are just now busy conducting two tournaments—one for seniors and one for juniors. The latter has almost been played through, M. Subramaniam and Desikan coming up to the finals. The games played so far were for the most part keenly contested and revealed not a little talent among the youngsters.

The senior tournament is just now commencing, and the results cannot of course be guessed at so soon. A likely man for the individual championship is hard to pitch upon. These tournaments, it must be remembered, foreshadow the sterner contests of the Inter-collegiate tournament. We are fortunate in having Venkataraman, our last year's star-player, to represent us in doubles, with S. Venkatanarsu, our captain. They carried off the cup for us last tournament, and we expect that they will do so this year also. We wish this invincible pair all success in the coming contest.

Football

No matches were played either in the course of the Inter-collegiate tournaments or by way of private matches. The secretary states however that 'vigorous' practising goes on every evening. I wonder if it is our college eleven that does the

practising or the Triplicane rickshaw-wallahs? A visit to the Football field of an evening will probably not clear up the matter to any great extent. But perhaps it is the lack of any definite contest to work for that is at the root of this slackness. A vigorous concentrated knock out tournament would go far towards reinspiring our footballers with something of the enthusiasm that caused them to win the glorious reputation we once held on the football fields of Madras—oh, so long ago!



Sunset

*How sweet the moments when at last
The glowing sunset, lowering fast,
Kisses the sea, and its shadow casts
Throughout the silent land.*

*Like some warm spirit passing by,
Lingers a while, then o'er me throws
A mantle warm and radiant, nigh
Like some great universal rose.*

*Reluctant, still with unremitting grace
Returns at length to yonder hazy bourne,
The tender glow still hovers o'er my face—
I count the hours belating its return*

*To seek my face again.
While, far away, the billows leap
Where darker still the night-clouds creep,
Hiding the spirit of the restless deep.*

M. R. J.

My Favourite Essay

My favourite essay is Hazlitt's "On going a Journey." Yet when I heard the class room lecture on it, I detested the piece with all my heart. But now, the object of detestation is changed, and I should most willingly and enthusiastically pronounce Hazlitt to be my favourite author.

"On going a Journey" is a thing exclusively to be felt and enjoyed, not to be talked about, much less to be lectured over. It is like a delicious cup of tea, gradually to be sipped, spoon by spoon, "the fragrant fumes slowly allowed to ascend the brain," and the whole cup to be drained without a word.

"A loose sally of the mind; an irregular undigested piece; not a regular and orderly composition."——such is the definition of an 'essay', given by Dr. Johnson. And whether Johnson's definition is correct or no, Hazlitt, at least in practice, sticks to that definition. His is not a treatise, carefully thought out and elaborated. Whatever he says, he says on the spur of the moment, and there is spontaneity about it. You don't expect order and precision in "table-talk"; if you did, it would no more be table-talk, it would be platform oratory. And Hazlitt "pours his full heart forth" in profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

The essay is about going a journey, wandering from place to place, free, absolutely free. And the essayist, absolutely free likewise, goes a journey from one topic to another, halting at one idea and suddenly departing for another, digressing often, and stepping out of the way, to enjoy a fresh scene or to admire a new aspect of nature.

Profuseness is not the only characteristic of the essay; egotism and whimsicality stand out prominently at every step of the "Journey". "One of the pleasantest things in this world is going a journey; *but I like to go by myself.*" It is most egoistically said, but it is most boldly, most finely, most frankly said. As every fibre of the reader is suddenly jerked up by this most astonishing revelation of pride almost amounting to petulance, he cannot but observe at the same time, the manliness of the expression. Going a journey is Hazlitt's exclusive and private business, it concerns him alone; it is not giving a public dinner, where every formality has to be stuck to, every rule set by custom strictly followed.

"Out upon such half-faced fellowship" says Hazlitt, and tells us very plainly and bluntly, that "out of doors, nature is company enough for him."

The essayist who talks of the "vast superiority of the sick-bed to the pomps and thrones of the world" cannot but be considered whimsical. Going to an inn is considered "an eventual moment in our lives' history"; "ex-changing the good things even with friends" is frankly admitted to be unpleasant, and were I to be plain, I would say that there is some amount of strangeness even in trying to be so much removed from friends, while on a journey. For my own part, I would rather share Sterne's opinion, and wish for a companion on my way, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines."

But, strange or not strange, the proposition is well worked out. Out of doors, Nature is company enough for him; the soul of a journey is perfect liberty, and it would only be impaired by the presence of a friend; his own likes and prejudices might not be shared by his companion, and hence would result only discomfort; things have more to be felt than expressed, and continual comparing of notes hurts the sentiment; if he should express whatever he felt, he would be thought pedantic; and lastly he wants his ideas to be floating and not caught up in controversy—for once he would have everything all his own way. Only one thing can be talked about on going a journey—what one shall have for supper. But then if one has a companion for this, the latter would surely snatch away the striking privilege of an inn, one's incognito, and would talk, again and again, only the same dull, stale topic. For these reasons, therefore, Hazlitt would like to go by himself; but when visiting ruins, aqueducts, pictures; the deserts of Arabia; Athens or Rome; or the pyramids of foreign countries, he would certainly take a companion with him; for either these places are too lonely and the presence of a friend is required; or the objects of travel can bear any amount of discussion and controversy.

Now all this reasoning is perfect, and given in the best style. "Give me the clear, blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy." As you read this most exquisite longing of the soul, you feel the man before you, boyish in his enthusiasm, boyish in

his egotism, boyish in his peculiar traits. And this boyishness is heightened as he points out his unwillingness to "exchange the good things with a friend!" Ah, you feel the man, just as a man, not more not less than what you, yourself are. And you are satisfied in the recognition "that we have all a touch of that same, "a speck" of selfishness,—if not of the "motley". On that very account, you love the author more.

Other instances of fine things finely said can well be pointed out, though not all of them exhausted. "Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald." "If you remark the scent of a bean-field crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take his glass to look at it." Now, all this, and the splendid description just before entering an inn, and the rapturous address to Sylvan Dee—all these are fine in my opinion, how fine is to be felt.

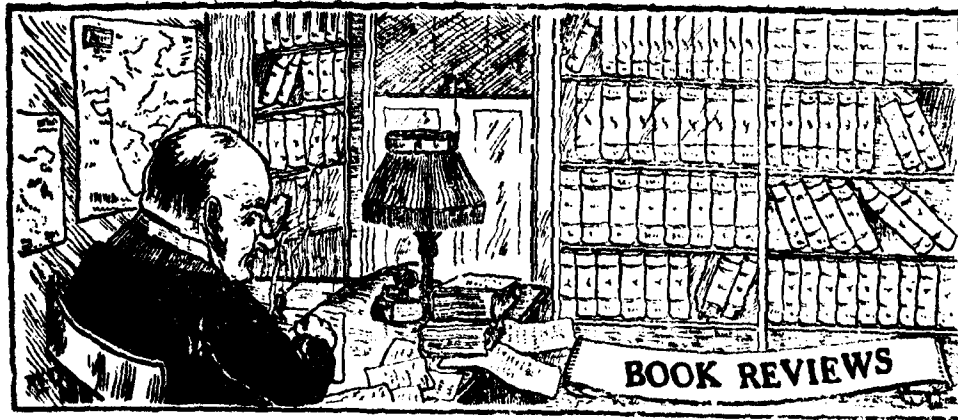
There is nothing in the essay of Swift's cold-hearted cynicism or of Pope's inhuman satire. It is free from the eternal didacticism of Chesterfield or the occasional didacticism of Johnson. No prolonged allegory taxes the reader's brain or tires the reader's heart, and he is not compelled to plunge into 'oceans'—which are terrific certainly, nor into those "of ink"—which are more terrific, because a plunge into them would mean blackening oneself all over!

If it wants the clownish humour of Cowper, or the attempts at humour of Fielding or of Walpole, it has the infinitely graceful charm of Goldsmith.

The beautiful sentences and excellent sentiments of Leigh Hunt are here to be found, without any of his amusing crotchets. The essay is free from Johnson's bombast and pedantry, "the careful adjustment of the beam to crush with it an ant;" and not wanting the beauty and the charm of Hazlitt's own "Sick-chamber," it treats of a very much more pleasant subject, "On going a Journey."

Such then, is the unique position of this marvellous essay amidst its sister compositions; and like the County Palatine in the "Merchant of Venice," it seems to hurl at us the defiant challenge: "If you will not have me," (as your favourite essay) "choose"—"choose, if you can, my equal or my superior."

P. S. SUNDARAM.



MURUGAN—THE TILLER by K. S. Venkataramani, Svetaranya Ashrama, Madras. Price Rs. 2-8.

The author of this novel of South Indian life is already known to the reading public by his two small books—*Paper Boats* and *On the sand-dune*, the former comprising a number of short sketches of scenes in an Indian village and the latter a series of philosophical reflections on modern life. The work, under review, is however his first attempt at a long novel, and we may say at once that he has succeeded in producing an interesting and readable book.

The story is concerned with the fortunes of Ramachandran, a man of high ideals, first as a University student, then as the camp clerk of a District Magistrate and finally as a Deputy Collector who renders excellent service to the people under his charge. In contrast to him, we have the picture of his friend Kedari, a clever but unscrupulous youth, who after a short and sensational career at the bar comes to grief and is spiritually saved by the hero. Linked with the lives of these two at various points is Murugan the humble tiller of the soil, who after a simple and honest life in the village, succumbs to temptation and is also finally redeemed by Ramachandran.

The plot is rather thin, but the course of the story affords the author opportunities of delineating various aspects of Indian social life truthfully. Some of his minor characters like Sita and Minakshi are real and life-like and there is no doubt that Mr. Markandam Ayyar, the successful lawyer, has his prototype who lives somewhere round the tank square at Mylapore.

The artistic unity of the novel is marred, however, by the intrusion of philosophic ideas of a misty character and by the hero's elaborate exposition of the gospel of the simple life. Here is a sample of the former :—

"Man, using motion and the gifts of motion, now for the base and initial purpose of winning food, will one day use it, to win cosmic freedom and consciousness, to roam at large among the silent stars, a sentient being and a quenchless figure of light, one with the universe and yet a separate soul which has tasted the secret springs and waters of the cosmos. Such a being will never sweat for its food but take it direct as it roams in the pathless spaces of the universe, from the nourishing solar heat and the unshed waters of the cloud.

All life is yearning towards the vegetable in a higher sense. In the millennium to be, all gifts shall be ours. The glory of motion will be nourished on a painless and non-violent food, dripping from nature as sunlight drips from sun."

The author has, also, not been quite successful in the management of the dialogue. Dialogue is a very important constituent of the novel and it is in the writing of it that the degree of a novelist's art is most readily discovered. It should be used with a wise economy and should serve either to reveal character or to elucidate a situation. The dialogue in *Murugan the Tiller* is extremely verbose and overloaded with metaphor and tends to give an air of unreality to the story.

We may be permitted to point out also that there are a number of idiomatic and other errors in the book, due either to carelessness in writing or lack of proper revision of the proofs. Here are a few taken at random—

"His youthful soul rebelled in one tumult of inexpressible joy." p. 21.

"Kedari.....somewhat alarmed by the persisted silence." p. 27.

"A middle-aged lady who was still not above a little hour of flirt." p. 48.

"The mere fact that we are in friendly terms with her has its own reward of prestige and perquisites." p. 91.

"Mr. Cadell was now at Madras as the first member of the Board of Revenue by a luck, which though it began to ripen late, did ripen quick and full." p. 153.

"Paternity was to him same as immortality." p. 214.

We have ventured to refer to these defects in the hope that they will receive the attention of the author when the time comes for bringing out a new edition of the book. If some of the later chapters dealing with philosophical ideas and economic theories could be excised and the language of the book carefully revised throughout, we are convinced that the novel would gain in artistic value. But even as it stands, it has considerable merit as a picture of certain aspects of South Indian life, and the author deserves to be heartily congratulated on his achievement.

R.



A Primer of Hinduism

V

THE SECOND ASCENT (Continued).

P.—But do our Bhakti-Sastras give any practical guidance to those who earnestly desire to lead a spiritual life?

T.—Yes. They not only analyse, as we have seen, the forms and degrees of bhakti but also describe the ways and means of bhakti and undertake to guide us to the feet of God.

P.—What are the ways and means?

T.—First of all they are divided into *bahiranga sādhana* or external means and *antaranga sādhana* or internal means.

P.—What are the external means?

T.—To this class belong offerings, vows, prostrations, reading sacred books, chanting hymns, repeating the Holy Name and seeking the grace of a Guru.

P.—What is repeating the Holy Name?

T.—In the later Bhakti-Schools of Rāmānanda Tulsi-Das, Vallabha, Nanak and Chaitanya repeating the name of the Lord and seeking His grace through that of a Guru are considered of very great importance. The name of the Lord (Satnām or Ramanām) is said to be as important as His form. The mystic utterance is the mediator between God and man. It is a revelation in speech of the unspeakable and the uncreated. Therefore meditation on the name is said to fill the soul with devotion. Similarly the Guru is the mediator. He guides us in the ways of the Lord. Without a wise spiritual director who has trodden the paths himself and who knows the needs of our souls it is difficult for us to reach our goal. Books and scholars make us only know about God. But a true Guru makes us know Him indeed through his own direct experience. His grace is therefore essential at the outset. It is the most potent of the external means.

P.—And what are the internal means?

T.—The internal means are, mainly, renunciation, (*vairāgya*) knowledge (*jñāna*) and the practice of yoga.

P.—How does renunciation help bhakti?

T.—If bhakti or devotion is to result in supreme happiness which the devotee feels when he lives in grace in the sight of his Lord he has to pay a heavy price for it. God demands the highest sacrifice a devotee can offer. It is not enough that he formally renounces the world. His renunciation should be real, complete, and final. He should become thoroughly dead to the world before he can become fully alive to God. We often resign but with limitations. We often

forsake but with exceptions. We try to please God but we also try to please men. Our hearts are lifted up to heaven but they are not free from earthly taint. That is why so few of us are illumined. The Gita rightly says that it is hard to find a mahatma who approaches God realising He is all.

P.—But how can we renounce all things before approaching God?

T.—It is not necessary to begin with renouncing all things. I have only said that the highest bhakti demands complete renunciation. As a matter of fact bhakti itself helps you in renouncing earthly pleasures. The Gita says, "The objects of sense fall away from the soul in the body when it ceases to feed on them but the taste for them is left behind. Even the taste falls away when the Supreme is seen." Love of God and renunciation of the world act and react upon each other. Moreover it is not so much your renouncing worldly things that matters, as your despising them in your heart. For, as the Narada-Sutras say, eat and drink you must as long as you are in the flesh. Only you should not indulge in these things or pay more attention to them than what is required. Every progressive devotee should therefore measure his love of God by his renunciation of the worldly spirit. Of course this does not mean that he should leave his post of duty unless he feels a higher call. On the other hand it means that he should discharge that duty as the loyal servant of God in a spirit of self-sacrifice and with no personal desire for any earthly reward. For remember no offering is so pleasing to God as our hard, efficient, unrecognised and unrequited labour at the post to which He has called us.

P.—Next to renunciation you mentioned jñāna among the internal means. What exactly do you mean by jñāna? I heard that jñāna is higher than bhakti.

T.—It is idle to dispute whether jñāna is subsidiary to bhakti or bhakti is subsidiary to jñāna. It all depends upon the meaning you give to these words. I have used the word jñāna here in the sense of mere religious knowledge. There is a higher jñāna and a lower jñāna as there is a higher bhakti and a lower bhakti. The higher jñāna is not different from the higher bhakti. The lower jñāna is the complement of the lower bhakti. Therefore it is included among the internal means of bhakti. We have already seen that Hinduism insists on progressive bhakti and expects us to proceed from bahya-bhakti to ananya-bhakti and thence to ekānta-bhakti and finally to parā-bhakti. While preaching toleration towards all types of bhakti, Hindu scriptures never encourage mūḍha-bhakti or blind faith. A devotee on the other hand is expected to have an open mind and ever pray for light so that he may possess more and more adequate conceptions of God. He should never forget that every human conception of God is imperfect. Therefore he should ceaselessly try to make his own conception less and less imperfect. For this purpose it is necessary that he should carefully read the religious literature of his country and the great scriptures of the world and keep himself abreast of the religious thought of his generation. But there is a danger here.

P.—What is it?

T.—Many people are apt to think that mere religious knowledge will save them. Religious knowledge is one thing and religious experience is another. It is quite possible that you may learn all the technicalities of the Vedānta philosophy without ever possessing any spirituality. You may be an eminent theologian explaining to a wondering multitude all the secrets of the kingdom of God. But if your heart has never been visited by the Divine Person you are only a spy in the kingdom and not a loyal citizen. If you have only religious knowledge you are like a man who has only one leg. With only one leg you cannot even stand secure. Much less therefore can you walk to your goal.

P.—And now lastly what is yoga?

T.—The word yoga is used in several different senses in our scriptures. It is used in the sense of power, prosperity, rule, devotion, endeavour, union and so on. The word literally means 'yoking'. In fact 'yoga' and 'yoke' are one and the same word. Therefore yoga is used in the sense of union in the Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gita. As all our sin and misery are due to our separation from God we must come back to Him and be in union with Him if we want to have permanent happiness. This union is to be effected through disinterested action (karma-yoga), through loving devotion (bhakti-yoga) and through spiritual insight (jñāna-yoga). But yoga in a technical sense is used to indicate not the goal of religious life, but the way. Patanjali, the author of Yoga-sutras was the first to systematise the practices of this technical yoga. He defines yoga as *citta vrtti nirodha* or restraining the functions of the mind. But the practices themselves had been in vogue in this country since the Vedic period. The Upanishads mention them. The Buddhist and Jaina scriptures approve of them and prescribe them. The Bhagavad Gita recommends them. Therefore all our later Bhakti scriptures accept them as legitimate means of concentrating our minds on God. Thus there is practical unanimity on the part of all Indian teachers of religion as to the utility of yoga practices.

P.—But what are yoga practices?

T.—Yoga is described as ashtāṅga or having eight accessories. Therefore we have eight kinds of mental discipline, namely, Yama, Niyama, Āsana, Prāṇayāma, Pratyāhāra, Dhāraṇa, Dhyāna and Samādhi.

P.—Will you please explain these in detail?

T.—I will explain briefly what they indicate. For details you will have to read technical books on the subject. The first two, yama and niyama, indicate the preliminary ethical preparation necessary for a yogin. Yama is abstention. The sādḥaka or the student should abstain from slaughter, falsehood, theft, incontinence and possession of property. Of these abstentions the most important is the first. All virtues are rooted in ahimsa or non-violence. But, as we have already discussed this cardinal virtue and all that it implies, we may pass on to the next discipline—niyama.

P.—What is niyama?

T.—Niyama is observance. It comprises purity (both internal and external), contentment, austerity, study of sacred texts and prayer to God. But these also we have already discussed under cardinal virtues and the other means of Bhakti. Thus yama and niyama—abstention and observance—are intended for the moral training of the sādḥaka. Then the next three—āsana, prāṇāyāma, pratyāhāra—are also preliminary accessories to yoga.

P.—What do these words mean?

T.—Āsana is the posture suitable for meditation. It is a physical help to concentration. After the preliminary moral training a man should sit down in a convenient posture before he can concentrate his mind. And Patanjali defines āsana simply as the posture which is steady and comfortable—*Sthirasukhamāsanam*. Then the sādḥaka should practise prāṇāyāma or regulation of breath. This consists of prolonged expiration (rēcaka), inspiration (puraka) and retention of breath (kumbhaka). But these exercises have to be done under the proper guidance of a Guru. Else they may lead to danger.

P.—But what is the use of prāṇāyāma?

T.—Prāṇāyāma is very beneficial to health, apart from its being a means to concentration. Respiratory exercises clear the lungs, steady the heart, purify the blood and tone up the whole nervous system. The yoga system realises that the body is not a thing apart from the spirit but its instrument and expression. Therefore it aims at perfecting the body as well as the mind and the spirit. There is a false notion among some people that yoga aims at torturing the body. Far from doing so yoga tries to produce kāyasampat or the perfection of the body which is said to consist in "beauty, grace, strength and the compactness of a thunderbolt." Prāṇāyāma also produces serenity of mind which is so essential to contemplation.

P.—Then what is pratyāhāra?

T.—Pratyāhāra is retraction or withdrawing the senses from their respective outward objects. That is, the mind is to be shut against all impressions from the outside world. If this is done it ceases to be modified by external influences. The sādḥaka by these practices is now ready for contemplation. He has brought his body, his senses and his mind thoroughly under control. He is fit to enter on the higher phase called rajayoga comprising the last three acts of discipline—dhāraṇa, dhyāna and samādhi.

P.—What is dhāraṇa?

T.—Dhāraṇa is the fixing of the mind on any particular object. It is concentration. The sādḥaka should concentrate his mind on some physical point or on the light in his own heart or the form of his ishta-devata so as to gain perfect steadfastness. The mind thus concentrated passes on to dhyāna or meditation which is defined as an uninterrupted flow of thought towards the object of devotion. Dhyāna results finally in samādhi in which all self-consciousness is lost and only the object of meditation shines forth. The mind loses

its sense of identity and assumes the form of the object which it contemplates. Two degrees are recognised in samādhi—conscious samādhi and superconscious samādhi. In the former the object meditated on is still distinct from the meditating subject; in the latter this distinction disappears. We are told that in the state of conscious samādhi the yogin attains marvellous supernormal powers (siddhis) of clairvoyance and clairaudience, of thought—reading and thought-transmission and of knowing the past and the future. But the Yogah Sastra clearly points out that these super-normal powers are really obstacles in the way of samādhi. It is only by disregarding them and passing on that the yogin reaches his goal of union with God. Thus the yoga discipline, which aims at the purification of the body and the training of the mind in concentration, is a means to the vision of God.

P.—Sir, is it necessary that one should have recourse to all the ways and means of bhakti you have now described?

T.—My boy, it is only for purposes of instruction that we divide and subdivide the sādhanas, as we divide and subdivide virtues. As moral life is one, so is religious life. There is only one way as there is only one God. But there are several stages in it and hence we have several names. All of them are more or less arbitrary and exist only in our imaginations. Begin to lead a religious life and you will be able, from your own experience, to add to or subtract from the lists of sādhanas given by the old masters. It is the spirit behind their instructions that we have to imbibe and not the minute, and indistinguishable details. The author of Sandilya-Sutras, after admitting that the subsidiary forms of devotion have to be adopted according to time and necessity, plainly says "*Iśvaratusterekopibālī*," that is, when God is pleased even one of the means is effectual. Therefore there is only one thing that is indispensable and that is the grace of the Lord. You may practise all the external sādhanas and all the internal sādhanas without exception, you may steep yourself in religious literature and you may acquire the reputation of being a pious man. But all these are of no avail without the grace of God. There is an oft-quoted verse in the Upanishads which runs thus: "Not by study, not by intelligence and not by much learning is this Atman to be obtained. It can be obtained only by the one whom it chooses. To such a one the Atman reveals its true nature." This does not mean that grace is capricious. It only means that God is a searcher of hearts. We can deceive the world. We can deceive ourselves, but we can never deceive Him. He sees through all our studies, our clever arguments and our pious poses. He sees what atom of sincerity there is in our hearts and sends His grace accordingly.

P.—So the grace of God depends entirely on man's sincere effort?

T.—Well, there is a difference of opinion among Hindu theistic teachers on this point. Some hold that man's bhakti has to co-operate with God's grace for salvation as the young of the monkey have to make an effort and hold on to their mother as she carries them over the branches of trees. While others hold that the grace of God is all-

powerful and operates even without man's endeavour as the cat carries its young from house to house without any effort on their part. The latter view has given rise to the doctrine of prapatti.

P.—What is prapatti?

T.—Prapatti means taking refuge. According to this doctrine man has only to throw himself on the mercy of God for salvation. It is idle to think of his own good works and knowledge as his qualifications. For what are they compared to his sins and his ignorance? The overwhelming sense of littleness of man, compared to the ineffable perfections of God, makes the worshipper exclaim "I have taken refuge in Thee. Sinful and miserable as I am, be pleased to pick me up from the dust and set me in Thy presence." To all such worshippers the Bhagavān of the Gita in a mahā-vākya or grand utterance makes the following reply:—

"Renounce every rule of life and come unto me alone for shelter. Sorrow not. I will release thee from all sins."

In another place He says:—

"Having fixed thy thoughts on me thou shalt surmount every obstacle by my grace. But if from self-conceit thou wilt not listen thou shalt utterly perish."

P.—Every obstacle! What are the obstacles in the way of a devotee?

T.—A devotee has of course the usual difficulties in life which all men have as a result of disease, bereavement, adverse circumstances, unsatisfied desires, conflict of duties and a thousand other causes. But all of them are not obstacles in his path. Some of them may even be his helps, for adversity keeps the soul awake while prosperity often sends it to sleep.

P.—What then are the real obstacles?

T.—The real obstacles are of his own making. There is no recognised list of them. But we can get an idea of them from the numerous lives of the saints in our epics and purāṇas. They are mainly three—vanity, extravagance and despair.

P.—How can vanity stand in the way of a devotee who has renounced all earthly ambitions?

T.—When a man ceases to be vain of his earthly possessions and leads a life of the spirit he is generally tempted to be vain of his spirituality. When he ceases to look down on his poorer neighbours and tries to be religious he begins to look down on those who are less religious than he. He waxes indignant over the sins of others. He becomes harsh and intolerant. He becomes a moral pedant, a self-constituted censor, and a pitiless judge of men. Or again he is tempted to make a parade of his religiosity. He becomes anxious that his devotions should be known to all. He is pleased with the reputation he gets for spirituality and is displeased when some one does not recognise his merit. All this is not real religion but playing at religion

to the gallery in which, alas! many a youthful saint indulges. It will never do. If we want to have the grace of God we must leave the lime light, we must step out of the theatre altogether. Not in vanity and pride but in boundless humility and perfect charity will the grace find us. A true bhakta should be prepared to be ignored and despised. He should practise his devotions in secret and should rather appear far less religious than he really is. He should never claim any respect or precedence for himself but sit among the poor and the lowly. He should never draw attention to himself by any odd or eccentric ways. He should conduct himself like other men. He should ever speak of all with great charity, dwelling on their virtues and ignoring their weaknesses. He should be hard on himself, pitiless towards himself and angry with himself; but he should be gentle, kind and forgiving towards others, and he should do all this with perfect naturalness and ease and not as one who wishes to parade his humility and charity. For spiritual pride, in whatever form, is more deadly than earthly pride. It ruins the soul much more quickly than worldly vanity.

P.—And then what about extravagance?

T.—Yes. That is the second obstacle. A true devotee has to steer clear of extravagance in all its forms. His devotion should not degenerate into a carnival of emotion nor should it reduce itself to a grisly asceticism. And above all he should avoid extravagance in conformity and independence. For he may be tempted, on the one hand, to rest content with the mere traditional forms of devotion, and, on the other to go to the other extreme and break away from all forms and claim for himself a dangerous freedom. Nothing kills the spirit of religion so effectively as a dull observance of the forms through which the spirit expressed itself in a by-gone age. God indeed endures for ever; but gods are subject to change and decay. To worship the dead gods is an insult to God. A true bhakta should therefore speedily emancipate himself from the forms from which the spirit has departed. But at the same time he should claim no freedom from the law of God nor the customs and commandments of men which continue to serve a spiritual purpose. He should never bring himself to believe that he is advanced enough to become a law unto himself and that he can lead an unconventional life. He should set no evil example to his unenlightened fellow men by setting at naught the institutional forms of the established religion. To a very large majority of men in a community religion means only institutional religion. If he deprives them of this and cannot substitute anything in its place he deprives them of every means of spiritual consolation. If every tyro in religious life begins to discard the letter of the law in the name of the spirit we shall have a veritable chaos in religion. And it is not good for the devotee either. For very often when the spirit is not on him, when the grace of God refuses to come into his consciousness he has to fall back only on the rests and props of religion—the temple, the offering, the rosary and the prayer book.

P.—Sir, what do you mean by "the grace of God refusing to come into his consciousness?"

T.—Well, that brings me to the third great obstacle I spoke of. An inexperienced devotee is often tempted to grow impatient when his devotions seem to lead him nowhere, when God hides His head as it were and a sense of weariness overwhelms him. Sometimes he has to pass through long stretches of time when religion seems to be a huge self-deception and the spirit of cynicism makes grimaces at all his attempts at prayer. Sometimes even horrible, unspeakable sins which normal humanity has outgrown seem to be perilously near his soul. All the years of illumination, of pious worship and the gracious presence seem to be rolled away in a moment and in their place he has only despair and misery. The world of course goes on as usual. But to him it is a hard and petrified world with no meaning or purpose. He cannot pray. He cannot meditate. Even the favourite verses become dull and monotonous with wearisome repetitions. These are moments which test the strength of a true bhakta. He has to hold on faithfully to his God in the gloom. He should never question His will nor entertain the thought that he never deserved this treatment. Many a man in the world would be religious if religion always meant unclouded happiness. Religion is unclouded happiness in the end when the goal is reached. But how many reach the goal before the clouds of mortality have cleared away? An unbroken vision of God in this life is only for the few choice souls of humanity, the great religious founders of the world, the Saviours of our race. But for the rest of us when we try to walk in the ways of the Lord there are many trials, many temptations, much hard work and many tears, illuminated at rare intervals by flashes of a strange light, which is not of this world. Thus I have indicated to you only the most important and the most obvious of the difficulties in the path of religious life. These and many others are writ large on the lives of some immature bhaktas given in our puranas. You may find them expressed in quaint forms, but if you interpret them in terms of modern life you will find they are the expression of a genuine, though crude, experience. And so they may serve as warning to all who are trying to tread the ancient path today.

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(To be continued)

