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VOL. III

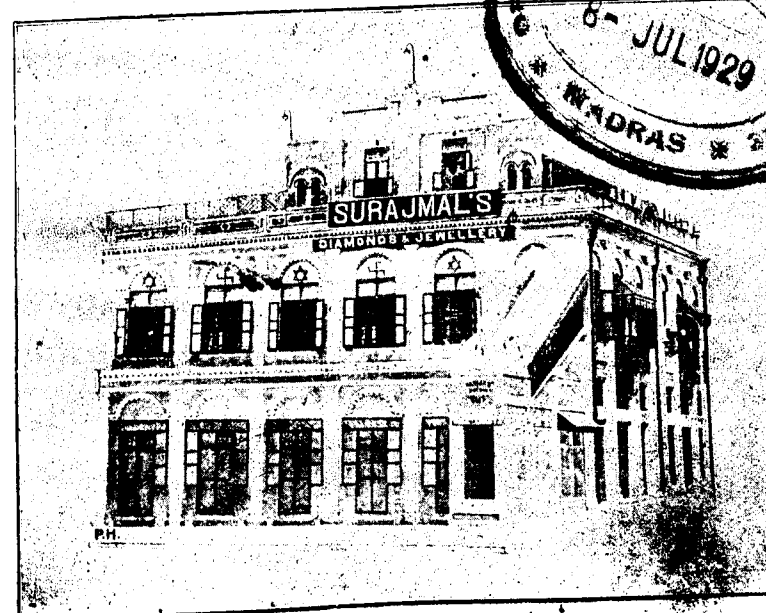
NO. 11

THE SCHOLAR

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AUGUST 1928

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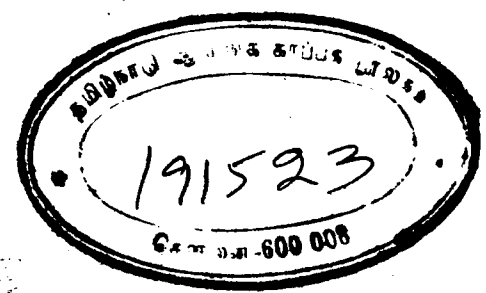
EDITORS:

V. K. SUBRAMANIA IYER, B. A.,
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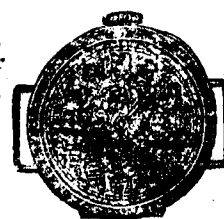
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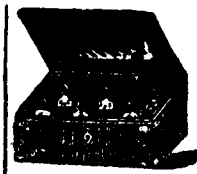
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Medical despotism worse than religious despotism, the old religious heresy, "let us sin that grace may abound", compared with the modern vaccination fanaticism, "let us force and spread disease upon the peoples so that health may abound!"

Do You Know What Vaccine is?

Vaccine is a filthy, pussy, rotten matter squeezed from the eruptions on a diseased innocent calf which we torture mercilessly in our ignorance on selfish motive.

Does the Vaccination Prevent Small Pox?

No. It poisons the nation's blood, weakens the general resistance to diseases and it creates new and incurable hereditary diseases instead. It makes the nation filthy instead of healthy.

Is the Government right in making the Vaccination Compulsory?

No. Government has got no right to enforce any particular kind of treatment whatever under pretences of Public Health, still more they cannot inject in the body of an innocent healthy child any kind of poisonous, pussy, filthy animal matter.

To insist compulsorily such filthy injections into the Healthy system is more tyrannical and wicked. Such kind of medical tyranny is more tyrannical than the Religious tyranny ever practised. To prevent leading natural healthy life is just as to forbid chastity or sobriety. Any law that enforces such thing is really immoral, irreligious and unhygienic. Any such law really deserves to be put down by all peaceful and possible means.

For Opinions of great medical men, writers and thinkers
against vaccination,

Please See Next Page

ANTI-VACCINATION LEAGUE, PALGHAT.

OPINIONS OF LEADING MEN

Prof. Alexander M. Ross, St. Louis says "I know full well that vaccination broadcasts the seeds of many filthy diseases of the skin, the blood, the hair, the eyes, which are transmitted *from generation to generation, an ever abiding curse to humanity.*"

Prof. Alexander Wilder M. D. Prof. of Physiology. Medical College, New York says "*Consumption is made rife where vaccination is most general.*"

Dr. George Gregory, M. D. F. R. S. Physician to the small-pox and vaccination Hospital, London says: "*Small-pox does invade the vaccinated.*"

Dr. Stowell a vaccine practitioner says:—

"The declaration of my patients enables me to proclaim that vaccination is not only an illusion but a curse for humanity."

IF YOU REALLY LOVE YOUR CHILDREN
AND HAVE COMPASSION TOWARDS THE
INNOCENT DUMB CREATURES AND IF YOU
WANT TO SAVE THEM FROM DEATH,
JOIN AT ONCE AS MEMBERS OF THE
ANTI-VACCINATION LEAGUE, PALGHAT.

Dr. Turnbull of Cheltenham says:— "Vaccination was physiologically wrong and there was not a doctor *living* who could prove *the reverse. Healthy children die rotten from the effects of vaccination.*"

Dr. William Hitchman, M. R. C. S. consulting Surgeon to the Hospital for skin diseases and late Public vaccinator, Liverpool says:—

"I affirm that vaccination has proved itself a curse than a blessing causing primarily or secondarily *more deaths* than any *other diseases of child-hood.*"

ANTI-VACCINATION LEAGUE, PALCHAT.

OPINIONS OF LEADING MEN

Dr. W. R. Hadwen, M. D. M. R. C. S. L. S. H. ,L. R. C. P.,
Gold Medalist in Medicine and Surgery says:—

"As a medical man, I assert that vaccination is an insult *to the common sense*, that it is superstitious in its origin and useless and dangerous in its character whilst as a father and a citizen I view the Vaccination Acts as degrading in their influences, demoralising in their tendencies, cruel and unjust in their enactment, and an *interference with parental responsibility* such as ought not to be tolerated in a country like England (here under British rule) which has boasted of her civil and religious freedom for generations past.

But we also say it is utterly opposed to *common sense* to endeavour to fight this decease by instilling into the life blood of a healthy person the *filthy excrescence from the filthy disease of a beast*, in the hope of preventing a disease that *may never likely contract* and a disease too, *to which cow pox bears no analogy whatever.*

THE DOGMATISM OF MEDICAL MEN IS THE DOGMATISM
OF IGNORANCE. MEDICAL MEN ACCEPTED THE CREED
OF VACCINATION AS THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA
DID HER RELIGION.

Royal Commission says:— "It is possible to convey syphilis".

"On 22nd January 1926 the Earl of Lysort offered the British Medical Association £ 1,000 for a charity if they convinced an arbitrator that vaccination prevents small-pox and was harmless. The offer was declined."

Opinion of

MAHATMA GANDHI

ON VACCINATION

"Vaccination is a barbarous practice and it is one of the most fatal of all the delusions current in our town, not to be found even among the so called savage races of the world. Its supporters are not content with its adoption by those who have no objection to it, but seek to impose it with the aid of penal laws and rigorous punishments on all people alike."

"Moreover, vaccination is a very dirty process, for, the serum which is introduced into the human body includes not only that of the cow, but also of the actual small-pox patient."

"I cannot also help feeling that vaccination is a violation of the dictates of religion and morality."

"The drinking of the blood of even dead animals is looked upon with horror even by habitual meat-eaters. Yet what is vaccination but the taking in of the poisoned blood of an innocent living animal? Better far were it for God-fearing men that they should a thousand times become the victims of small-pox and even die a terrible death than that they should be guilty of such an act of sacrilege."

"Vaccination instead of doing good, works considerable mischief by giving rise to many new diseases. Even its advocates cannot deny that, after its introduction, many new diseases have come into being."

So please save your darlings and innocent calves from torture and death by refusing to poison their system with the so called pure calf Lymph which no doctor ever living has proved to be pure. Arise, awake, agitate and stop not till this doubly cursed Rakshasic compulsory vaccination is once for all done away with.

For further particulars apply to:—

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EDITORIAL

IT is with considerable regret that I have to announce the severance of all connection with *The Scholar* of my esteemed colleague Mr. V. K. Subrahmaniam Iyer.

When *The Scholar* was ushered into existence, three of us bore the responsibility of guiding it in its perilous journey, but even before we had marked a milestone, one of the companions fell back, leaving us to go our way as best as we can. Now nearly three years after, the other also has left, and on me is thrown the sole responsibility of running the magazine. But whoever is in charge of the management, my prayer is that by the grace of God *The Scholar* will go forward on its onward march continuing to discharge the functions for which it came into being and helping to achieve the fruition of the ideals with which it started. *The Scholar* has too well justified its existence to be affected hereafter by any trifling changes either in the management or proprietorship, and also for the reason particularly, that its success all along has been due not so much to the labours of the official men in charge as to the generous support of the public and the active and unstinted co-operation of a few willing workers, whose sympathy *The Scholar* was fortunate in securing from the very beginning of its career.

But human nature being what it is, I can hardly escape feeling the pang of separation, which also means to me the loss of so much of worldly wisdom, judicious advice and active co-operation of which I was the recipient from my retiring colleague. I can only hope that he will continue to take the same interest in *The Scholar* as he used to do before. It is that hope that enables me to say *Au Revoir*.

E. H. Parameswaran
Editor

* * * * *

TRAVANCORE deserves to be congratulated on its decision to establish an Academy of Music. The objects as outlined at the preliminary meeting, which was held recently in Trivandrum are the laying down of definite Academy lines on which Indian music deserves to be developed, of establishment of a Music Library, publication of Music standard works in Music, and the establishment of training schools for music in the State. But we do not see why music should not also form part of the curriculum of teaching in all schools, made if necessary optional instead of compulsory, to suit the tastes of the unhappy few, if any, who could not constitutionally feel the ennobling effect of it. Many of the young boys of the school, undoubtedly possess not merely the ear for music, but also the capacity to give practical expression to it provided they are given opportunities to develop in this direction. But their development is left to be acquired by their own exertions, clandestinely practised in out of the way places as though it was an improper thing to do so. Their knowledge, therefore, is bound to be imperfect and crude like so many of our professional bhagavathars, who practice the art more for their livelihood than for art's sake. The educational authorities owe it to them to help such of the pupils as have an inborn aptitude for it to improve themselves in this direction.

Programmes for popularising Primary Education have been drawn up by almost all Provinces and several of them have passed special legislation to secure the end in view. But of few Provinces could it be said that their success has been phenomenal.

Bombay was among the first, if not the first to **Advance**, embark on high, ambitious programmes in this **Satara** respect but though her success had not been uniform, her efforts have borne fruit at least in one district of that Presidency. Satara, we are informed is about to realise its ideal of one school for every village, there being 1037 schools for 1341 villages, and it is expected that another three years will automatically see the fruition of their ideal. The expenditure on primary education has risen in the district from 6½ lakhs to 10 lakhs, of which the local board finds 3 lakhs. Besides this, the local board is levying a cess, which has enabled it to amass funds, which could be utilised for the last and final step in the complete removal of illiteracy. There is no doubt that the success of the experiment has been largely due to the intelligent and adequate public response, for which the people of the district certainly deserve to be congratulated. Their example is worthy of emulation by citizens in other places too the absence of which is mainly responsible for the indifferent success of the experiment in those places.

* * * * *

August 27th, 1928 is a red letter day in the annals of the fight for Peace; for, on that day representatives of fourteen leading Nations of the world formally signed the Pact, sponsored by America renouncing war as an instrument of national policy.

The smaller nations too, one after the other, are following the good example and thus strengthening the value of the Pact. All these no doubt are signs of the hope that sooner or later, the world will come to put in practice what it now formally believes in. For, it is impossible for anyone who looks at the nations of the world, still armed to the teeth, and racing for supremacy in possessing weapons of war, to lull himself into the

fond belief that the millinium has been achieved by the mere signing of the Pact. Nor should it be forgotten that the very scope and the efficacy of the Pact have had to be whittled down to secure the allegiance of the bigger Powers, which would practically in times of crises enable them to ignore the Pact with impunity. Indeed, what is more necessary today would appear to be what Lord Cecil said—"disarmament of the heart" before "disarmament of the arms". When that will is brought into being actual disarmament will follow. Nevertheless far be it from us to appear to minimise the value of this signing ceremony. Even as a moral gesture, it is of tremendous import, the meaning of which even he who runs can read.

* * * * *

From the 1st of September the flapper reign begins in England. Of course, it is not likely that all the five and quarter million women, qualified to vote, will be in a position to exercise

their franchise, but having regard to the hard won nature of the struggle that they waged, it seems certain that the majority of them will comply with the requirements and get themselves into the voters' list. Be that as it may, the event itself is of epoch making significance. What effect it will have on the course of events in the stormy political sphere, how far their participation in the fray in such large numbers will be advantageous both to them and the nation, are big questions, which can neither be answered off hand nor predicted with any degree of certainty. Time alone can show what is in the womb of the future. The interest of the problem is considerably enhanced by the fact that in England, they number a little more than the men voters. Whatever it is, it is a fateful experiment that the ordinary conservative Tories have rightly or wrongly embarked upon and a tremendous responsibility rests on all those who take part in that particular drama.

THE ALL-PARTIES CONFERENCE

BY B. SHIVA RAO, M. A.



None either among those who attended the All-Parties Conference or watched its proceedings from a distance, was prepared for the triumphant outcome at Lucknow. Its two earlier sessions, the one at Delhi in February and March and the second at Bombay in May did not justify much hope centring round the Sub-Committee which was appointed at Bombay. Communal feelings had been roused, to a considerable extent, over the questions of the grant of reforms to the Frontier province and to Baluchistan and the separation of Sindh from the Bombay Presidency. Congressmen had their own difficulties with the left wing which demanded a definition for Swaraj. Was it Dominion Status or complete Independence? In the country, prolonged industrial strife in the summer—some of which is still in progress—and the debate in Council after Council over the boycott of the Simon Commission had produced a situation of which optimism was not a logical consequence.

But undeterred by these considerations the Nehru Sub-committee produced a draft Constitution which has extorted the admiration even of the Anglo-Indian press. The Conference itself at Lucknow was full of uncertain elements. The champions of communalism and of the problem of Sindh were in strength, looking for an opportunity to raise controversial issues. But the first day's proceedings, a mere formal affair, as it seemed at first, to congratulate the authors of the report set a tone to the rest of the work of the conference which proved irresistible. Everyone was genuinely anxious to come to a fair and impartial settlement of the outstanding issues, and though desperate efforts are now being made by our opponents to create opposition in the Conference itself there was nothing to seize for a controversy. Maulana Hasrat Mohani alone struck a discordant note. The audience was in perfect good temper and listened with courtesy but at the end of the day when the vote was taken, so great was the effect of Pandit Motilal Nehru's speech that the Maulana found himself in solitary grandeur.

The achievement of Lucknow will be revealed in all its implications as the months pass. Our enemies have been confounded, for they were certain that India could not produce an agreed constitution. Their chagrin is intelligible, and has been responsible for a generous use of the English vocabulary against the authors of the report. Congressmen, Liberals, Home-Rulers, Muslims and Hindus and Sikhs and Christians have all pledged their support to the new constitution. There is undoubtedly a section which demands Independence and therefore will give only qualified or half-hearted support. I do not believe in a demand for Independence for the reason that independence is never demanded,—it is taken. Moreover, Dominion Status, and Independence are terms whose connotations are becoming less and less distinguishable from each other. There is also a note of warning which must be sounded in this connection. Communalists and reactionaries have been sorely disappointed by the fine stand taken up against separate electorates. To say so frankly is not the line of prudence; it is more expedient to condemn the report on the ground that it does not go far enough and limits the demand to Dominion Status. To them it is of no importance on what issue the draft is wrecked so long as it can be worked and they can evade the odium of obeing exposed as communalists.

To those who worked for the success of the Conference with such magnificent results, the country can never be too grateful. Pandit Motilal Nehru, Sir Ali Imam and Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru did yeomen service in open conference and in committees. Dr. Annie Besant received a rousing ovation as she addressed the Conference. She very nearly died in London a few weeks ago; but as she said at Lucknow "I cannot die until I see India free". Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, by her immense influence over the Mussalmans, was in no small measure responsible for their attitude. But the work of the Maharaja of Mahammadabad is beyond all praise. A leading Talukdar of Oudh, and Ex-member of the U. P. Government, a Mussalman with a powerful influence, he could have, had he been so inclined, thrown his weight against us and made our task well-nigh impossible. But he worked in his quiet, unostentatious manner, with a zeal which was admirable, and had the satisfaction

of seeing a United India demanding freedom from the home of the Talukdars of Oudh. Twelve years before, in 1916, had Lucknow witnessed such a reunion of hearts. For the second time Lucknow has brought together parties and factions which have been asunder for years. Most appropriately, this great reconciliation was effected under the chairmanship of Dr. M. A. Ansari, an embodiment of Musalman culture at its best, a doctor beloved of the poor of Delhi and a man with a charm about him which disarms all opposition.



THE NEHRU COMMITTEE REPORT

(BY E. N. SUBRAHMANYAM, M. A. B. L.)

The report of the Nehru Committee which was presented to the country on the 15th of August and which was unanimously adopted by a most representative conference at Lucknow on the 28th is an epoch-making document worthy of the best traditions of Indian public life. I propose just to draw the attention of the readers to two or three important aspects of the report.

The chapters in the report on the communal aspect and the recommendations made therein for the solution of this vexed problem should be considered as the central and most important feature of the report. The committee have discussed the question with remarkable lucidity and with an impressive wealth of details have shown that the compromise proposals accepted at the informal conference for the reservation of seats for majorities as well as minorities is not only unjustifiable in theory but also unworkable in practice.

It is an artificial restriction on the growth both of the majority and the minority and must necessarily retard national progress. It is, we feel specially injurious to the majority itself, for it makes it rely on legislative provisions to keep up its position and not on its own inherent strength. After a period of reservation such a community is bound to lose in self-reliance and all the qualities that contribute towards building up a people and adding to their creative energy."

Thanks to the valuable assistance of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru an amount of statistical data has been made available to the public and from this it is clear that a reservation of seats in the Punjab and in Bengal where the Muhammadans are in a majority, is not only unnecessary but also injurious to the best interests of the Muhammadans themselves. The Committee have therefore recommended that there should be a reservation of seats for Muslims, only in the provinces where they are in a minority in proportion to their population, and also with the right to contest the general seats.

Next in importance is the chapter on the Indian States. The propaganda of Sir Leslie Scott and Dr. Rushbrook Williams has been mercilessly exposed. The interests of the Native States are bound up intimately with the interests of the rest of India, and no enlightened prince would dispute this proposition. Safeguards dictated by reason and justice have been provided for to the States.

Equally important is the Declaration of Rights contained in the Report. It is perfect and leaves nothing to be desired.

The Report is framed on the basis of full Dominion Status. Of course, right remains to those Congress men who believe in independence to work for that goal. Practical politics demanded that a platform on which all parties could meet had to be found and that platform was only Dominion Status. That represents the greatest common factor of agreement and that is the only platform on which as Lalaji says, India's future relations with Great Britain can be sustained, though the demand for Dominion Status may be lunacy in the eyes of the 'Manchester Guardian.'

It will be remembered that the report only outlines the principles of a Swaraj constitution. It is not in the nature of a Bill. The Nehru committee have, therefore, been reappointed with the addition of Dr. Besant and with powers to co-opt other members to draft a bill embodying the recommendations of the report. The bill which would be ready soon is India's answer to the challenge of Lord Birkenhead. That is the united demand of a re-united India, and a united demand is an irresistible demand.

DISCIPLINE IN THE SCHOOL

BY BHAGAT RAM KUMAR M. A. (OXON.)



It is a natural corollary of the topsy-turvy condition of our national being that the fundamentals of life are invariably overlaid with its accidents, and the latter made much of, to the utter neglect of the former. The truth of this statement is seen in every phase of our life—political, social, religious, economic and educational—so that on every side we seem to have distorted the purpose of institutions, and set up images and ideals out of all recognition of their real self. The idols in our temples are not more hideous than many a social and educational ideal that we have set up in our life, and stagnation of life is the inevitable result.

It was Aristotle who long ago made the distinction between the "proper" and the improper or "secondary" use of an article. The same division holds good with regard to our customs and ideals. Religion, Education, Economic Principles,—all have a primary object, their real object—and may have innumerable other objects as well. In a healthy society the real object is always kept in view and the customs and ideals altered to suit the changed conditions, as a river will alter its course to counteract the natural geography of the country. In a decadent society the real is lost sight of and the customs become fixed and unalterable, carrying on their backs the weight of innumerable "secondary" objects, as a river without proper supply of fresh water, forms itself into marshy land.

Of the many illustrations of this statement, nothing is perhaps more pathetic than our educational ideals and practice. Education is valued for everything except its primary object, and our educational methods are worthy of our ideals. Is it any wonder that we are a slave nation?

The real aim of education—liberal education—is the formation of character. Other aims may be added on but they can never usurp the real aim without distorting the whole system. To make education subserve the need of earning a livelihood is about as rational as to put dowry premium upon it in the marriage market. To turn our schools, and universities into machines

producing clerks for service may be good economics from the point of view of a foreign government requiring nothing but cheap labour; it is suicide from the national point of view.

If it be conceded that the formation of character is the aim of education then it follows that discipline should be the means. Discipline is the rails on which the train runs: the train may reach its destination without the rails, but it will waste much time and effort. Discipline is the two banks of the river: they may confine its movements; but they save its waters from being wasted in the arid fields. Discipline is the time table of the school: it is possible to work without it: but what a wastage and confusion is thereby avoided! Discipline is the order and regularity of the natural phenomena—if the sun rose and set at pleasure; if the seeds in the soil sprouted as they liked—what a confusion would there not be!

Leaving aside metaphysical definitions, we may define character as the spontaneous way of doing things, the habitual way of looking at the problems presented by life. To one man a crisis in life is the incentive to greater exertion, to another it is an abyss of despair. To some, difficulties and opposition bring the same exhilaration which the mountaineer feels at the sight of each untrodden peak: others prefer the placid paths of the plains. It is all a question of character, of habit!

But good habits have to be acquired—they are never spontaneous. Immature minds and self complacent theorists may talk about the spontaneity of character: it is as true as to talk about the spontaneity of the rose. A rose will be a rose, wherever it is grown; but its fulness will depend upon the care and nourishment given during its growth. We bring the seeds of our character with us from our past, whether the seed blossoms into its fulness or not will depend upon our upbringing. Hence discipline of life ought to be the basis of our education: in fact it is sadly conspicuous by its absence.

It is time that some idea were given of the meaning underlying the term "discipline". Is it the mere enforcement from outside of a set of rules irrespective of our personal will, or is it something deeper and more fundamental? Sluggish minds may confuse it with the former, but even a moment's reflection

shows that it is something deeper. Discipline in its essence is the formulation and enforcement of a set of rules that experience has shown are in the best interests of the individual himself, that lay the foundation of his character. Does a wise mother allow the caprice of the child full play as to what it shall eat and when it shall eat? Or is it a wise way of showing her affection for the child to allow it to do so? If not, is this not the enforcement of the same discipline that is so fundamentally necessary in the school?

Experience through the centuries has shown that certain ways of behaviour, certain ways of thought are for the good of the individual and of the society, and others are bad for both. These form as it were the axioms of life, and real education is nothing else but that we begin to acquire those habits that are good and resist those that are bad. Is orderliness—mental and physical—good for the individual and the society? Then where to form the habit if not in the school? Is deliberate calmness and presence of mind a necessary quality for success in life? Then where are we to cultivate it, if not in the school? Is team spirit requisite for national greatness? Then where shall we learn it except in the school? Is the spirit of comradeship irrespective of caste, religion, creed, sex necessary for later life? Then where do we begin its cultivation except in the school? There is not one quality essential for national and individual greatness whose seed has not to be sown in school life. And what is discipline in the school but learning the A B C of these qualities?

Of all the educational theorists now in our midst none are so mischievous as those who fail or refuse to see this fundamental fact. In the past our boys have lacked character because their soul had been crushed by the foreigner: now they lack character because of the false ideas inculcated in them by those who themselves are the product of indisciplined lives. A mob may be a picturesque sight but half a dozen well disciplined soldiers will disperse it. Our educational institutions to-day are manufacturing this kind of mob by the thousands every year. Hence we witness the sorry spectacle of our so called educated people being the most untrustworthy part of our people.

It was Napoleon who said that the battle of Waterloo was

won on the playing grounds of Eton and Harrow, and never was a truer thing said about the germs of national greatness. English people are great, because of the discipline of their schools, and the path of India to greatness would be quicker if there were greater enforcement of real discipline in our schools and colleges. Morality, law, custom, conventions are all invented for the sake of the discipline they give us, but how can we understand them till we learn their A B C in the school?

The inevitable question next arises as to the enforcement of "discipline". At this point we cannot but remember the famous dictum of the Greeks that virtue always lies midway between two extremes. The old days of flogging are gone for ever, we hope, but if the substitute is only a laxity of control and a lack of system—gilded with euphemistic expressions though it be—the gain is comparatively little. In the whole of our social being our personal interests and idiosyncracies are always coming up against the welfare of society, and discipline is as necessary for the greatest benefit of the greatest number as for building individual character. To sacrifice the former in favour of the latter requires stronger grounds than urged at present, and unless these can be given, one can only conclude that inability is sought to be covered up by a convenient principle. Between the two extremes of physical violence and utter lack of control, there must be a middle path, and that is the path that each must discover for himself. But until it is done, we are only swinging from one extreme to the other and the most that may be said in our favour is that we have given the boys long enough rope to hang themselves.



As I do understand it, laws, commands, rules and edicts are for those who have not the light which makes plain the pathway. He who has God's grace in his heart cannot go astray.

Anne Hutchinson

POLITICS AND THE STUDENT

BY DUNCAN GREENLEES, M. A. (OXON)

THIS is a vexed question in our land today because our governors have contrived to throw a veil upon the essence of things. To understand the true relation between Students and Politics we shall first learn the meanings of the words themselves. Literally a "Student" is *one who is eager*, almost we may say a *devotee*, while "Politics" is the *affairs of the City* and so of the Motherland.

Can God be truly served save through devotion to the state of men? And is it not the first of charges on Education that it prepares the young truly and sincerely to give themselves for the uplifting of Society? Those who claim the splendid name of *Students* have consecrated themselves to....To what? To money and the search for a petty clerical appointment on the doormat of the foreign bureaucrat? To family aggrandisement that leads to wicked increase of Indians to fill the hunger markets of the world and impoverishes all alike? To small ambitions for strutting and prancing on public platforms as the saviours of mankind?

Surely it is not for these that God has allowed the establishment of schools and colleges. Not for the selfish glory of the unit but for the progress of the Race has the tender Child been entrusted to the so-often rough and careless hands of his elders in what is stupidly misnamed our Education. It is because man has no sight of his goal and splendid final Destiny that he has perverted the Ideal, and the student, thirsting for the chance of noble living, is taught to aim at a steady salary for himself and at raising an unworthy family as burden on the Mother's fainting arms.

The purpose of true Education will always be the drawing out of divine faculty latent in each Child by giving it the opportunity of self-expression, free and beautiful, in the world. And one of the noblest instincts in the heart is that sympathy which binds many into one and reflects down here the perfect harmony and unity of the brotherhood Above, whether that be called a *Rishi-Sangha* or the Communion of Saints. To this the

generations have aspired. For God is One, and Man is one in heart and soul and strives ever to manifest that oneness in life and form. The simplest form of this longing is the union of Mother and Child, and it draws the Patriot into ecstasy of love for his Motherland. It is the passion revealed in Baul and Sufi song where the devotee is drowned in wines of fervent love; it shines in the soft reverence of the gentle Man for Woman, and is reflected in the perfect compassion of a Buddha and in the favour of a Prophet.

There sounds a Call today to gallant-hearted men with spirit and with courage to purify our Education from its foundations upwards, relaying it on the only solid basis as the preparation for a noble life for others in raising the family, the Nation and the World to higher, better, things.

Away with the old snares of our mean and squalid grasping! A new Culture shall we have, free from the limitation and the petty narrowness of what is past, and raised upon the twin pillars of Courage and Refinement. A new Palace shall we build for the shelter of the World, using the granite stones of strength and loyalty chiselled by the discipline of life and practice and joined by the white cement of affection and of purity in purpose; a Palace soaring in minarets of aspiration and in domes of all-embracing wisdom and toleration into the radiant air of Heaven shall it be.

To give a normal healthy outlet for this purest, holiest instinct of the Young for glad oblation in the service and upliftment of the Motherland,—that is our real problem. On the solution that we find will depend not alone the political future of India but the future of the world. Trampled on in the vivid days of youth, that tender bud of Godhood withers to decay; if tended with care and reverence it flowers to the glory of perfect blossom in a Shivaji, a Buddha, or a Krishna.

Man can receive only as he gives. Only as the student gives to others what he has learned can he learn yet more.

Thus our student will try to impart to others, deprived as yet of his advantages, the warm inspiration of true patriotism he has gathered from his teacher's fanning of the eternal spark

within. He will offer his leisure as a sacrifice at the Mother's feet teaching the poor and outcast that India belongs to them as surely as to the rich and great. He will try ever to enrich himself that he may have the more to give and so he will live in the spirit of his Country's greatness, be it past or future in the circle of revolving time. He will read with joy and interest the story of Her noblest children and exhale as a precious fragrance the essence of their nobility and so inspire those who live around him. He will speedily equip himself with knowledge, wisdom, skill, and power, that he may use them in his Country's service, however her appeal may come to his expectant ears.

Thus his work is two-fold. He will grow by putting into practice what he can learn and by study, patient, unrewarded work for those beneath himself. Only by raising the masses of India can India rise to Her rightful place. This is the work of the Student-Devotee. In times of learning to learn the theory, in holidays (let them be *holy* days through work well done in them) to "agitate" among the masses; at all times to remember that as he is so is his Mother judged, as he is so is Her honour, as he is free from cramping prejudice so She can gain Her freedom. Not by the shouting of party cries or by aimless wandering in the streets, but by a steady resolve to guard Her honour in the World, to teach Her children to love and serve Her Cause, to fit the unit for life in the larger unity of India's Mystic Body,—thus shall the Student justify his name.

Not he who crams examination notes, not he whose ambition is measured by two or more post-scripted letters of the alphabet declaring the attainment of some degree, not even he who regularly attends the class-room work is the truest Student. It is he who loves his Country as one in the family of the world; it is he whose eagerness to help Her drives him to labour in Her service, even when the body is yet young and unwearied and when the intuitions of the Soul are yet undimmed by selfish "wisdom and experience" and when the clouds of glory yet trail around the child of God on Earth. He whose love leads him to eager sacrifice of personal advantage for the good of all, he is the truest Student of us all.

THE FOURTH ACT OF SAKUNTALA

BY HARIVENKATESWARALU, B. A., L. T.

CERTAIN literary judgments have acquired the force and stability of Universal laws in the phenomena of the world of letters. If, for a moment, we employ the methods of Science in the art of pure criticism, we may proceed at once deductively and study the particular works of art and examine the validity of those premises. Goethe's mystic verse on *Sakuntala* is a classical example of aphoristic appreciation which drew such an elaborate commentary from the pen of Tagore.

One such statement on the above drama has been current among the Sanskrit rhetoricians of India. It is this. "Of all the literary forms the Drama is the most beautiful; of all the dramas *Sakuntala* is the finest; of it, the Fourth Act and in that four verses." Such an exclusive and isolated study as is contemplated here, may not necessarily imply a partial appreciation of a masterpiece, but on the other hand, where every act vies with the rest to stand out supreme, there must have been something in the Fourth Act which is revealed only to the penetrating eye of the critic who neither smells the "young year's blossoms" of the preceeding acts nor likes the "fruits of its decline" of the succeeding ones but looks somewhere in the middle on the hidden stage in Nature's process of transmutation of the one to the other.

The Fourth Act of *Sakuntala* is an idealised picture of a profoundly touching scene from domestic life. The off-shoot of the family tree is torn asunder from the parental stem to be grafted on to the branch of another. *Sakuntala* is escorted to the palace of her wedded lord. The sad strains of the leave-taking have been deftly impressed on this record-plate and as each heart moves along it and unravels the music, it is softened by elevated tears. Between the buoyant erotic sentiment of the first three acts and the penitential sobs of the last three, Kalidas has sublimated sorrow here as it is even so behind the World-process. Says the Sage Kanwa:—

"This day my beloved one leaves me, and my heart
Is heavy with grief; the streams of sorrow
Choked at the source repress my faltering voice."

Such are the holy bonds of family affections, and they produce sympathetic vibrations in the heart of every sensitive parent. Kanva is only the foster-father of *Sakuntala* and he is above the pairs of opposites; as such he is saved from becoming a slave to his emotions by the master hand of the poet. He is made to contemplate his sorrow. He wonders at his own grief:—

"If such is the force of grief
In an old hermit parted from his nursling,
What anguish must the stricken parent feel."

Thus Kanva is above sorrow.

In a remarkable manner this act sounds in the ears of cultured readers the veritable truth of the unity of life. Philosophers speak of it in their own language but the poet expresses it in terms of beauty and makes it palatable to us. The more literary truths are fashioned on the bed-rock of the fundamental laws of the universe, the more is the permanency of the literary works secured. The poet shall not be "An ineffectual angel beating his wings on the void" but shall rest on solid foundations and soar high.

The character of *Sakuntala* has been so nicely modelled that she exactly fits into the surroundings of the hermitage. She is become a naturalised product of the ashrama, in her thoughts, feelings and actions. She establishes pious relations with the plants and animals and extends the fact of universal brotherhood into the sub-human kingdoms as well.

"*Sakuntala* never moistened in the stream
Her own parched lips, till she had fondly poured
Its purest water on your thirsty roots."

"My beloved *jasminel* how sweet it is to see thee cling thus fondly to thy husband, the mango tree. Yet prithee, turn thy twining arms for a moment in this direction to embrace thy sister."

Equally strong is her love for the pets:—

"My father I see you there my pet deer grazing close to the hermitage. Do not forget to send me word when she becomes a mother."

Does not Life shine out supreme before these form-killing words?

Another great fact in nature that modern civilisation has lost sight of is the existence of Devas or Angels who, from behind the veil of the physical world, help the evolution onward. The belief has come to be regarded poetic; but as poets have their being always in the unchanging Reality, inspired poetry is far more real than chronicle. Look! how beautifully Kalidas turns to these angels for his art.

"The venerable sage ordered us to collect flowers for Sakuntala from the forest trees. We went to the wood for that purpose,....."

'While amid the leaves, the hands of forest nymphs
Vying in beauty with the opening buds,
Presented us with sylvan offerings.'

Again listen to the voices of the air. Gautami says,

"Daughter, the nymphs of the wood, who love thee with the affection of a sister, dismiss thee with kind wishes for thy happiness."

Such are some of the beauties of this act. Above all, the whole atmosphere in this act is surcharged with the fragrance of Aryan culture. Space forbids me to enter into the details. The reverential walk round the sacrificial fire, the benediction of the sage, the invocation of the blessings of the forest trees, Kanva's message to the king, his parting advice to Sakuntala, her leave-taking of all, have all a setting in the Aryan culture. Turn to the pages in the original sanskrit play and imbibe this culture at the source, for a foreign language is not always a sure vehicle of a racial culture embodied in its own literature.

TWILIGHT

A happy, holy time is this,
When light and darkness clasping kiss,
When love its meeting cannot miss,
When air and fragrance dance in bliss,
When 'was' and 'will be' mix with 'is'.

S. Rama Ayyar. B. A

AHALYA

BY T. B. KRISHNASWAMY, M. A., B. L.,

D. E. O., RAMNAD



HE name Ahalya is music to the ear and in the pictorial representation by Raja Ravi Varma, you will see a shapely slender maiden reclining on a tree like a flash of lightning, lighting up the dark shadow of the tree with a flower-basket hanging from one arm. She is an exquisite embodiment of sheer womanly loveliness. "Earth has not anything more fair to show" and in her shapeliness and stateliness, she is praise enough to God and pride enough to man.

The flowers in her basket are symbolic of freshness, loveliness, sweet fragrance and perhaps also of frailty.

"The very reason why,
I love them is because they die."

And so, even in her weakness this divine radiant beauty has a link with erring human nature and thus her story is a thing for tears, *sunt lachrymae rerum*.

Ahalya the lovely daughter of Muth-Kala-Muni was sought in marriage by sage Gautama and by King Indra, lord of the Celestials. The contest between the lovers was decided by a curious condition, that whichever of them went soonest round the world, should have her. Indra started on a circumnavigation of the globe; while Gautama went thrice round the sacred Cow and declared all the world was in a Cow. He was accepted for his wisdom.

Indra was furious at being thus tricked out of a lovely lady and sought to get at her by a stratagem. When Gautama was away for his ablutions on the banks of the Ganges, he entered the *Asram* or dwelling place, disguised as Gautama. Ahalya realised her mistake a little too late and the Rishi on his return cursed both Indra and Ahalya.

With Indra and his well-deserved punishment we have no concern. But poor Ahalya, stunned by the evil into which she had been misled, turned into a stone.

She was rescued from that state by Sri Rama—that fountain of purity, fountain of virtue—at the touch of whose sacred feet, the stone turned into woman again. Even unconscious sin is viewed with horror by the high and pure code of Hindu morals and the sin is one which was felt

“To harden all within
And petrify the feeling.”

This truth which erring Burns learnt by painful experience, our sages set symbolically before the world, long time ago, in this story, as a lamp unto our feet!

It is not pity so much, as a tribute of tears, we offer to her, whose lot was crossed with such untoward fate, this purest and noblest of women, who unwittingly went “a kennin’ wrang”.

Much shall be expected where much has been bestowed, and on her spotless purity and entrancing loveliness, even the slightest speck showed itself large; and doubtless the artist, when he gave her a spotless white garment, symbolically sought to show, how pure was her soul within, agreeably to the Socratic prayer in *Phaedrus* “Grant to me that I may be made beautiful in my soul within and that all external possessions be in harmony with the inner self”.

So stands she for ever spotless and pure, her slim and slender body like a lotus-stalk irradiating with its bloom and beauty, the dark spots and shadows of the earth!



Good humour may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society.

Thackeray

Much harm may be done by indiscreet praise, and by indiscreet blame; but the chief harm is always done by blame.

Ruskin

He who loves goodness harbours angles, reveres reverence and lives with God.

Emerson

WEDDED SOULS

BY MUMUKSHU



ANKARA is my *Acharya*,—the Prophet of our race, the *Guru* whom we revere and adore; but that is no reason why I must, as some of my short-sighted friends are doing, cultivate any hatred or ill-feeling towards the other two great religious reformers of India—Ramanuja and Madhwa. Indeed, taking a historical view of these three fascinating personalities, the contribution of each to the cause of social health and national solidarity and to the welfare of progressive Hinduism will be found to be more or less equal. Each of them is a genius, a child of the Heavens, with abilities peculiarly adapted to the times in which each lived. There was certainly the Hand of God in the advent of these prophets. To me, Sankara seems to be a luminous Light far above this earth and dazzling the eyes of the on-looker with his sunny rays but nevertheless life giving like the sun. His seat is on the pedestal of highest glory and cannot be approached by the madding crowd. But the hale he emits is such as would instantly dispel all darkness and weakness and lethargic ignorance; he is the source of infinite strength; the fountainhead of that incomparable flood of bliss which is born of the realisation of the oneness of the self of man with the Universal spirit. Above all, Sankara's intellect has been and will for all times remain peerless both for its depth and its vastness; it is unique in the history of mankind; it pierced things through and brought out the inner reality. In short, Sankara arose like a sun in the horizon of India, at a time when the sleep of ages and the false soul-less philosophy of centuries had made a prey of the country and brought on it limitless chaos; and he delivered into the sleepers that great Secret—the *Mahamantra*—and told them in a ringing tone, ‘Ye are children of immortality!’ The very memory of that Hero of All Times who within such a short life fulfilled his mission so thoroughly and flawlessly fills one with awe. Sankara is a lasting example of the highest possibility of man. But Ramanuja is an equally luminous light, not perhaps so dazzling and for that

very reason none the less lovable or ennobling. He brings a cool influence to the wearied soul in thralldom. If there is not in him that electric shock 'of a Sankara's personality, his large-heartedness and his kindly solicitude for the meanest mortal and his loftiness of character make him more accessible to the ordinary soul. For most parts, Madhwa too may be classed with Ramanuja; an unshakable resoluteness of manner, a logical mind and the possession in abundance of that rare capacity for intricate reasoning are his marked features. There may be many fundamental differences between the doctrines these prophets have held; there may be bitter words uttered against one another. Bigoted Madhwites may decry Sankara as the incarnation of a demon; but after all any sane man must understand that bigotry and personal slanders do not form any part of religion. It is only miscalled Pandits whose learning is hollow, whose mastery of the books is of the dry soul-less variety and who have not that gift of tolerant broadmindedness which is the mark of true greatness that would twist and torture texts to suit their purpose and carry on a heated controversy on some knotty question. And to these savants our *Upanishads* declare: 'The Reality—the Atman is not to be attained by proficiency, nor by intellect nor by much study'..... But to the aspiring soul, to the man who sincerely and seriously strives to achieve some practical spiritual realisation, these three Acharyas are of equally immense help. Indeed in the march of the *jiva*, towards the Godhead the position taken by a Madhwa or a Ramanuja is an indispensable stage; and the final goal,—the highest sphere, the pinnacle of glory, the abode of eternal bliss—is set forth in a most inspiring manner by Sankara. He is the tower top while the other two are the foundation and the basic structure. It will be the height of folly to decide that any component part of a complete structure is inferior to any other. And so it is that I have enthroned all these three spiritual giants on the lotus of my heart and do them living homage with equal reverence. Such was one of the many enlightening discourses which Vittal used to delight us with on calm evenings in the gardens near the river *Malini*.

Vittal was a highly evolved soul; his was a charming personality; day after day I would, seated in my storey watch

with the greatest interest the fascinating form of Vittal coming along the road—dressed simply and elegantly in a khadi shirt and cloth with a dhoti worn very loosely and its flowing ends and natural folds enhancing what Nature has already bestowed in abundance. His gait was peculiar and had something of fantastic charm. He had a massive forehead and very deep revolving eyes; his face clearly revealed the intelligence within. With the unfailing help of a *Guru*, he had very early in life begun to strive after God-realisation and had mastered many *Yogic* practices. We who were his early friends and mates of boyhood looked on him in reverence mixed with wonder as on a man that has become the chosen of God and has passed beyond the little world of trivialities and daily remorse, which we were still plodding through. He was also the Editor of 'The Congress Bulletin' a weekly published from the local congress office; and this demanded of him two hours of intense study and work everyday. He was also doing some teaching work in the local free night school. The rest of the day he divided between study and meditation. To the benefit of his friends he would devote an hour daily when he would give us some ennobling message in his own convincing manner. He was twenty-four; just twenty and four; but he was the central glory and the beacon-light of our small society.

Vittal's parents—and parents are always slow to appreciate or understand the enthusiasm and the idealism of youth—wanted to have him married. There was an old woman in the house with one foot in the grave and she wanted to 'feast her eyes with seeing her great grand-son Vittal in a marriage pandal, dressed in gorgeous robes, wearing rose garlands and seated by the side of a not much aged bride' and that alone, she held, would smoothen her path to the grave and ensure for her a peaceful abode therein. And so in order to respect the wishes of a dying crone, Vittal's parents thought it proper to curb his soaring spirits and 'damn him through matrimony'. But he protested against any such attempt; passages-at-arms ensued; but the elders never cared for his vehement protestations and relied on the influence of time to soften him. Matters became so bad that Vittal once fled away from home; he was mad after the Brahmacharya ideal, after eternal celibacy. But he was

caught and brought back and encaged; an over-solicitous brother came to him and poured forth all his arguments in favour of the matrimonial proposition. Vittal was adamant in spite of his magnificent achievements in spiritual realisation. He felt he had yet a great deal to accomplish and on this uphill task a wife seemed to him to be a burden and a superfluous clog. Moreover, he had for some time past cherished that charming idea of entering an Ashram—a home of service—founded by some ardent young men as an offering to the cause of India. He had felt keenly and strongly over the poverty-stricken millions of the country and had resolved to spend his life in their uplift. While he was thus planning to dedicate himself—body and soul—in the work of amelioration of the oppressed, this suggestion of marriage was to him anathema. He held very advanced views on the problems of child marriage and other social questions and consistently with his principles and his sentiments he resisted, like a human Gibraltar, attack after attack. The perpetual divorce of heart and brain between himself and his professed benefactors and the entire absence of sympathy and respect towards a human being's cherished sentiments, on the part of even cultured people had staggered Vittal beyond measure. He had become disgusted with the blind obstinacy of his elders; and he pulled on and they pushed back; and the tug of war was going on.

One moonlit night Vittal was sitting upstairs in the open air; it was almost midnight and the whole universe was silent in sleep. He was lying on an easy chair staring at the heavens. This habit was not uncommon to him; he evidently read a world of things in the vacant vastness of space; nature reveals her secrets to the poetic-souled. By his side were stray sheets of paper on which some notes were written—notes to serve as hints to a book he was now engaged in writing on the 'Secrets of the Sky'.

But hark! the noise of some footsteps very near—steps which seemed to come over on a bed of roses. What could that be? In the loneliness of the night, in that august silence, lo! there was before him the slender form of a young girl of thirteen in an attitude of reverential prostration—an attitude which is so

peculiarly Indian and is so full of beauty and mystery when in association with blooming girls. It looked as though some tiny fragrant bud of jasmine had been blown over before Vittal by the passing winds.

Vittal was astounded beyond measure; he could not comprehend any of the happenings; he had not seen her coming up, being absorbed in his own thoughts; he believed it was some vision—one of those half real and half dreamy forms that used to appear before and delight him in the midnight hours. He looked on it—on her—with piercing eyes and after he came round to himself he asked in a very smooth manner, 'Who are you, my gentle girl?'

'I am Sarada' came the faltering reply (Sarada! a name not quite unfamiliar to his ears).

'And in this hour of night what brought you here? and what is it that makes you tremble much?' Vittal inquired.

'Pardon me, Lord. I am the girl whom your parents are trying to unite you in wedlock with..... I come of poor parents and I am unfortunate. If you do not want me to be another Snehalata, another martyr to the social demands, if you do not want a family to go to ruin because of social ostracism and tyranny, kindly consent to wed me..... I heard that you were refusing to yield to the entreaties of your parents and I thought of coming in person to implore you. Pardon me this offence. The unbearable sight of my toiling parents prompted me on. I do not know how I was bold enough to approach you; some mighty force impelled me on. I am afraid and must be home back again. Give me a word of assurance and I go. I am yours and you are my Saviour. I have looked on you with some inexplicable delight all these years as you would pass along my house. And now I have come to offer myself unto you. Pray reject me not.'—Sarada was still kneeling and her head was bent down.

Vittal sat stone-like in his easy chair gazing intently on that fair vergin figure before him and wave after wave of impetuous, swelling thought was sweeping in quick succession through his mental arena; and in front of him

was Sarada kneeling with folded hands and half-raised eyes as solemn as a statue of the vergin Marry; over both of them shone the same moonlight; the whole atmosphere was silent; the gentle breeze was carrying with it the sweet fragrents from a flower garden near by; it was a sight for the Gods.

Minutes passed—minutes deep and intence! minutes that are the real epochs in men's lives: minutes that seem infinite and eternal; minutes that can never be forgot; and then Vittal broke out in his usual sweet tones, Sarada! (and she looked up and their eyes met his deep revolving wild immaginative eyes and her soft, rosy deer like piercing eyes) You have achieved a victory over me which all the vehemence and indignation, all the persuasive eloquence and threatenings of my elders could not achieved; you by your simple manner and elegant thought have won me over, whom mountains could not shake. But in this hour of victory, in this joy of triumph, I ask of you one thing. I am a man with many ideals; I am one of that small circle of men who live for others sake, who dedicate their lives for the country's good; my life would hence be a very hard disciplined, abstemious one, more or less of ascetic type; do you think you can follow me on this path with so much of a sigh, without even a thought of the easy sensual pleasures? I want you to consider deeply and give me a frank answer.

"I will, I will", gentle Sarada spoke in answer, "I have read a thousand times through that inspiring book of yours on 'Indian Womenhood' and I have resolved in my mind to follow the ideals you have so beautifully set forth there. I am only glad that Heaven has brought me into a person that would inspire, ennoble and guide me through the journey of life. I am your disciple from this hour; accept the offering of my humble self, which I dedicate to you."

"And so, my Sarada, in the presence of all these luminaries of the sky, in the presence of that august, silent cosmic spirit that prevades the universe I wed your soul this night. You have revived that ancient institution of *Swayamwara* (self choice of the husband) which made of marriage in those days a really happy union; and let us also liken this to the *gandharva vivaha* ceremony of ancient India—only this more a thing of the soul. You are my wife and all that it means."

And he escorted Sarada to her home; not a human being was aware of these happenings.

To the great joy of his parents and particularly of the great old lady, Vittal's marriage was celebrated with due pomp and ceremony; to such of my readers as would like to have prosaic matter-of-fact details about the wedding I would say that every yard of cloth purchased for the occasion was of *khadi* and that coffee was totally eschewed—much of the remorse of many but to the lasting good of the country.

After this Sarada daily took an hour's lesson from her Lord; her home was just in the adjacent street. * * *

* * * Two years passed.

Vittal had to celebrate his nuptial ceremony. I had the invitation but could not attend owing to 'domestic inconveniences'. After a week, Vittal wrote to me; below are reproduced his own words:

"Of all my friends you are perhaps the one to whom I have been opening the innermost chamber of my heart and that is because you are a person full of intelligence, sympathy and understanding, a man of many good past *samakaras*, as philosophers would say. You will perhaps be wondering how with all my resolve for the unfailing observance of Brahmacharya, I have celebrated my nuptials; you are evidently entertaining a disheartening thought that after all in this world of imperfections, even a Vittal must yield to the demands of lower nature. No, I shall disillusion you. My Sarada is an angelic nymph; the world is never too much with her; moreover she has been my pupil for all these months. With you I need hide nothing. "Alone in the nuptial chamber with the gorgeously clad and bejewelled Sarada my first act was to bow before her and say 'Every woman to me is an incarnation of the mother Kali and as such I worship every feminine form; moreover I had already taken the vow, of lifelong Brahmacharya. 'Yes, and I do not lag behind you,' came her short and momentous reply. This was all the 'Conjugal talk' that passed between us. Then I sat for my nights' meditation and she for her prayer. We also read through some chapters of the *Bhagavad Gita*. It was a happy night; momentous in my life time. I can from personal experience

affirm that the intellect of women is not a whit inferior to ours; it only needs to be kindled. They show a very rare gift of intuition which enables them at times to arrive at once at a conclusion which we would reach after ten hours of dry reasoning. I am blessed in my wife; in her is fulfilled that ancient Indian ideal of wifehood—the conception of the wife as the *saha dharma chari* (the comrade of righteousness) and not as the grazing ground for beastly passion. I did not marry to breed slaves, I married to attain harmony and have found it. We are wedded souls."

* * * * *

At present Vittal is residing in his Ashram—the *Tapovan* or forest of penance—on the banks of the tiny stream the *Malini*. It is a perpetual home of peace; and hereto we who were his friends of his early days resort every Sunday to spend the time not in careless mirth and ease but in deep thought and enlightenment; we are also looking after the material needs of the abode of late Vittal's absorption in meditation has become longer and deeper; the glow of Divine Wisdom shines on his face and his voice seems to come from the abode of the angels. And here one can see Sarada in her youth and bloom with cheer and colour, poetry and charm, an impersonation of a musical note, as it were, moving here and there, attending to the wants of the guests whose number increases day by day, milking the cow, watering the plants, working at the *charkā* for an hour, reading through sacred books for a time, gathering the flowers for worship; it is a wonder to us how one soul could manage to turn out all the work of the Ashram single-handed—no, only assisted by a pretty shudra girl of eight, an orphan and a refugee who would help her 'mother' in cleaning kitchen utensils. It is a source of immense joy to see Vittal and Sarada in the cool shades of their hermitage—like Siva and Sakti, like Purusha and Parakriti in holy union. They demonstrate in a living manner the sanctity and the sublimity of the Indian ideal of the *Vanaprastha* stage of life.

And to such of my readers as would not readily believe in such 'fantastic stories' I would only say I have told them the truth herein. The moral governance of the universe is an assured

fact and the callous remarks of unbelievers are not the final words on anything. To me it was given to move with two such personalities and they have enriched me beyond measure; I have become strengthened in my faith in the undying nature of the spiritual cause; and I close this narrative with an earnest prayer to my countrymen to revive Brahmacharya once more and make India a country of *Veerapurushas* and *Veeramatas*.



LOVE, COME AWAY!

Love, come away.

To the whispering woods,
Where the trembling harebells rise,
With a dainty nod to the noon-day sun
Abroad in the dappled skies.
Where the linnets trill,
And the sky-lark dips,
With a word to the world
Of your rose-bud lips!
O! Love come away with me!

Love, come away.

To these golden lands,
Where the crimson roses grow,
Where life is but a round of song,
And joy sings sweet and low.
Where eyes are stars,
That shine for thee,
And thoughts are dreams
From Slumber Sea,
O! Love come away with me!

Leland J. Berry

TAGORE'S SACRIFICE AND OTHER PLAYS

BY K. S. RAMASWAMY SASTRI, B. A., B. L.

(Continued from August issue)

THE next play entitled *Sacrifice* is dedicated to those heroes who bravely stood for peace when human sacrifice was claimed for the "Goddess of war"—words which are full of a divine commingling of meaning in regard to the sacrifice of lives at the altar of cruel religions and at the altar of cruel greed for wealth or empire. Queen Gunavathi prays to the Goddess for the boon of children and cries:

"Here am I, the Queen, with all the world lying at my feet, hankering in vain for the baby-touch at my bosom to feel the stir of a dearer life within my life."

King Govinda, on learning that the pet goat of a beggar girl, Aparna by name had been brought by force to the temple to be sacrificed, decrees in the temple that thenceforth there shall be no animal sacrifice. The priest Raghupathi protests that this is against the scriptures and the King's officers and friends and brother, nay the Queen herself, try their best to move him from his firm resolve but in vain. The words put into the mouth of the King's brother Nakshatra have the sting that suggests that the poet is aiming a blow at ceremonial Hinduism.

"Are we, then, to come down to the level of Buddhists, and treat animals as if they have their right to live? Preposterous!"

He has also a fling at Brahmins as if these were the wicked inventors of sacrifices. Raghupathi says:

"But there remain the Brahmins though the gods be absent; and the king's throne will supply fuel to the sacrificial fire of their anger."

The temple servant Jaising also says that the King's decree cannot be obeyed. Ragupathi then becomes furious and cries out:

"Oh, the ritage, when the Brahmin's futile curse recoils upon himself, to sting him into madness."

(About to tear his sacrificial thread)

King Govinda then meets Queen Gunavathi and seeks to pacify her.

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"My Queen, the shadow of your angry brows hides all light from my heart."

Gunavathi: Go! Do not bring a curse upon this house.

Govinda: Woman's smile removes all curse from the house, her love is God's grace."

She asks him to revoke his decree and restore the Brahmins to their sacrificial rights. He replies:

"It is not the Brahmin's right to violate the eternal good. The creature's blood is not the offering for Gods. And it is within the rights of the king and the peasant alike to maintain truth and righteousness."

Raghupathi then tries to mute the King's generalissimo Nayan Rai to slay the king but the latter refuses to turn traitor at the bidding of the priest. Ragupathi then resolves to perform sacrifices of gold and disobey the king's decree. The King orders Nayan Rai to disperse the crowd that had come to offer sacrifice. Nayan Rai says:

"I am your servant, my King, but I am a man above all. I have reason and my religion. I have my King,—and also my God."

He surrenders his sword to the King and goes out. Aparna then comes and speaks out her mind about the image of the Goddess.

"We pine for love and die beggars for want of it. Yet it comes to you unasked, though you need it not. Like a grave, you hoard it under your miserly stone, keeping it from the use of the yearning world."

These words call to our minds Swinburne's description of the crucified Christ as "the carrion crucified" and in their exaggerated denunciation of one error fall into a deeper and direr error.

Raghupathi then invites the king's brother Nakshatra to kill the King. Jaising is horrified at this. Then the priest teaches him the infernal casuistry of the formalist who seeks to glorify the letter that killeth and ignores the spirit which giveth life. He says:

"Sin has no meaning in reality.....Old Time is ever writing the chronicle of the transient life of creatures in letters of blood."

Jaising cannot subscribe to this horrible creed and is torn between his obedience and mercy, He then cries out to Raghupathi:

"The heart's laws are not the laws of Scripture. Eyes cannot be seen with their own light,—the light must come from the outside."

He promises to kill the King but at the last moment he

beseeches the Goddess to accept the red flowers and give up the red flesh. Raghupathi then makes him swear that he will bring kingly blood to the altar of the Goddess before midnight. Queen Gunavathi who sees the boy Druva the darling of the king and who has no son of her own asks Nakshatra to kill the boy to appease Kali. Jaising reappears in the temple and asks for a message from the Goddess but the image makes no answer. Aparna enters at that moment and he says to her: "Come closer to me, my love, whisper something to my ears, which will overflow life with sweetness, flooding death itself." He says to her further in the anguish of his conflict between love and duty:

"Then lean your head on my breast. Let the existence of two eternities life and death touch each.....God must be all sacrificed, pouring out his life in all creation."

Aparna tries to induce him to go away with her but he refuses. Prince Nakshatra brings the boy Druva to be sacrificed but the king has discovered the plot and exiles the priest and the prince. The priest gets one day's reprieve and incites Jaising to kill the king. But Jaising returns, his soul torn between his duty and his faith on the one side and his compassion and his love on the other and stabs himself to offer his blood to Kali in the place of all. Raghupathi then throws down the image in a fit of sorrowing indignation. His dialogue is full of Tagore's usual felicitous brevity and suggestiveness.

Gunavathi—The Goddess is no more.

Govinda—She has burst her cruel prison of stone, and come back to the Woman's heart.

Aparna—Father, come away.

Raghupathi—Come, child. Come, mother. I have found thee. Thou art the last gift of Jaising.

Thus this beautiful play establishes the reign of mercy in our hearts and is full of beauty and charm. But we cannot help contrasting it with *Nagananda*, the beautiful play where also the reign of mercy is inaugurated and established for ever. In Tagore's play there is a likelihood—nay more than a likelihood, a certainty—of a reader coming to the conclusion that the institutions of sacrifice and image-worship must be diabolical in

their origin. In *Nagananda* there is no such insistence of a social message. The great defect of such set doctrines is that they err by over-emphasis and over-denunciation. The unconscious tendency of the mind is to take a pet truth into undignified position of self-advocacy. When such a mental plane is reached, other truths are never seen in their real perspective. This is not the place to deal with the Hindu conceptions of image worship and sacrifice but we cannot help saying that the very same gospel of love and truth is shining through them as through the conception of worship without the ancient means of image and sacrifice.

In the last drama, in the volume—entitled *The King and the Queen*—we have a portrayal of the respective provinces of domestic affection and public duty. King Vikram yearns to live for ever in the paradise of his Queen's arms undistracted by the cares of state. She tells him:

"No, King, I have my place in your heart as your beloved, and in your world, as your Queen."

He replies:

"You had sweet shyness in your eyelids, like a dew-drop on the tip of a flower petal, and the smile flickered on your lips like a timid evening lamp in the breeze. I remember the eager embrace of your love, when the morning broke and we had to part, and your unwilling steps, heavy with languor, that took you away from me. Where were the house and its service and the cares of your world?"

The Queen implores him to attend to his royal duties but in vain. She learns that her relations whom the king promoted to high offices in the state were oppressing the people and defying the royal authority. These defy her command to appear and render an account of their stewardship. She then resolves to go to her brother Kumarsen, King of Kashmir, for help, because even the commander-in-chief of her kingdom was one of her relatives who set the royal authority at defiance and her king had not enough of true manhood in him to reconcile his love and his duty. She tells her Lord:

"Hate me, King, hate me, forget me. I shall bear it bravely,—but do not wreck your manhood against a woman's charms."

But he in his infatuation tells her:

"Rise up, my love. Come to my heart. Shut my life from all else for

a moment, with your encircling arms, rounding it into a world completely your own."

She then out of love for him puts aside his great love and goes to her brother for help to free her people from her own relatives. King Vikram stung by the fancied insult resumes his lost manliness and routs the rebels and turns his victorious arms against Kumarsen. His own general and minister ask him to sheathe his sword. But he says:

"It is not for punishment that I stay here; it is for fight. The fight has become like a picture to a painter. I must add bold lines, blend strong colours, and perfect it every day. My mind grows more and more immersed in it, as it blossoms into forms, and I leave it with a sigh when it is finished. The destruction is merely its materials, out of which it takes shape. It is a creation..... Oh the music of swords! Oh, the great battles, that dash your breast tight like hard embraces of love! Revenge is stronger than the thin wire of love. Revenge is freedom.—freedom from the coils of cloying sweetness."

Queen Sumitra comes to him asking for her brother's pardon but he denies audience to her. He demands Kumarsen's surrender. He describes his mental attitude thus:

"No, my passion is for war; it is neither for greed nor for cruelty; its fire is like love's fire, that knows no restraint, that counts no cost, that burns itself, and all that it touches, either into a flame or to ashes."

The chief of Trichur makes submission to him and offers the hand of his daughter Ila to him in wedlock. But Ila's heart is with Kumarsen and her pleading effects what no other appeals could secure—the forgiveness of King Vikram. The King's mind goes in longing to the days of his own happy love. But the fates had already ordained otherwise. The King receives intimation that Kumarsen was coming to surrender himself. And what a surrender it was! Queen Sumitra brings her brother's head on a tray as a Kingly nature like her brother's could not accept the humiliation of defeat and surrender, and she falls down and dies before her King. The play closes with Ila's words:

"King, I hear the bridal music. Where is my lover? I am ready."

Thus this play is a romantic play dealing with love and war and describing some of the elemental forces of life which by their flux and reflux determine the current of the flow of

universal life. It is not burdened by any obvious or secret message and abounds in heroic situations, though it does not exhibit the Shakespearean power of vitalising the characters and exhibiting their relation and response to such exceptional situations in life.

Thus these plays are full of beauty and are illuminated by that unfailing felicity of expression which is one of Tagore's highest gifts and graces. In a land where dramatic composition occupied a high seat of glory among the world's gallery of art, the drama had the misfortune to sink to the level of a composition of the street singer or to live amid the bookish unrealities of self applauding scholars. Tagore has restored it to its legitimate place as one of the custodians of public morality and public happiness. His plays show what new conquests can be made in the realm of artistic loveliness by a poet of supreme lyric gift seeking to interpret dramatically the life of India through the ages. We hope that Tagore will give us many plays which will reveal and interpret to the world the elements of beauty and romance which shine forth in the history and literature of our beloved motherland.



THOU APTEST, TINY WORD!

Thou aptest, tiny word!
Immortal, mighty word!
When, like an angel good,
That glides mysteriously,
Before one, fast asleep,
Thou flasheth fresh in me,
For simple joy I leap.
In humble joy I weep,
And Eureka I say,
Then, thee I duly lay.

S. Rama Ayyar, B. A.

THE CURSE OF FOREIGN MEDIUM

BY MAHATMA GANDHI

THE spirited plea on behalf of the vernaculars as media of instruction of Nawab Masood Jung Bahadur, Director of Public Instruction, Hyderabad State, recently delivered at the Karve University for Women, has evoked a reply in "The Times of India" from which a friend sends the following extracts for me to answer:—

"Whatever is valuable and fruitful in their writings is directly or indirectly the result of Western culture.....Instead of sixty, we can go back a hundred years and yet say that from Raja Ram Mohan Roy down to Mahatma Gandhi, every one of the Indians who have achieved anything worth mentioning in any direction was or is the fruit, directly or indirectly, of Western education."

In these extracts what is considered is not the value of English as the medium of higher instruction in India but the importance and influence of Western culture to and on the persons mentioned. Neither the Nawab nor any one else has disputed the importance or the influence of Western culture. What is resented is the sacrifice of Indian or Eastern culture on the altar of the Western. Even if it could be proved that Western culture was superior to Eastern, it would be injurious to India as a whole for her most promising sons and daughters to be brought up in Western culture and thus become denationalised and torn from the people.

In my opinion, whatever reaction for the better the persons named in the extracts had upon the people at large was due to the extent they retained their Eastern culture in spite of the adverse influence of the Western. I regard as adverse the influence of Western culture in this connection in the sense in which it interfered with the full effect that the best in Eastern culture might have produced on them. Of myself whilst I have freely acknowledged my debt to Western culture, I can say that whatever service I have been able to render to the nation has been due entirely to the retention by me of Eastern culture to the extent it has been possible. I should have been thoroughly

useless to the masses as an anglicised denationalised being knowing little of, caring less for and perhaps even despising their ways, habits, thoughts and aspirations. It is difficult to estimate the loss of energy caused to the nation by her children being obliged to resist the encroachments of a culture which, however good in itself, was unsuited for them whilst they had not imbibed and become rooted in their own.

Examine the question synthetically. Would Chaitanya, Nanak, Kabir, Tulsidas and a host of other reformers have done better if they had been attached from their childhood to the most efficiently managed English schools? Have the men named by the writer of the article in question done better than these great reformers? Would Dayanand have done better if he had become an M. A. of an Indian university? Where is among the easy-going, ease-loving, English-speaking Rajas and Maharajas brought from their infancy under the influence of Western culture one who could be named in the same breath as Shivaji who braved all perils and shared the simple life of his hardy men? Are they better rulers than Pratap the intrepid? Are they good specimens of Western culture, these Neroes who are fiddling in London and Paris whilst their Romes are burning? There is nothing to be proud of in their culture which has made them foreigners in their own land and which has taught them to prefer to waste the substance of their ryots and their own souls in Europe to sharing the happiness and miseries of those over whom they are called by a higher power to rule.

But the point at issue is not Western culture. The point at issue is the medium of instruction. But for the fact that the only higher education, the only education worth the name, has been received by us through the English medium, there would be no need to prove such a self-evident proposition that the youth of a nation to remain a nation must receive all instruction including the highest in its own vernacular or vernaculars. Surely, it is a self-demonstrated proposition that the youth of a nation cannot keep or establish a living contact with the masses unless their knowledge is received and assimilated through a medium understood by the people. Who can calculate the immeasurable loss sustained by the nation owing to thousands

of its young men having been obliged to waste years in mastering a foreign language and its idiom of which in their daily life they have the least use and in learning which they had to neglect their own mother tongues and their own literature? There never was a greater superstition than that a particular language can be incapable of expansion or expressing abstruse or scientific ideas. A language is an exact reflection of the character and growth of its speakers.

Among the many evils of foreign rule this blighting imposition of a foreign medium upon the youth of the country will be counted by history as one of the greatest. It has sapped the energy of the nation, it has shortened the lives of the pupils, it has estranged them from the masses, it has made education unnecessarily expensive. If this process is still persisted in, it bids fair to rob the nation of its soul. The sooner therefore educated India shakes itself free from the hypnotic spell of the foreign medium, the better it would be for them and the people.

Young India.



"No," said the mower, as he whetted his scythe and chatted to the visitor from London, "it isn't difficult to mow. It's keeping a good edge on your blade, that's the difficult thing."

Wasn't his remark applicable to minds as scythes, to tackling problems of Government and business and domestic life just as much as to mowing?

The great thing was to keep your mind sharp. How was that to be done?

By reading books that gave you something to think and reason about. By discussing the matters you read about in the newspaper with persons of wider knowledge than yourself.

By taking nothing for granted, by probing into everything for yourself. By being on the alert always to spot errors and fallacies and false logic.

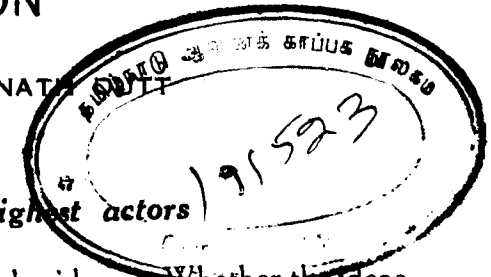
So you can keep a good edge on your mind as the mower does on his scythe.

ACTION

BY MAHENDRA NATH

II

Thinkers are the highest actors



THE world is moved by ideas. Whether the ideas are good or bad few care to judge, but the strongest impetus or impulse sways the mind of the mass. For every action and every movement people clamour to have an authority in whose name and direction the mass might move. The thinkers are the best men to consider the problems of human life, to solve such problems, and induce the people to follow.

The greatest men in the world are the thinkers. Every person is under the conditions of nationality, time and circumstances. But this class of men takes the whole humanity as one group, thinks over the problems of life which are applicable to humanity and not to any nationality. National question or the question of any particular period never occurs to them. Their love for humanity is the one absorbing feature which guides all their actions. The common cry that patriotism is the highest virtue in a person finds no place in them. They are for humanity and humanity for them. Local boundaries, distinction of languages, manners and customs and the circumstances produced by time are matters of no moment to them. Their soft mind weeps for the misery of mankind. They ponder over the problems of human life, and their uplift. Hence these thought originators are beyond all time and space and their works endure for a long time. In reading the records and sayings of these mighty thinkers of old, much is left out, which is the best portion of their ideas, their immediate followers not having the capacity to grasp them, or as it sometimes happens the thought are so high that no suitable language could be found for them, for what language and expression can there be where the thoughts are transcendental surpassing all reasonings and relations. Or sometimes they talk in some inarticulate voice which nobody can understand—a sort of mental monogram. But

the calm demeanour of the countenance, the peculiar intonation of the voice bespeak the mental flight to which they have gone up. But the common people take only such portions of their ideas which prescribe rules for the conduct of life—the lowest portion, the ordinary mentation of these sages and the tit-bits of ideas are considered as the highest truth in the world. But the best portion of their mind and ideas are all lost.

Though the ideas are not appreciated by the people, yet the mighty thinkers create a halo round them, a sort of effluvium which emanates from their person, and which envelopes those who have actually seen them. This is called a divinity which comes out of a mighty sage. It is a real tangible thing which penetrates deep into the flesh; language and argumentation are of no avail there. From very ancient times people have recognised this and hence a halo is put round the head of the sage or of some icon representing the divinity in the person or the object.

And how do we classify all the different grades of the sages? This enveloping energy when it is extended to a distant age, we call such persons thought originators, prophets and avatars according to languages. And if this halo or emanating energy in the person is confined to small groups and locality, we use such terms as saints, holy-men, pious-men and good-men etc.

Many are prone to think that by book reading or the study of ideas the highest truth might be attained. The over-taxing of brain can give nothing to a person. A mere jumbling of words and ideas he might get but the reality, the sweetness, the calmness, the consonance are to be developed within himself or it might be imported to others by the persons who have developed them.

A thinker might not express or write anything to come into direct contact with the world. But let him think high thoughts and develop the latent power within him in some solitary place, the place will be sanctified. The ideas have their forces and though the physical form of the thinker might not be seen, the ideas would be living in the very stone and caves in which they were thought out. If a person of similar nature comes there by chance in some future time the idea will envelop the visitor.

Even an ordinary person when visiting such unknown places gets a change in his mind. A material object we can destroy but the idea we can never. We call a place vicious where low ideas are thought out. It is by the habitation of these mighty thinkers that the place has become a sanctuary. This is how the sacred places are formed. Not that the ground or the locality has any value, but the invisible ideas are enamelled over the surroundings. All the great temples and places of pilgrimage are sacred not for their own value, but for the value of the mighty thinkers who once dwelt there.

Next to the thought originators come the thought propagators. They are the men of tremendous energy and learning, and they come directly or indirectly in touch with the thought originators, imbibe the ideas and living force of the thought originators and become galvanised. The thought originator leaves behind him a huge mass of unorganised ideas. He sees the truth face to face and in his ejaculation speaks out the truth he is seeing. But there being no systematic arrangement in the ideas, people cannot appreciate him and often take the ideas to be mere fool's talks. The thought propagator studies all the ideas bit by bit adding his own energy and learning in the exposition, arranges the idea into different groups and presents them to the world. It is not that the two are different in substance but one is the counterpart of the other.

There is another class of thinkers who work out the problems of life for a particular nation. They take up the facts and conditions of a particular people and solve the problem in their own way as is best suitable for the time and the people. Their ideas are applicable only to that particular nation and none else. The reformers are called into existence by the exigencies or circumstance and when the abuses in the society are swept off the work of the reformer is over.

Civilisation of any period goes in the name of the thought originator and not of the national thinkers. A thought originator creates a tremendous mass of energy and all the later thinkers in whatsoever way they may think out are tintured and coloured

by the impetus of the thought originator. In the Buddhist and Christian history we have hundreds of mighty thinkers and reformers but all their writings are the mere echoes or reverberations of the ideas of the founders. In the Christian thought worlds we have two classes of thinkers, called the pre-Jesaic and the anti-Jesaic schools. Some support the ideas of Jesus and others condemn them. But even in their denunciation in an indirect form they are speaking out the ideas of Jesus. A thought originator can never make a classification of ideas. The later thinkers according to their capacity take up the impetus from the original undifferentiated mass and make a new school of their own. In Greek history we call all the philosophers as belonging to the Socratic family, though Zneophon, Plato, Alcebides, Zeno and Epicurus were of different mode of thinking. Civilisation must have some thought originator. A thought propagator will spread it broadcast over the world and the thought impressor, will impress it upon the populace. A thought impressor combines sweetness with a gruff frowning countenance. In every religious movement we find three distinct persons if that religion is to be a world wide one. The reformers though they are thinkers confine their ideas to a particular locality and we have hundreds of such reformers. They are men of energy and soft-heartedness, but comprehensive view of truth or love for whole humanity is not to be found in them. Original ideas are very few in them. We have got social reformers, religious reformers and reformers of even culinary arts. This gives a vivacity in the national life. We require such men, for everything is going in one harmonious way.

The Theologians pose themselves as the mighty thinkers in the world and they talk much about everything. A religion is divided into the metaphysical, the devotional and the ritual or ceremonial portion. They have devotion and piety but it is cooped up in a very narrow circle. Broad comprehensive views they can never think of. Always they talk about the exactness of forms and ceremonies and conclude their arguments with vehemence of threats and condemnation. The Theologians are therefore, called a necessary inavoidable evil to society. The Theologians are required to keep the mass engaged in some ceremonial form.

The philosophers are the boldest and outspoken thinkers of humanity. No theological causistry can retard their path. Good or bad whatever they think out and speak out plainly. In the name of truth they fall. The cringing and whining spirit of a theologian never comes to a philosopher. The philosopher is in many cases antagonist to the theologian. The philosopher tries to reach truth through the analysis of ideas. Every idea and every shade of it is considered and brought to the highest achme. But the living force is beyond that. The ideas are the casing of truth but the actual truth, the reality is to be found beyond it. The philosopher wants reasoning for every thing and through the conditional aspects he comes to reality. But the philosopher is the direct teacher of humanity. Any national movement or a thought current of a people is controlled by philosophers. The thought originators are the masters of philosophers. The thought originators are not the direct teachers of humanity but through the philosophers they reach society. The thought originators are rare occurrences in humanity. But the philosophers generally are thinkers for a nation. Their ideas cannot reach the furthest ends of the globe and generally they like that sweetness, that loving force which is found in an originator.



For every sprout of things born,—once started fairly towards the virtue of its nature,—fulfils it in a prosperous end; this being true of all plants and of animals, wild or gentle, and of man. And man, as we have said, is indeed gentle if only he receives right education, together with fortunate nature; and so becomes the divinest and the gentlest of things alive; but if not enough or not rightly trained, he becomes, of all things that earth brings forth, the savagest.

Ruskin

REVIEWS & NOTICES

BOOKS

Women in Hindn law by K. T. Bashyam Iyengar, B. A. B. L., Advocate Bangalore City. Published by S. Ganesan, Triplicane, Madras. Price 0—8—0. This is a learned dissertation which brings within the short compass of less than fifty pages, a very correct view of the position held by woman under Hindu law during different periods in the growth of that law. We see that the position of woman in the vedic age stood very high and that the fetters that she has since been chained with were never thought of at all. Woman stood the equal of man in learning and in life. Then says the author, came the age of the sutras, and most sutra writers condemned woman to a position of inferiority, almost of helotage. In the age of the Smrithis which came after, the position of woman tended to improve, according to the author. Manu perhaps the earliest smriti writer gives apparently conflicting injunctions, but when we come down to Yagnavalkya, the attitude of reserve is dropped and the author is anxious to restore to woman her rightful place in life. In the age of the different schools of law, between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries the position of woman did not worsen, according to the author; our author would have it, that it was Vignaneswara the founder of the Mitakshara who advanced the interests of woman very far. Vignaneswara did not want to limit the heritage of woman to a qualified Estate, though Jimutavahana desired to do it. Under British administration curiously enough, there has been a decline in the rights of woman. Despite the clear injunctions of the Mitakshara, The Privy council went back to earlier texts and limited woman's powers and rights and restricted her to a life Estate. On other matters, like the power of adoption and so on, the learned author shows with reference to old texts that woman's position has not improved under British administration. The author has gently pointed out, with a few telling illustrations, how the ancient law givers, in their anxiety to find vedic sanction for a particular usage, twisted and tortured the old vedic texts.

The instance given of twisting "Agre" into "Agne" to find sanction for the practice of immolation in the funeral pyre of the dead husband is in point. The lines of reform are indicated with caution by the learned author. The work contains copious references at every stage to ancient texts, but I should desire to request the author to incorporate the relevant texts themselves into the main body of the writing in a re-edition, which would prove of great use to the reader. Every student of Hindu life or Hindu social reform would be helped indeed by a perusal of this learned work.

A

The West by Dr. Kunhikannan, M. A., PhD. Published by S. Ganesan, Madras. Price cloth bound Rs. 2—8. Popular edition Rs. 1—8.

THERE are evidences, throughout this book of the learned author's great familiarity with the doctrines not merely of science, his own chosen field of study, but also of politics, sociology, ethics, psychology, religion and humanities, and Aesthetics. By the possession of such varied and brilliant gifts of mind, Dr. Kunhikannan has made his study of the 'West' deep and critical, discriminating and sympathetic, broad and comprehensive and vital and forceful. The qualities of diction which belong to this writing are those which mark out a work of thought; and while it is a pleasure to peruse its many chapters even for the closeness and condensation of statement which add to their excellence, it is rather disquieting to think that a first rate work like this should not have an adequate measure of popularity, in these times of easy living particularly.

Passing through the first four or five chapters which treat of things which come under the observation of every tourist through the west we get on to the more valuable chapters which deal with the characteristic growths of the west, beginning with the chapter on education. The chapters from education to organisation would fairly, we think, fall into one group, and we would ask the reader's close attention to many important observations that are made in each chapter, showing that the author very carefully and cautiously goes into the pros and cons of controversial matters. We look on the chapters on woman and the Home, as an achievement of level-headedness and sanity in thinking. The chapter on art is very deep. It is in the chapters from nationalism onwards that one appreciates the author's brightest gifts of mind and the most wonderful qualities of diction. But we would ask every Indian reader's close attention to the chapter on the Negro who in the author's burning words "is liberated, yet not free, citizen by birth and by law, yet not entitled to vote"

The viciousness of party government is gently exposed and the stimulus for the growth of the sense of nationality in western countries in the aggressive and dominant form it has assumed now, is explained as due largely to the influence of climate and environment. The author makes mention of the fundamental fact that "in scarcity man is tempted to appropriate, but in abundance he is inclined to share."

The observation that the foundations of western democracy are the slavery of other people is impressive and truthful and right down from the times of ancient Greece and Rome that truth is brought home to our minds. The governing principle of western political institutions is pointed out to be the rivalry of interests more than that of principles. The drift of events in the west is pointed out by the author to be towards socialism but he rightly does not hope for the solution of racial questions by the advance of socialism

in the west. Socialism aims at levelling up and not levelling down. The pressure of inequality is therefore likely to come with greater weight on the colored races of the world, according to the author, if Europe is to continue her political domination. The causes which have led to a more rapid advancement of science in the west are neatly analysed; at the same time the disservice done by science in tending to a mechanistic interpretation of life and producing unwholesome reactions on the arts is sharply rebuked. Nor is the author without a correct sense of what constitutes real humanism. With true Eastern inclusiveness and eclecticism the author gets on to the conclusion of his theme by telling the reader that the Indian saint who died in the flames lit by Alexander, and Danton the French Revolutionary who marched to the scaffold without emotion, represent two types of greatness both of which are required for the good of the world.

A

Mahatma Gandhi by Mlle. Juliette Veillier. Published by Ganesh & Co., Madras. Price Re. 1 — This interesting little booklet contains the full text of the address delivered at the opening of the Conference des Advocats on December 5, 1926 by Ma Lemoriselle Juliette Veillier who is an Advocate and Doctor of Laws of Paris and L.L.B. of New York. It certainly required a great deal of courage and self confidence even for this brilliant lady advocate of a foreign country to seek to interpret the life and teachings of such an elusive personality as that of Mahatmaji who is so difficult to understand even for some of his countrymen and correlate it to the big trial and this she does with such exquisite grace and true appreciation of the inwardness of the crime of which the accused was technically guilty. The address bears on the very face of it evidence of the enormous labour and patient investigation of the author and the accuracy of her information as also her interpretation of the ethical standpoint of Gandhiji is truly unique. And anyone who has read anything of the historic trial would also easily agree with Madame Veillier that there is not in the records of history a more momentous trial than that which took place before the Sessions in Ahmedabad. We may also say that Madame Veillier has also earned the gratitude of all India by making this epoch-making trial in India the subject of her exposition in such a distinguished and intellectual assembly and thus making it known to the World. The publisher also deserves a word of praise for his securing such permanent place for such a brilliant address. The nice get up and good printing of the work are not the least of its interesting features.

Nature Study Readers I to IV by Mr. P. M. Murugesu Mudaliar in Tamil (2, 4, 6, and 8 as) published by Messrs C. Coomaraswamy Naidu & Sons, Madras.

These four booklets on Nature Study are designed for the use of pupils of primary and secondary schools, in the preparation of which the author has evinced very sound judgment in the matter of selection and grading of

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Sree Krishna, Ganapathy and Kumaran (8 as, 4 as, 4 as in Malayalam) Published by Messrs C. Coomaraswamy Naidu & Sons.

These are three booklets in Malayalam of a series which seeks to present before the young the ideals both religious and secular, of our forebears as exemplified in the legends of old chronicles in our ancient literature and our epic works like the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*. Books of this sort we have a good number but very few of them are adapted to the educational needs or requirements of the young. Mr. C. Achutha Menon has done well therefore in making this attempt which should be particularly useful as text books to the lower classes. The books are based on the Tamil works of Mr. P. M. Murugesu Mudaliar, to some of whose books we have referred above and the handling of the subject is Mr. Achutha Menon's own which it is unnecessary to say a guarantee for good and correct language and lucid and concise exposition. As usual the books are excellently and tastefully got up and are very attractive to look at and handle. The prices in view of the copious illustrations and nice printing are comparatively cheap. On the whole they are a production of which the author and the publisher alike can well be proud.

SREENIKETANAM—This is a book on social reform among the Nairs from the pen of Mr. N. Sankaran Nair. The author is well known in Malabar as he has already published *Satiratnam* which has been a text in all District Board schools, training and other public schools.

The book under review is written in chaste Malayalam and deserves the praise of all the reading public. It exposes the evils that are inherent in the Nayar social system and brings home to the mind of every thoughtful person that the Nayar now in vogue in British Malabar needs a thorough overhauling if the community should improve satisfactorily morally, and socially. The characters are described with such vividness and reality that one is apt to think that these characters are really living persons and that they are not men created by imagination. A man who knows much of the world can really see such characters around him. The social evils among the Nayars have, as has been illustrated by the author, reached such a climax that some sort of legislation is urgently needed in the interests of the community.

The book contains descriptions of all sorts and is therefore highly suited to be prescribed as a text book in schools. We recommend it to the heads of all schools and to the Madras Text Book Committee for its favourable consideration.

Kailasayathra in Malayalam by Vana Bhikshu. Published by Manorama Press. Price 12 as.

This rare work of exquisite literary value and most enduring spiritual interest is a distinct gain to Malayalam literature. Works of travel are not common in this language though it is so in English and other European languages. The author's diction gains by the virtues of simplicity, clearness and vigour and if it had fallen to his lot to produce this work in English it should have been generally brought into line with "The Northern Thirtha"—a trip to Keda Badri by Miss. Noble. The enrichment of Malayalam literature is of great national value and writings of this type go a long way in this direction.

From the point of view of a modern intellectual the third chapter is of considerable importance. Here the author comprises many valuable tit-bits of sociology, ethnology, religious culture, geography and so on. But to a student of religion the lasting value of the book consists in the spiritual interest aroused by the writer in the pilgrimage to one of the most inaccessible shrines on the heights of the Himalayas. The routes are described with faithfulness and accuracy as well as with pictorial effect.

The author has entered the Monastic life and this is revealed through the pages of his writings though in humility he does not show himself to the world as Mr. so or so or as Sadhu so or so. The education which this work brings to a man's soul and mind we value very highly and the publication of the second part of the work is awaited with eagerness.

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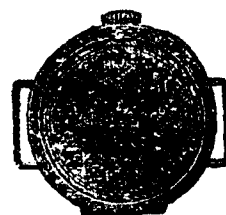
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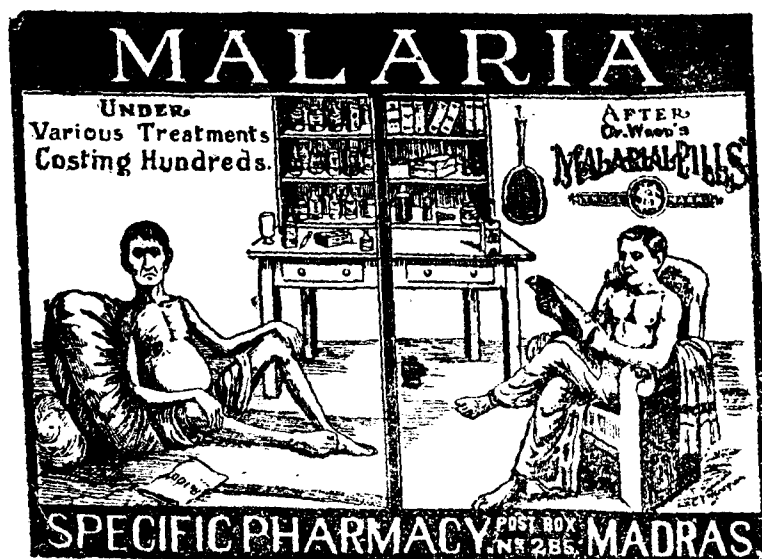
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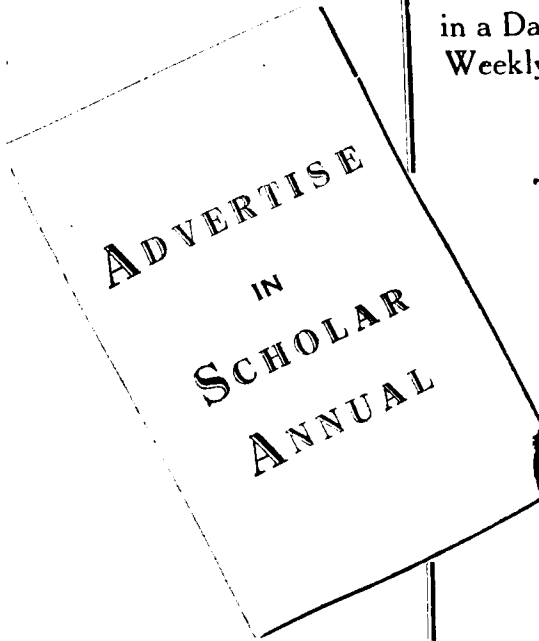
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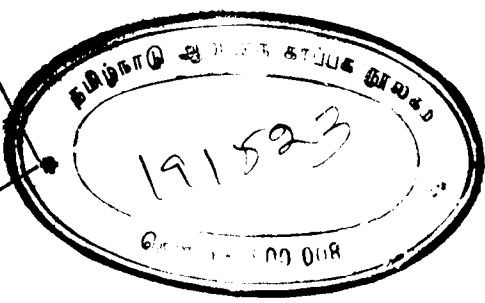
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