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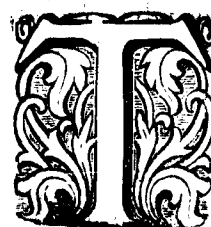
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## THE HINDU FAMILY

BY T. P. GOPALAKRISHNAN, M. L.

8- JUL 1929



THE authors of the Nehru committee say, "we do not deny that there is much need for social advance. Indeed, the need seems to us to be urgent and imperative." The above opinion, no doubt, represents the feeling of a majority of our countrymen, though there is one school which is more concerned with the attainment of political freedom, till after which time, social reform need not draw much of our attention. Several attempts are being made nowadays in the legislatures to introduce measures in regard to diverse social matters, and one is rather surprised to note the amazingly complex and confusing nature of these innovations. The society in India is in a most distorted state owing to a conflict of cultures. The more advanced among us come forward with the view that the only way of removing all our social evils is to imitate and follow Western society in all respects. But all of us feel that the whole social structure must be re-organised and re-constructed.

It is not proposed to examine here, Hindu society in all its aspects, and suggest remedies for the defects that may exist

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in it. The task may well be left to our politicians and social reformers. As students, we are more concerned with what they are to a close observer, and we propose to confine ourselves to a study of the Hindu family as it exists at the present day.

One peculiar feature of Hindu society, which arrests the attention of every student, is that it is more archaic than any other. It is archaic even to the extent of having for its *social unit* the "family". It has been said that the family "is the type of an archaic society in all its modifications which it was capable of assuming". But whereas there has been a kind of social revolution in all these societies, which led Sir H. S. Maine to generalise as "The progress of Society is from *status* to *contract*," in India alone, even at the present day, the family is recognised as the unit of Hindu Society. It is now centuries since the dissolution of the Roman '*familia*' had taken place, but the Hindu family even now retains its property and rights.

It is, however, very instructive study to see to what extent the Hindu family retains its past prestige and privileges. It may, no doubt, be asked whether Hindu society has been so stagnant that it has not passed beyond a stage, out of which the Romans emerged centuries before and have progressed. Probably, our enthusiastic law-maker may well say it is indeed so, and that with one stroke of his pen, he would set matters right.

It must be admitted that the Hindu family, as it exists now, is much out of date. The rules that govern its internal mechanism in its secular, legal and religious aspects were framed by our law-givers in accordance with the conditions that existed then. Social necessities and opinions have no doubt changed beyond measure ever since the days of our Smrithi-writers. The impress of Mahomedan rule has been a good deal. After that, contact with Western civilisation has produced enormous changes. "Law is stable" said Sir Henry S. Maine "the people are progressive". The greater or less happiness of a people depends upon the degree or promptitude with which the gulf is narrowed. It is our misfortune that we are not able to change the law to suit the present day social conditions.

The joint Hindu family at the present day is, in many respects, a social evil. It does not enhance the value of the Society either in respect of any social advantage, or of its economical value or from the standpoint of religious merit. There is an increasing desire for individuals to get themselves free from the shackles of the family. The social relations of the present day are based upon consensus and contract. The underlying idea of family as the social 'unit' is that the relationship *inter se* in Society is based upon 'Status'. Unless the family is remodelled so as to be congenial to individual aspirations, there is sure to be a conflict.

The joint Hindu family, as it exists now, has no merit at all. The fundamental idea of a family, so we are told, is its jointness in food, worship and estate. It was all well and good in those early days, when the ordinary and usual avocations of men were in accordance with their *Dharma* and *Kulachara*. But times have now changed. With the introduction of English education and the increase of trade and commerce, the good old 'commonness' of the Hindu family is all gone; except on rare occasions all the members of a family seldom meet together. The father, and after him the eldest son, stays at home in the village family house and manages the estates. The younger sons, one by one, are sent away to towns to receive English education. When their education is over, they continue to live away from the family house, and get themselves employed as clerks in the Collectorate or other Government departments, or as vakils in some District headquarter. In this state of affairs, there is no scope for the 'jointness' at all. Yet, it is amusing to note, that our noble Lords of the Privy Council who are sworn to administer law to the people of this country in accordance with principles of justice, equity and good conscience, now and then lay down 'jointness' as a test for non-division in a Hindu family!

The other factor, viz. 'jointness in worship', is only of historical interest at the present day. There is indeed very little worship of God now-a-days. Further, so far as this part of India is concerned, there is no family idol of any appreciable significance, as we are told can be found, in Bengal. Even in the somewhat rare instances, where families do own idols, except for the old man of the family who probably has no other

work to do but to pave a peaceful way to the grave, the family idol finds no place in the daily routine of the other members. Further, the family is, more often than not, disjointed, and there is very little scope for 'common mess' and much less for 'joint worship'. We may congratulate ourselves that the courts of law have been pleased to take judicial notice of this fact, and reject joint worship as a test of jointness of family in Southern India.

The importance of the concept of 'joint family' as a social unit consists in its ownership of property and other rights as a corporation. This aspect of the question is no doubt within the exclusive jurisdiction of the lawyer and the judges. Yet, it may not be out of place to examine how far Social necessities and social opinion have been in advance of law. We are told by our lawyers that a joint Hindu family is a corporate final unit. The manager whether he is the father or the eldest brother or any other competent younger brother, represents the family to the outside world. We have already seen that probably the manager alone stays in the village family house. The position of the manager is not unenviable. The onerousness of his position is much magnified at the present state of law. On the one hand, he is entitled to sell family property for 'acts of necessity'. If, however, any other co-partners, as it very often takes place, impeaches the sale relying upon some technicalities of law, the courts of law declare that the share of the manager alone has passed and the shares of other members remain intact. It was once the practice, and that practice appears to be in accordance with ancient Hindu law, that no member of a family can sue another member so long as they are joint, but the practice is honoured in its breach now-a-days.

Another anomalous state of affairs is in regard to what is technically called "the gains of science" or Vidya dana. No branch of Hindu law seems to have passed through more cyclic variation than this. There is no doubt that ancient Hindu law recognised this doctrine and in the words of Smrithikara Katyayana "That money is to be regarded as the real gains of science where the learning was acquired while eating the rice of a stranger, and where knowledge was acquired under the tuition of stranger." The text above quoted refers to Vidya; and knowledge in India meant only the Vedas. But the present day

rule appears to be that the acquisitions of individuals from a dancing girl to a lawyer, a government servant, a member of a civil service or for the matter of it, even the minister of a Province, would be construed by our courts as "Gains of science," provided the acquirer got some kind of benefit from the family estate.

This doctrine of gains of science is verily a bane. When one member of a family acquires some property from out of his employment, the other members always come forward claiming a share in the property, alleging that there has been a detriment to the paternal estate, with the result that the property so acquired is eaten up in endless litigation. Added to this, occasions are not wanting when other members feel aggrieved that the stay-at-home manager, safe in the absence of other co-partners, accumulates most of the income of the family property all to himself; and complains if misappropriation and fraud are brought to courts. Surely some remedy must be found for all these evils, the sooner the better.

A celebrated advocate for the continuance of the joint family system remarks: "The joint family depends for its continuance on the possession of certain virtues by its members and fostering as it does the religious spirit, it may be called the strong-hold of Hinduism. The vitality of the Hindu community is derived from this system, which forms the foundation of the religious and spiritual character, the existence of which depends entirely on its continuance." It may be that the above remarks well applied to days that are already numbered. But it is rather difficult to justify them at present. Religion occupies a very subordinate place now-a-days, and the tendency appears rather to discourage Hindu ceremonials and rituals. It was very kind of Manu, the Hindu law-giver, to have laid down that capacity to offer spiritual benefit is the test of inheritance and not actual offering of spiritual merit. Otherwise, a major portion of the Hindus may find themselves disqualified to inherit.

This is then the anomalous state of the Hindu family at the present day. However, it is not for us to suggest remedies. We shall only appeal to our Social reformers and legislators, and all their efforts would be labour lost, unless they direct their immediate attention to the reconstruction of the Hindu family, which is the "unit" of Hindu society.

## BIGGER AND BRIGHTER WARS

BY DUNCAN GREENLEES



WAR has not attained its highest point of glory. It is the natural overflow of boyish cheerfulness and the love of destruction inherent in all from the God who, so it seems, creates that He may destroy down to the tiny Atom which emits and swallows its own electrons. There is no need for the shame of Man who stands amidst these wondrous extremes to share their love for smashing things to pieces.

The Scientist probing with razory scalpel into the complex mechanisms of the body, slitting ruthlessly that he may "gain in knowledge"; the eager gardener lopping branches from a plucky little tree or pruning flowers that they may "gain in beauty" until his ideal of a naked soil is realised; the inquisitive boy who pulls a watch or gramophone to pieces that he may learn how machinery will work *when it is left alone*; the Politician slicing away integral parts of a Nation from itself and feeding them into the rapacious belly of its neighbours, as in Hungary; the Solidier-Chemist devising new and better ways of slaying human being on unrivalled scales;—we all are brothers, close akin in heart and mind.

In olden days the instinct for destruction was forced to state itself in clumsy unscientific ways. Man took a heavy stone and tying it to a stick sallied forth, to find some animal more poorly armed than he or some unsuspecting fellow human being, and smashed his skull with a sudden blow.

As Man evolved these personal combats enlarged into family and tribal feuds; to meet the growing demand more delicate and artistic weapons were devised. Man began to show pride in the sharpness of his spear and arrow-head and carved them in very graceful forms, so that the greatest harm might be inflicted with the smallest outer trace. This showed the growth of that aesthetic sense which clearly differentiates a Man from animals and which is sometimes called his Soul.

In some ways the tardy invention of gunpowder was a regression in human life, for all explosives blow man to little pieces, neither aesthetic nor graceful in their shape and colour, but at about the same time the Historian is able to record very great progress in the cutting weapons. Man, incarnate in his doctors, was able to enjoy pure and prolonged destruction to his heart's content. From mediaeval surgery and leechery, rather than from the clumsy but exhilarating auto-da-fe of the Inquisition, derives that zenith of human ingenuity and destructiveness—vivisection.

His Explosives came last century to continue the backward path of gunpowder, but the inventions of machine-gun and of sharpnel counterbalanced this by introducing a new element of sport into the arts of War. But alas! the grace and beauty of the blades of Toledo and Damascus, the exquisite sensation of a needle-like weapon running through the vitals, these were gone for ever. Only a few years ago it seemed that War had once again reverted in the evolving circle of Time to the clumsy, primitive, wholesale smashing game of its childhood.

All glory to the Germans, whose scientific genius has saved Humanity from such dread degeneration! All true lovers of progress heaved a mighty sigh of relief, (and for many it was the last sigh of their lives), when clouds of poison-gas first rolled across upon Canadian trenches and—ultimate triumph of human skill and ingenuity?—men were plunged into etherial tortures and a dreadful death, leaving hardly a visible trace upon their vacant bodies. Now it is clear that war is safe for ever from being the mere unintelligent smashing-up it threatened to become. Once again it is a clean, artistic, game, full of all the chances of Sport; for who can know which way the wind may blow those deadly fumes? Much was done in the right direction during the recent War, and had not foolish pacifists tied the chemist's hands with Armistice another year might well have seen a Nation poisoned in a night. That is the glowing ideal to which our civilisation tends, for which we yearn.

There were gases which made you vomit so that you tore your mask away; there were gases which made your eyes stream tears so that you lost your sight for a little while—and they were

most humane; there were gases of which one part in a hundred million would send a man to join his fathers in the Happy Land in which we all believe and which we all so carefully avoid. There were squirts for Liquid Fire that combined the pleasure of shooting gnats with the joys of a fireman's hose and of a burning-glass. There were projects, splendid and most inspiring, for manless bombing aeroplanes controlled by wireless to send against the enemy.

Behind the veils of War Departments much is done. Few rumours reach the outer air of progress now achieved; sometimes only a Churchill overflows to all the world with wordy threats to any who doubt that Britain rules the waves and that Britons shall never be enslaved. Thus we learn, piecemeal, of the glorious and most amusing destiny that lies ahead of most of us. The day is drawing near when, before granting patents to the hungry inventor, the Governments will clamour for a practical test of those fine inventions and discoveries. Then the White Man's burden will grow heavier and other savage races will have to be civilised by Europe or a new world made safe for democrats. Then indeed shall we know that Man evolves, for that will be clear to all in the rakshasic and yet refined ways he will use in slaughter.

Scientists tell us that on the eve of war declaration a hundred aeroplanes will start in secret for the enemy capitals,—let us say Bombay, Calcutta and Madras; arrived in safety at their goal they will drop a bomb or two and after a few moments the cities will be peopled by sleepers who will wake no more. Meanwhile plague, typhus, cholera and leprosy will be broadcast in many ways by healers of the enemy nation and the subtle terrors of microbe war will be released upon the world.

This will surely be enough to demonstrate to all who are interested that there is no fear for Man. His Culture is dynamic, not static; his Civilisation is never likely to stagnate for long; his Progress is ever adding fresh increments of velocity to its already rapid speed. Who can dare to prophesy the glories that shall be his in the ages yet to come? Who can foretell the refined tortures and the exquisite modes of scientific destruction the greatest and most sensitive of brains among us shall design

in future years? Only, we may dare to guess that War, so far from having exhausted its possibilities of cultured savagery, has hardly yet evolved from its crude stone-axe infancy and had yet a glorious path ahead.

In such Wars as we may foresee it will indeed be a joy to take an active part. He who plays a passive or non-combatant part will scarcely live long enough to regret the fun that he will lose. Man cannot bring Heaven down to his brother as yet, so in his kindness, he sends him up to Heaven, as artistically and beautifully as possible. This is the future to which our Civilisation tends; this is the future fruit of a thousand ages, Culture. Perhaps a few human beings will survive to enjoy ripening of that fruit that once grew secluded in Eden's Garden and now in every place throughout the world. Then God, having allowed Man to destroy himself, will have to create another, perhaps an even madder, world.

## Native Land

BY S. B. SEN

*From Bengali of Rabindranath Tagore*

O Thou, our land that charmeth all the world,  
Illumined by purer rays of solar flood,  
Thou our glorious Parent-hood,  
Whose feet with mighty Ocean's water washed,  
Whose silvan garments green with winds are brushed,  
Whose mountains high with etherial sky is flushed,  
Whose is the white and snow-capped hood.  
Thine the sky that witnessed first the light of dawn,  
The first sounds of convent lore on thine the lawn,  
Was first proclaimed the theme in thy silvan land,  
Of scholars, poets and all the highest good.  
Full of well intents a blessed name is thine,  
Sparing bounteous gifts to those of farthest elime;  
The Rivers twin do offer molten-kindness-like  
Like mother's milk the ambrosial food.

## UNIVERSITY AND POLITICS.\*

BY SIR MICHAEL SADLER, K. C. S. I.



THE SUBJECT which you have allowed me to take for this address is difficult—difficult and many-sided. While preparing what I am to say for your consideration, I tried to keep in mind the different circumstances of Universities in various countries, both at present time and in past times. The connection between Universities and political ideas or controversies is at this moment by no means alike all over the world nor has it been the same, in the case of the more ancient Universities, at all periods of their history. Therefore a comparison of the circumstances in which the main groups of Universities are now placed may throw some light on the question which we are about to consider. And it is also possible to get some guidance from looking at the matter in historical perspective. But our knowledge of the historical side of the question is still incomplete. For example, we know comparatively little about the history of the ancient Universities of India, and what Dr. Cooke recently called "the awakening of our historical conscience" leads me to suspect that we may some time arrive at a clearer understanding than we now possess of the political atmosphere of the European Universities during the earlier and during the closing parts of the Middle Ages.

The attitude of Universities towards politics is necessarily affected by their administrative relation to Government. Some Universities, like those of Italy, France and Russia, are intimately dependent on the central administration of the State. Others are dependent on a State Government like those of the unified German Republic since the war or like the State Universities in the Federal Republic of the United States. All of these are, by the nature of their being and their financial dependence, necessarily sensitive to the tone of political feeling dominant in the State authority from which they draw an indispensable part of the

\* Address delivered at the Eight Annual Meeting of the Indian Students' Union and Hostel 112, Gower Street, London.

support. At the other end of the scale are Universities which derive no part of their revenue from State subsidy and are wholly free from State influence in the planning of their courses of study and in the choice of their teachers. Such are Harvard and Yale, Princeton and Columbia in the United States, such was the Free University of Brussels in which the great geographer, Elisee Reclus, took a leading part and (if we accord to it the status of a University) such is the Shantiniketan founded by Dr. Rabindranath Tagore at Bolpur, in Bengal. Intermediate between these two opposite types are two others, both British: one of these intermediate categories is represented by Oxford and Cambridge, each mainly, supported by endowments supplemented by fees, but now also subsidized by the Central Government and each subjected at the intervals to investigation and remodelling by commissions which Parliament appoints and clothes with statutory powers. The second intermediate type is represented by the modern English Universities which, though deriving about one-third of their income and most of their buildings from gifts, fees and endowments, are dependent for the remaining two-thirds of their income on grants from local authorities within their area and from subsidies voted by Parliament and assigned by a committee appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The more remote a University from control by the State, the less likely are its members to be restricted in the expression of their political views. But it is by no means the case that the State always encourages still less is it true that it always requires, a University maintained by public money to give active support to policy of the Government by voice or pen. A Government may bear the cost of maintaining the University, not in order to get a political advocate but because it regards learning and higher education as indispensable to national welfare and because national conditions in that particular case make it (or at some earlier time have made it) convenient or necessary to maintain the University directly from State funds. But no Government would take it kindly if a University, maintained from funds under the direct control of the Government opposed the policy of the Government on any crucial question. And if the Govern-

ment were struggling, or conceived itself to be struggling against heavy attacks which threatened its existence, it would be more than human if it did not look to the University whose expenses it defrays to give to it moral and intellectual support. The classic example is the case of the German Universities during the thirty years before the War. The Prussian Government was justly proud of the scientific eminence of the Universities which it maintained. In those parts of the field of learning and investigation which had no direct bearing on the political aims of the State, the Government gave (and felt great satisfaction in giving) complete intellectual freedom to the professors whom it had appointed. But, on matters of moment in political science it welcomed professorial support; it looked coldly on professors whose political opinions it distrusted; and it took steps through the department of Higher Education to prevent the appointment of candidates who were thought likely to be critics or opponents of its policy.

Universities which receive no money from Government and are free from Government control have in theory the greatest liberty of expression on political questions. But it does not follow that they make use of that liberty or that they have any wish to use it, in opposing the Government. Harvard and Yale, Princeton and Columbia, have not been political opponents of the Government of the United States. Nor does independence from Government subsidy or from administrative supervision by Government necessarily secure at all times a University from Government interference. In times of acute civil tension a Government by the law of its being is bound to defend itself against any enemies, intellectual enemies included, who challenge seriously its rights to govern. But it has been found by experience especially in France, that fussy interference with University teaching is not an effective weapon in the armoury of Government. Governments in these days rarely take a University professor by the throat and say "pay me what thou owest." Forbearance has been found the best form of comfort, and, on the whole, to the public good.

The present case of the Universities of the intermediate type in regard to controversial politics is especially interesting. The

modern English Universities have risen swiftly to a position of intellectual influence. It is true that University College, London, King's College, London, and Owen's College, Manchester, have for more than three quarters of a century been eminent in things of the mind. But I can remember when it seemed a profanation to think of a University at Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain's courage showed itself in his determination to make his beloved city the seat of a modern University. When it was proposed that the Yorkshire College should apply to the Victoria University, a federal institution of which the earlier members were Owen's College, Manchester, and University College, Liverpool there were many people in Leeds who thought that it would be insufferably presumptuous on their part to ask that the august word "University" should be attached to their town. But I find that in Oxford today the great modern Universities are profoundly respected and that all traces of their being treated like parvenus have been obliterated by the finger of time. Nevertheless, they are still young. There are people still living who remember Manchester before Owen's College was found—nay more who can remember the contemptuous rejection by the Government of the day of the proposal that Owen's College should receive a University Charter. Liverpool was still not a University when the Prince of Wales was born. Without being in any way precarious, the position of the modern Universities in England does call for tactful avoidance of local unpopularity. A penny rate is not easily got, but indiscretion might jeopardise it. There are still vestiges in English life of party prejudice. A retired public servant wrote angrily to us the other day because the committee of the Oxford Luncheon Club, a representative but a political Society, had invited Mr. Pethick Lawrence to tell it the hard and bitter truth about the surtax. If in a narrowly contested Parliamentary election in a local constituency some of the professors of a modern university developed striking powers of propaganda, a good many rate-payers would say that they weren't going to be taxed for that kind of thing. I can remember a sagacious Yorkshireman saying that nobody could prevent a member of the University staff from writing to the newspapers about anything he liked, but that if he wrote about controversial questions in politics or religion he ought to date his letters from

his private house and not from University. But I have said enough to show that there are reasons for circumspection on the part of those whose work lies in the modern English Universities.

With the two ancient English Universities which form the other group in the intermediate type, the case is different. No one suspects Cambridge of being unanimously Liberal because Mr. J. M. Keynes is Chairman of the directors of *The Nation*. No one imagines that Oxford would poll a unanimous vote in support of the Conservative Government, because its two representatives in Parliament are Lord Hugh Cecil and Sir Charles Onan. It is not only that the two ancient Universities are big and therefore, being broad bottomed, can carry a mixed crew, but that a truce of God has been called in the political conflict which used to rage in both of them. Oxford and Cambridge in their present form and temper are the outcome of the liberal movement of the last century (I use the word "liberal movement" in its Continental and not in its narrower English sense). Stamped upon them is the impress of John Stuart Mill's belief in the value of discussion and of progress through the candid utterance of varied opinion. For this reason the ancient Universities are, at the present time, the protectors of professorial liberty in all English Universities in regard to controversial matters of politics.

If, therefore, any person were to say that all universities should keep clear of politics I would ask them whether they do not think that Oxford is strengthened by the presence of Professor Gilbert Murray, of the Master of Balliol, and of Mr. G. D. H. Cole. And whether in an earlier generation it was not good for Oxford to be the scene of the varied political activities of Professor A. V. Dicey, Arnold Toynbee and Henry Scott Holland; whether it is not good for Columbia University to have such varied spokesmen on public affairs as Professor John Dewey and President Nicholas Murray Butler. Whether, finally, the brave voice and unfaltering courage of Sir Asutosh Mookherjee were not worth considerably more than a crore of rupees to the University of Calcutta.

The view which I would submit for your consideration is that all Universities should encourage an open-minded study of the fundamental principles of politics but should, as institutions, be

allowed to keep themselves free from entanglements with momentarily raging political controversies. Further I would suggest that, if a University is to be strong enough to stand the battering waves of stupid misunderstanding, it should be generous in allowing individual members of its society to express in speech and writing, their sincere convictions on controversial subjects, relying on their good sense, and on the sense of obligation to the corporate society of which they are members, to restrain them from unworthy partisanship and from impropriety in self-expression. Thirdly, I would add that, even in great emergencies when strong conviction feels that silence would be cowardly, activity in political affairs should be kept strictly subordinate to the full discharge of the other duties which in a learned society devolve both upon the old and the young.

Having spent the most part of a long life in three Universities, I am drawn by experience to say that in the academic world some of us are apt to forget how old we are, and that some of those who are young do not always realize how young. Nearly fifty years ago, when I was head of the School House at Rugby, I felt the weight of my responsibility as seriously as if I were Viceroy of India: when I pored over Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian speeches, spread out on one of the old brown oak tables in the School House Hall, I had less misgiving about right and wrong in British Foreign Policy than I have since been troubled with. Once when I was an under-graduate at Trinity, Professor Robinson Ellis, a Latin scholar whose fame stood high in every University of the world, took me for a walk round the University Parks. Naively, but with conviction, I told him that those of us who went to the Union thought that Curzon would some day be Foreign Secretary and that E. T. Cook knew more about the tangle of English Local Government than any man except Mr. Goschen himself. Robinson Ellis sighed, and said "Sadler, I take little account of Undergraduate reputation."

Maladjustment to the needs of their time and country is hurtful to the well-being of universities and, in some cases, has been the cause of fatal decline. One is apt to think of Universities as immune from death. But history shows that among them the rate of mortality is rather high. Of the Universities founded in Europe during the last eight centuries, nearly one-third,

I think, have perished. Except in periods of usual quietude or in the torpor of decay Universities are not, as we sometimes think them to be, haunts of ancient peace. If we look back upon their history we see them tossed at their moorings by great waves of controversy in religion or in politics, and the storms have been worst when religion and politics have been in explosive combination. In our time indeed, most Universities are remote from political or religious controversy. Their chief intellectual activity now lies in the domains of history, of the comparative investigation of custom and belief, and in the physical and biological sciences. But what lies ahead? Before our eyes, applied science is causing economic change. Economic problems loom larger in politics. But they touch at many sensitive points the lives of men. They involve ethical questions, questions of responsibility in employment, new contacts between races, our assessment of the value of what we may enjoy in life. There are signs that these questions may touch the quiet of Universities. By the law of their being, Universities have one foot in the past and one foot in the future. Within their walls meet minds which are mature and minds which are promising and eager but still immature. To blend these two is to help in stabilizing society. But at times of rapid change in social or intellectual outlook, courses of academic training are in danger of getting out of date. Old ways of thought may become obsolete, not by reason of inherent defects but through subtle changes in the mental appetite of the young. At these times, conservatism which is rightly cautious may be over-tenacious of tradition.

To sum up: Politics plays so great a part in life that places of education which prepare young men and women for life cannot be isolated from politics. Every University has always been the scene of political discussion. The hardest questions of belief and duty both in religion and in politics cannot be evaded by old or young in any centre of sound learning. Political philosophy and its applications have been inseparable from University training from the days of Isocrates, Plato and Aristotle to those of Treitschke, Henry Sidgwick and Woodrow Wilson. To think and talk about politics during undergraduate days has for centuries been part of the training of those destined to lead in the public affairs of their country.

## FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS ON ORIENTAL TOPICS



EDEN des Buddha (Teachings of Buddha). Translated and annotated by Hermann Oldenberg. Published by Kurt Wolff: München.

2. Les Larmes du Cobra, Lengends du Lanka (Cobra's Tears, being the legends of Ceylon Folklore). Connected by Enid Karunaratne and translated

into French by Andree Karpels: Editions Bossard, Paris.

3. Fables Chinoises (Buddhistic Stories current in China), Vol. II. Translated into French by Mons. E. Chavennes and versified by Madame Chavennes: Editions Bossard, Paris.

4. La Conquete de Jerusalem—a novel: By Myrian Harry: Ernest Flammarion, Editeur, Paris.

5. L'amoureuse Oriole, jeune fille (an old Chinese love-story) by George Soulié de Morant: Published by Ernest Flammarion, Paris.

Is it not a matter for deep humiliation and shame that we in India have to learn all about our past culture and history from the writings of foreign scholars? Creditable as the researches of many of these foreign savants are, hardly few among them are free from the defect of cold objectivity. Take the case of Buddhism. Modern India owes all its information about this product of essentially Indian spirituality, to the labours of scholars like Hodgson of Nepal, Turnour of Ceylon, Rhys Davids, Aurel Stein, Pelliot, Oldenberg, Przyluski and Tcherbatsky. All honour and gratitude to these Western scholars! But the hiatus in Indian scholarship becomes only all the more glaring! How many students are there in India, who have made Buddhism their special subject of study? We have come across but a very few names which can claim comparison with the savants of the West; and these few (like, for instance, Maheshchandra Gosh whose original investigations often appear in the journals of Ramananda Babu) indicate to us what possibilities for first-class work exist, if Indian scholars concentrate on this field.

Objective and compilatory as the treatment of Buddhism in the usual run of Western works on the subject, we yet can note, when we take up a book like Oldenberg's *Reden des Buddha*, that Eastern topics like Buddhism can cast a spell, if only occasionally and with limitations over

the scholars of the West too. Like Rhys Davids in England and Senator Lorenze in Italy, Oldenberg, the German Scholar appears to have penetrated, so far as the limitations of his Western outlook would allow, the shell of Buddhistic philosophy and glimpsed the core within. The volume under review, containing a sequentially arranged compilation of the parables and teachings of Buddha, was prepared from the unpublished writings of the German savant after his death. The introduction to the volume bears testimony not only to the discrimination with which Oldenberg studied the essentials of his Eastern faith, but also for his deep love for the religion of a far-off clime. It is not an attitude of cold detachment that underlies the study,—not the author's heart often warms up in a noble enthusiasm for the subject. Oldenberg boldly ranges himself on the side of those for whom *nirvana* is not the mere nothingness of void but a solid something about which Buddha chose to be silent, merely with a view to avoiding the complex coil of the entanglement of reason, which had only too often obscured the truth in the philosophical discussions of his countrymen. The master's silence—the source of misunderstanding and misinterpretation—was indeed only an attitude of satiric disapproval of much of the wrangling of the religious dialecticians of the day. Further, Oldenberg explains to us that while the primal source from which the Buddhist thought developed was the luminous philosophy of the Upanishads and while the stream of Buddhistic thought, unlike other systems originating from the same source, never became muddled by "the turbulent and sediment-filled waters of noxious fields", there yet existed in Buddhism itself signs of a profounder outlook than ever existed before.

The parables and Teachings, which Oldenberg has judiciously chosen and embodied in this book, are intended to interest the scholar and the layman alike. ("Devadetta plays the role of Judas Iscariot," says Oldenberg), the conversations with the faithful disciple Annada and the numerous stories from the Jatakas are full of a charm which should enchain even the Western reader for whom, it may be remarked in passing, the book is primarily intended. Oldenberg does not subscribe with the view that India is the source-home of all this allegorical teaching and legendary lore, but he admits "there can be no doubt that the most powerful *centrum* of the productions of fables and stories of the most varied types was India."

In the second portion of the book, the fundamental structure of Buddhistic philosophy is sought to be exposed through selections from

Buddha's sayings, which while not descending to perplexing details, afford a sufficiently illustrative panoramic to enable the lay European reader to have a *broad and accurate* idea of Buddhism. "I do not contend against the world, O monks! he who proclaims the truth does not contend against the world". This was an attitude which should have contributed to winning for the master that great esteem which he commanded from among the elect. This is an attitude which has formed the bed-rock of the teachings of the spiritual Master of modern India, the sage of Sabarmati too.

Modern China does not appear to have much in common with modern India; and yet as one of the most powerful influences that contributed to the moulding of Chinese religious thought, Buddhism forms a connecting-link between India and the Middle Empire. The poet Rabindranath's rather unsuccessful attempts to reestablish the old-links are motivated by the recognition of this fact. The extent to which Indian spiritual thought permeated Chinese culture, especially from the third to the eight century becomes clear to us from a perusal of the daintily got-up volume in which Madame Chavannes has versified into Fontainesque verse, the translations rendered into French by her husband by some of the old world Hindu-Buddhistic legends of China. The little book takes us away from the China of to-day—the China of Sun-yat-sen and of poetical fights—back to a past when the Indian truths of Ahimsa and world-love have prevailed the religious life and outlook of that land. The stories are all from the Jatakas, illustrating truths mostly of an ethical character—"Tail as Head" points to the disastrous results ensuing from irresponsible people being given power and leadership; the "Pearl" is a charming story of the potency of Ahimsa; "The Vows of Upasaka" breathe the spirit of asceticism; "The Five Hundred Horses of the King" illustrates the evil power of undisciplined passions.

The small volume of Ceylon Folk-lore containing French translations by A. Karkeles in Prose and Verse of a number of Lanka legends collected by Enid Karunaratne, a Singhalese lady, is full of the aroma of a wild flower. The legends themselves bear an individuality, peculiar to the people of Ceylon, who are able, says Karpeles, "to feel, underneath the naivete of these accounts, more profound aspirations." The first three stories are legends connected with snakes for which, Karpeles carefully informs the Western reader, the Singhalese "do not have the insurmountable aversion which Europeans show." Why is the sky away from the

earth? Why are vipers and cobras our enemies? How are eclipses caused? Why are the feathers black? For questions like these, the primitive mind of the ancient people of Lanka has found out explanations which are as naive as charming. Animals and birds, the starry sky and the surging sea, the waving palms and the growing corn,—these are the intimate companions of this old-world race. Man seems to be no independent entity but an inalienable part of Mother Nature. Obviously, therefore, the moralising mood is never prominent. Yet there is just a touch of satire in some of the stories like "The enemies of the Moon" and "The Simple-minded Children." What can surpass the simple raciness of a story like the enemies of the Moon?

M. de Morant's "Amorous Oreole" is a tender Chinese love-story hailing from those times when Buddhism was more popular than to-day in China. The sweet-bitter character of the pill of love is depicted here through a story in which the overmastering passion of a youthful couple is balked of fruition by the snobbish interference of the girl's ungrateful mother. The plot is indeed very simple, but background of Buddhistic China is extraordinarily realistic. Priests and priestesses, monasteries and seminaries, feasts and ceremonies recall past which has probably irrecoverably disappeared from the China of to-day.

Myriam Harry's book, "The conquest of Jerusalem" claims the privilege of company with the above, not because there is any definite presentment of Oriental life here, but because a story of satire and adventure, love and tragedy, is powerfully depicted against an Orientalistic setting. Finding naught of the satisfying in the religion of his European fathers or in the religions of his countrymen, meeting no response from his wife who was conventional to the core, shocked by the empty and often hypocritical conservatism of the European missionary world of Jerusalem—the hero who had set out on the quest of an intellectual conquest of Jerusalem, ends by hugging to his bosom the religion of Ashtaroth, the religion of natural and sensuous Love. But such Love is a doom and a curse; and the prediction of the wild-looking patriarch that all those that meddle with women in Jerusalem would come to grief, only proves too true in the end. The lawfully wedded wife is lost, at first in spirit and then in body, the sweetheart Kitty flits away, and then in despair that his wife is a wreck, a heap of debris, the hero courts voluntary death after sending a love-message, true to the spirit of his religion. There is a very little of the truly Oriental in all this, but an effort to reproduce the Asiatic background is here.

L. V. RAMASWAMI AYYAR M. A., B. L.

## TEACHING OF DRAWING IN SCHOOLS

BY A. M. T. ACHARYA.

(Editor, "Indian Masters.")



GREAT deal of money is spent on the teaching of drawing in elementary schools, and most of this money is wasted." So wrote an English writer in the eighties of the last century, and this is as true of the teaching of drawing as a subject in our own schools to-day as when it was written about the elementary schools of England. In many matters, India is found notoriously behind hand with the times; and often, she is caught, doing as something new what others elsewhere have done and finished with years ago.

Perhaps, many may not know that, elementary drawing is taught as a compulsory subject in our schools—at least in the Government-managed ones. Every such school makes provision for engaging a "drawing master", and the pupils are taken through a four year's course in drawing. Generally, about two hour's tuition per week is given in this subject, and if allowance is made for holidays and other circumstances, the number of hours during which tuition is given gets considerably reduced. Therefore the expected benefits of "learning to draw" are not obtained and the great expenditure in time and money, both by the Government and the boys themselves, are wasted. In any average class, say, of fifty boys, perhaps one may have a real liking for the subject and a capacity for drawing well; about six or seven may be able to make what can be passed as neat copies; less than twenty, perhaps, are up to the level of producing something not "wholly in-offensive to the eye;" about the rest of them, the less said, the better. The capacity of the boys to draw, after their having passed through the hands of their "drawing master", is seen in all reality on the Examination day. A glance at the slips of papers served out to the boys with a figure in each on the left hand side along with a copy on the right, is something very distressing and humiliating. An inspection of the average school work in any drawing class will show unmistakably the very limited scope and the unprofitable direction of the so-called art-teaching given to our boys. Even in a good copy, which is rarely produced, the lines are not very free, though the sides of the object represented may

be somewhat fairly balanced. A few copies are clean and not offensively wrong; but they are painfully feeble. But the greater majority are really "wriggling mazes of smudges" done by the hopeless lads, whom a thoughtless school-curriculum plagues with drawing lessons week after week during a period of some years without regard to their natural inaptitude for this subject. Instead of thus wasting time, energy and money, cannot a better system be employed by which drawing lessons will be given only to the boys who show real aptitude?

It may be considered ungraceful, if not wicked, to condemn any system which is already in possession of the field. But the fact cannot be gainsaid, that the entire system of teaching drawing in our schools is to blame for the poor result thus far obtained. The little time spent on the subject, the style of lessons usually given, and the kind of drawing-masters employed could on no account yield any better results anywhere. Two hours per week are usually spent in our schools on drawing. It is so in the Bengal schools at least. With holidays and other factors, it works out at even less than two hours per week during the entire year. And then, the lessons themselves are mostly farcical performances. In most schools, very little even of out-line drawing of birds, animals and human figures is taught. As for model-drawing, and drawing of light and shade, they are rarely heard of by the boys. To be asked to draw a centre line to mark exactly the middle of any object; to draw a bar across to show the height and the greatest width of the modest curves; to make dots as guides to the chief points and subsequently fill-in the entire outline; these are mostly the lessons given to the boys, and heaps of such trashy drawings are made by them each year.

It is claimed by those who are supporters of the compulsory teaching of drawing in schools, that it is a means to train the hand, eye and mind of boys. To achieve this freehand drawing particularly is considered to be a most necessary part of elementary art education. But what is the kind of free hand taught in our schools? It is neither of the right kind, nor is it taught properly. The master draws a rude figure on the blackboard, add after giving a few mechanical directions, asks his pupils to copy. Feeling he has nothing more to do thereafter, he sits down and employs his time on any other work of his own if he does not choose to drop into a gentle slumber till he is roused by the usual restlessness of the boys after they have finished their work. More usually, the boys are asked to buy Poynter's Drawing Books, or those by Vere Foster and are asked to copy the figures in them. After the hour's work, these books are collected

and taken home by the master, and returned the next day with the ever-recurring remarks—"excellent," "good," "bad" etc. as the case may be. No further or closer attention is paid by the master to the student, his work or his method of work. These copy books contain representations of objects totally unfamiliar to the boys. Leaves and flowers and jars and vases, the very forms and shapes of which are entirely foreign to them, evoke very little enthusiasm in them. It is, however, pleasing to note in this connection that some of the "national" schools are doing better in this respect. They teach drawing in a less haphazard and more serious manner. Their masters teach more important subjects, including full human figures, light and shade, and model drawing with the fundamental principles of perspective. In almost all the schools, the necessity of teaching good freehand has been lost sight of. Masters are careless and allow boys to draw freehand figures with the help of improvised or real scales.

If the method of teaching drawing is not what it should be, the kind of "drawing master" employed to teach the subject is not also what he ought to be. With the exception of a few masters, able and enthusiastic, who have managed to create opportunities for training themselves to produce good results, the rest of them, who have merely passed somehow through some art or training schools, are not properly qualified to teach. No wonder they fail to give any effective instruction. They are men who can do a certain amount of purely mechanical work, which enables them to satisfy the demands of the educational department. Beyond this, they have never thought of the great subject of art. It is the man who has either failed as an art student, or who had taken to art-training as a last resort in this world of general unemployment, who goes to serve in a school as a drawing-master. While not failing to have an exaggerated notion of his own artistic talent—he has neither any skill as an artist nor any enthusiasm for the subject he is there to teach. With a monthly salary far below his own estimate of himself, he feels discontented and indifferent. Generally, he is alone by himself in the school and has not much communion with the other masters, because he knows he does not form part of the general educational machinery. With little work, perhaps, and no one to supervise over it, he dabbles in art and seeks outside work to supplement his school income. Mostly he takes to making bromide enlargements—coloured, and at a price much below what is charged by the regular professionals; and while he begins by being no good artist, he ends by being no good photographer either.

If its efforts are to be lasting, drawing must be taught and practised day by day just like writing, and this cannot be managed under a system by which the drawing master appears in the class only for an hour twice a week. He can never get thoroughly into touch with his pupils. Not being able to concern himself with the general educational process at work in the school, he gets to have no personal interest in his pupils. The first thing, therefore, that has to be done is to teach the teachers of drawing and prepare them properly for the very important work that devolves on them. And the next thing to be done is to root out the present system of teaching, and plant in its place something "stronger, larger, and healthier" which shall be calculated to fit boys and girls for grappling with the needs of practical and higher artistic life. If we really wish to avoid seeing the dull and depressed faces of our boys in the drawing classes, the teachers in the first instance must learn to practise the art which they teach with an earnestness of purpose which could raise their own standard perceptibly. Then, they must teach an art which has its root in the home-life and surroundings of the people. The abstract and mechanical character of the present system of teaching drawing is responsible for the unsatisfactory results obtained. The boys and girls taught have no enjoyment in drawing of this kind, and they cannot be expected to attain insight into the joy of art or "feel the thrill of quickened capabilities" while labouring week after week under pressure at their "smudgy abortions." They should have something to see beyond such shadowy outlines of forms which are mostly meaning-less to them. Boys have a natural delight in making things, and an enjoyment of the instinct of creation is what is to be appealed to in them. The constructive faculty in them should not be ignored. Until a system is devised and introduced by which drawing can be taught in schools with a view to arouse this instinct of creation in the boys and by which the "heart and brain and hand and eye" will be called to play their part, no real benefit can be got. If this cannot be done, the best thing would be to stop plaguing school children with the teaching of drawing, and let them free to attend to their other more necessary and useful studies.

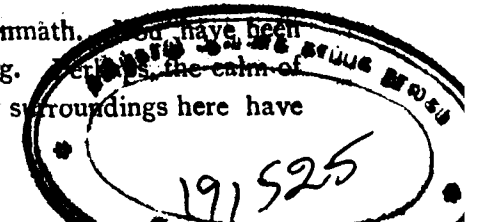
## DISILLUSIONMENT

BY MUMUKSHU.



O you remember, Pratap, what Mahatma Gandhi told us when he was last here, that God has come out of those temples into which the so-called untouchables are denied admission? And is there a greater defender of the Varnashrama system than Gandhiji? That with all your education and culture and the broad outlook which they must certainly have succeeded in bringing about, you too must have thought it proper to side with the orthodox gentlemen of your caste, and applaud approvingly their action in denying me admission into the local temple, is surely the unkindest act of all. It makes my faith in the early redemption of the down-trodden masses of our country shake to the very foundations. I revere the wisdom of our ancients in dividing society into four sections; but any honest observer must see how archaic that system has become, how it has resulted in ridiculous anomalies and how also, it has been the cause of many cruelties and of certain observances inconsistent with the true spirit of Religion itself. In the centuries that have passed by, there has been effected a revolution, and the country has out-grown the primitive system of things. To-day, a Gandhi who was not born a Brahmin possesses these qualities, and the *satwika* nature in a greater measure; the world will do homage unto such great souls. But those who go by the name of Brahmins at the present day, refuse to bear any of the responsibilities, and want to enjoy the privileges. My complaint, however, is not against the Brahmin alone. I know how the shining notice board in the temple gates of our place sparkling with the gilded words 'No Admission to Untouchables,' owes its existence to the inspired orders of the Non-Brahmin trustee of the temple. I also believe that the Brahmin will embrace the untouchable more readily and quickly than the Non-Brahmin with their numerous castes and sub-castes. But I cannot for the life of me understand how untouchability can be practised in the very presence of God, the fountainhead of Unity and Love."

"I take it that your discourse is over, Mammath. You have been unusually and unnecessarily eloquent this evening. Perhaps, the calm of this twilight hour and the supremely beautiful surroundings here have



bestowed on you uncommon oratorical gifts. You were a veritable volcano emitting fire and brimstone alike. I acknowledge the depth of your culture. I revere your satvic nature; I know that you are an awakened Indian, who has responded to what you call a divine voice. But your birth, alas, is your greatest drawback. You may be—are—a lily; but are come out of the dirty pond. We have been mates from our school, and we sat together for our B. A. Examination. But today, we have reached the parting of the ways, and you must go your path and I mine. I come of an orthodox family, and I do not accept Gandhi's interpretation of the Varnasharma Dharma system. And since we have come to such length, I want most reluctantly to disclose to you a fact. You see I am old enough to take upon myself the management of my household and give my father rest and peace. Hitherto, I was a reckless youth, and it was possible for me to approach you, though an untouchable. Hereafter, I must respect the feelings of my Agraharam mates and cannot—I say in deep regret—be moving with you as freely as of old. If you want any help of me, you may write to me, and I shall respond with pleasure. You must admire, Manmath, that after all, the weight of ancient custom is a load on our heads that cannot be easily thrown off. Many an enthusiastic soul has to bow down before this mighty tide of social opinion and ancient observances. Time may harden a thing; but it also gives the thing a certain amount of sanctity as it were!"

"Accept then my *Namaskars*, at the parting of the ways."

The charming village of Amarapuri on the banks of the mountain stream *Girija* is famous as a place of pilgrimage for the Hindus all over India. The temple of Bhuvanesh in the village is said to have been constructed by prehistoric Monarchs of the Tamil country, and there is a tradition that the Pandava Princes in their exile visited the temple and adored the deity therein. Apart from it, the Bhuvanesh Temple derived its importance from two other facts. The idol in the place was an object of increasing wonder, for it was an exquisite piece of workmanship, the peculiar stone out of which the idol was cut, the posture in which it was placed and the exhilarating air and the "dim religious light" of its corridors produced such an effect on the visitors as would even transform a confirmed atheist into a devout idol worshipper. Secondly, there were countless inscriptions of varying size and of different dates all over the massive walls of the stately building and these were of supreme historical value as affording interesting information about the times of certain

Tamil Kings of Puranic fame. Even within the holy of holies, the wall behind the idol, it was stated, contained an old inscription in the undeveloped Tamil script.

Prathap and Manmath were natives of Amarapuri. The former was the son of the richest Millionaire—the big man—of the village, Dewan Bahadur Sankara Iyer C. I. E. Sankarayya was not a "degree-holder" of any University, Indian or foreign, but he had sound common sense, and being specially favoured of Dame Fortune, who, by the way is blind, he had risen to the present position. He owned the biggest house in the village, across which no man or God can walk with shoes on or ride in any conveyance. Sankarayya was as fat as he was rich; poor people you know, are never corpulent—they evidently eat their own flesh. The daily programme of Sankarayya was very simple; he rose from bed, ate and drank, talked and slept, and when in sleep snored and dreamt. In the afternoons, a host of Brahmins—Vydiks and tenants—with their dhoties tied round their waists would be sitting at a respectful distance from the presiding officer; the gossip will then turn to the daily news in the papers and Sankarayya, assured of a calm hearing and no dissentient voice, would pass remarks on the burning questions of the day; those remarks always being the outcome of ignorance, wrong information, misunderstanding and prejudice. Of course, Sankarayya is of no account to our story, and we are to kill him very shortly; but one more fact about him I must mention here. Rumour says that the prefixes and suffixes to Sankarayya's name were the immediate outcome of a splendid dinner and a costly present to the high gods of officialdom in the district and that Sankarayya, the citadel of Amarapuri orthodoxy, was most reluctantly obliged to lunch on the same table with Eurasian officers, and that he afterwards performed a *prayaschitha* or purification ceremony, the advertised reason for the rite being quite a different one.

Manmath was the son of a poor pariah in the village, and by his own skill, had become a graduate in arts. Of his character and ideals, of the evolution of his soul and the maturity of his mind, of the depth of his intellect and the versatility of his genius, one could write a whole book. I can only say in a concise manner that he was an awakened Indian Nationalist, who had responded to the new call; he was one of the best of India's sons in every sense of the term.

Well, as I wanted you to anticipate, Sankarayya died a few months after, and Prathap who was till now the younger master, was enthroned and became a full-fledged Big Man.

Of Manmath nothing more was heard. Some said that he was in Rangoon; others denied it; Pratap had long forgotten his old friend; when you are surrounded by the celestial nymph of a wife and by smiling children, and when fortune continues to smile on you, you cannot cherish any memory of an old friend of the student days, eh!

Years passed—as they always do with their routine happenings of summer showers and autumn floods, of sowings and reapings. Occasionally, there was some sensation or stir in the political sphere. But so far as Amarapuri was concerned, the old order of things was unaltered. There was not much of ringing in or “ringing out.” Only a few men had disappeared, none knew where, and a few babes had come in, none knew where—from.

*The Hindu* of the 18th June created a sensation in the Village of Amarapuri. The reason was that Government had appointed a “Committee of Archaeological Investigation and Research” to go into temples and palaces and study inscriptions and records, with a view to reconstructing the ancient history of the Tamil land. And among the temples to be visited was included the temple of Bhuvanesh. A note of explanation was also appended to the main communique.

“Mr. Yasoda Bal, the Chairman of the Committee, we need hardly inform the public, comes from the Panjab, where he has been assisting Sir John Marshall, the Director General of Archaeology with such splendid successes in the Taxila excavations, and we are sure his experience in the work and his ‘historical’ genius will be of immense value to the learned members of the Committee. We earnestly request the public to co-operate with Government and help the investigators in every possible way.”

“And so, it seems that the Committee will insist on being taken into the inner shrine of the temple; but when the Government order things, there is no use protesting. For one thing, the members of the Committee are all Hindus, and though Non-Brahmins should not be allowed to enter the *Sanctum sanctorum*, there is an element of consolation in their being high class Hindus at least. But who is this Chairman, Yasoda Bal? Of what caste would he be?” mused Pratap who was the temple trustee, and as such, was bound to look to the reception and to the provision of all facilities to the Committee.

“I saw the man at Madras” spoke an aged gentleman, “when I was last there, and his personality or appearance does not in the least betray his caste and creed. He grows a beard and his hair is cropped,

but he was dressed like a Bengali. Some one told me that he was a Christian by faith, that Yasoda Bal was merely the Hindustani version of ‘Jesus Paul’ and that having long been a resident of Bengal, he has begun to dress like a native of the province. In these troublous days, one’s appearance does not enable us to find out of his caste; every one crops his hair, is bespectacled and covers his body from head to foot; what is worse, some Brahmins look like Panchamas, some Chetties like Brahmins, and so on’.

“But it is no use. Whatever caste he may belong to, he comes with the authority of Government and must be admitted. If necessary, we shall perform a *sambroksana* ceremony and purify the diety,” concluded Pratap. (Man to purify the fountainhead of purity!!)

In July, the committee visited temple. Pratap had arranged for the distinguished guests a splendid reception. The members were taken round the temple and into it; they were also shown all the old inscriptions on the walls and on the massive stone-pillars. It was noticed that Yasoda Bal, when entering the temple, removed his slippers, his turban and his overcoat. He remained long in prayer before the idol, and poured out in a charming voice a beautiful series of Tamil and Sanskrit hymns, much to the astonishment of all who had mistaken him for a Christian or a ‘man, of no religion’ as many of us are today.

Outside the temple, in the Audience Hall, the Committee members were presented with prasadams and other temple honours were done to them. Yasoda Bal spoke a few words of thanks: “Gentlemen—when the heart is full, you know words fail to come out. My colleagues and myself can never adequately express the debt of gratitude in us. We are profoundly moved by the kindness you have shown unto us and by the willing manner in which you have co-operated with us. We therefore simply, and sincerely thank you from the bottom of the hearts.

“I have however one word to talk to you, and particularly, to your distinguished citizen. Mr. Pratap, I am not talking to you as the Chairman of the Committee; I am talking as an Indian to my brother Indian, as man to man; a heart sore with many a blow, but ablaze with many a hope, is unburdening its heavy contents to kindred hearts. Pratap, I am not unknown to you; I am not a foreigner to this blessed Tamil land of ours. If the memory of your early days has not been blotted out by the crowding incidents of your later life, you will remember your old Panchama class mate and friend, Manmath. Yasoda Bal is none other than Manmath—that old comrade and the mate of your early days (Ah, sunny

days never to return) stands before you now. After that farewell with you on that momentous evening—when the hand of even my dearest friend was turned against me—I could not bear to live here any longer and fled away to the North and have flourished. There were not a few occasions when I was tempted to embrace Christianity or Islam, but I have stood firm, because I knew that the great Banian tree of Sanathana Hindu Dharma can afford shade to us all. I today pride in being a Hindu having been born among the poorest and lowliest, and I have now realised the fulfilment of my heart's desire to have *dharshan* of Bhuvanesh. I never wanted to make forced entry into temples and create a stir, because I dislike to wound the feelings of anybody; and even now I would have disclosed my identity earlier, but I feared that the mission on which we are here at present may be endangered by that hasty step.

"But you have a great lesson to learn. You would allow a foreigner, a man whom you do not know, a man of alien faiths to enter your temples and 'snap' your idols; whereas you would shut the doors against your own co-religionists against your brethren, your own kith and kin: Gentlemen, if this is not hypocrisy and cowardice, what is? Brothers, let this standing shame to our blessed land be buried today in this Audience Hall of the Most High. Let us be the torch-bearers of a new order of things, wherein man and man will move as brothers, where there will be no bending of the knees before insolent might and where there will prevail the Vedic Scheme of things. Let Amarapuri become a land of angels in reality, with its citizens working hand in hand. May the Hidden Hand of God, which moves everything, cement this momentous incident by its magic touch."

The hall was crowded, but not a voice was heard. The next moment Pratap was found in tears, kneeling before Yasoda Bal.

Today, in Amarapuri there is a Service Home. Any visitor to the place may see therein the twin souls, Pratap and Manmath, surrounded by a host of happy Panchama boys. They spin and weave, till and plough, read and learn, sport and play, pray and chant hymns; the spirit of God is easily felt there. And at the gateway to the buildings of the Service Home, are carved out in bold letters, the immortal words of the GITA;

ईश्वर सर्व भूतानां हृदयेऽर्जुन तिष्ठति:

"The Lord dwelleth in the hearts of all beings. Oh, Arjuna,"

## ON MATRIMONY

BY S. RAMA IYER, B. A.



MARRIAGES are made in Heaven. To make the statement complete, comprehensive, and up-to-date, it must be further added that they are made before Heaven, by Heaven, and for Heaven. So divorces are made on earth—before man, by man, and for man. In other words, God made the marriages, and man made the divorces. Both are, perhaps, equally necessary. Divorces foster marriages, and marriages foster divorces. They are supplementary and complimentary. The immortal fire is too much for mortal man. He is not such a simple fool as to be so colourlessly and mercilessly pure. Variety is the spice, nay the very quintessence of his existence. Dull and monotonous loyalty to one single soul, is not becoming his manhood at all. He is the highest and noblest of animals, a beautiful biped, gifted with intelligence, intuition, initiative and originality. Hence, he must experiment and explore, though afterwards he may deplore.

They say he is descended from monkey, probably, from that particular type, known as orang—outang. Naturally, the monkey in him predominates. He is restless and rash. And the rejuvenating experiment, one of the latest wonders or rather blunders in the realm of science, will, in future, make him still more restless and rudderless. With this characteristic feature in him, natural and artificial, it is quite impossible for him, physically, chemically, mentally, morally, and intellectually, to stick up for ever to an unchanging and unchangeable arrangement, however sacred it might be.

Poets may write charming and classical lines about true and worthy wedlocks. Priests may preach pleasing sermons about the same from the pulpits. Philosophers may luringly and leisurely philosophise about the subject. If whatever these people say do really come to pass, if Plato's *Republic* and More's *Utopia* are given the ghost of a chance to exist on earth, "if to do were as easy as to know what were good to do," then doubtless, "chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces". Such ideals remain, in a way, as the truest of ideals, in as much as they seldom dare to trespass into the sphere of practical working. Here is an ideal from the famous poet and dramatist, Shakespeare:—

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds.  
 Or bends with the remover to remove:—  
 O no! it is an ever fixed mark  
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
 Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom:—

Modern man is too busy and impatient even to go through such lines. Understanding or following them, is out of his programme altogether. His civilised and scientific nostrils cannot stand their very smell.

The hard and unpalatable truth is, that man is, by instinct and nature, polygamous, as the German philosopher, Max Nordeau, says. 'Love for love's sake and marriage for marriage's sake is all tall and vain talk. Monogamy is only a cloak of policy, a show, a polished dissimulation, a positive humbug. Underlying motives, under-currents of selfishness, momentary and questionable pleasures, and the like, in most cases, bring about the divers matrimonial alliances.

Many marry mere 'money bags', with the result, that both money and love soon vanish. When the chest is full, the heart is fuller and warmer; when that becomes empty, everything becomes empty and cold. 'Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide.' Some love at first sight. Their love marches at galloping speed. Suddenly, it stops with a crash. Like the earth, it gets heated and cooled quick. They solemnly and sincerely repent at their earliest convenience and leisure.

There are others who marry to secure employment, or to complete their studies. Certain types of girls are specially reserved and earmarked for these friends. They can be disposed off only by means of such alluring baits. Comment is needless, though life-long slavery is sure.

Mere boys are made to wed mere girls, to become baby-fathers, and baby-mothers, to become virgin widows. Some marry to please their parents. Some marry to please their grand fathers and grand mothers, or both. Still others marry to please their relatives and friends. Not a few consult horoscopes after horoscopes. They consult, collect, fit, exchange, examine, compare, test, sift, and shuffle. After all these processes, tired and disgusted, puzzled and perplexed, they tumble upon a wrong choice.

Strange, inexplicable, and inscrutable are the ways of matrimony. Marriage is said to be the meeting of two hemispheres. But as somebody shrewdly remarked, very rarely the right kind of hemispherers meet. The intelligent is often yoked with the dull and stupid. Ugly and uncouth gentlemen are invariably thrust upon handsome lasses. The forty, fifty, and sixty, want the fourteen, fifteen and sixteen. Those who grow from east to west get those who grow from south to north. Those of the new-moon hue are for the spotless white. Socrateses and Rip Van Winkles easily find their Xanthippes and Dame Van Winkles. Petruchios are absolutely nil to tame such she-wolves and Katharinas. God is an immensely funny and humorous gentleman, who sits behind the screen, pulls the strings, and heartily laughs at the expense of his own creations and doings. See, on the marvellous stage of this world, how he makes them play these ridiculous parts!

After all, is it safe to marry? Is the game worth the candle? Or, is it merely a "double, double toil and trouble?" To marry or not to marry, which is better, which is preferable? The following lines attempt to give a terse reply:—

"Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,  
 Or pains his head;  
 Those that live single, take it for a curse,  
 Or do things worse;  
 Some would have children; those that have them moan,  
 Or wish them gone;  
 What is it then, to have, or have no wife.

But single thralldom, or a double strife?

Dr. Primrose, the pious Vicar of Wakefield, holds a more optimistic view of married life, and is strongly of opinion, that family people are better serviceable to society than those cold bachelors, who merely talk of population and political economy.

What do our modern women say? How are they inclined to treat the matter? Not to marry is gradually becoming the fashion among many of them. Home has ceased to be the centre and source of their happiness. They want to move in society freely and fully. How can matrimony and these things go together?

In the struggle and turmoil of married life, in the vast battle-field of this world, both men and women have to face difficulties and defeats. In some cases, men defeat women and in some other cases, women defeat men. If there are husbands who can command the respect of their wives, there are others who respect the commands of their wives. Many who are lions and rulers abroad, are lambs and slaves at home. At any

rate, to maintain two wives, to keep them under proper control, is something next to an impossibility. It is a tremendous and taxing feat. It is a sort of hundred years' war, in which even monarchs have frankly owned defeat.

I wish to conclude this sketch, noting down two unique incidents. England's census report for 1921 records, among many interesting items, about the marriage of a lass of eighteen with a youth of only eighty summers. Long live the couple! From a Reuter's message we understand that in America very recently a marriage took place in mid-air, in an aeroplane. Bravo, ye jolly, romantic pair! Yours was really a marriage in Heaven, at least, somewhere between earth and heaven. May God preserve you and me in such a floating humour!



### CLEMENCEAU ON ACTION

"The only road," said George Clemenceau of France recently, "that leads to self-realization and complete peace is the road of work."

Clemenceau is a disciple of action. "Words!" he said, "words that kill the idea, words that suppress experimentation, words that make for us a false life in which we wander passing among them as men without knowledge. Where you find the most words you find the least action. Words are to a considerable degree, enemies to action, because they are made so often to substitute for action and masquerade as such. Action, not words, enlarges the soul and makes for harmony and contentment."

How true his thoughts are, especially when applied to the spiritual life! For example, reading the Scriptures of the whole world will not give a man the *realization* of spiritual truth that ten minutes' daily *practice* of meditation will give. "Words that suppress experimentation." Many deluded souls there are who imagine they understand the truth of their own religion thru the intellectual pastime of reading, and who never use "experimentation" to discover whether there is any divine and immortal life principle within them. The practice of meditation alone can prove the existence of eternal verities. Reading should be an incentive to action, not a substitute for it.

## THE GAME OF HEALTH

BY K. L. SARMA, B. A., B. L.



ANY of those who read this are familiar with a game, called the "Ascent to Heaven," which is played, or till recently used to be played, on certain holy days of the year, the *Gokula Ashtami*, or the Great *Siva Ratri*. The chart or board, on which the pieces move, is divided into squares, which are connected, here and there, either by ladders, or by serpents. The ladders give the player, who reaches their feet, a privilege of ascent, while the serpents drag him down, several planes, to where their tails are resting.

The pursuit or neglect of health is just such a game, in real life. It can be so played, as to enhance one's health—I mean *positive* health, not a mere negation of disease—by slow and steady, or even by rapid stages of progress, or so as to lose it.

By availing oneself of the free grace of nature, the Divinity that presides over Health and Disease, one can better one's present health, increase one's expectation of life, and confer a better heredity on his descendants. By refusing Her grace, and by trusting to the ministrations of men, who call themselves doctors, but who are, in truth, simply exploiters of our ignorance, and intermeddlers—like false gurus—between us and Nature, one stands to lose health, and to lose a great part of one's expectation of life, at the same time embittering one's later life with avoidable misery, and burdening one's descendants with an inevitable evil inheritance.

Heredity, they say, is a cause of disease. But it can also be a source of health, if we take the trouble to make it so. Nature helps, here too, if, and in so far as, we let Her. Where disease or defects of health are inherited, the progeny are usually much worse off, than the parents. It is as if the holding in disease of the father were added to that of the mother. But if the parents practise health-culture, then a tendency to better health is inherited, and the result is an addition of health-holdings, for the benefit of the child. On the one hand, it is possible for the child of a consumptive to die of the same disease at about half the age of the sick parent. On the other hand it is equally possible, by the right means, for the child to escape the inheritance and to live twice as long.

A science, which shows the way to the latter consummation, ought to prove of deep interest to all right-thinking men. This science is known as *Natural Living*.

This natural living is twofold, though one in essence. On the same fundamental principles, it has built up two branches of practice, viz preventive and curative hygiene. The former branch may well be considered to be a part of the latter, in so far as it is the art of curing diseases in their, 'seed-form'.

The best results have been enjoyed, only by those who completely surround themselves to this way, not by those who desert it as soon as any discouragement is felt. There are the fair-weather followers, who live according to it, so long as things go on smoothly, but set at naught its teachings, as soon as some acute illness comes on. To be true to this natural way *all the time* is the only way to deserve and reap the ultimate benefits.

The fashionable path is, of course, to submit to quack treatment whenever there seems to be an occasion for any treatment whatever. I call the medical system a quackery, and I have given my reasons for it.

The head and front of medical criminality is their ignorance and flouting of the foremost of Nature's laws, the *Law of Druglessness*. This law is so simple and obvious, that the wonder is, that it is now necessary to give reasons for it. There was a time long, long ago, when our Ayurveda was based on this law. It was within comparatively recent times, that this supreme excellence of the system was lost, by the introduction of drugs, such as mercury, arsenic and so on. How the usurping system can honestly call itself Ayurveda, being a negation of the very essence of that which it deposed, is a thing the Neo-Ayurvedic have to explain. This system is a historical anomaly, composed of incongruous elements.

'Why not use drugs,' is a question which is easily put. But it is mostly put by people, who are scarcely amenable to reasoning, and who do not want to know the truth, being positively convinced already, that there can be no valid reason against it. But the tragedy of their mentality is in this, that they ignore a very important principle, which governs all controversy, that which the lawyers call the "burden of proof."

The principle applies to every scientific or practical question. And the history of medical science has always been a history of errors, up to date, because each important issue was decided without the least regard to this principle, the burden of proof. The medical profession always

consists of a majority, who are intellectually incompetent, and professionally eager to develop new lines of exploitation, and a minority, who are both competent thinkers and worshippers of Truth. The latter always refuse to theorise prematurely, and thereby deny to themselves and their brethren opportunities of enrichment. The former refuse to wait for evidence, act as judges in their own case, excuse themselves the necessity of finding sufficient proof, and eagerly adopt any theory, which promises something new in the way of practice.

Such has been the case with the germ-theory of disease, which is still the most central of all medical theories.

What is this theory? It is not simply, that diseases are caused or occasioned by the activity of germs. In practice, the theory is valuable to the doctors, because of a corollary drawn from it, also without proof, namely, that diseases can be cured, by controlling the birth and activities of the germs. Not only that, it is assumed that more need be done, except this.

The tragedy of this consists in the fact, that immediate relief can in many cases be reached by this method. The after-effects are not considered. It is thus assumed that men can sin grievously, and go scot-free by the magic of inoculations, injections, and vaccinations.

It is a scientific truth, that every action has remote effects as well as immediate ones, and that the former are alone important, being more or less permanent.

Inoculations and other measures help to produce a new *diathesis* of the body,—a fact which no honest medico, who is not a raw member of the profession, will dare to deny, categorically.

What is 'diathesis?' It is a technical word, meaning a *predisposition* or tendency to disease or health, as the case may be. A *little* investigation will suffice to lead any sane man to the conclusion, that it is a disease—diathesis, not a healthy one, which comes of this modern methods. Common sense, whenever we dare to apply it to medical questions, will easily help us to a sound opinion. It will tell us that we have no right to except health to come out of disease. But this is precisely what modern medicine preaches. It says, "sow disease plentifully enough, and Health will crop up." "Vaccinate a body again, and again, till it gets fully saturated with the pus of cow-pox," say the doctors. Not all of them, though. It is implied, that the body will thus become so positively healthy, that small-pox will become impossible; without an increase of any liability to other diseases, such as syphilitic ones.

Because common sense is so tell-tale, they rigorously shut it out. They take refuge in technical jargon, and sedulously create the belief, that these matters are the monopoly of their profession, with which 'laymen' have no right to meddle.

But what about the very large number of 'duly qualified' doctors, who expose the hollowness of medical pretensions, and explain, in simple, non-technical, popular language, the truth about medicine and medicine practice?

Are we to count heads, and take it, that it is the opinion of the majority, consisting, in the main, of middle headed people that matters? Is it not our experience, that in every case it is the daring minorities, that can, consist of the wiser members?

Besides, the present age is one, which abhors technicality as the child of darkness and the mother of iniquities. All human knowledge is being distilled over the fire of common sense, and made available, in simple form to the masses, to all those who can read.

For example, there is Dr. Valentine Knaggs, who gives a very simple reason against direct introduction of any stuff, except plain water, into the blood-circulation, which 'injection' is. He explains that the Creator has set up four distinct portals, through which all substance ought, in Nature, to pass, before it can be admitted to the living cells of the tissues. Vaccination, inoculation and injection upset this arrangement, introducing foreign matter—foul or poisonous—past two or more of these defences. Nature is thus cheated. God's plan for securing natural selection of substance, and elimination of hostile elements, is thus defeated. Of course the medical profession does not, yet, realise this fact of God's plan—this series of defences.

What wonder, then, that the medical system is so woefully disastrous in its results.

*Disease*, we see, proceeds under drug-treatment from simple, self-limited forms of expression, gradually and inexorably, to serious, chronic, and even destructive ones, such as consumption, cancer, dropsy and the like. It is precisely parallel to the case of a player at the game of 'Progress to Heaven,' who depends on the chance of dice, and this, more often than not, takes him to squares, where he falls into the gaping mouths of serpents, to be swiftly thrown down, many planes deep.

The parallel is not so just, in the case of one who follows the natural way. He does not trust to chance. He relies upon Nature's laws, and by obedience to them, almost always lands at the feet of ladders, which take him higher, each time.

## HOW TO APPRECIATE POETRY

BY LELAND J. BERRY.



POETRY has become such an important part of present-day Indian Literature, that it is the intention of the writer to attempt an analysis of its depths so that it might in future be read to its best advantage. Firstly, consider this fact which is indisputable. Every country is proud of her poets; their poems take first rank in all literature. If a country wishes to talk of its greatness, it invariably commences with its poets. England is perhaps prouder of William Shakespeare than of any other of her sons, mainly because, to Shakespeare we owe the basis of the English language. India is deservedly proud of Tagore, the Germans of Goethe, Italy of Dante, France of Moliere, etc. Another fact that now confronts us very strikingly is the knowledge that poetry is read on occasions only; why is this? For one reason, and probably the only reason, poetry requires great understanding. All the superiority of our brains is called into action to interpret the poet's meaning. This requires concentration and a certain amount of quietude, which is not always available. Consequently, there are few occasions in our busy day, when we can settle down to a delightful hour with our favourite poet. In this article, I am confining myself to English poets.

Poets are essentially superior, therefore they write of things which are, for the main, unusual and emotionally striking. We must rise to their plane to enjoy them fully, not cast an idle eye over the page and then turn to something different; because it needs a little careful reading before the beauties of the poem become apparent. A few moments' reflection spent thus will be repaid a hundred fold, in as much as your soul, and indeed your whole life, will begin to shape itself on more beautiful lines; you will be conscious that poetry abounds practically in everything and in the end, you will commence to seek it for yourself from amongst the material Nature so thoughtfully placed for our enjoyment, and which, so few of us appreciate.

Shakespeare did not confine himself to the beauties of Nature in his works, and by Nature, we imply flowers, trees, forests etc. Of Human Nature also he had a lot to say; most of his plays deal with the treachery

of man, and probably every sentence if studied carefully reveals some moral or precept which, if taken to heart, would lead to a better understanding of the various ways of mankind. To-day, his plays are acted the world over, his works have been read by thousands of admirers, and quotations from this great man's readings are copied on to calendars, greeting-cards, motto's etc. for everyone to see and enjoy. Shakespeare is the most difficult of our poets to read and understand, but it is obvious he has something of importance to say; otherwise we should not have so many people, scholars and others, taking the trouble to read him so freely. The following is characteristic of him:—

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." Lord Alfred Tennyson was, what might be termed, a lyrical poet. He wrote verse that was both beautiful and rhythmic, and such verse is bound to win many hearts, in as much as it is comparatively easy to read and as easy to understand. Many delightful love-poems came from his pen as well as an abundance of Nature-poems. Tennyson struggled for an ideal as indeed do most poets, and his ideal was a beautiful soul, as witnessed by these lines from his beautiful poem "Sir Galahad":—

My good blade carves the casques of men  
My tough lance thrusteth sure.  
My strength is as the strength of ten  
Because my heart is pure.....  
How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favours fall.  
For them I battle to the end  
To save from shame and thrall.  
But all my heart is drawn above  
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine.  
I never felt the kiss of love  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam.  
Me mightier transports move and thrill  
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.

Nearly all of his poems are 'musical,' as is the above quotation, and can be well recommended to the earnest student of poetry.

In Wordsworth, we have another poet of significance. His lines sway our emotions whilst we read; his love-poems fill us with all the ardour of a love-sick swain; poems of sorrow awaken all the sympathies of a life-time, and poems of Nature inspire and exhilarate us beyond measure. Whilst we are reading, the innermost meaning of the poem is impressed unawares upon our heart and mind, so that we learn to look upon love as the sacred thing it was intended to be; upon death as something beautiful and not at all the terrifying spectacle we have been led by

others to believe it to be upon Nature as a glorifying monument of God's handiwork, and not as something put there to fill the spaces up. It is because all these various poets chose to look at life from their own viewpoints, that we have poetry. Poetry is a man's way of expressing his innermost thoughts of how the world should be, or is to his eyes. When we read these various poems, each stating its own descriptive case, we are able after a while to construct our own thoughts on those lines, taking a little from each that specially appeals, until we have the perfect, or nearly perfect, whole.

Robert Browning also possessed a great lyrical faculty; how lovely and loaded with longing is his "Home Thoughts From Abroad":—

Oh! to be in England.  
Now that April's there  
And, whoever wakes in England  
Sees some morning unawares,  
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough.  
In England now!

Here is a poet for everyone, or at least a poet who writes verse which is more captivating to the mind than is another's. He seems to touch our own views, and dwell on the subject that happens to be dearest to our heart, be it love or flowers. Browning is very widely read owing, no doubt, to the varied style he displayed in writing, and the popularity of his subjects. The following quotation is from "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix":—

"I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he,  
Galloped: Dirk swallowed, we galloped all three;  
"Good-speed," cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew  
"Speed" echoed the wall to us, galloping through,  
Behind us the porters, the lights sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped abreast."

Of all the four classes of poetry that exist, namely, lyric, epic, dramatic and elegiac, the lyric is by far the most popular, because it embodies a peculiar 'singing' rhythm that is pleasing to the ear. Moreover, its theme is at once apparent, and does not need searching for. In the case of elegiac or meditative poetry, unless the full meaning of the poet is ascertained, it cannot be appreciated.

When you read poetry, make it sound in your head. Do not merely scan the lines; get the full rhythm. It is then that you will begin to enjoy poetry. A poem contains, very, very often, more than a story, and says it in a quarter the time it takes to read through a story which in the majority of cases, does not contain half the ecstasy and joy of life.

Listen to the ecstasy of these two examples, weigh every word carefully; the first is taken from Henley, and is an ode to Wine:—

The Spirit of Wine  
Sang in my glass, and I listened  
With love to his odorous music,  
His flushed and magnificent song,  
..... I am health, I am heart, I am life!  
For I give for the asking  
The fire of my Father, the Sun,  
And the strength of my Mother, the Earth.

A delicious burst of ecstasy from another poet:—

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.

There is, it must be borne in mind, a poet for everybody, the sad person, the joyous person, the love-sick person or the bereaved person. Each has a poet to turn to for consolation or amusement, whichever they require at the time. A poet is usually a man possessed of a beautiful soul or a far-seeing mind, and if you commence to study their various works, and understand them more and more as you go along, you will be going a long way to improve your own intellectual resources. Poetry is the wine of life; it is made from the richest fruits of man's dreams. Drink your fill of this wordy nectar, and you will be rewarded with a rejuvenation of the heart and mind.

### THE SOLACE OF LOVE

1. When all around mere gloom and darkness reign,  
It's love alone that sheds a beam of light,  
That pierces thro' the clouds of grief and pain,  
And makes our sullen skies look once more bright.
2. When all around we hear the Presents' sighs  
And groans, and sorrows' shrill outcries and wails,  
It's Love's melliferous whisper thro' the skies,  
That lulls our ears, and softly calms the gales.
3. When cut and torn with Worry's shafts, and much  
Fatigued, we lie uncar'd for, and alone,  
It's Love, who wakes us with her gentle touch,  
And with her balmy breath restores our own.

C. P. SRINIVASAN.

## ANJANEYA AND THE ROYAL GUERDON OR THE HINDU VIEW OF LIFE



THE long awaited sacred hour had come. To the unending happiness of one and all was Sri Ramachandra with his royal consort, amidst infinite prayers and rejoicings installed on the throne of Ayodhya and crowned king of the realm. Kings, princes, and Lords; Saints, sages and savants; maids, music and militia: in short the good and the great, had all thronged to the Divine Coronation. Large and various presents were, at the coronation, lavishly distributed amongst the friends and followers of the Lord in his exile and dreadful war with the mighty King of the Rakshasas. And the heavenly durbar-hall of Ayodhya shining and exultant to the brim was ringing with ardent acclamation and ecstatic shouts of Sri Ramajayam, while Sri Rama with his peerless consort Janaki adorned the golden throne amidst the beaming constellation of the sons of the Royal family of Raghu: the worlds-enchanting spectacle that even Gods longed for and loved to see.

Alone, in a corner at the foot of the throne, silent and unnoticed, with drooping eyes and folded hands was squatting the poor old servant of the Lord, quietly drinking unknown, and may half dead to all the world, his ancient cordial of Ramamrutham. Nothing of the prowess of the Divine messenger was in him; and no one cared to know or notice him. No laurel weighed on his sere brow, nor did any royal reward burthen his hands. A shaggy old monkey crouching in a corner. All but He perhaps had clean forgotten him.

When the exuberance of the jubilation subsided a little the glistening eyes of the modest queen on the throne happened to fall on the poor motionless figure of faithful Hanuman. She was deeply moved by the pathetic spectacle and stung to the quick by a strong sense of shame and ingratitude. Was he not her sole friend and consoler in the hellish wilderness of Lanka? Was not his visit the only Oasis in the burning desert of seething wickedness and sin to which the brutal hands of Ravana had borne her? Does she not owe him her life and her restoration to her Lord? Was he not the Saviour of Lakshmana? Does not the Lord himself owe him his conquest of Lanka? And has he not been sadly

neglected in the hour of their greatness and glory? Thoughts such as these arising in her mind visibly dimmed her eyes. She then invited the attention of her Lord to the abject condition of the faithful servant of their perilous days in forests and foreign lands. The Lord replied that she might reward him as she liked. Seetha demurred. But bidden by her Lord again she called Hanuman to her side, and taking, amidst the glare of envious eyes, from her neck the richest and the most prized of her coronation presents: the matchless necklace of pearls that Indra had presented to her Majesty on the auspicious occasion, flung it, with a smile, round the neck of Anjaneya amidst loud applause and repeated cries of 'Sri Ramajayam.'

With tears in his eyes and his eternal Ram-Ram, on his quivering withered lips Hanuman prostrated himself at the foot of the throne and quietly retired to his old corner. Squatting there he took the precious necklace off his neck and looking at it closely, to the grim astonishment of all present, plucked a pearl from it, bit the pearl and crushed it under his teeth, took it out of his mouth and wistfully looking into it threw it away with a wry face. He then took out another pearl of the necklace, treated it in the same manner and threw it away at last. He then continued the process with one pearl after another and began, with increasing dissatisfaction and contempt, to throw away the precious pearls after crushing them one by one.

The proud and princely audience observing the rude conduct of the old monkey began, meanwhile, to grow impatient and annoyed at the uncanny reception given by him to the Royal Guerdon, though they were more-than-half-inclined to jeer at it as the natural result of casting pearls before the swine. Was he not after all a brute? What does a monkey know of the value of the jewel or of the present? Sri Rama alone looked at it with a smile. Seetha too was no little struck with shame and chagrin at the insulting and brutish conduct of the old animal for was not the august assembly really chuckling at her indiscrimination? Seetha therefore, painfully implored her Lord to vindicate her dignity. But 'No' said Sri Ramachandra. 'Ask him thyself and he shall answer thee' added the Lord with a smile. Seetha, however, covering with intense humiliation then called Hanuman to her side. He sped to her. She asked him why he was so wantonly destroying the priceless jewel she so heartily presented him in token of her high esteem of him and his invaluable services. 'I only look' replied Hanuman meekly kneeling in low obeisance at her feet, 'If my Lord is inside it, I find him not there. It is therefore

worthless and useless to me. I therefore throw the thing away.' At these words Seetha's consternation knew no bounds. But Sri Ramachandra was still smiling like the moon at the simplicity and devotion of the crude old minion.

Incensed by the pain caused to her majesty by the savage conduct of the old brute and no little vexed by the foolish monkey-philosophy, the lords and savants of the realm present with intent to corner him and crush his presumption, asked him if his Lord was in his body. 'If He was not there' said they 'was not that too "worthless and useless" and deserving only of destruction?' With a flash in his eyes Anjaneya turned round and bowed to them a deep bow of his entire agreement with their words. To see, then, if the Lord was in his body, he at once began ruthlessly to bite and scratch his body, limb by limb, and inch by inch, with increasing distress as every injury only disclosed the sacred name of Sri Rama. In wild agony, at length, he smote his breast and tore it open wide, And lo! what is there? Enshrined there sits the sweet-suited Lord Sri Ramachandra on the golden throne with Janaki nestling by his side.

The proud and wide-mouthed audience aghast at the unbidden spectacle fell down in mortal fright at the feet of the devout old servant of the Lord and learnt once and once for all, the secret of Love and life.

May that Anjaneya guard and guide us in the struggle of life

is the prayer

of a

Poor Medieval Hindu.

#### SUNRISE

From above us and from under,  
In the ocean and the thunder,  
Thou preludest to the wonder  
Of the Paradise to be:

For a moment we may guess Thee  
From Thy creatures that confess Thee  
When the morn and even bless Thee  
And Thy smile is on the sea.

FREDERICK MORGAN

## ON FLATTERY

BY N. K. VENKATESWARAN.



O the mass of mankind not many things are more pleasing than listening to the description of their 'opulent virtues' by eleemosynary folk. "The 'gift' of good and great qualities to those who do not happen to possess them is easy to give and gratifying to receive. The appeal of homied words is almost universal. Their fascination is subtle and unconquerable. The gods themselves they say, are pleased if flattered. In fact, most people flatter them only to please them.

Nevertheless, we find flattery among the formally forbidden things in the teeming field of human enjoyments, and just because it is so, our desire for it and the relish we derive from it are so much the greater. We have a little way of putting up a 'NO THOROUGHFARE' across the very road, along which all humanity streams. Of course, humanity has better sense than to mind such sign-boards. It is possible to conceive that we set our faces against flattery, in order that we may be fooled, not fooled but flattered, to the very tops of our bents. When you begin to sing the praises of someone, that gentlemen, looks as though he hates it from the bottom of his heart, but uses every means in his power to assist the sweet rivulet to flow, to induce it to flow accumulatively, and perennially, if possible. It is wonderful how nicely the trick is turned. And it is not the very skilful only who are able to turn it like that, for everyone comes into the world with enough skill to do it, and there is, perhaps, none but carries it off famously.

Poets, philosophers and such like people often show no end of hostile manifestation to flattery. "Flattery is the food of fools," cries one. Such kind of writing often gathers great way on the uncertain imaginings of men. Man, exquisite creature, is celebrated for the purest hypocrisy, for the completest detachment from earthly things. He often kills in his philosophy, in his poetry and even in his casual conversations, what he does, nor can he ever help doing so in actual life. His is this privilege to philander emotionally with impossibilities and to throw these overboard when occasion calls. This does not, however, argue man a time-server, but a self-server, often given to dreams as he is.

Whatever then be the volume of disapproval that man pours on flattery, he never once relinquishes it altogether. No sensible creature would, and man would die before surrendering his native sense. For flattery is the most powerful appeal we know to the emotions. Flattery lifts us to the empyrean, gives us heavens happier beyond our dreams. It is about the easiest way of apotheosizing you and I. Even the smallest of people put on the stature of the tallest when flattery blows its balmy breezes.

Flattery is not only necessary to make life exalted but also even to make it possible. It may be said to be a biological necessity. In the absense of flattery, self-consciousness dries up and disappears, and this should, of course, be a calamity to the progress of the human race. That is why nature, always so mindful of our elementary needs, appoints us our own flatterers when we do not have any one to flatter us. Nature is too kind to let us languish in ethical self-accusations.

One more proof, if need be, may be cited to show the excellence of flattery. We like to be flattered because we like to be better than we are. At the bottom of our love of flattery is our desire for self-improvement. Man, however depraved, still likes to rise, still likes to persuade himself that others think well of him, still likes to flatter himself that he is all that he should be. The thief aspires to be a great thief, the saint a great saint, the statesman a great statesman. Greatness is the common end and if there is a more fundamentally healthy instinct in man we have perhaps not yet known it. Look, therefore, at flattery from any angle. you like, for any time you like, you will not detect a single flaw in it. Flattery is absolutely pure, absolutely unimpeachable.

Having written so much about flattery it becomes imperative that some space should be given to flatterers as well. Three kinds of flatterers, broadly speaking, may be distinguished. These are thorough goers, chary, benefactors and conscientious objectors. The first give with both hands and give gracefully. They begin with a certain air of timidity, as all successful artists do, and in the end come off with flying colours. The usual formula of the difficulty and delicacy of praising one to one's face is varied according to individual taste and skill and as the speaker warms into the subject, as he soon does, he launches himself full speed down the roseate path. For a time, the heavens rain flowers and a sweet fragrance fills the air. It is sad to reflect that it does not rain always like that.



The chary benefactors measure out the precious ware with dainty economy. They have a double personality, and are half misers, half givers. They like to give and at the same time, do not quite like the idea of giving. They are often troubled by the thought that to give fulsome praise to others might be in some way to dispraise themselves. They often seem to think that they own the sole right in flattery, that it is always for others to flatter them, never for them to flatter others. Such fancies are fatal to the great art of true oblation, and the chary benefactors usually carry it off very awkwardly. They hardly know the universal truth, that one must give, so that one may get.

The conscientious objectors do the the thing with quite an uneasy mind. The fear afflicts them that what they do may not be embraced within the injunctions of the great prophets such as, the Eight-Fold Path or the Ten Commandments. The conscientious objectors may be carriers of heavy moralities, but they need to be told that to flatter fully and fearlessly is to become healthy, wealty and even wise, the three immensely important things without which life loses much of its varied felicity. Life on this planet is concerned primarily and ultimately with the question of how to live, which question is a little different from what is called virtue. Worldly wisdom is the basis of worldly life, and it would be cheek to disregard wordly wisdom while we live in the world. Such cheek rarely goes unpunished. We breath the air and live; we flatter and live fully.

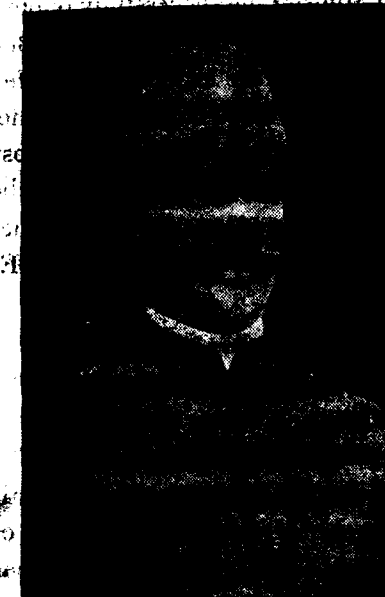


"Remember always that the deepest truth, the truest, of all, is actually unspeakable, cannot be argued about, dwells far above the region of articulate demonstration; it must be felt by trial and indubitable direct experience; then it is known once and for-ever."

.....Goethe.

## NOTES

IN a land, where the life of the average man is only a couple of years over twenty, the death of the Raja of Panagal, at the age of 62 may not be considered as too premature. But no one who had seen the robust health of the Raja Sahab and the simple, healthy and regulated ways of his living, could feel it as anything but a tragedy, that his end should have come so soon. Indeed, to most of us the announcement of his passing away was also the first intimation that he was ill. But we unfortunate Indians are also remembered, what Lalaji was to the Nation, that the late Raja of Panagal was to this Presidency, one important section of it in particular. We send our sincere condolences to his family and to the Justice Party, which stands today widowed of its leader. Not yet out of his death chamber as we are now, as it were, we wish to remember him as the extremely lovable gentleman that he was. Though Fate, so often unkind and erratic, put him at the head of a Party, which took for its creed a hymn of hate against the ubiquitous Brahmana, the Raja Sahab was the pink of courtesy as much to the latter as to the highest official in the Government. His kindness and hospitality, the suavity of his temper, the purity of his moral life and the *motif* of his Public career alike arouse our regard and respect and the Justice party will have to wait long and patiently, before it could find one to take the place of the Raja Sahab. It is also a pleasing experience



to reflect that though the whirl-gig of time and circumstance, pitchforked the Raja into positions of immense power and responsibility, he easily rose to the occasion and adequately demonstrated his capacity to meet the needs of the situation.

**F**OR the reason set forth above and also because it is not primarily our vocation, we do not desire to dwell much on the political career of the Raja Sahab. Perhaps, to no man was given opportunities so great and so many as were given to the Raja, but how he used it and what the result of it has been to the country, we shall leave Posterity and the political pandits to judge. For ourselves, we like to dwell on the fact that as the Chief Minister, he successfully piloted through the Council in the face of opposition and put into the Statute Book a measure of very great importance and helped the enactment of a few other equally good laws of his colleagues. We wish to remember that he helped considerably our ancient system of Ayurveda and that to him mostly we owe the Indian School of Medicine. Nor should we forget the elaborate scheme of rural medical aid, which he sponsored or the bold step he put up in the matter of Indianisation, in the closest of preserves of the European, to wit, the Medical Service.

**U**NDoubtedly the centre of interest in this month in India is the place, where the national gatherings are held every year in Christmas Week. This year, Calcutta has been the cynosure of all eyes, it being the fortunate place selected for the holding of the annual session of the Indian National Congress and allied conferences. Such an arrangement has both its advantages and disadvantages. The chief advantage is that of convenience for those who are inclined to attend them. The holding of those functions at a particular place within a short period enables many to attend them, which, otherwise, they may not be able to do. The obvious disadvantage is that the functions connected with the Congress have, in these days particularly, become so all-engrossing that not many have the time or the leisure or even the inclination to devote their attention to these smaller functions, which lose, their importance, therefore, being eclipsed by the parent body. And we are not sure that the disadvantages are not much more than the advantages. From this point of view, the National Liberal Federation, which was held in Allahabad and the All-India

Christian Conference, which was held in Madras, did a wise thing, indeed, in choosing those places for their venue.

**N**OW to come to these functions. We said, the chief of these was of course the Congress. there have been very few addresses delivered from the presidential *gadi* of the Congress, which are more succinct, lucid and clear than the one delivered by Pandit Motilal Nehru. It is utterly devoid of that sentimental appeal and eddy verbiage, that is such a characteristic of the usual run of speeches and is a most illuminating exposition of the ideal for which he tood. What can be more concise than his statement of his position which he thus defined. "I am for complete Independence, as complete as it can be, but I am not against full Dominion status, as full as any Dominion possesses today, provided I get it before it loses all attraction for me. I am for the severance of the British connection as it subsists with us today, but am not against it, as it exists in the Dominions."

**T**HE Congress of this year was marked by divisions in the Congress camp itself and there appeared a distinct cleavage between the impetuous younger elements and the sober old. That even Mahatmaji's reentry into the active political arena and the fact of his sponsoring resolutions himself, should hardly deter the younger elements from raising the flag of revolt, has a significance all its own. The session also revealed, that whether the fanatical faith in Independence is right or wrong, the younger element is emphatic about it. Whether they are also earnest on the matter, time alone can reveal. The talking they have done with a vengeance. It remains to be seen how they are going to do the 'acting'. We trust that they will not be found wanting.

**A**S regards the practical effect of the resolutions passed, despite the so called compromises and the elaborate explanations of Gandhiji one salient fact emerges. It is that the Congress is practically committed to the goal of Independence. The compromise resolution, as the Independence protagonists have hastened to explain with rather unseemly haste, is nothing but a camouflage. No one outside

Bedlam seriously believes that the British Government will capitulate and give us Dominion status before this fateful year closes and according to the resolution, the Congress has already pledged itself in advance, to revive Non-violent Non-Co-operation again should their ultimatum be ignored as it will certainly be. So, frankly we think the Independence wallahas have gained all along the line and Dominion Status and Nehru Report have been given one year of grace, after which they will be as dear as a door nail so far as the Congress is concerned.

**T**HUS it will be seen that the decisions taken by the Congress are much more serious than what most people had bargained for. Time only will show whether its decisions are going to be for the good of the country or not. But to us who are not active participators in this serious game of politics what strikes us is the unpleasant realisation that the reapproachment between the various political parties in the country, which were slowly but surely increasing for the last one year, has been rather rudely arrested in its progressive development. We shall not be surprised if the parties drift apart again and begin to pursue their conflicting and divergent paths once more. That is a tragedy in itself, but what is more, we are not even hopeful of unity even within Congress ranks, Mahatmaji's compromise resolutions notwithstanding. The division list made it apparent that the strength of the two parties is almost even. The Independence-wallahs have already begun to explain away the compromise. Should the other party also retort in the same strain, the congress will necessarily, in evitably be split in twain. So, instead of unity, for which we had all hoped, more strife, more parties and, perhaps, still further recriminations. What a grim prospect indeed.

**N**EXT in importance is, of course the National Convention. A good deal had been hoped for from this All-Party gathering and its representative character was unquestioned. It began well, **National Convention** very hopefully, very methodically. But it became the victim of adverse circumstances, for which, of course, it was not at all responsible. Between the controversy over the form of the constitution on the one hand, and the settlement of the communal question on the other, it has been all but shattered. If it has not

actually broken up, it was because such of those who had so laboriously nursed it up with so much labor, worked so frantically for its very existence by pathetic appeals to the good sense of the contending members. The decision of the Congress in favor of one year support to its Constitution, was the first blow struck. If the largest single party in this convention is to disown its constitution after a short period, the constitution will not certainly, be an All-Party constitution. The next blow came from the communalists and the organisers averted an immediate break up by tactfully calling off the unseemly fight that was being waged on the floor of the convention pandal. The intransigence of the Sikhs, the preposterous demands of the Muslim League and the threatening attitude of the Hindu Sabhaities, are by no means heartening and, do not ~~all~~ us with hopes for the future. But the twelve days through which the convention dragged itself were not unrelieved by stray rays of hope. It does good to one's heart to find a Hindu like Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, who is prepared to give a little more to a brother of his, who does not realise the unfairness of his demand, and find a Muslim like Dr. Kitchlew or Mr. Brelvi, who in these days of loud-mouthed demands could stand up and tell his co-religionists that they could not claim the demands they ~~now~~ put forward as a matter of right but can only ask for it as a matter of concession. We trust the coming days will produce more of these gallant band of generous-hearted souls and that very soon, ~~if not now~~, the convention, which has had to adjourn *sine die* now without doing anything substantial, will assemble again to register the agreement on the rival and contending claims and put forward what will be a real all-parties', and therefore, a National Demand. Would to God that our people realised what the consequences of failure would be!

**B**UT if our achievements in the field of politics have not been much or very hopeful those in the field of social, literary and other activities, have been entirely satisfactory. Such <sup>is</sup> **Women's Conference** the Women's Social Conference, the National Social Conference, the Library Conference, the Youth Conferences, the Journalist Conference, and a host of others. It is out of question for us with our limited space to notice all these functions as they deserve, but we cannot help mentioning a few. One such is the womens' gathering over which the talented Junior Maharani of Travancore presided. Hers indeed was a Clarion call to her sex to

realise their destiny and take their place in the National life. Her backwardness, she pointed out, was being exploited by the ruling race to keep us down in subjection, and there was another reason why they must awake and arise before it is too late, in addition to equipping themselves for their unalienable rights and duties of guardian, mother, and helper. The resolutions passed were equally progressive in their outlook, and were quite in keeping with the trend of the Maharani's address. "We are a dying race," said Miss. Aparna Devi, daughter of Mr. C. R. Das, moving the abolition of child marriage and dowry system, "and unless we are prepared to stem the gathering down-rush of Hindu Society, by something strong and tangible, they should soon sink into oblivion, and only become fit to be preserved in museums like the mummies of Egypt, in air-tight glass cases." Yes, truly. But all is not lost—there is yet time to right this and other social wrongs—when our women come to realise so far our deficiencies and feel for them. Conservative women-folk! such has been man's excuse for standing still. Let him now beware!

THE address delivered by Mr. M. R. Jayakar, as the President of the National Social Conference, will easily take the first place among the addresses delivered in Congress Week. Mr. Jayakar, Social Conference is one of the clearest of our thinkers and the bent of his mind gives an air of judicial impartiality to his utterances, which, always burning and sincere, are never merely sentimental. He is one of our few politicians who believe that there can be no real political progress without social reform, and hence the latter, in his case, gets the same attention as the former. And his research into social questions, particularly from the legal point of view, such as the position of women in Hindu Law, is another point in his favour which makes his occupancy of the Presidential chair peculiarly appropriate.

It is difficult to do more than refer in the briefest detail to the very many vital and intricate points that he has dealt with in his illuminating, scholarly and brilliant address. He recounts the disabilities Hindu Women's suffer under Hindu Law in strong language, Disabilities but with absolutely no exaggeration, inaccuracy or fulsome appeal to sentiment or modern ideas. That is a special branch of his study and first hand research, and, therefore

incapable of being assailed either by Orthodoxy or Custom. Coming events will, we are certain, prove him a prophet in his surmises. For, already he points out barriers which before caused "noise" when attacked, now fall without sensation. It is the part of wisdom for those who are anxious to promote the Nation's weal, to help the process to run smooth rather than obstruct it.

MR. Jayakar, in common with other thinking men in India like, for instance, Mr. Natarajan and Mr. C. F. Andrews, has some hard words to say with regard to the attitude of the Government in regard to Social matters. He is not deceived by the Government's pose of neutrality, which is not merely a cloak for indifference, but is even worse, being no less than acting as a drag on progress by siding with orthodoxy, with the ultimate object of indirectly retarding political progress. That this is not a prejudiced view or the common stock in trade of the professional agitator, a glance at the history of social legislation in the Assembly, including that of Mr. Sarda, will make clear. The game is already played out and Government would do well, in its own interest, not to over do it. Mr. Jayakar gently reminds it, aptly enough, that "a Government which keeps for long alien in sentiment, undermines itself."

TWO Conferences of youth were held in the Congress Week, one with a declared socialistic tinge, presided over by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and the other with Mr. K. F. Nariman Youth Conferences as President. A good deal of enthusiasm was evinced at these gatherings, and lots of exciting speeches were delivered. And "the members of the Republic of Youth" true to the gradeloquent terms in which Mr. Subash Chandra Bose addressed them, passed many resolutions among which was one declaring for Complete Independence, another boycott of the Simon Commission, yet another propagation of Swadeshi and so on and so on. They are, of course, engaging exhibitions of youthful impetuosity, but youth should take care that they are not merely that. Nay, may we say, that after having raised the standard of revolt, having rebelled against the fallacies and idiosyncracies of the old having solemnly protested against both the Arabindo school of thought and the Gandhian way of "back to

the days of the bullock cart", it would be making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the world if they do not carry out their resolutions in practice. Even if they only make one of the many items of their programme effective, as for instance, boycott of foreign cloth and use of handspun khadi, they would have achieved a great deal and justified their spectacular show at Calcutta. We hope they will.



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