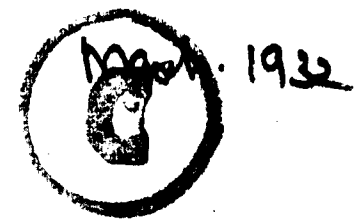


Madison CHRISTIAN College Magazine

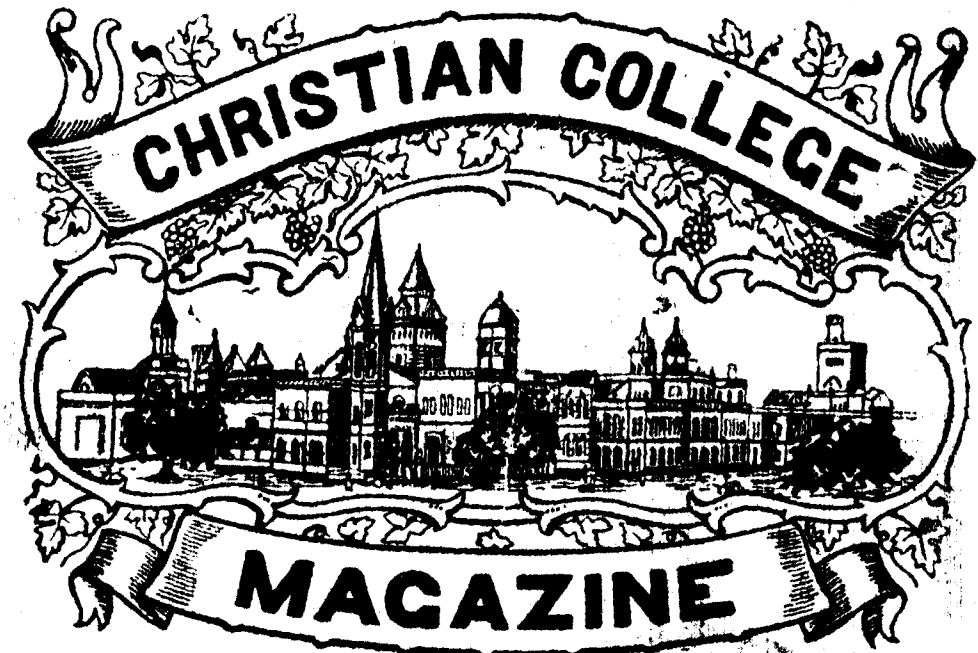
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THE MADRAS



"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

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Madras Christian College

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OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION, LONDON

THE MADRAS Christian College Magazine

New
Series

MARCH 1932

Vol. I, No.

College Notes

The year is almost over now, except for the tournaments in the various games have either finished or are going on, though the inter-collegiate sports still lie ahead. It has been a curious year for the Christian College. It has been a year in which we have had a lot of time since we got into so many finals in one year. Of them except one, the Wilson Cup football final, the fact that there should be a high level all round the games are we really weak. One interesting development of a keen and sustained interest in athletic sport is to be a full-fledged Athletics Section, with Mr. M.

Rev. W. L. Campbell

Much to his own regret, and to the regret of his many friends in Madras, Mr. Campbell has decided for domestic reasons to resign his position. Joining the staff in 1921, Mr. Campbell worked as Professor of English, and those who knew him could only marvel at his great devotion to the College and his zealous interests of the students. He was a tireless worker and gave himself no pains in the endeavour to give of his very best. His cheerfulness made him a genial and comfortable person. In our official farewell, we would offer our best wishes and pray that he may long be spared to serve the cause to which he has now returned. For Mrs. Campbell's return to health and many happy years in the future, our good wishes we do not forget the through their first years among us, and made their contribution to our festive gatherings.

Obituary : J. F. J. Anbudaiyan

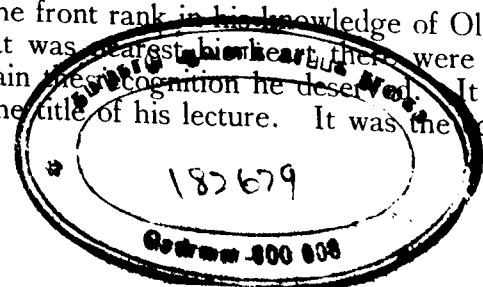
We record with much sorrow the death of Jayasing Anbudaiyan, a student in the Zoology Group of Class IV, and a member of Penn Hostel. He returned to College, and seemed as usual, at the beginning of the term; but he suddenly developed an acute form of heart-trouble, and was removed to the General Hospital, where he died, after a gallant fight for life, on January 15th. His funeral on the following day was largely attended by students and by staff.

Though only eighteen years old, he was a bright and promising student. Last year he won the Korah Eapen prize for Scripture, and fourth in order for the Gunn gold medal. And his interests were not confined to the English. He was keen on games, and at Tinnevely played College XI; he had many hobbies, such as photography and chess. With keen and wide interests, a lively and cheerful nature, and great spiritual gifts, he had a genius for cheerfulness. He is deeply mourned by many. So far as we know, his life would have grown full straight. We offer our sympathies to the bereaved family.

The Presidency who will regret to hear that he died on 27th December after a brief illness. He was an Englishman in the College from 1912 to 1922. His interests in English, Philology, Gothic and Old English were of a high order, and the University at a time when the Honours course was much heavier on the language side than it is now. At the time he was here, he gained an insight into the difficulties of the language, and set himself the task of solving them. He was a great help to those about him with him; and the success of carrying those about him with him; and the fact that later became the Tambaram Scheme owed much to his power of thought.

He was in English Language at Southampton till recently; and was his disciple. In October he gave his inaugural lecture on his appointment in Edinburgh University on 'The Celtic and the Transmission of Classical Learning.' There he might have had scope for his abilities and added in addition to the great tradition of the Chair to his own a desirable counterpart in an active school.

He was at the front rank in his knowledge of Old English. It was a great loss to the College that there were so few who could give him the recognition he deserved. It is akin to the title of his lecture. It was the contribu-



tion of the study of language to the knowledge of the history of culture. It is an idea familiar from the discussion of the earliest Indo-Germanic, but the application in a systematic way to the Western European languages throughout their history is a task requiring a width of knowledge and of sympathy that do not always go together, and also an indomitable capacity for work. That Dr. Crawford was not set free for it shows that the organization of British Universities—not in the sense of machinery but in the sense of bringing together the man and the job—is not yet ideal.

In the same line was his proposal for a course in Madras University in which the main emphasis was to be on English Literature as a revelation of the development of the national thought and customs. If its establishment can now be secured—and there are good hopes that it may be—it will be a fitting memorial. Only slowly did one realise the great capacity for thought that lay behind his genial smile, but two things struck one almost at once: his immense capacity for work and for loving and being loved. 'And the greatest of these is love'.

Commemoration Service

The Commemoration Service was held on January 25th, a Monday, the usual date (the last Friday in the month) being unavailable. The service was conducted by Mr. Asirvadam and Mr. Macnicol, and the Commemoration Address was given by Mr. Barnes. The College Sports were held in the afternoon, and a full account will be found elsewhere.

College Services

Three changes altogether are to be noted this term. First, the Communion-table is now decorated with beautiful flowers every Sunday. This small thing makes, for some people at least, a great deal of difference, and there must be many who are most grateful to Mrs. Matthews for providing and arranging the flowers week by week. Secondly, a new supply of hymn-books has been ordered, and will probably be in use before this is published. The hymn-book chosen is the Revised 'Church Hymnary' of the Presbyterian Churches. The cost is being met, more or less in equal shares, by the general funds and by a subscription of Senatus. If anyone wishes to contribute specially for this purpose, his gift will be gratefully received by the Bursar. And thirdly—a small point, but perhaps significant—the first few pews on the left-hand side of the chapel are now being occupied by students. There is thus more room for students than there used to be, and the congregation looks less lop-sided than it did.

On February 21st there was no service. This was to encourage students to attend the service in the Cathedral on the Day of

of the World Student Christian Federation. The preaching list for the remaining Sundays is as follows :—

January	10	...	Rev. J. R. Macphail, M.A.
	17	...	Rev. R. Frohlich, D.D.
	24	...	Mr. B. Bonnell, M.A.
	31	...	Rev. A. J. Boyd, M.A.
February	7	...	Mr. R. S. Macnicol, M.A.
	14	...	Rev. Dr. A. G. Hogg, M.A., D.LIT.
	21	...	No Service.
	28	...	Mr. J. D. Asirvadam, M.A.
March	6	...	Rev. L. P. Larsen, D.D.
	13	...	Rev. C. H. Monahan, M.A.

At the Devotional Service on Monday, February 22, the preacher was Mr. D. M. Reid.

Old Students in London

An interesting account has come from London of the doings of a new society which bears the mysterious title O.S.A., M.C.C.—Old Students' Association, Madras Christian College. There are many old students of the College in and around London and, with commendable enterprise, they have formed this society in order to keep in touch with one another and with the College, and to help new arrivals from Madras to find their feet. The President is Mr. Kanakasabapathi, Reader in Tamil and Telugu in the School of Oriental Studies, London, and the Honorary Secretary is Mr. K. M. S. Reddy, 54 Amhurst Park, London N16, who will be remembered by some yet in College as a recent member of Caithness Hall and Secretary of the Tennis Club. Any student of the College who may later be proceeding to London should make a note of Mr. Reddy's address and get in touch with him on his arrival. There are many ways in which newcomers can be assisted by those who understand their needs and are at the same time familiar with English conditions, but, even if such help is not desired, the Association offers an invaluable means of preserving the link with College friends and teachers.

Already the O.S.A., M.C.C. has arranged two most enjoyable social events. The first was a dinner held last September in an Indian restaurant in London. Although this had been arranged very hurriedly in order to suit the convenience of certain members of staff, there were present about twenty-five of what may be described as the younger generation of old students, men who left the College only recently and are now pursuing their studies in or near London. In addition, there is a surprisingly large representation of the older generation, about a hundred people who had come to London for various purposes, some on business, and some for the Round Table Conference.

The two members of the R.T.C. who were present were Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswami Mudaliar, and Mrs. Subbarayan, whose husband is among our old students. The staff also was well-represented. Dr. Macphail, formerly Principal of the College, and Vice-Chancellor of Madras University, was in the chair, and was accompanied by his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Corley, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore, and Mr. Boyd were also present. A great deal of food (Indian) was consumed, and several speeches were made, but the most delightful thing about the evening was the excitement and joy of meeting many old friends. The amount of talking done was prodigious, and had not the restaurant lights been switched off in warning, the meeting seemed likely to go on indefinitely.

Later in the year, a tea-party was held at Amhurst Park for the purpose of welcoming those old students who had recently arrived in the country, and, at the same time, of congratulating those who had been successful in the I.C.S. Examination.

The College warmly welcomes this new sign of the enterprise and energy of the Old Boys in London, and would urge all students who go to England to join the O.S.A., M.C.C., to accept the guidance it offers them, and in their turn, to give it their heartiest support.

Tambaram Notes

On Saturday, August 15th, 1931, a rain-gauge and maximum and minimum thermometer were set up in the tree-nursery at Tambaram. Since then weekly readings have been taken. Up to the end of the year 53.08 inches of rain were collected. The heaviest falls occurred in the last week of October and the last week of December, when 9.85 and 9.82 inches were recorded. The highest temperature, 99°F., was recorded in the second week of October and the lowest 63°F., in the last week of December. These temperature figures do not differ much from those recorded at the Madras Observatory. The amount of rain, however, is much greater than that received in the city (43.89 ins.). It appears probable that Tambaram has a heavier rainfall than Madras, but figures for many years are necessary before a correct comparison can be made.

Soon after the acquisition of the land, it was recognised that as the site was destitute of trees, one of the first pieces of work would be the planting of trees for shade. In 1929, the collecting of seedling trees was begun. In 1930 a plot of ground at Tambaram near one of the wells was fenced off for a nursery, and one corner was covered with a tatty roof for shade. Here during 1930-31, under Dr. Gravely's supervision, a considerable number of seedlings was grown. In September last about two hundred young trees were planted out in

avenues; these consisted of peltophorums, rain-trees, and Indian ashes; they have made good growth during the past six months, and some are now eight feet high. There are now about 2,000 young trees of various kinds in the nursery.

Owing to the extensiveness of the area very many more trees will be needed. It is suggested that students from country parts who wish to make a small contribution to the new College, could do so by bringing a few young trees back to Madras with them next term. Most kinds would be welcomed, especially sprouted coconuts, grafted mango plants, and cashew-nut seedlings. Any one contemplating bringing plants to Madras should give notice to Mr. Barnes, so that preparations for their reception may be made at the nursery.

Mr. K. Kuruvilla Jacob

In our last issue we omitted to welcome Mr. Kuruvilla Jacob on his reappearance among us as headmaster of the school. The truth is that it is difficult to think of him as a new-comer, for he has settled down so quickly and so easily that we have almost forgotten he had ever been away from us. Even as a student, Mr. Jacob showed quite unusual capacity for leadership, and as Boys' Work Secretary of the Madras Y.M.C.A. he gave evidence of very special gifts for work among boys. Since leaving College, Mr. Jacob has spent two years in Leeds University, under distinguished teachers, in the study of the theory and practice of education. He won golden opinions from his professors there, and distinguished himself equally as a student and as an athlete. The School is fortunate in securing as headmaster one whose natural gifts have been developed by study of the most recent and approved educational methods in a University which specialises in this department.

The Magazine

There is nothing much to add to what was said last time, except that a student has been found who is willing, and in our opinion able, to fill the post of Literary Editor next year. He is Mr. L. C. Richard, B.A., a post-graduate student in English; and all those who feel that they may be able to write next year should get into touch with him at once. All literary contributions will go first to him.

A News Editor will be nominated early in the first term of next year. For sub-editors to represent the various classes, appointments will be made at the same time from among those who have contributed during the present year; the representatives from Classes I and III will be chosen from among the contributors to the August number.

Is it any use to announce now that contributions to the August number ought to be handed in by July 15th?

Faith: Its Nature, Exercises, Trials.¹

'Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.'—Hebrews xi. 1.

Some one has spoken of the *grace of faith* and the *gift of faith*, as being two very different things: and the distinction, if taken not in a strictly accurate but in a loose and popular sense, is not without its value. The faith which is sufficient to apprehend the mercy of God in Christ, and so to save the soul, may be (and often is) no more than a dim and weak and half-conscious reception of the 'things that are freely given us of God'. Such is not the faith that removes mountains, and conducts to deep and unmistakeable communion with the ever-present Saviour.

In this light, it is the *gift of faith* which is under discussion in this chapter: it is that which brings near and realizes the unseen, the spiritual; and so takes hold of that Almighty power through which it can do all things. Plainly we have not to do with mere belief, however sincere,—mere simple trust, however assuredly saving. This may exist, when it can hardly be called 'the confidence of things hoped for, the proof of things not seen': when such a description would at least at first sight seem wholly out of place. It seems indeed as if a too high standard of faith was here set up,—a description given which must cut away the hope of many a child of God, and plunge often into despair every one truly conscious of the imperfection of his own belief—the weakness of his own hold on the Redeemer. It seems as if, by giving as the universal description of faith what is applicable only to the *gift of faith*, the writer denied its existence altogether save when thus strongly evidenced, as in the case of Enoch and Noah and the rest of the cloud of witnesses cited. A great difficulty appears in this way to arise. Yet it is but apparent; for the intention is to describe faith by its effects, *when these are fully developed*. It is, so to speak, as if a magnifying glass were used. These effects are not discernible in the case of low degrees of faith, and therefore may easily be supposed not to be present at all: yet that they are present even there is evidenced by the fact that when the faith is intensified they become visible. In the very lowest degree of faith, there is present the germ of confidence in things still only hoped for, and of assurance of things not seen. And were it necessary this might easily be additionally confirmed. Therefore, these being the effects—or, as perhaps should be said, the necessary concomitants—of all degrees of faith, they may fitly be taken as a

¹ This sermon is a college exercise of Dr. William Miller's, dated February 1861. It was recently found among some old papers in College House.

description of itself. For we have in this verse rather a description than properly a definition. The essence of faith—its subjective nature—is not touched upon, but that which it is equivalent to, and puts believers in possession of.

It is 'the confidence of things hoped for': the thinking, feeling, acting with a reference to things not yet present in any sense whatever; but which God has declared shall one day be made manifest. It is the assurance that whatever has thus been promised shall come to pass. It is 'the proof of things not seen'. It brings home to the mind the reality of truths, of facts, which the eye has never seen nor any sense ever testified of. In a word, it is the subjective realization of things which are true, though not known through the avenues by which our ordinary knowledge comes.

And it is in this way that the difference between mere belief and true faith can be best—not perhaps explained, but understood, by anyone who is desirous of understanding it for himself. A man had long tried ineffectually to awaken a friend to a sense of his need of Christ. The latter's reply, and indeed his complaint, always was that he believed what the other said, but for all that he was no nearer conversion than before. The question was put at last, and was the means of leading to real faith: 'What have you ever done or kept from doing, because you believe there is a God?'

Faith is the resting, the living upon, things which are real, but which are not discerned to be so by the usual process. And yet it is a legitimate process by which they are discerned. There is what has been termed a Faith-faculty belonging to the human soul as truly as any other faculty. And to understand aright the nature of faith, this truth must be constantly borne in mind. There is a power by which, when once it is awakened, the distant and unseen becomes virtually present. It lies dormant indeed, until called into life by the effectual energy of the Holy Spirit; but when in lively existence it is abundantly self-evidencing, and its testimony is clear and plain. Hence the peculiar beauty and fitness of the many passages in Scripture in which the imparting of Faith is expressed by the opening of the eyes, turning from darkness into light, or similar language. The blind man walks and always lives in the very midst of important, and terrible, and beautiful realities; but he moves about amongst them unconscious of their existence—they are not in his thoughts—he does not shape his life with reference to them. Give him the faculty of sight, and he is at once translated into a new world; becoming conscious of things of which he had no notion hitherto, understanding words to which he could not before attach any real signification. So in the case of faith. We are all in the very midst of spiritual realities—which are as real as material ones—nay, more so—more eternally, essentially real than they can be.

We live and move and have our being in God—we are as near Him, as we can ever by any possibility be: we are rebels, sinners; God's love and mercy are offered to us:—in a word we are in God's world, dependent on Him, needing His salvation. But of all these things we are naturally ignorant: they are true, but being *unseen* we have no *proof* for them, until the Faith-faculty is aroused. Then they make themselves known at once; and in proportion as that faculty is in vigorous exercise all doubt as to their Truth is at an end.

Faith is the confidence, the proof, the knowledge, of spiritual things; the means by which they are apprehended; just as material objects are apprehended by the senses. This new power is only given in connexion with Christianity; yet once it is given, it discloses things which are seen and felt not to be dependent for their truth on the reality of Christ's mission. When it is in exercise, the existence of sin, the terrible need of some salvation, the presence of God, are immediately recognized. Suppose that the claims of Christ were ever disproved, this in such a case would only leave the believer without a remedy:—it would not make him cease to be conscious of his need of some such provision as he believed that he had found. Thus faith is more than the mere belief on the testimony of Christ or Scripture that certain things regarding God and man are true: it is the direct perception of their reality. It is quite conceivable that it might remain even were the witnesses proved impostors. Thence the agony of 'feeling the ice of doubt crashing beneath our feet'. Those who know that agony are ever such as have some confidence of things hoped for, some inward proof of things not seen:—who have had the Faith-faculty to some extent enlivened. Were faith mere belief, they could easily submit to part with their former opinions; as indeed those do who have but such a *historic belief*, however strong it may be. The credibility of the witnesses being destroyed, there is for them no further need to care about what they witnessed to. But faith is confidence—is realization—is unmistakable perception; and thus it is felt that if the mission of Jesus be untrue, only the bridge of safety is destroyed: the terrible gulf yawns as wide, as dark, as unfathomable, as ever. Hence that exceeding great and bitter cry of a heart weary with enquiring, burdened with its cares, apparently nigh to death under its despair—when words cannot give utterance to its grief, when the heavens are brass, and the fountains of earth are all dried up; and love and hope and all things good and true seem banished from the universe. Yet that is a cry which never ascends in vain. Soon is it—soon will it always be—stilled by a new vision of the things hoped for—of the love which was in the Father and has been made known unto us.

Thus then it is of the last importance to keep in mind that Faith is something generically different from anything that the natural man

knows or uses. It is not exercising the same faculties about things which he has not attended to before ; it is the imparting or rather perhaps the arousing of a faculty wholly distinct and new, giving in a new way knowledge of new objects. That it does so, may not indeed be discernible in its lower stages by imperfect beings such as we are (and practically this should ever be attended to) ; yet that these are its results in a low degree even then is seen, both from the universal description here given us, and from the fact that when the tree has grown from the mustard-seed of even the weakest faith, its fruits are plainly such as are indicated here.

Such being the character of Faith, it comes under the law which regulates our whole being. It is indeed unspeakably the most important principle in our nature : where it exists it crowns all others, rules them, and gives them their value. It and it alone links us on to the Father of our spirits ; and so these faculties which bring us into contact only with material creation, with sentient or even with intelligent creatures, are, it may almost be said, infinitely subordinate to it. Yet it is not on this account exempt from the laws regulating our souls. Even as the author and finisher of Faith came into the spheres and submitted himself to the conditions of our humanity—so Faith though it too ‘boasts a heavenly birth.’ It rules by submission, and thus like all our other faculties it grows—it develops—it becomes stronger by exercise—by cultivation. Its implantation is supernatural, the food by which it grows is equally so, but the process of its growth is most eminently natural.

Hence the constant exhortations to hold fast the beginning of our confidence steadfast to the end : that is, even as we have begun to believe so to keep believing. Not otherwise can the principle of Faith grow, and come (as it must come) to overshadow all things else and fill the whole circle of our being. No exhortation was more constantly in one way or other in the mouth of our Lord himself, than that his followers should *abide* in Him. It is no mere work that has to be done once for all. Men do not get converted, and then are all right, and free to go on very much as they did before. There is danger of a one-sided dwelling on conversion, tending to give rise to some such notion. Conversion is but the first act of a *life* of Faith on the Son of God. Faith must be continually exercised and that as simply and as earnestly as in its first putting forth. And this abiding in Christ by Faith—this believing clinging to the Cross, ‘just as we are’, is needful because in ourselves we are—and ever shall be—as wholly undone as ever we were ; but also for the other reason that it is only through this living rejoicing Faith that the work of sanctification can ever be carried on. And though the connexion between Faith and sanctification (a most important and but little-thought-of topic) cannot here be touched

on : it is well to remember that *as regards us*—this sanctification is the final end of the whole Redemption scheme. God sent his Son—Jesus died—the Holy Spirit dwells in the faithful that they may be holy and without blame even before God in love. It is through constant care, and effort, and exercise, that Faith is strengthened and growth in holiness thus secured. True sanctification is the work of that Spirit who alone worketh effectually : but then He works through Faith and by man himself. On the one side it is and must be as thoroughly the work of man, as on the other that of God. The true key to the practical solution in the problem of how God and man co-operate in this, may be found in the illustration so often employed in Scripture of the growth of seed sown and cultivated. The seed is the Word. All its power of germination, of throwing its stock upward and striking its roots downward is implanted directly by God : the husbandman has nothing whatever to do with this. So too the power of the earth to nourish it, and the air which sustains, and the dews of heaven which refresh it, are things which God has reserved in His own hands, and gives or withholds according to his pleasure. Still the husbandman has an important—an essential—part to play. The plant will never bring forth fruit unto perfection unless he pluck up the weeds that surround it and would choke its growth—unless he carefully defend it from the wild beast that cometh from the forest, and unless he apply all his skill in pruning it when this is required. It is true that the husbandman’s strength and skill also ‘come forth from the Lord of Hosts’ and in this the analogy remains most perfect ; but these are nevertheless really his own, and his use of them is his work, and as needful in its own place as that which more immediately cometh from above.

Such then are a few very hasty notices of the nature and the exercises of Faith—of what it is and how it may be advanced. The theme would of course admit of almost boundless enlargement, but some indication of its character has been given. A few words in conclusion on Faith’s trials ; or rather upon one of them, specially brought up by the case before us and, as it appears to me, but little recognised or spoken of. All great principles are constantly evolving enemies to themselves. In fact, the very agitation which they cause in the minds of men, the very impulse they impart, gives life and energy to opinions which are essentially antagonistic. So most eminently is it with Christianity as it is developed in the outward world. The Infidelity which is its greatest foe is powerful because it has borrowed Christian ideas, and appropriated Christian feelings, and is alive throughout with Christian fire. It is as its ablest, deepest opponent of the present day well says, ‘a heresy full of Christian sap, not as of old a metaphysical abstraction, or a cold paradox ; but a living creature speaking with a loud voice and showing a ruddy cheek, because it has drawn life blood from that which

can spare much and yet live.' Just as it is with Christianity in the world, so is it with Faith, in the individual soul. It evolves many of its own enemies and gives them much of their power.

Faith is the 'substance of things hoped for': it brings near the distant, the unseen, the heavenly, and he that abides in Faith may dwell in the very atmosphere of heaven. And herein lies the danger, the temptation; for a Christian life is not a dwelling in heaven, but a bringing down of its purity and peace and joy to mingle with—to dwell among—the corruption, the warfare, and the sorrow of earth. There is not a greater risk, at least to some classes of minds—than that of being content with glorious spiritual vision, and ecstatic raptures of contemplation. A believing glimpse of eternal realities may often almost overpower such with a gush of feeling too strong for words—too strong almost for endurance. It may fill the heart with love to God and love to man, with keen perceptions of many a glorious truth, and unimagined aspirations after all that is generous and true and beautiful and holy—till

' 'Tis misty all both sight and sound
We only know 'tis fair and sweet
'Tis wandering on enchanted ground
With giddy brow and tottering feet.'

And with this—just on account of the wondrous power of Faith—there is the unceasing danger that such shall rest content.

But the danger may be met and overcome, as well as caused, by Faith. For it has another exercise, less lofty perhaps in appearance, but as essential, and to be more attended to and cultivated by, those whose danger is such as has been sketched. It has the power of realising not only those truths which being spiritual no man has ever seen or conceived of in any way except by Faith, but also those facts which *were* seen once, though seen no longer now,—those, namely, of Christ's humiliation and of how He acted during its continuance. The realising contemplation of them is the best corrective to that merely æsthetical delight into which a one-sided spiritualism is so prone to degenerate.

I would hardly venture to say that this distinction is expressly intended in the verse before us:—that the 'things hoped for' are those spiritual verities which in their fulness of revelation and apprehension are all of them only hoped for still; and the 'things not seen' the facts of the gospel history. Still it may be so; and at all events the distinction is most important and certainly *underlies* the statement of the sacred writer.

When filled thus with joy in the earnest belief of that blessed word 'Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty', let us learn to contemplate that same Being in His low estate. Believing in Him as the suffer-

ing Saviour we shall be best prepared for appreciating Him as the glorified.

'As we believe, so shall we see and know,
And as we see and know, we shall receive His presence.'

As by Faith we come to have the proof within us of the patient, heedful toil and pains and suffering which redemption cost Him, we shall get strength to take up our cross and follow in His footsteps, using the spiritual joy and might given us, for our daily wants, and no longer as a selfish luxury. We shall be enabled to deny our higher natures equally with our lower and, in submitting simply to His will, find that we have gained through loss and disappointment and trial, far more than all the real value of the glorious visions we have refused to indulge in for a time.

For such a one the time *shall* come when laborious care shall be no longer needed: when all shall be peace and security and freedom: where

'He shall dwell for ever, no more a stranger guest
With all God's blood-bright children, in everlasting rest.
The pilgrim toils forgotten, the pilgrim conflicts o'er,
All earthly griefs behind him, eternal joys before.'

WILLIAM MILLER.

EDINBURGH, 1861.

Problems of Changing Times in Indian Education

3. The Problem raised by Changed Standards of Culture.

1. The Problem: Is Indian Education making for Culture?

1. *Obvious changes due to Education.* A hundred years have seen astounding changes in what men were wont to speak of as the 'unchanging East'. Of few parts of the East can this be said as truly as it can of India. And there some of the most outstanding changes must be placed to the credit of education. Illiteracy is the ally of a poverty-stricken country and a dominated people. With the growth of education material prosperity expands, and political consciousness arises. So has it been in India. She is steadily advancing in education, and her people growingly participate in advances which increase her wealth, her comfort, and her development. They eat in ever-increasing measure of the tree of knowledge, and they rise to new conceptions of a citizen's duty and their country's destiny. But even if such changes as these which the past century has brought were unalloyed gains, the educational system of the land would have somewhat limited, though genuine, ground for self-gratulation. Education must do more for a country than help it towards changes in standards of living and mode of government, if the changes which it introduces are to touch the heart of the people.

2. *Education and Culture.* Has education in India benefited the country in other ways than those of which we have spoken? Has it caught the imagination? Has it stirred aspiration? Has it added to the store of ideals? Has it enriched life? In these questions Indian education faces the most testing problem which present-day conditions present for solution. Is the educational system of the land making for the culture of the land? On the answer to that depends the justification or the condemnation of the education with which the State has been identified more or less definitely for a century, and in a fully defined fashion for the past seventy-five years.

2. Two admissions as to the working of the Educational System.

3. (1) *Divorce from Religion.* Now it must be admitted that there are two respects in which the carrying out of India's educational policy has kept the people of the land from feeling altogether at home

in the education provided for them. The first is the absence of religion, the second is the separation from the culture of India. And the remarkable thing is that in neither respect is it the educational policy of the country that is at fault, but simply the manner in which the State has given effect to it. So far as the first of these admissions goes, the policy provided for a supply of schools and colleges in which religious instruction could be given without the slightest hindrance: it made it possible for that instruction to form an integral part of the education which those who attended these institutions would receive. And while it contemplated alongside of these a number of schools and colleges managed by government, in which the government attitude of religious neutrality would be maintained, it looked forward to the gradual but steady transfer of such institutions to managements which adopted no such attitude. Thus it not only established an educational system in which there was ample opportunity for an alliance between education and religion but it anticipated the adoption of action which would lead most definitely to the extension of that opportunity. What is it that has limited this opportunity and foiled in great measure this anticipation? It is official action. The State interpreted religious neutrality in regard to the educational institutions which it managed as meaning the exclusion of religion: then it increased the number of these institutions, it did not diminish them: then it spent on them large sums of public money so that their prestige was enhanced out of proportion to their number: and then it spoke of these schools and colleges as 'models'. Thus it came to pass that, through the action of the State, there was created an impression that a model school or college was one which definitely divorced religion from education. Is it surprising if, in these circumstances, it has had not a few followers? At the door of the State, then, lies a twofold responsibility. Its procedure has made a separation between religion and education which is alien to the Indian view of education. And it has stood in the way of giving effect to the policy which would have entirely removed the feeling that the Indian educational system was departing from Indian educational ideals.

4. *Recall to Principles.* Times are changing. At one point after another, the mind of India has made itself felt. What is needed is not this divorce, it says. There must be an alliance: education and religion must go hand in hand. So shall we feel that our education is more truly a possession of our own. And the stronger that demand becomes, the more fully does the administrator realize that he must sweep aside the overgrowth of official action, that he must get back to the principles which were enunciated three-quarters of a century ago, and that he must not be satisfied till he has given them free course. Then will a great step have been taken towards making Indian education India's education.

5. (2) *Divorce from Culture*. But now another admission has to be made. It is this: that in the past there has been too great a divorce between the system of education prevailing in India and the culture and tradition of India. If we seek for the reasons of this they are not difficult to find. The main reason is that the system had its beginning precisely in such a divorce. This was no accident, it was the outcome of a deliberate purpose. And that purpose owed nothing to the intervention of the State: it was conceived and executed by India's own sons. A century ago, in the city of Calcutta, there appeared a ferment of intellectual life which was almost volcanic in its force. The vigorous Indian minds among whom it manifested itself cried aloud for freedom, and only in one direction did it seem to them that they could find the larger liberty of which they were in search. Not in the literature of Bengali, their mother tongue, for 'anything said or written in' it at that time was 'despised in consequence of the medium through which it was conveyed'. Not in the Sanskrit system of education, for that, they considered, far from enlightening their countrymen only served to keep them in darkness. Not in Hinduism, for against it they rose in revolt and to defy what it enjoined they set themselves with an energy that was wellnigh frenzied. Not in any of these did they feel that liberty was to be found, or the cravings of their minds satisfied. That liberty, that satisfaction was to come, so they asserted by their act as well as by their speech, only through Western knowledge, only through the medium of the English language. This was the position in Calcutta a century ago. This was the standard of culture which was then acknowledged not only by the young and eager but also by such thoughtful and experienced men as Raja Ram Mohan Roy and Babu Ramtanu Lahiri. This fact we have to keep steadfastly in mind. From its consequences flowed some of which could hardly have been foreseen.

6. *Macaulay's Minute and his Expectation*. One of these consequences was Macaulay's Minute. When he wrote it in 1835 he was not initiating a new policy, he was but speeding an Indian movement which had been in existence for nearly twenty years and which had steadily gained in strength. He used in that minute, with his characteristic exuberance, expressions to which no one with the knowledge we now possess would ever think of subscribing. But while these words are not forgotten and are frequently quoted, there are others which, strangely enough, seem to have few that remember and fewer still that quote. Yet no one who wishes to understand the forces that were then at work, whether among Hindu youth or government administrators, should forget what Macaulay had in mind when he gave his support to those Indians who advocated 'English' education. Such men he looked upon as 'interpreters' on whom devolved a very definite

responsibility. What was that responsibility? It was, in his own words, 'to refine the vernacular dialects of the country, to enrich those dialects with terms of science borrowed from the Western nomenclature, and to render them by degrees fit vehicles for conveying knowledge to the great mass of the population'. A hundred years ago Macaulay saw that the standards of culture which prevailed in the Calcutta of his day would change, and that the great medium of this change would be refined and enriched vernaculars. What he supported was a preparation for this change.

7. *Lines of Official Action*. But while Macaulay saw this and so acted, the action which government took was calculated to emphasize only one part of the programme which Macaulay and his brother-in-law Trevelyan had in mind, and which Holt Mackenzie had outlined a dozen years before. It acted as if the conditions in Calcutta were similar to those existing in the rest of Bengal, in Bombay, and in Madras. And soon it seemed to take it for granted that the money expended by the State on the diffusion of Western learning was to be utilized in the establishment of schools maintained by the State itself. Now, in both these respects, what was done was unfortunate. There was no movement in any province corresponding to that which the second and third decade of the nineteenth century saw in Calcutta; so that what was educationally beneficial in that city was not necessarily most advantageous for other parts of the country. And while the State had only a limited amount of money to expend on education, and so could undertake only one part of its comprehensive programme if it spent all that money on itself, it might have done a great deal towards the realization of the full programme, if instead of becoming directly responsible for schools in which that truncated policy was exemplified, it had aided schools which could combine with their already existing vernacular departments the inculcation of Western teaching. But while it is easy from the vantage ground of history to make such comments now, a glance at the political history of India during the first half of the nineteenth century makes it very plain that the period did not readily lend itself to consistent policies or comprehensive views.

8. *Theory of Filtration*. There was another direction in which the official action which radiated from Calcutta failed to meet the situation. Much criticism, and not a little sarcasm, has been levelled at the State because of its reliance on the doctrine of Filtration. It has indeed been suggested that this doctrine was all the more readily made use of because it fitted in with financial considerations. But there is no government which does not believe, and which has not good reason for believing, that the learning which is at one time the privilege of the few will be shared in course of time by the many. If the State in India a hundred years ago failed to realize fully the implications of caste

or community it has not been alone in this, as even our own times remind us. The error lay not in the doctrine of Filtration but in the application of it. Filtration comes through the teacher. That is what the State in 1835 did not recognize: it is what several provinces in India have still failed to recognize. Had the proposals of Sir Thomas Munro made in 1822 received the attention which was their due, and had normal schools been set up, as he advised, at strategic points, how wide by this time would have been the sweep of elementary education and how deep the impress on education of the finest Indian spirit. The opportunity was in large measure lost, and Indian education is still paying for that loss today.

9. *Change of Official Attitude.* But if the action of government tended to emphasize that divorce between education and Indian tradition in which the Calcutta movement had its origin, it is remarkable how speedily the Supreme Government made atonement. The Despatch of 1854 is often thought of as being very much an announcement that, among the imports of India, there had now to be reckoned that of educational machinery. In reality what the Despatch gives us is a programme of national education and the principles whereby it may be realized. That this programme, with which the State officially identified itself, remains after the lapse of three-quarters of a century so largely unaccomplished is one of the tragedies of Indian education. And the reason for this failure is simply that, time and again, the State in India has refused to act upon the principles which the Despatch sets forth. On that failure it is not for us to comment at this point. What we have to note is that the idea of a divorce between Indian tradition and education in India finds no support in the Despatch. Instead of that we have presented to us a very different conception. Education is to be the meeting-place of East and West. While, says the Despatch, 'English should be taught where there is a demand for it, such instruction should always be combined with a careful attention to the study of the vernacular language of the district and with such general instruction as can be conveyed through that language.' The mother tongue and English are looked upon as 'the media for the diffusion' of a liberal education. At the same time, say the Directors, 'we do not wish to diminish the opportunities which are now afforded in special institutions for the study of Sanskrit, Arabic and Persian literature, or for the cultivation of those languages which may be called the classical languages of India.' Though its influence in this direction passed far too long unnoticed, largely through the concentration of attention on organization rather than on principles, the Despatch in reality marks the turn of the tide from the divorce between Indian education and Indian culture to the combination of them. Slow, much too slow, has been the realization of this function

of the Despatch: but within recent years the swelling of the tide has brought it into clearer prominence. It is worth while looking at some of the signs of the flowing current.

3. Efforts to combine Education and Culture.

10. *Growing Use of the Vernacular.* And first, let us consider the statement which is so often made that Indian education is imparted by means of a foreign tongue. What are the facts? The *Ninth Quinquennial Review* gives a diagram of the stage at which, in each province, the mother tongue ceases to be the medium of instruction and English takes its place. And it also gives us a table of the numbers of those who are in attendance at each stage. If we compare the diagram with the figures what we find is that, out of the ten million odd pupils and students tabulated, nine and a half million at least are being educated through the medium of a vernacular and six hundred thousand, or just over half a million, through the medium of English. Education is thus being given to the overwhelming number of those who receive it not through an alien language but by means of a mother tongue. And one of the most striking indications of how the employment of the vernacular is on the increase is afforded by a comparison of the figures in the 1927 Review with those of the 1922 Review. Five years ago, out of a total of seven and a half millions under instruction, sixty-eight lakhs were being educated through the medium of a mother tongue, and seven and a half lakhs through that of English. That is to say the number of pupils or students attending schools and colleges of general education in 1922 who were being taught in English was 10 per cent of the whole, in 1927 it was 6 per cent. Thus although there has been an addition of almost three millions to the total under instruction the percentage of those who receive their education through the medium of English has decreased almost by one half. The significance of this can hardly be exaggerated.

11. *Place of Vernacular in the Educational System.* But we cannot stop at this. It may be said, for instance, that the figures which have been adduced apply only to institutions for general education and not to all the institutions of the system. Then let us take account of the 350,000 who study in professional, technical, and special schools and colleges. Of that number somewhere about 260,000 receive their education by means of a vernacular, while there are over 50,000 who belong to European schools where English is the recognized mother tongue. Thus, so far as statistics can help us,

the conclusion which we reach by means of them is that of eleven millions who are under instruction in recognized and unrecognized schools and colleges about 700,000, or very little more than 6 per cent, are being educated in a language which is not the vernacular of the pupil. But even here we cannot stop. For now we have to consider not merely tabular statements but the record of what is actually taking place so as to secure a fuller use of a mother tongue in the service of education.

12. *Universities and the Vernacular.* What is it that the record tells us? Two significant facts in connexion with the universities, and several in connexion with the high schools. We notice, for example, that the Act which incorporates the Andhra University provides 'for the ultimate use of the vernaculars as the media of instruction and examination.' When this provision will become operative perhaps no one knows, but a considerable step has been taken when a goal such as this has its place in a legal enactment. Then, the Osmania University has gone beyond what is purely legislative. It has constituted a Bureau of Translation which employs a large, well-qualified staff, engaged in preparing books in Urdu that 'embrace the whole range of university studies'. At present about a score of high schools in Hyderabad State are educating their pupils with a view to entering upon their studies at this University where Urdu is the medium of instruction and English is taught as a second language. We shall have more to say regarding universities later. But this reference to what the Andhra University proposes and the Osmania University is actually doing makes it perfectly clear that we are at the beginning of a new chapter in the story of Indian universities and their relation to the mother tongue.

13. *High Schools and the Vernacular.* As regards high schools, there is action on every side. While not many pupils have as yet taken advantage of what is permitted in Madras,—study by means of a vernacular in all non-language subjects of the high school course, and answering in vernacular the papers of the School-Leaving Certificate Examination—a beginning has been made. And there is more than a beginning in Bombay where pupils may, if they choose, answer the history paper of the School-Leaving Certificate Examination in the vernacular, and thirty per cent of those appearing in that subject have actually done so. In Bihar and Orissa the vernacular is being used in the high school classes of certain schools. In the Central Provinces the vernacular is compulsory in the high school classes of schools under government management: and, though aided schools are under no compulsion, several of them have voluntarily adopted the vernacular as the means of instruction in these classes. These are but a few of the relevant facts, and every year is adding to them. In the light of them

we see clearly how things stand. Ninety-four per cent of those who receive their education in India are now receiving it by means of one of the languages of the country: the percentage is on the increase: and what is taking place mainly in the high schools of the country is stimulating that increase.

14. *Educational Advance through the Mother Tongue.* Thus a hundred years have wrought a remarkable change. A century ago a form of education appeared in Calcutta which, under the influence of Indian students and reformers, began in a definite divorce between that education and Indian culture. When the State made itself responsible for the introduction and maintenance of a comprehensive educational system a quarter of a century later it sought to undo the onesidedness of the past by emphasizing the place of vernacular languages within that comprehensive scheme. Far too little attention was given to what this official declaration involved, and for wellnigh half a century the endeavour to give it practical effect showed small sign of having behind it official driving power. But time, backed by what education has itself accomplished and by the constitutional changes which have their origin in the influence exerted by education, has added its weight to the value of a policy which was in danger of being overlooked. And today we stand at what looks like the beginning of a new era. If the constitution of the Andhra University and the working of the Osmania University mean anything, if what is going on among the high schools of the various provinces means anything, this certainly admits of no denial, that throughout India there is being steadily built up a system of education which, from the elementary to the advanced stage, has set itself to employ the languages of India as the means by which its diffusion is to be effected.

15. *Connexion between Language and Culture.* But almost certainly some one will say at this point: 'True, there is evidence of the growing use of the vernaculars in the education of India. But is it not the case that "the high school and undergraduate courses are essentially Western courses, unrelated to Indian life as it was lived before the advent of the British"? There are signs that the education given is becoming increasingly connected with Indian languages: but what signs are there of its being connected with Indian culture?' To begin with, the employment of Indian languages is a sign. This is often overlooked because the significance of it is not fully appreciated. To use a language is to do more than simply utter words and sentences. It is to create, even though it be unconsciously, a definite atmosphere. The teacher who in his intercourse with his pupils employs a certain medium of expression is doing more than that, he is employing a medium by which his pupils are brought into the environment which belongs to that medium, into the atmosphere which, wherever it goes,

it breathes. New facts may be presented by means of a mother tongue, but it is in familiar surroundings that they are introduced. Another culture may be drawn on but it makes its appearance in the midst of a culture which is the pupil's birthright. Thus were the present movement to go no further than the stage which it has now reached, that is to say, the increasing use of the languages of India in the higher education of the country, it would mean, that in ever-increasing degree the culture which is connected with these languages is becoming an integral part of that education. For some time there might be little realization of what was happening, but before long, and especially through the re-organization of training schools and colleges, it would be manifest that what was taking place was a steady filling up of the gap between the education and the culture of India. The efforts which are now at work, and which the past ten years have seen so vigorously increased, make it certain that another ten years will not have passed without there being in large numbers of the schools of the country, perhaps in the majority of them, such use of vernacular languages that the knowledge imparted from the primary to the high school level will be effectively related to the 'real thoughts and aspirations' of the pupils.

16. *Influence of a growing Vernacular Literature.* That then is one sign, the full implication of which is only slowly being appreciated. And in the growth of literature there is another, no less significant. The hope which Macaulay cherished regarding the vernaculars has been amply fulfilled in the province with which he was more immediately connected. The education which he supported has made its influence tell on the Bengali language till its power of expression has won the widest acknowledgment. How different is it today from what it was a century ago when none were more contemptuous of the use of Bengali as a vehicle of culture than an important section of those whose mother tongue it was. A great literature has sprung up of which every Bengali is justly proud, and the excellence of which is so great that those who cannot read it in the original are glad to enjoy it in translations. And what is happening in the north-east of India is happening also in the south. Most noticeable is the enlarged output of Dravidian literature. It is as if a renaissance were taking place before our eyes on the eastern portion of the country, north and south. And when we read of what the Bombay, Punjab, and United Provinces Governments are doing to stimulate the development of vernacular literature, we realize how eager and how steady is the effort which is being made in every part of the land not only to extend the power of the vernacular languages, not only to set forth through them the larger outlook and the wider knowledge which changed conditions and experiences have brought in their train, but also to link all this with India's heritage of mind and soul. The growth of Indian literature is a

second, and most impressive, sign of the closer link that is being forged between the education and the culture of India. In a few years every class room will show it.

17. *The Universities and the Study of Indian Languages.* A third sign is the action of the universities. There was a time when the vernacular languages received but scant attention at the hands of the universities, and when the classical languages were dealt with as if scholarship had been stationary for about half a century. At the present day far more time, far more care, and far more thought are being devoted to these great portions of India's possessions. There is still an immense amount that the universities have it in their power to do so as to be the exponents of an enriched culture through the media of the spoken tongues and the treasures which the classics of India reveal to patient study. But we have only to look at what has been done in recent years to realize how striking is the change which is actually taking place. Madras University has not only made the study of a mother tongue compulsory on all who read for an arts degree, but it has established an Institute of Research in Oriental Languages and Literature. The large provision made by Calcutta University for post-graduate work in Pali, Persian, Sanskrit, and Arabic, as well as in Indian history and culture is well known. The Universities of the Punjab and Dacca have departments of classical study, while Rangoon has special courses in Buddhist philosophy and law. The Benares Hindu University has its faculty of Oriental Learning and the Aligarh Moslem University its department of Islamic Studies. Every sentence of this statement might be expanded with advantage, and even then, we should have gained anything but a complete idea of what the universities are doing to remedy a serious defect. The fact is that the universities are applying themselves most resolutely to the provision of means whereby what has very largely stood in the way of an alliance between study and the thought which influences life may be removed with all possible speed. Now at one point, now at another they are quietly filling up the gap which was caused by the original cleavage. And what they have done, far from being a final effort, is simply the earnest of still more strenuous and successful achievement.

18. *The Next Step.* We have seen how significant are the changes that are occurring in the high schools, how in all parts of the country the pupils of these schools have increased and increasing facilities for taking their whole course of study in their mother tongue. And not only that. They now have it in their power to answer in the mother tongue papers set at the examination that enables the successful candidates to matriculate at two, at least, of the existing universities. It is not difficult to foresee what the next step will be. Are those who have pursued their studies in a vernacular language from

the time that they entered an elementary school up to the time when they completed their high school course, and even up to the time when they were declared eligible to enter on a collegiate course, are they to be told at that stage that they must now submit to a change which amounts to a serious dislocation between their new studies and those that have gone before? Are they to be told that the language which has carried them so far can carry them no farther? There are circumstances so well known that there is no need to detail them here which make it necessary to give as the answer to that question: Yes, for the present, it must be even so. But matters quite clearly cannot rest there. There will be a demand for universities in which instruction is given not through English but through the medium of a mother tongue. And that demand it will be impossible to resist.

19. *Contributory Factors to this Result.* Even at the present time there are, quite apart from the high schools, several facts which point to the same conclusion. Let us look at three of them. First, there is the fact of the Indian Women's University at Poona. Into the constitution and standards of that university, which is a purely private institution and is not related to any of the universities incorporated by law, this is not the place to enter. It is mentioned here simply for one purpose. It has shown that, where the mother tongue is regularly employed, there is an increase in the number of women who take advantage of the facilities thus offered for higher studies. This fact requires to be carefully pondered, and its significance for Indian universities realized. Alongside of this has to be taken the fact that, in some parts of the country, the Intermediate Classes, that is the first two years of what has generally been looked on as the Arts and Science degree course, have been separated from the colleges that teach up to the degree. This has been done in two ways which need not be described here: the result is the all-important matter. And the result is that classes which over the greater part of the country are still regarded as parts of the university course are, in areas where the separation spoken of has been given effect to, brought into close relation with the high school classes. At present, it certainly does not look as if this line of action was likely to be widely adopted. But the fact remains that it is actually at work in certain parts of the land. And where that is the case the conditions which prevail in the high school will have their influence on those that prevail in the Intermediate Classes. And the manner in which the mother tongue is employed is one of these conditions.

20. *Local Universities.* The third fact is that within the last fifteen years there has been a noticeable development of what may be called Local Universities. For about half a century the older universities had affiliated to them colleges which were often at distances of

hundreds of miles, and in areas where the spoken languages were very different from those that prevailed in the locality where the headquarters of the university were situated. That state of affairs has not yet ended, but very marked modifications have been introduced within recent years. Let three instances suffice. One is the establishment of a unitary university at Dacca in the province of Bengal. The second is that up to 1916 the United Provinces and the Central Provinces were served by one university; now the Central Provinces has its own university, and in the United Provinces there are five, four of them being unitary. And the third is that until 1916 the University of Madras was the only university in an area which now has five universities. One of the results of such a development as these facts indicate is that, among the students who attend the modern universities and the colleges of which they are composed, there is a greater homogeneity as regards the languages they speak than was the case two decades ago. And that is bound to have its effect. A university established in an area where one vernacular language prevails is in conditions favourable for its adoption of that language as the means by which it conveys instruction to its students. If that language is employed by the great number of the surrounding high schools, and if it is also the language which has admitted to matriculation, its extension into the college courses becomes every year more likely and more natural. The matter is far from being a simple one, and there are many considerations which have to be taken into account besides those which have been mentioned. But no one who is alive to the trend of public opinion and educational development can fail to see the significance of what is now taking place in connexion with the larger employment of the mother tongue in the higher reaches of the educational system. A time is certainly coming when an Indian boy or girl will be able to take the whole of his or her education from the 3 R's up to the Arts degree by means of one of the vernacular languages of the country.

21. *What has been Achieved.* Much has been already done to bring the educational system of India into relation with the culture that has its roots in Indian soil, and much has been done to prepare for still further advances in this direction. But perhaps the greatest achievement of all is simply the realization of the fact that great as has been the value of Indian education there is a weakness in it precisely at that point where it should be strong. It should grip the people's mind, it should stir their ideals, it should integrate their lives. That educators should admit that to a great extent it has failed in these directions is most significant. It means that those whose heart is in the education of India are determined to remedy this failure. They have begun already. The next decade will see the gap between education and culture much narrower than it is today.

4. Place of English in the Educational System.

22. *Facts not to be Overlooked.* Up to this point we have dwelt upon the increasing use of a mother tongue in the education imparted by the high schools. And we have seen reason to believe that what has been done in the high schools will not stop there but will become operative at the university level as well. Does that mean the adoption by all the Indian universities of vernacular languages as the media of instruction to the exclusion of English? Facts do not indicate that this is likely to be the case. It is likely that in several parts of the country the university will be able before long to carry on the education of its students by means of the vernacular language which has taken them through the high school course: in several parts of the country, but not in all. Two facts have to be kept in mind,—the service which the English language renders, and the presence in the educational system of what are classified as European schools. Both these facts claim our attention.

23. *Service rendered by the English Language.* There are certain parts of the country in which the alternative before a pupil who wishes to have a high school course is either such a course through the medium of English or none at all. No administration or management could possibly face all that would be involved in providing schools and staffs adequate for the instruction, in these localities, of every pupil through his own mother tongue. These multilingual areas are the despair of the educator. A recent writer who knows Indian conditions well and who yields to none in his desire for the largest possible employment of the languages of India in the education of her youth speaks of the problem presented by these areas as being 'perhaps insoluble'. It is doubtless one of those problems which will be solved by action, but at present we have to face and to acknowledge the fact. Where an attempt has been made, as it has been made in at least one province, to employ one of the most generally spoken vernaculars as the medium of instruction in the high school, 'the result has been that in many areas the language of the minority has been sacrificed, and owing to this difficulty English has necessarily had to be retained in certain places as the medium of instruction'. When the question of minorities crops up the educator, no less than the statesman, has to walk with caution. At the high school stage, then, in a number of localities throughout India the only feasible method of imparting the education required is by the employment of the English language. This fact, it is hardly necessary to say, has an obvious bearing on university education in these localities. Then, there is the case of the Indian parent who is subject to frequent transfers. His duties take him now to one linguistic area, now to another. The consequence is that he is not long

enough in any one place to give his children an education based on some one mother tongue. He naturally falls back upon English as the one language which does not change amidst all the other changes incidental to his location, and English becomes the first language of his sons and daughters as they proceed with their higher education first at the high school, then at the university. Further, there is the fact which is very significant that the number of Indian pupils who desire admission to 'European schools' is steadily on the increase, indeed the number of those admitted has almost doubled in the course of five years, and has necessitated modifications in the 'European Code'. The service of English in all these cases, and the list of them might be extended, is so clear that there is no need to emphasize it. Finally, there is the fact of the European schools themselves. And to that fact we now turn.

24. *European Schools in the Educational System.* What are termed 'European Schools' are few in number, some 400 all told, and they are attended by only a little more than half a lakh of pupils. Yet it is generally acknowledged that they play a larger part in the life of the nation than these numbers taken by themselves might suggest. And those who maintain these schools are not only convinced advocates of them but also generous supporters of them. What is the significance of these schools? I cannot but feel that the real significance of them is frequently missed both by their supporters and their critics. One respects the vigorous efforts which are made on their behalf by individuals and organizations that contribute so liberally to their maintenance: and one has every sympathy with the ideals of education which are cherished by those who plead so earnestly on their behalf. But are the interests of those for whom these schools are intended best served by the present mode of administration which, as it were, segregates these schools, gives them a special code, and removes them from the control of the Ministry of Education? Are the schools likely to receive that place in the education of India which they ought to occupy if they are looked upon as an *enclave*? Then the critics no less than the supporters so often seem to miss the real point. One of them says very bluntly 'The government contributes Rs. 13.2 for every Indian student, while it contributes Rs. 100.6 for every European student'. To him there is preferential treatment here and he resents it. He fails to notice that these 'European Schools' are attended by 10,000 Indian pupils, so that expenditure is far from being wholly on behalf of Europeans, and he also fails to note that while in the case of European schools 65 per cent of the cost is met from private sources and fees, in the case of Indian schools the percentage is only 35. But such lines of argument are unfruitful, just as some lines of support are unconvincing. Is there any way in which the matter may be dealt with more satisfactorily?

25. *The English Language a Mother Tongue.* The whole situation is removed from all that is communal or divisive when it is recognized that English is the vernacular of some 250,000 of the people living in India. It is therefore one of the mother tongues of the land. In virtue of that fact, schools in which English is so employed have a claim to a place in the national system just as schools in which another mother tongue is similarly used. That they have a right to a place will not be denied : to what extent they should have a place is a matter which cannot be settled in the abstract. It must be decided on the broad principle of the national service which they render. In some localities they may be able to render no definite service, and so they will receive little or no support from provincial funds ; in other localities their service may be considerable, not only making provision for the pupils whose vernacular is English but helping to solve the problem of education in multilingual areas, or satisfying a desire which may be felt by not a few Indian parents. What are now termed 'European Schools' supply a vernacular need and render a national service. It is these considerations which assure them of their place in the national system.

26. *Significance of these Schools.* In the past the tendency has been to find the significance of these schools in what may be called their nationality basis. That is as unfortunate as it is unnecessary. Unfortunate, because if India is to have a truly national system of education there must be everything to suggest comprehension within that system, nothing to suggest what is foreign to that system. And unnecessary, because as soon as the ground of distinction is recognized as being one not of nationality but of language, then these schools at once take the place which belongs to them as component members of the national system. In these circumstances it would seem fitting that these schools should drop the name which is now given to them. The dropping of that name would not be the dropping either of their character or of their position. It would emphasize the fact that they were integral parts of a system to which they brought their characteristic contribution. It would make it plain that they were English schools within an Indian system, not European schools which were somehow on a different basis from Indian schools. With the dropping of the present name would naturally go the disappearance of these schools from a place on the Reserved List ; they would be in charge not of a member of the Executive Council but of the Minister for Education. Then, the number of those who, though their mother tongue was not English, would be admitted to these schools would not be subject, as at present, to a prescribed percentage laid down in a special Code. It would be settled entirely by the capacity of the applicants to profit by the education imparted and by the capacity of the school to carry out the objects for which it was established. Further, it would

be the duty of the Ministry to see that the financial support given to these schools was such as to enable them to discharge their specific function. This would certainly involve a considerable outlay from provincial revenues, for recruitment of appropriate staff might not be easy in India, and the number of pupils might quite possibly continue to be comparatively small. But each province would doubtless decide what percentage of its educational expenditure was to be devoted to this, as to every other, form of education, and the number of schools that could be maintained would be settled, in large measure, by that decision. Yet not wholly, for, with the schools having an assured place in the national system, the very large contributions that are now made towards their maintenance by private donors would be almost certainly enhanced.

27. *Bearing of these considerations on the Universities.* Our discussion up to this point has carried us along two seemingly parallel lines. On the one hand, we saw that, as the result of the growth of local universities and of what is happening in the high schools, there is the prospect of the establishment at no very distant date of universities in which the instruction given will be imparted through the medium of some of the Indian mother tongues. On the other hand, it is clear that as the result of English being one of the mother tongues employed in India and because of the national service which it renders, there will continue to be high schools in which English is the medium of instruction. And this will lead naturally on to universities where English is similarly employed. Thus there seems to be every likelihood that if the languages generally spoken in India receive the attention that is their due, and continue to be cultivated with that increasing care which is now being paid to them, there will be a very remarkable development of education along linguistic lines. It is a development that will tell in three directions. To begin with, the pupil of a High School within an area where, say, Bengali is the language mainly spoken will find that he can not only obtain his secondary education through the medium of that language but that he can also proceed to a university where Bengali is the language employed. That is one course which will lie open to him. A second will be this. Having taken English as his second language in his Bengali High School, he may then prefer to go into a university in which English is the chief medium of instruction. There will very likely be few of these universities, and he may have to go some distance to secure admission, but the choice will be available and it will be in his power to take advantage of it. And third, he will find that there is before him more than a choice of universities based on the language in which their study is conducted. He will realize that the choice gives him the opportunity of entering universities each of which possesses a definite character, has about it the atmosphere inseparable from the language in which instruction is given and through

which thought is conveyed, and brings those who enter it in contact with a tradition, an outlook, an impetus that stirs ideals and leaves its impress on his inmost being. The present position of each university being but a pale replica of its neighbour will be gone. Each will have a definite function of its own to perform, and in the consciousness of the part which it can play, the spontaneous contribution which it can make to the nation's well-being, there will flow through the universities a fulness of life and vigour which will make them the objects of the people's pride and cause them to be cherished as one of the nation's greatest assets.

28. *A Great Opportunity.* Our consideration of what is taking place in the field of Indian education helps us to realize how striking is the opportunity that is now before it as a power for enriching mind and integrating life. The lines along which Indian education is moving point to fresh developments of the highest moment for the well-being of the people. For long it has been recognized that in the schools and colleges of India the streams of varied cultures meet. But there has been too long a tendency to emphasize one of these, — that which comes from outside the country — with the inevitable result that education has taken on an alien look, and being removed from its appropriate setting has come to be prized because of its utilitarian value. This has occurred through failure to give due effect to a line of policy enunciated more than two generations ago which made provision for the association of education with religion and with the languages of the country that were in common use. Today there is a clear realization of the ill effects of this failure. And efforts are being made to secure more fully both associations. Greater facilities than was formerly the case are now provided for the association of religion with education. And within the last few years how steady have been the endeavours to bring education into intimate relation with the vernacular languages of the country, not only in the more elementary but also in the higher ranges of learning. Much has still to be done, but no one can be blind to the direction which advance is taking. The emphasis which is being placed on the mother tongues of India is making it more and more possible for education to become an integral part of the life of the people, the medium for thoughts which do not lack in appeal and for ideals which have a constraining power. Thus if what is now taking place is not weakened by obstacles, but finds in them rather the reason for an increase of activity, the prospect is one which is remarkably stimulating. The development that is in process has only to be continued and strengthened, and the result will be a threefold benefit. In the first place, Indian education will still be the meeting place of various cultures, but in such manner that, while each makes its distinctive contribution, that which appeals to Indian thought and enriches its ideals will have the

most telling influence. In the second place, through greater attention to, and employment of, the languages in which so much of the wisdom of India lies stored, education will be robbed of its alien appearance and will advance along lines which do justice to the various aspects of the nation's heritage. And, in the third place, though each aspect will receive opportunity for its fullest development there will run through the whole system the unifying ideal of national service. Eighty years ago it was seen that India might have a system of education which would effect all this. After many days the vision is in process of being realized.

5. Obstacles to be Overcome.

29. *Inequality of Opportunity.* The vision is in process of realization. But it is confronted with at least three obstacles. First there is the fact that the education of women lags far behind that of men. So long as this inequality is tolerated, so long will education fail to exercise effectively its power of culture. It is not only that the woman misses what ought to be hers, but that being without appreciation of that which has been denied to her she stands in the way of the full intellectual development of the man. Thus on two counts is education the sufferer. And what should be the ally of ideals that enrich the life of family and the State tends to be valued only for what it will fetch.

30. *Standardization.* A second obstacle is to be found in that lack of elasticity which is an all-too-general feature of the Indian educational system. Where there is rigidity education is slow to show itself in any aspect that stirs the imagination and ministers to moral growth. Much is said about the influence which examinations exert, but the real trouble is that one test serves too many purposes. Paradoxical as it may seem there are too few examinations. That which is the best means of indicating what a boy or girl has done at the secondary stage is not necessarily the best means of indicating whether he should be admitted to a university. But it is frequently taken to be. And the result is that both high school and university suffer. There is required a greater diversity of test, a diversity that corresponds to a greater variety in the courses provided and a fuller recognition of the different ends to which education leads. There is little chance of this being accomplished until there is much more decentralization of educational control. Things are making in that direction. Before long we may expect to have throughout the country thoroughly competent Local Educational Authorities. With their establishment a better day will dawn for both primary and secondary education, both in their character and in their influence on thought and life. And the establishment of

Civil Service Commissions in the various provinces, a great administrative advance of which a beginning has been made, will enable the universities to give themselves to their proper work, that of spreading knowledge which probes and moulds, and will relieve them of any responsibility for the provision of tests for those who seek to enter the public service. There is clear evidence not only of restlessness under, and distrust of, standardization in the field of education, but also of a readiness to think out, and give effect to, plans whereby it may lose much of its present power. And with well-thought-out plans in more general operation, there will be a growing recognition of the power which resides in education to enrich life and an increasing endeavour to give to that power the fullest opportunity for its expression.

31. *Sectionalism.* A third, and a most greivous, obstacle is to be found in the spirit which emphasizes what divides. Education which can see with difficulty beyond the limits of community or nation is education which has been stripped in large measure of its great and beneficent unifying force. Now it is quite possible that, just because of this, some may hesitate, as to the advisability of Indian education developing along the lines which our present discussion and consideration have emphasized. May it not be, those who hesitate will ask, that the effort to lay stress on culture will lead only to the identification of education with what is acceptable to this community or to that? and may not that be all the more likely when the education of the country not only follows much more than hitherto linguistic lines and comes into closer association with religion? No one who has any acquaintance with Indian conditions would ever think of minimizing the dangers which attend the directions that educational advance is plainly taking. But then no one who is acquainted with the conditions of any country would ever make light of the possibility of such dangers. They are to be found everywhere and everywhere they can be overcome only by means of one weapon, and that weapon is sound education. Now there is a principle which has lain at the foundation of the educational system of India for a period of some fourscore years. It is the principle that Indian education is the meeting place of cultures. That is the principle which more than once has been able to recall India to sound education when at different times and places lowered standards have been acquiesced in, when utility has been allowed a too unfettered rule, when currents of feeling have asserted their sway. That is the principle which cuts across all that is purely denominational in religion and all that is purely sectional in society. That is the principle which is coming to be employed afresh in our day, and which, the more it is employed, the surer is the guarantee which it provides that the education imparted in India will be bound up with the heritage of India, and that the heritage of India will be bound up with the heritage of humanity.

6. Education in India making for Culture.

32. The student of Indian educational policy cannot help being struck with the fact that the developments which are now taking place in the field of Indian education serve to give effect to a purpose which was conceived many years ago. Great obstacles stood in the way of the attainment of that purpose, and the actual steps which should be taken so as to achieve it remained for long far from clear. The road is clearer today. India feels that she cannot have an educational system which gives her the impression of having about it something alien; and she is taking the right way to remove the sense of aloofness. She is making provision for her education to be brought into close relation with the languages of the land and with their large store of thought and inspiration. Her universities are playing their part and are enlarging the sphere of that provision and so are her high schools. A recognition of the true significance of what are at present called European Schools and of the place which English has among the languages employed in India contributes to the same result. There is thus being steadily built up a truly national system of education from its most elementary to its most advanced stages. It is pervaded by no mechanical uniformity, but by a variety which takes account of thought expressed in various tongues and animated by various beliefs. Yet that variety it brings into a unity of service, the service of mind and spirit, the service of a people's well-being. In high school and university heads and hands are at work to rear the fabric. The men and women who place their time and experience at the disposal of educational authorities are the pledge that public opinion is behind this great endeavour. In the training school and college there lies the certainty that it will not fail. And thus efforts initiated nearly eight years ago to put an end to the cleavage, even then of considerable duration, between Indian education and Indian culture, after encountering many a difficulty and overcoming strange neglect, are now receiving a reinforcement which is the earnest of their approaching success. For they can have but one result, that to which they are at present tending—an education which, while it has its roots in the soil claims kinship with truth wherever it may be found; and which, while it fails not in action or in public utility, gives the most striking proof of its worth in the intellectual resources which it builds up, the ideal delights to which it invites, and the discipline and enrichment of the spirit to which it admits.

W. MESTON.

Edinburgh.

Television

Civilization can never be complete without Science. Invention after invention, discovery following discovery, are working out a thorough change in the human race. The Telephone, the Movies, the Talkies, the Aeroplane flashing at the rate of 500 miles per hour, have all been wonders which initiated the human race to the new civilized life that is dawning. By them the world is now controlled and without them there is no knowing what a chaotic condition the world will be thrown into.

It was once a marvel to be able to listen from one's home, say in India, to the speech of John Bull in London or Uncle Sam in New York. But now Radio-telephony has grown from a scientific novelty to a vast industry and it is the working force of the Twentieth-century-world. The businessman in Bombay feels feverish anxiety if the market reports on the continent are broadcasted a few minutes late. The days are gone when people would care for letters, telegrams or cables. They want to have a direct talk with their friends at a distance through the agency of wireless. Where then is space? Is it not bridged as it were? Newspaper dailies are thrown out of fashion. To read their tediously long columns is an uncomfortable job which the modern civilized man does not favour. He rather reclines with ease in a rocking chair before a loud speaker smoking away dozens of Gold Flakes while listening to the news broadcasted. Again, attendance at a College is a piece of drudgery abhorred by some up-to-date young men. So Colleges are dissolving, and, instead, degrees and diplomas are got by radio. The professor to lecture sits before the microphone of a transmitting station and broadcasts his scheduled course for the day while the students listen to it from their homes, saving time and money and much more the trouble of going all the way to College. It may now sound miraculous if these students are told that they can also see their lecturer as they do in the classroom. It may border on witchcraft. But it is indeed possible, and the name of Mr. John Logie Baird of Scotland is to conjure with in this respect. It is he that showed beyond a shadow of doubt the possibility of visualising events that occur far off. An orator addresses the House of Commons. Hitherto you have been able only to hear him; but now you can as well see him from your place. Is this not a welcome wonder?

Sight is, beyond all doubt, the best of all the senses. From the earliest times the endeavour of man is to improve his means of seeing

things and scenes, especially those objects that are normally altogether invisible. The magnifying lens and the Telescope are the fruits of this endeavour. Yet the ultimate aim of scientists has long been to discover some means which would enable man to see objects far beyond the scope of normal vision without regard to intervening obstacles. Manipulating apparatus on a par with the process by which the function of the human ear is carried on, the scientist was able to invent wired-telephony and then wireless-telephony. The question naturally arose in the minds of people why it would not be possible to see beyond seas when it is possible to carry on 'ocean talk'. After a long struggle, the scientist has placed before humanity 'Television' which is 'Seeing from afar'.

In radio-telephony, we know that the sound energy of the speech uttered into a microphone is converted by it into electrical energy which is broadcasted in the form of electro-magnetic-waves—also known as carrier waves—by the transmitting set. These waves travelling at the rate of 186,300 miles a second reach in no time the receiving stations all over the world. They are caught by the aerial of the receiving set and the electrical energy thus got is transmuted into sound energy by the loud-speaker. This is in brief the principle of radio-telephony.

We shall now outline television. In this too a similar process goes on. Tom is to be televised. He poses before the transmitting mechanism. The light that comes from him affects a light-sensitive cell, called the Photo-electric cell, which converts his light into a current undulation. As in the telephony the energy of the oscillating current is transmitted by wireless in the form of electro-magnetic waves. The reproduction of the image of Tom on a screen at the receiving station is effected by means of an instrument known as the Neon-lamp. Thus we see the Photo-electric cell corresponds to the microphone in radio-telephony, while the Neon-lamp is the analogue of the loud-speaker. We shall now enter into a brief detail. The object to be televised is illuminated by means of a bright source of light. The varying gradations of light and shade on the object reflect this incident light with different intensities. Thus the image of the object consists of a number of elemental areas of different light values. There is a large disc, called the 'Scanning disc,' between the cell and the object. This disc, provided with about 32 lenses, is rotated by a Direct Current Motor at a high speed, thus causing a series of images of the objects to be focussed on the light-sensitive cell. The variations in light intensity as they fall on the cell produce variations in electric current just as modulations of speech uttered into microphone produce variations in current. The two terminals of the Photo-electric cell are connected to the radio-transmitting apparatus which converts the fluctuating current into waves in the ether. At the receiving end

the radio-receiver turns the waves into fluctuating current which after amplification controls the light of the Neon-lamp which is a glow discharge lamp. The light from the lamp is caused by a 'lens disc' rotating in synchrony with that at the transmitting end, to traverse a screen. By virtue of the phenomenon of 'Visual Persistence', the observer's eye sees on the screen a continuous and harmonious whole. The synchronism between lens discs is obtained by using an Alternating Current Generator along with the direct current motor. The alternating current from this generator and the undulatory current from the Photo-electric cell are superimposed on the carrier wave broadcasted. At the receiving end, the two are separated, and the alternating current after amplification is utilised to control the speed of a synchronous motor which rotates the lens disc.

Television apparatus may be attached to telephone so that an interlocutor can be actually witnessed even if he is an antipode. When fully developed television will be the world's directing force which at the touch of a switch presents the person you want to see and hear. Television coupled with radio-telephony perfects the life of the civilized man.

The most wonderful application of Television is to *nocto-vision* i.e., Vision in darkness. Persons or objects situated in total darkness or in thick fog can be clearly seen. Making use of the fact that the Photo-electric cell is sensitive to a wider range of wave-lengths than the human eye, and using the invisible infra-red rays instead of light, Mr. Baird demonstrated vision in total darkness. Cheers to him who has done much service to humanity in the name of Television. God is believed to do miracles, but the scientist is now making gods of men.

J. LAKSHMINARAYANA,

Post-Graduate (Physics).

Modern Quantum Theory

A note appeared in our *Magazine* more than a year ago on the two kinds of hydrogen which had just been discovered, called *alpha* and *beta* hydrogen. In each there are molecules consisting of two atoms, but in the one kind the nucleus of one atom is spinning the same way round as that of the other atom, while in the other kind the two nuclei are spinning in opposite ways. This is of great interest because it is the first phenomenon in which it has been shown that a particle other than an electron has the kind of spin an electron has. Some years previously it had been shown that certain features in the structure of spectrum lines could be explained by the hypothesis of spinning electrons. It is one of the successes of the modern quantum theory of 1925 and the succeeding years that it found a place for such a spin, and that this has now been confirmed in the case of the nucleus of the hydrogen atom, as mentioned above; it further predicted that not only electrons but all particles would have such a spin. Search has been made for evidence of spin in the nucleus of other atoms, but we have not yet heard of any success in that search. It is still a matter of controversy whether the polarisation of light can be explained by the spin of the photon, or light quantum.¹

Modern quantum theory may be said to begin with a paper by Heisenberg in 1925, though de Broglie had considered waves connected with electrons several years earlier, and this conception is of great importance in the later forms of the quantum theory. Alternative starting points to Heisenberg's were put forward by Schrödinger and Dirac. The three theories give the same results in all ordinary cases. Which theory is to be preferred depends mainly on the varying possibility of applying the theory to experimental results.

Heisenberg's theory emphasises the 'uncertainty principle' of which an example is the fact that it is never possible to determine in one experiment both the position of an electron and the speed with which it is moving; it is so small that its position or motion or both will be altered by the process of carrying out an experiment to determine either of them.

Schrödinger's 'wave mechanics' treats particles as 'wave packets'; it is the only form of the theory of which some account can be given in non-mathematical language (see Eddington's *Nature of the Physical World*), and some have preferred it for that reason. But it is Dirac's theory that is of widest application; it accounts adequately, for example, for the 'Raman effect'. All our readers know, we hope, of the Raman effect, so named after its discoverer, Sir C. V. Raman. When a beam of light of one wave-length falls vertically on a liquid, Sir C. V. Raman

¹ See recent correspondence by Sir C. V. Raman and M. N. Saha in *Nature*.

Miscellany

A Boxing Match.

My uncle, old 'Wataji' lay back in an arm-chair and held forth on the subject in which he passionately believed. 'The world is going to the dogs,' he said, 'Degenerating! In my days a young man lived and worked like a Spartan. He hadn't the luxurious studies that you have, nor the pots of rouge and jars of cream that YOU use.' (Although an emphasis was laid on the YOU, I prefer to believe that no personal allusion was intended). 'In spite of all that he was manly to the roots of his hair. Whereas today, young men are conspicuous by their lack of manliness. You, for instance I hastily broke in: 'Sir, nowadays we box, and boxing you will have to admit is game only for men.' 'Ugh, manly,' Wataji sniffed contemptuously, 'Fighting with a few inches of padding round your fists so that your ugly faces might not get hurt and you call it manly.'

'You have seldom seen a glove fight, Sir; if only you care to come to our college "ring" tonight you will see our team training for the tournament and I am sure after seeing a bit of real sparring you will change your views about the game.'

That evening he accompanied me to the 'ring'. The team was hard at work, running, skipping, sparring, and working at the punch-ball. My uncle was greatly impressed to see the marvellous display of agility and endurance, but he was the last person on earth to admit it. He fixed back his 'pince-nez' carefully to the bridge of his nose, and stared at a fly-weight who was skipping. (Now a fly-weight is a very small person indeed, but he is very dangerous to tackle for all that.)

Wataji's eyes gleamed. 'So this is your boxing, eh! I could thrash this wizened monkey with one hand.'

'Oh! sure,' I said, and burst out laughing. Wataji was wild. Nothing less than going into the ring and showing off his superiority over the youngster could satisfy him. I persuaded the young fly-weight to have a round or two with my boasting uncle. He entered into the spirit of the joke at once and consented. A few minutes later, Wataji, stripped and gloved, stood ready for the fight. As he went into the ring I begged him to spare the youngster for the Tournament which was only a week ahead. 'Oh! I'll just teach him a trick or two which might come in handy in the tournament.' With that he stepped into the ring.

As time was called, the old gentleman danced right to the middle of the ring and assumed a defensive attitude which no boxer has ever dreamt of. Then with a perfunctory handshake he started frisking about the ring. Occasionally he would manage to pat the cheek of his adversary, who seemed to have gone into a trance at seeing the curious antics of this seemingly sober gentleman, who professed to be an expert in the art of sparring. Wataji, seeing that his blows were accepted placidly, became more aggressive and began to shout encouragingly 'Never mind if you can't hit me. I was a renowned champion once, before you saw the light of day'. At this the fly-weight seemed to wake up. He started with a few preliminary taps in Wataji's solar plexus (which is a place where a well-placed blow makes you emit funny noises, not unlike those of a sheep or a goat) and then he went to work, lightly yet firmly, on his short ribs and chin. The old gentleman's now assumed a curious expression, not unlike that of a man, who, having deliberately poked a stick in the hind quarters of a bull, is chased round an enclosure by the enraged beast. After a dozen of such strenuous seconds Wataji smiled wryly and did the proper thing—he congratulated the youngster on his extraordinary skill which had enabled him to last for a couple of minutes against such a man-killer as himself.

But to me, as I unrolled his sleeves and helped him on with his coat, he vouchsafed not a word and I knew from long experience that it was but a calm before the storm. I did not venture home that night, passing the night in a friend's house.

PURNANANDA,
Class III.

Delightful Teas.

There are various kinds of teas. There is the ordinary, rather tame, bread-and-buttery nursery tea, the more interesting tea with grown-ups (more interesting solely because there are more things to eat), the party tea, and the shopping tea. Now of all these meals I think you will agree with me that the last mentioned tea is easily the best.

It is delightfully thrilling, after an afternoon's shopping, to sit down in the brightly lighted pretty tea shop and order something from a menu. (It doesn't at all matter whether you are five or fifty—it is equally thrilling.) And then, as you wait for the waiters to bring you your toasted crumpets or hot buttered scones, you glance round at the company of mammas, dadas, uncles and children and—without

being *too* personal—notice what they are like, what presents they have bought, and whether they are enjoying themselves as much as you are.

Tea in the restaurant of a Dasarah Bazaar is one of the jolliest, noisiest, squeakiest affairs one can possibly attend! How the poor waiters hear the orders puzzles me; how they ever manage balancing trays full of tea things, cakes, scones, to guide their way through the crowds of excited happy youths and never trip over the hundreds of parcels on the floor, is equally astonishing. And I am sure little girls, like their mammas, are fond of these Shopping Teas because there they can show off their pretty gowns, their bows and ribbons and other fal-lals. (Oh, yes, you do—it's no good denying it!) And—well, the boys love these shopping teas because there are such good things to eat!

N. V. RAJKUMAR,
3 Hons., V.

The Realm of Man and Woman.

Humanity has been divided into the two well-known divisions of man and woman, and never as a fact can they live as individuals throughout their life. A society would be imperfect if it failed to include either of these. Individuals can be thought of; but individuals do not live. There can be no Humanity unless it be made up of so many persons organically united in families.

And since mankind do and must live in families, and since all high civilization immensely develops the organisation of family life, a whole series of considerations arise as to the management, preservation, and education of the family; as to the respective duties of father, mother, son, daughter, husband and wife, sister and brother; as to the special functions in the family of each member of it; as to the relative functions of young and old, strong and weak, male and female.

Poetry, philosophy, morals, physiology, common sense—all teach us, that close as they are, like as they are, and more and more destined to co-operate in one life, men differ from women in all sorts of ways—in moral and emotional powers, in qualities of heart, brain, will, aptitude, temper, resources and tendencies; that the bare physiological distinction of sex is quite the least difference, though it is the essential basis of other differences. Those who would recast these respective parts and equalise the practical functions of the two, forget that this is no simple question to be settled by itself.

Some ask the silly question, which of the two is the superior type?

For my part I refuse to answer a question so utterly meaningless. Is brain superior to the heart is a question like whether air is superior to water. Affection is a stronger force in women's nature than in men's, and productive energy is a stronger force in men's nature than in women's. But it is the height of unreason and of presumption to say anything whatever as to superiority on one side or the other. All that we can say is, that where we need especially purity, unselfishness, versatility and refinement, we look to women chiefly: where we need force, endurance, equanimity, and justice chiefly, we look to men.

Out of this dualism, there has grown up a complex distribution of parts in life, some natural, we say, to women, some natural to men. And the future of civilisation will enforce and increase this distribution of parts, instead of effacing it, inasmuch as it tends to develop the higher nature of men as well as of women. Marriage is the only kind of union between the sexes which tends to bring about families, because it is a union which has passed out of the voluntary purpose of the parties into one which society, for its own sake, has taken into its own hands, and on which it imposes its own moral and legal duties.

Men and women do not divide out the whole map of life into separate tracts—women, as it were, taking one continent and men another; men taking politics, women the home. Nothing of the kind. Both men and women have to take the whole field of life and cover the whole ground. The difference lies in this, that men and women have different ways of treating this field, and affect it by different qualities and forces. Men have to do with the home as well as women—men mostly finding the material part and being responsible for the maintenance of that, and women playing a larger part in its purity, happiness and sweetness. Women have to do with education quite as much as men; but the task of women is rather more with the education of the home, than of men who have more of education in the school.

Everywhere and in all things woman is the nobler work of civilisation, and her true work is to make a yet nobler civilisation by infusing into human life her supreme womanly qualities in her inimitable womanly ways. Let us hold fast by this, that the great task before us is to make woman more womanly and man more manly, and the two main wants in this direction are to enlarge the opportunities for woman to develop her inexhaustible wealth of affection, purity and moral judgement; on the other side of the man to teach him the duty of taking on himself the maintenance of woman. And the equality of the sexes is to be the prize of this gigantic process of levelling down one sex to uniformity with the other. This ideal will not and cannot be attained at once. It will be attained slowly and gradually.

when man and woman are given liberty to give full expression to their qualities of heart and brain, sense and imagination.

K. V. SWAMINATHAN,
Class II, Group 3.

The Cuckoo

The desert hungers for a flower,
The flower for a bee;
The cuckoo moans for a lover,
On the top of a tree.

Deserts have their oases,
And flowers their loving bee;
But the cuckoo moans forever
On the top of the tree.

L. C. RICHARD,
Post-Graduate (English).

Impressions of Waves

I

Waves
of hollow moon-drops,
grunting, scuffling, like walruses coughing,
crash on the age-stained ivory of the sand.
Milk-like,
frothy, shaggy,
sprawling on the faint-brown of the sand,—
fluttering heavily along the shore,—
those glistening ribbons of silver.

II

Moonshine
quivering in the deep,
is shattered to smithereens here,
and assembled there
into bits of moon-silver again.
The elusive blue of ozone
happily submerged into
the blue-black of the flushed night
and the green sheen of the milky moon.

III

Invisible water-drops
that vagabond frantically,
rhythmically,
but timidly, far,
become dust of salt spray in the shape of fans—
dust-coloured bottle-green of the sea
mingled with sand—tawny and gray.

M. S. MENON,
English Honours, IV.

Never more

It was a few years ago, when I was able to make out something from an English printed book, that I got acquainted with the word 'Love' in its popular sense. For, as you very well know, English stories are often abundant in matters of love and marriage. My tutor prescribed for me some English books which I found to be no exception to the general rule. At first I had no idea of falling in love. Even when I read those books I wondered how one could fall in love. One can fall from a steep rock or a lofty branch or into a pit, but how on earth can one fall in love? I wondered and wondered. Once I determined to ask my tutor about it, but I could not do so, for he was such a devil,—cane in hand, and a long moustache east and west of a bulging nose.

As time went on and I grew up, I began to understand pretty well what love is and what the pangs of a lover are—only in theory, not in practice. I used to read about lovers clasped in each other's arms, seated on a moonlit night in a shady garden, exchanging amorous epithets, the harmony broken by the unexpected appearance of an unsympathetic father or stepmother, the anguish they felt on the occasion, and all that. And now I began to hear so many proverbs about love: 'Love is blind', 'Love's path is paved with thorns', and so on.

I too felt romantic. I too wanted to fall in love. I too wanted to go through the difficulties of a lover. But how could I? I could fall in love, there is no difficulty about that. But that won't do. There must be somebody else to fall in love with me. And who is going to do that? I tried and tried to find out somebody but failed at every attempt.

Once I met a girl in a train and I promptly fell in love. I fancied she too did the same. So I approached her with assumed airs, and

hardly uttered 'Miss—' when, my word, she threw such a scornful glance at me that I was pinned to the spot where I was standing. I tried to cast off this desire from my mind, but how could I? 'Love is blind'—and therefore I thought of breaking into a neighbouring house and running off with a girl. I thought over it again and shuddered—perspired—gasped for breath and sank low.

As I was walking along the gravel path in a park in my country, (which is, of course, an apology for one) with the same idea uppermost (as it always was), my eyes fell upon an object from which I could not take them away for some time. Well, you may have guessed what it was—nothing other than a pretty damsel with smart features and dressed in a gay fashion. She seemed to be quite occupied with something, but I wanted to try my hand on her too. I went and sat down on a bench very near to her. She did not move and I became brave. By slow degrees I managed to get into talk with her on subjects which I had not the least taste for or interest in. Yet I could not help it. She seemed to be more than a match for me. Her talk turned towards other subjects and at last she began to talk about 'love'. I was waiting for this and I pricked up my ears and began to pour forth the theoretical knowledge on the subject which I had accumulated. I don't know whether she liked it or not—I dashed on right and left, became eloquent, threw out my chest, and gesticulated.

This won't do. This will exhaust my lungs. I must get what I want. I tried to manipulate things. She would not allow me at first, that is, she gave me no chance to express my wish. I began to be nervous. My jaws began to strike against each other hopelessly. My lips got dry and I know not how, I brought forth what I wanted. She did not stir or speak a word. I was triumphant. I achieved my long-cherished hope. I thought too much of myself.

Our marriage was settled! I was all enjoyment and pleasure.

I invited some of my friends to dine with me at my house. I was quite eager to receive them and entertain them, and in reward to get handshakes and hearty congratulations. During that pleasant time they began to crack jokes at me and indeed I appreciated them pretty well. Oh! had I eyes at my back it would not have been so.

The dinner was over and the next few hours were spent on cards, cigarettes and things like that. At last they rose to depart and one among them stood up and made a short speech in which he thanked me for my kindness, generosity and a thousand other good qualities. I was foolish enough to believe all that. At the close, instead of the clapping of hands which I expected, down came a roar of laughter. I was surprised. What did that mean? I was perplexed, confounded and whatnot.

The sad and dejected appearance in my face forced sympathy in the fellows and they all drew near to me and said, 'Well, boy, it's but natural. We wanted to try a hand on you and we did it. Don't take it to heart. Be wise hereafter'. I began to fret and fume, but when I was cooled down they told me everything. I felt as if my limbs were falling away from my body. I didn't know what to do. Everything seemed a blank.

What did the fellows do? They wanted to make a fool of me. One of them, knowing my weakness, had dressed up as a girl,—the girl on the bench! Really I was taught a lesson for my sheer folly and the fellows got a splendid dinner for their hard endeavours. The incident is so strange that I can't think of it, even now, without the blood rushing to my face.

K. G. BHASKERAN,
Hons. III (Br. V)

A Jaunt in the Air

A monstrous dragon-fly, that was how it struck me. A grey, aluminium-bodied affair with a pair of wings, the body tailing off into a triple fin of the shape of a crest, with a huge feeler on its snout, resting on two tyred wheels, like a scared seal erecting itself on its flippers, I saw the air-plane that was to carry me. For the first few minutes I simply stood still, fascinated by this amphibian creature—now lifeless, but brimming with tremendous energy, latent inside the cylinder of the engines. I went near it and requested the man on duty there to show me something of the machine. Quite willingly,—for his muscles were stiff standing there, I suppose—he took me round and revealed a part of the mystery of its inside. Frankly I did not feel highly interested, though, for what was the mere sight of the machine when you were actually planning to fly!

The paying of the fare over the counter, the purchase of the ticket, and the short wait that followed, were all very tedious preliminaries to me. They bored me. I had in my mind nothing but the brilliant prospect of the new experience before me—the rest of them I hated. I marched on from the ticket-booth straight to the 'plane, and started to feel it with my hands and peer at it with the air of an expert who had learned the whole thing inside out.

Two men stood in front of the plane giving a few turns to the fan at the snout. I edged forward eagerly to get a closer view of the process. After six or seven turns the propeller started going by

itself, giving out a terrible noise, and kicked up a whole world of dust. A roaring gale swept up the earth and dirt and enveloped me in a whirling eddy of blinding particles. I scuttled off to seek some place of protection, my eagerness to be near the machine somewhat damped, but all the same afraid to leave the machine lest it should fly off without me. One never knew in such circumstances. But the flight was the greater matter, and so I strode a pace forward and stood there staunchly, braving the furies of the swirling wind, protecting my eyes and nose with a handkerchief. A little later I saw the pilot stalking towards the machine; and dashed rummy he looked with his helmet and huge owlish goggles and thick leather gloves! With a pleasant smile he climbed up into the cockpit and gave the motor 'a final roaring test,' which was a terrific rattle indeed. Such noise did not agree with my drums and they started booming inside the head. At last—and it was a long time—a fellow in khaki—I think he was the mechanic—came to the foreground, besieged all round by an immense crowd quivering with eagerness and wonder, and yelled out the numbers of three tickets. Of course the first number was mine. And the two other ticket-holders, rather old 'uns in black long coats of alpaca and fastidiously folded *angavasthrams*, came close to me and greeted me with smiles, and later on were introduced properly by another chap who added that 'they were old men and that I should see that they were all right in the plane.' Proud privilege: but rather a bother at that time. In this world you are never allowed to enjoy any thing by itself or by yourself. Or why was this guardianship of those geezers thrust into my hands?

I didn't wait any longer. I scrambled fast to the gangway ladder steering clear of the rapidly swinging fan. The wind that was eddying round it was awfully strong. I heard the mechanic warn me in a hoarse voice, 'Mind the propullah!' I jumped into the inside of the 'cabin'—more or less like the side-car of a motor-bike, with three seats all in a straight line leather-bolstered. . . . On either side were transparent celluloid windsheets, moveable sideways. As soon as we were seated the servant-boys removed the ladder and closed down the swing-roof.

The sputtering motor ejected tiny drops of water which hammered sharply on the celluloid sheets. . . . The blocks were removed, and the nose of the plane was turned (by human hands) to face the open field banked on either side by the onlookers. Released from its moorings the plane trundled out slowly across the field on a spiral course, still moving on the wheels. Then it humped up softly and began to climb on upwards into the air through an easy gradient, and you didn't feel you were moving in the air though, until you looked out through the windsheets. I slid off the one on my right side and put my head

out through and glanced downwards. Oh golly! the wind was tearing past the plane with such terrific force! You felt it all so solid—the wind, I mean. The air slipping past through the space between your fingers was so tangible, so soft, but so strong. Just like water, only you didn't hear the gurgle and see the spray. I was afraid for the safety of my hand (I hadn't insured it). I would not have appreciated a fracture of my wrist at that moment! And the air was hot, so hot!—we were only at an altitude of about 1,000 feet.

I felt so elated, all my being so airy, care-free, light. I felt a dare-devil mood swell in me and drown me in its intoxicating vapours. I thought I could fight a whole army single-handed. . . or do something wonderful like that. . . . But when the plane dived downwards a little and then swept up again you felt an exquisite pain inside your torso for a moment, somewhere in the region of the heart. The pain seemed to choke you, hold your being over an abyss of pulsating suspense. Suddenly everything was all right again. The plane moved on straight and smooth. Again the plane swooped and you felt the flash of that thrilling pain inside. It was the surest index to announce to you the movements of the plane in the vertical plane. The experience was really queer. You were reminded of your early attempts on the swing.

The crowded field and the other plane moored on it dropped rapidly behind, and new faces of the country flashed forth to the view. The new revelation of the lay of the country was very charming. Rather funny, but wonderful. It was all just like a coloured map speckled with irregular patches of green, empty mottled spaces of yellow, brown and ochre, with here and there a few rises on the ground topped by isolated bald-headed trees and palms—looking tiny and thin and sparse like broomsticks and sweeping-switches; large and small blocks of tiled houses and buildings the size of doll-houses; pin-points of black and other colours that were (when properly and critically studied) men and women standing still (apparently) all along the sharply cut, straight roads; and across many regions of the country were toy-railroads over which progressed at snail's pace, rather like the hour-hand of a watch, toy-trains breathing out huge masses of black smoke. It was all so irresistibly funny that I couldn't help laughing aloud. My companions heard it, I believe, for I saw them look at me mutely in wonder, their faces pale and sickly. I couldn't talk to them, for between us was the unscaleable wall of language. They were Telugus and all I knew of that musical tongue was the phrase '*Emi, ekkada pothavu?*' which at this juncture, of course, would have expressed a world of meaning to them. But at that moment I was not in a mood to play with epigrams and philosophy. So I returned just a look of exhilaration and joy, which surprised them for they could not feel

like me, poor old fellows—both on the wrong side of 50—sitting bowed down with their heads in their hands, airsick, giddy! The hurtling of the plane through solid air at a speed of about 80 miles per hour upset their centre of gravity!

Bah, what a contrast! I was sitting there watching, wide-awake, simply eager, hungry to devour the least shade of even the semblance of a new experience, a fresh thrill, a novel view, a strange elation of the heart. . . . ! *I was actually riding out on solid air.* Oh, what a mighty thriller! I cursed the old 'uns silently for spoiling the romance of the atmosphere. I wanted to fling them out of the plane (nice thoughts for a guardian!), in order to enjoy it all by myself, alone, unshared, supreme. I was already feeling surprisingly familiar with the plane and the rest of it as if I were flying the thousandth time in my life! I regarded the plane jealously, with a new love as if it were mine own! I gazed down again—feeling the wind rustle through my well-brushed hair, scattering it higgledy-piggledy, ruffling and twisting it mercilessly (a point we young fellows could never ignore even when we are being dragged through a burning building—our hair!). The whole of the city of Madras and suburbs were there, down below me, all of which I could survey in a single sweep of my eye—many-coloured like the garb of a circus buffoon, strange, barren here, green there, white and gleaming elsewhere, crowded and busy over there, with a fairy glimpse of the rippling foam-flecked dark, bottle-green sea far beyond with one or two tiny toy-ships and a few white glistening sails out in the offing. Marvellous! What grand luck to scan the familiar world through a new eye-piece, to see it as the people of Mars are seeing it, though a million times nearer. You were strongly reminded of the converse of the adage about mountains and molehills. I was feeling awfully excited and uppish. The blood tingled in my veins, and I was really 'sky-larking' far higher than the plane in which my body was. . . .

When, suddenly the plane tilted sharply to the right and 'banking like a bird in flight' swung back on the trail round through a wide arc, giving me a deep splendid thrill. Thus suddenly I was dragged down to the real earthly earth again. The plane sailed back to the aerodrome, its snub-nose and whirling feeler feeling over the same stretch of land, the same black palms, the same barren, drab, rocky hills, over the same house-tops, on, on to the open brick-coloured field where I saw (not at all with joy as my wards should have surely been feeling) the excited crowd rush backwards and sideways opening out a place for the approaching plane. It slanted, and struck ground with a soft, muffled jerk and bump, and moved on the wheels (of the landing gear) and gradually ran into its old place between the mooring ropes and anchoring blocks.

It was all so quick, so sudden, that you never realized you were to get down until the boys invited you to climb down the ladder. The whole thing was over in such an awfully short time! Just like a soap-bubble that soared up for a while and then was no more. . . . I looked at my watch. The whole affair had lasted exactly twenty minutes! I watched another eager trio rush up into the cabin and flop down on the seats gleefully. But I felt rather grumpy to be dumped down on the earth so soon after such a glorious ascent. Anyhow the sulkiness couldn't last: for the well-won pride and joy was trembling in me for outward expression. My experience certainly was not something that could easily be elbowed away.

M. S. MENON,
English Honours IV

Married by Accident.

I liked Ram Mohun. Not that the fellow was an Admirable Crichton, nor yet that elusive thing, a genius. But he was the only chap who was decent to me in spite of my lacking a better half—though I had better quarters. I had tired of the half-scornful glances of little nieces and nephews whom I had known as infants puling in their nurses' arms, now transformed to married complacency; of the raising of eyebrows which invariably followed my half-muttered reply to the question as to how many children I had been blest with; and of the cold shoulder I always met with when seeking quarters with some family. Ram Mohun was the only one who did not think the worse of me for being single; and this was all the more interesting, because he himself was married.

Soon we got to be rather intimate. Both of us were members of the Club, where tennis was the rage. I myself knew little Tennis. 'Volleying', 'screwing', and 'chopping' brought me only confused recollections of stone-throwing, carpentry and the gentle art of the butcher. But Ram Mohun—who, by the way, was a lawyer by profession—was a devil at the game. One can't play Tennis all along, however, and between whiles we used to have a quiet chat, talking on all manner of subjects, ranging from Edgar Wallace and P. G. Wodehouse down to the latest scandal in the town.

So from what I heard, I was inclined to put down Ram Mohun as a shallow boy, clever and brilliant perhaps, but still not deep. You may imagine my surprise, therefore, when one evening, while we were tasting a new Sherbet—Sarsaparilla or something of the sort—made by our facetious butler, he suddenly asked me without any preliminaries, 'How is it that you have never been married?'

I was hard put to answer the question. I could not answer that I had had no opportunity. For which Indian will believe that? Nor could I tell him that I had been disappointed in love, jilted by a flirt, and so on, for Ram Mohun would certainly not believe such a tall story. Then again, to tell him that it was because I wanted no worry sounded rather materialistic. So I answered without any forethought (as it afterwards turned out): 'It is all an accident, my dear chap. Pure accident. I might just as well have been married instead of being single. But you see, I am not, and there ends the matter.'

'That is rather curious' said Ram Mohun reflectively; 'because I happen to know a man who was married by accident. Would you care to hear the story?'

'Certainly,' I said, thankful that I had escaped from an awkward situation.

'Boy, bring two sodas' commanded Ram Mohun, and began his story.

* * * * *

'Some years ago,' began Ram Mohun, 'there lived in one of our South Indian towns a professional man—a lawyer. You know the sort, don't you? They generally earn about as much as a porter at Egmore, with far more trouble. However, the lawyer—let us say his name was Sridharan—was a bachelor, and took these to be inevitable stumbling-blocks in the path of great lawyers. Moreover, he was able to make both ends meet, and that was enough for him. You take me?'

'I do,' I assented.

'Well then,' he continued, 'Sridharan was ambitious, and wanted to get on. But there seemed to be no outlet for his energies. Believe me, the fellow was really clever. But the old lawyers of the town were firmly established, and defied any attempt at usurpation of their rights by a city youth. That was the difficulty. Our people are extremely conservative, you know, and it is this conservatism that is keeping India—'

'Shut up,' I put in, 'keep your socialism to yourself, and proceed with the story.'

'I am sorry,' said Ram Mohun. 'To resume, then, Sridharan was getting rather despondent about his future. There comes a time, I think, when every young man thinks he is the unluckiest fellow in the world. At this time, the turning-point in Sridharan's life came. There is some such thing in every one's life, don't you think?'

'I always thought that this "turning-point" and "crisis of a whole life" were mere bunkum,' I said drily.

'That doesn't affect the story' continued Ram Mohun with some heat. 'The turning-point was a letter from an old lawyer of the place.

This gentleman, it appeared, was going to Madras on urgent business, and asked if it was possible for Mr. Sridharan to see to a case he had in a neighbouring village. The plaintiff was one Mr. Guruswami Iyer, the letter said. "You will have no difficulty in finding him, because anybody will direct you to him" the postscript added, and also hinted delicately at payment.

'Of course Sridharan jumped at the idea. He wrote to say that he would look into the case, and he meant it. So the next morning, clad in an immaculate silk dhoti and a shirt to match, with a silk angavastram too, he took train to the village—it was only two stations off, you see.

'Well, as soon as Sridharan got out of the train at the station, a young man came up to him and said, "Come along, sir, come along," and led him to a nice little jutka outside the station. "Get in, sir," he said, and then shouted, "Drive home," settling himself down comfortably. Sridharan was frankly puzzled. How had Guruswami Iyer known that he was coming? Then he reflected that the old lawyer might have sent Guruswami a telegram. Anyhow, he sat there fidgeting.'

'What an awful idiot your Sridharan must have been,' I said. 'Why, he could have settled the whole thing by asking that young fellow.'

'That occurred to him,' said Ram Mohun. 'But he thought that would be displaying his ignorance, and so he held his tongue. But before he could decide what to do, the jutka had stopped opposite a big house. Then the young man got down, and taking Sridharan by the hand, led him into the house, to an old gentleman. This must be Guruswami Iyer, thought Sridharan. Anyhow, he was too polite to ask.

' "So you have come to see for yourself. Ha, ha," laughed the old gentleman. The young man also laughed.

'Sridharan was beginning to doubt where he was. He began, "I don't—"

' "Never mind," said the old gentleman. "I myself was shy on the same occasion. Nothing like courage, sir, nothing like courage. Ammalu!"

'Here an anæmic-looking lady with determined features appeared. "What is it?" she demanded.

' "This is the boy," said the old gentleman.

'The lady's face lit up in an instant. "Oh," she said, beckoning Sridharan, "I am so glad. Please come this way".

' "I am afraid—" Sridharan interrupted weakly.

' "Don't be afraid," said the young man. "You always feel like that at first. Go on."

'Sridharan resigned himself to fate. He followed the lady through what seemed interminable corridors and stair-cases. Finally the lady said, "Here we are", and showed him a room. Sridharan peeped in. Inside, a girl of about fourteen or thereabouts was seated at a harmonium. She was singing a melodious tune to the accompaniment of the instrument, but stopped short and blushed when she saw the visitors.

'The truth flashed through Sridharan's mind. He was the expected bridegroom, come to see and approve of the bride. "What am I to do?" he reflected. "If I reveal who I am, there will be an awful hubbub. But if I don't, then I must go the whole hog and marry this girl. Well, she is a beauty, and I might do worse. And after all, who is to ask me?"

'At this stage, his reflections were interrupted by the anæmic-looking lady. "Seen enough?" she asked laconically.

"Oh quite," replied Sridharan, and then added with decision, "she is a regular beauty and I am glad I came here."

'And that,' added Ram Mohun, 'was how Sridharan was married by accident. The old gentleman made no bones about it when he learnt the mistake. Sridharan was a B.A., B.L., and was in every way a better son-in-law than the real bridegroom—who, by the way, got wild because nobody came to meet him at the station, and went away in a huff. However, no one cared for him, and since so many had known that the expected bridegroom was coming and had seen Sridharan, the old gentleman thought that it might be awkward to explain the affair. At any rate, the marriage came off, and Sridharan was quite happy. I heard last that he was getting a decent practice somewhere, with his father-in-law's influence behind him.'

'That is all?' I interrogated.

'That is all' he replied. 'Now, don't you think that you also may be married by accident?'

'Well, I don't know,' I said dubiously. 'On the whole, I think not. You see, I should have spotted the mistake at the station itself and set it right. No, I should never have been tricked like that.'

'All right, Sir Philosopher,' said Ram Mohun. 'It is only when you have a personal experience that you will know. However, that set is nearly finished, and I think I will have another game.' So saying, he dashed off to the tennis court.

I sat pondering for a long time over the story. Could it be really true? Or was the fellow spinning a yarn? One could never be really sure with these lawyers.

Suddenly the truth flashed upon me. 'Lawyer'—'South Indian town'—'happy marriage'—What an ass I had been not to know his shabby attempt at disguise!

I dashed down to the tennis court. He was not there. Then I ran out of the Club premises, and saw him on his motor-cycle, just turning the corner.

'Mohun,' I shouted, 'what the dickens—' But Ram Mohun was gone.

J. SAMUEL RAJ,
3 Honours, History.

An Impertinent Question

'Can the world go on without me?' I have put this question many a time to myself and tried to know whether my place in this universe is one of right or of usurpation. I used to think that all that exists, exists for me, and it took me great pains to be freed from that queer notion. If the world does not exist for me, do I exist for the world? Am I indispensable for the progress of this world?

I look at a man-made machine, and that has not any superfluous part in it. Each part fits into the whole so beautifully that the machine does its work only when each of its separate parts does its duty. When I see useless persons who are mere parasites upon society, I begin to question the intelligence of God, if He is responsible for them. I read an appeal for an orphanage 'More than 25,000 unwanted children are in this country every year . . .' and that shocks me.

Cannot that country go on without these 25,000? Will the world suffer in any substantial way if the superfluous portion of its population is wiped off? Am I ordained by God to be born in this world; or am I a product of mere chance? True these are ugly questions, but I should not be ashamed of them. Someone has said that a bachelor is a mistake, but I feel that marriage is, at least in the present age, a luxury which many can't afford to have. Shame to him who marries simply because he cannot contain. Man has been responsible for many calamities of the day; for, he has made a hell of heaven.

Is then the situation hopeless? Is God powerless? I see the loving hand of God modelling and remodelling and making the best of the mistakes of man. I presume to hear His eternal voice saying 'Go, sin no more.' He expects me to co-operate with Him in His great work of redemption of this world. Puny creature I am, yet He needs me. His work will suffer if I do not do my share of His work. Hence my answer to my question: The world cannot go on, as it ought to, without me.

V. D. SAHAYAM,
3 Honours, Philosophy.

Books Old and New

The Love of Nature

The Jungle Tide. By John Still (Blackwood, 7s. 6d.)

Most of us, I suppose, profess to love Nature; we take pleasure, perhaps, in reading poetry about Nature; we talk at times about the oneness of Nature and of our kinship with all living things; the word 'Nature' calls up in our minds vague romantic images and we delight to picture the sages of ancient India dwelling in the forest and wish that we might share that simple life with their disciples. But how many of us really care to know Nature at first hand, to leave the towns, where man has so far interfered with Nature that there are whole streets where no green thing can be seen and no wild animals can live, and to endure the isolation and the lack of everyday comforts which are the price to be paid for a real knowledge of woods and hills? How many of us truly love and reverence even those plants and animals which can live in towns? Do we notice the moss on damp walls and the seedling trees springing up in the cracks in houses and temples? Do we see the nests of crows and kites and sparrows, or know anything of the lives of the rats which live in our drains and the many insects which share our houses? The first instinct of man on seeing a beautiful flower seems to be to pick it, in an attempt, perhaps, to make its beauty part of himself, and this desire to capture what is rare or attractive will even lead him, at times, to kill out a species entirely. Does this desire to capture and to keep show a real love and sympathy towards Nature? It is a custom for brides in many places to adorn themselves with flowers for their wedding. Does it ever occur to the girl as she dresses her hair (with hundreds of flowers it may be) that each one of those blossoms is a bride like herself, wearing her wedding dress and waiting for her husband to come to her? How much sympathy have we for the mutilated trees which may be seen in every town and village, trees which with tireless patience try to grow to the perfect shape Nature has designed for them and which have their young shoots perpetually cut off to feed goats? Have we any conception of that great and continual sacrifice of plant and animal life on which our lives depend; do we accept that sacrifice in a spirit of reverence and gratitude and only when it is really necessary? How often one sees people idly pulling off and tearing to pieces the leaves of ferns and palms, without even being conscious of what they are doing! Truly we profess to love Nature, but our love often shows itself by destruction and unconscious cruelty!

It is true that we cannot love people effectively unless we take trouble to get to know them well and to share with them something of our inner life and it is true of the love of Nature that it also cannot be effective unless we know birds, beasts, and flowers, intimately enough to realise how much we have in common with them and to realise them as individuals, not merely as so many genera and species. *The Jungle Tide* by John Still is a book by a man who really knows Nature well, and anyone who loves Nature will enjoy reading it. Here is a man who is truly intimate with her, who loves her in calm and sunshine, in storm and rain, in fierce tigers and deadly snakes, in elephants and bees, in the faces of the jungle men whom the town-dweller often despises and calls uncivilised but who have wonderful lore to impart to those who love them. Here is a man whose work of excavating Buddhist monuments of Ceylon and deciphering inscriptions of a civilisation which has completely disappeared has taught him to think deeply about the transitoriness of human inventions compared with the great jungle tide which is always waiting to sweep back as soon as man's efforts relax. He does not look forward with any pleasure to the day when man shall have conquered the jungle completely and shall have replaced the majesty of the great trees by his ugly little patches of cultivation. He hopes that there will always be the ebb and flow of the jungle tide; for to him the jungle is not only a friend to be loved for itself, but a shrine and symbol of a Divine spirit far greater and more lovely than the jungle, a spirit which he feels to be the most lovable thing in all the world. Here is a poem which tells of this love.

CREDO

Mountains, and woods, and the winds that blow over them;
Meadows, and downs, and the wild flowers that cover them;
Rocks, and ravines, and the jungles that smother them;
All these I love with a love that possesseth me,
But more than all of these I worship thee.

Sea, and the shore, and shells the gods squander there;
Corals, and pools, and wild things that wander there;
Silence, and caves, and the thoughts that men ponder there;
All these I love with a love that enchanteth me,
But deeper in my depths springs love for thee.

With this man to guide us, we town-dwellers may learn something of the spell of the jungle, and if we have never been in a real jungle he may show us some of the joys that lie in store for us when we do have a chance to visit one. He will help to open our eyes and to get rid of the blindness which makes many of us too timid or too dull to appreciate the wonder and interest of jungle life. It is one of the

beautiful ideals of Hinduism that when a man becomes a sannyasi he should abandon fear, both that fear which makes him wish to harm other lives in order to defend his own, and that which makes others fear him. In John Still we have a man who seems to have realised this ideal to a great extent. Here is a description which shows how intimate and detailed is his knowledge :

High forest such as this has three levels of life, distinct and separate in almost every way, though the mighty trees live through all three levels. On and under the soil itself live the people of the ground floor, those who cannot or care not to climb, such as the deer and pigs, the porcupines, several kinds of birds, and far more kinds of insects, as well as most of the snakes and their chief prey the frogs, though there are tree snakes and tree frogs too. Life upon the ground floor of the forest is densely developed, and every footfall may carry death among that teeming population. Here, too, are to be found many lovely flowering plants, and a dozen or two of ground orchids flourish. Above this, midway between the dense undergrowth of the ground floor and the spreading tree-tops that roof it all, there is a more open space, where birds may fly freely and where the branches are clothed in grey beards of lichen and hung with many sorts of parasite and epiphyte whose beauty excuses their indolence. There is not much food in this middle part, and it would seem to be used chiefly in two ways, as a medium of swift and fairly safe travel for the winged life, the butterflies, the minivets whose silver voices seem to trail light behind them as they romp through the dim-lit middle passages; and as a testing ground where the trees try out their strength in the hard battle that must be faced before effort may be relaxed and peace at length enjoyed. Down upon the ground floor each acre contains thousands of seedlings of the enormous parent trees whose bodies are the forest itself; and many hundreds of them succeed in pushing their heads up to the middle level, high above the head of any beast that might have devoured them, but still far below the roof, for there the hundreds must be reduced to tens, or even further, and their battle ceases only with the complete victory of those very few who live to be giants and live on for centuries, to found dynasties that tower as kings above the hopes of ordinary trees. This is a triumph of eugenics far more complete than any attained by the competition of animals or birds for mates, for only in the sunlight that shines upon the giants' heads can their seed be ripened, and of the unsuccessful none bear descendants. So above the middle region of travel and struggle there reigns a kind of peace, for there comes a level where trees have reached the full stature of their species and can race no longer to gain pride of place, to outshadow their rivals and starve them of sunlight. Ambition drives them upward no more, but is confined to pushing out on all sides so as to claim the largest available amount of light and air and rain. Trees whose great stems stand so far apart that they never knew each other in their youth meet in their prime, and like kings, form agreements and compromises. War to the knife softens into rivalry for markets, and the struggle to slay becomes competition for raw materials, where deep in the earth, the outposts of the great trees' roots share among tufted fibres every last particle of chemical value in the soil, keeping watch opposite to one another, but no longer fighting to kill. Their leaf-fall gives back all and more than they take, and through this eternal commerce the forest is enriched until at last it excites the cupidity of man, the spendthrift who uses in years the stores that millenniums have assembled.

Above the surface of the earth, and all through the middle levels, the kings of the jungle stand aloof, each encircled by the struggling masses of his people,

born of his seed. But near the limits of their height they meet again, and share once among them every inch of space, for here, as among their roots, a balance of power is reached, and the widespread domes meet all along their marches in ordered rivalry whose victories lead not to extermination, but only to a rectification of the frontiers.

This is the richest part of the forest, and the hardest for man to know.

The upper surfaces of the domes are roof-gardens, carpeted thick with flowers whose nectar draws to the feast thousands of bees of many kinds, moths in battalions, and whole hordes of ants. Here grow the young leaves the caterpillars prey upon, and here, too, the young birds who prey upon the caterpillars, and the greater birds who prey upon the less, as well as those who feed in season upon the wealth of berries. Squirrels pass their lives among the fresh shoots, and monkeys love to sit waist-deep in foliage, while, with head and shoulders above the leaves, they look out over the countryside and shout to their friends in neighbouring trees. In the roof-gardens, where all rain is first-hand and there is no drip, where sunlight is pure and unfiltered by shade, where moving air ever renewed plays a great part in stimulating the health, there grows an abundance of vegetable life more varied even than the shady floor of the forest. For one variety of shade-loving orchid there are many kinds that love the tree-tops, and far more individuals of each kind; but this is not even suspected until the crown of a fallen tree be looked at carefully. All living beings in the roof-gardens hold tenure of the royal tree. Orchids and ferns, loranthus and lichens, they cling to their host and sub-let their leaves and snug corners to lesser tenants, lodgers and not householders, lizards and birds, bugs and spiders, scores of tribes of ants, and a thousand forms of fungi, until the royal dome becomes a kingdom, a thing a man might study all his life and yet not know to the full. For these royal trees are the jungle itself, the basis of its marvellous complexity, who draw from heaven and from earth their raw chemical elements, and transmute them to be issued in commerce through their merchants the insects and birds and beasts who eat of their products and the products of their tenants, and who in turn are eaten by the hunters, beast or insect or bird, who in time deliver them back to mother earth who bore them all. For each tree, and every living thing upon it, renders its final account, and squares its reckoning in the end by exchanging the body it returns to its mother for a share in her protean immortality.

The next quotation serves to increase one's respect for the cleverness of animals.

Another thing was shown to me in that reserve by an ancient Tamil man who either remembered when the forest was first invaded by planters, or had known someone who did. He led me to the highest point in the wood, where it saddled the ridge, and told me that many years before an elephant road had run along the range from end to end of the valley. Agriculture had effaced it except where, in this small wood, it persisted as a shallow depression not yet overgrown by trees. This gave me my first inkling of the road-making powers of animals, and was the first time I suspected the existence before man appeared on the scene of something unconscious but yet so co-operative it might almost be termed organisation. Later on I found that all those mountain ranges had been carefully roaded by elephants; scientifically it may even be said, if it be due to science, that certain wise principles seem common to all such road-making. As time went on I travelled much by animals' roads and my respect for their public works increased.....Man's roads pursue valleys for the most part, but the high roads made by elephants slant up the flanks of hills to gain the ridge

as early as they may, and then travel along high ground as far as they possibly can. They are firm and of easy gradient to walk, though, walled as they are by the yielding but unbreakable netting of the bamboo, they may be perilous to use unless precautions be taken not to come unawares upon their makers, for to avoid a charge or even a startled stampede would be difficult, as although the bulk of an elephant is vast compared with that of a man, his road generally suffices only for men to proceed in single file. We went with caution, as though on the heels of great game. Kiri Lamaya took a further precaution and I followed him to set his mind at peace, for he avoided all reference to elephants by name, lest they should hear and resent it: "The Great Ones," he called them, or "The Old Ones" or simply "They."

The following description of Adam's Peak is full of sensitive appreciation of natural beauty and of sympathy with the religious feeling of all kinds of people.

This is a region where the miraculous is held to be as probable as the ordinary, and where the legends of all religions are interwoven; for the footprint on the rock, that which men go out into the wilderness to see, is sacred to them all. It is only a shallow depression in the rock, some two yards long, but to Buddhists it is the footprint of their founder, and they call the mountain Sri-pada, the sacred footprint. Hindus name it Siva's. Mahomedans of both sects call the mountain Father Adam's Hill; and though the modern name follows this in calling it Adam's Peak, Eastern Christians believe the mark to have been imprinted by the foot of St. Thomas, who is peculiarly the apostle of India.....

The Peak must be one of the vastest and most widely revered cathedrals of the human race; but the shrine itself is only a little tile roof raised upon four pillars, or it may be eight, open on all four sides to every wind that blows, and untenanted by any human being for months at a time when the rains are at their heaviest, and the only other building there in my time was a small mud hut of one room, which I was lent by the monk in charge.

Right to the very summit of the Peak the forest grows, and from the parapet wall itself one may pick blossoms from the tops of old wild rhododendrons and read in their mottled throats the name of god written in letters that all may read who will. Looking down from this wall one can see how for miles and miles on every side each fold of the hills and every valley is clothed in an ancient forest that has never known the axe, and is justly named the Wilderness of the Peak. The profusion of its beauty alone would inspire any sensitive being with a feeling of awe, and it may have been this unparalleled loveliness that led some man, who knows how many years ago, to name it holy.

I climbed up once when no pilgrims had travelled the road for several months of very wet weather, and had to crush my way through masses of begonias and balsams, and to tread upon pink orchids as I climbed, while the roofs of the shelters below the cliffs were clouded over with a mist of yellow calceolaria.

In the stillness of the evening, when no pilgrims are there, voices come up from this old forest, out of the depths of the valleys thousands of feet below, and from the slopes, and from the ridges of lesser hills that reach up in reverence like disciples beside their master. Always there is the song of the streams which run hidden in their tunnels of trees festooned with orchids, dendrobium aureum, or macarthurii; and often one may hear the cries of animals, the strident roar of leopards, the horn-like challenge of sambhur stags, the scream of eagles, the deep tones of the great black monkeys of the hills, and, more tremendous than any, the trumpeting of elephants.

The author became so much at home in the jungle that he kept all sorts of animals as pets, snakes, leopards, bears, lorises. But in the end he came to think that animals suffer just as people do if they do not have to work for their living and that the keeping of animals merely as pets or captives is not a good thing.

At different times I kept seven leopards, never more than two at a time, and of these five were friendly and two were untouchable from the day they came to me until the day some months later, when I fashioned a crate with a trap door, lured them in, and packed them off to Hagenbeck, wondering to whom it would fall to let them out again. They were a brother and a sister, so probably some strains among leopards are fiercer than others. My first pair, Hero and Leander, were the most lovable wild animals I ever knew. They would jump on my shoulders and kiss my ears, and it was their privilege to lap a little milk on the table while I had my tea. Boxing and wrestling with one another they used to protrude the tips of their claws enough to be felt but not enough to hurt, but when playing with me, an inferior soft-skinned creature though friendly, they kept them safely sheathed in the beautiful pads that give them their silence and sureness of foot. Among many games, their favourite was to pretend I was a deer. They would make an elaborate stalk from bush to bush and from stone to stone, acting apparently in concert, until at the end they would rush me and pretend to grasp my legs; or perhaps they would dash past, striking and barely missing, and then suddenly and immediately calm down and stand indifferently gazing into the far distance as though they had second sight. They did not hunt at all except in fun, though they were free for hours every day and night, and could have found at least numbers of lizards and tortoises to catch if they had wanted to; but they did take possession of things belonging to me and refuse to give them up. Such articles as a boot or a cap they might annex, and it always meant a tussle before I could recover it, for they obviously believed in private ownership like all other wild creatures and like all children from a few months onwards.....

With the freedom I was able to give them, and in their natural climate, my animals were as happy as beasts may be who have lost their birthright. Rurik used to follow at my heels, and often accompanied me to my work among the ruins, where he would rummage about like a dog. Neptune, the otter, lived completely free always in my garden that had a stream running through it, and sometimes he went off for the whole day. The leopards used to have at least one good walk every day, free and unfettered; and the pangolin was accustomed to follow me to a termites' nest, where I would leave him free to burrow as he liked for half an hour at a time. Isabel, a pythoness, came back twice after she had been given her freedom, and in the end I had to take her out into the jungle, put her head into a hole, push her tail after it, and run so that she might lose her way and be compelled to accept the boon I offered her. But even thus I do not doubt that they would all have been happier if they had never known man; for, like retired colonels, they suffered from having no work to do. Sometimes it seems as though too much of our lives were devoted to the endless business of preparing meals and washing up after them; but it must not be forgotten that nearly the whole time of wild animals is spent in similar fashion. Even the buffalo, who eats that common commodity grass, has to spend a great deal of his time finding and consuming enough of it, and the flesh-eaters must often go tired and hungry to bed after hunting all day. So wild creatures have little leisure in which to grow weary of life, whereas the Zoo seems to me a sad place, where we make beasts share with us the burthens civilisation lays upon

so many. It is partly their own fault perhaps for allowing one species to dominate all others; but it is sad, and I feel that if means could be devised to persuade all the animals we keep captive to earn their own living they would be all the happier for it, and would probably live longer.

Among many interesting passages it is difficult to choose, but one more example may suffice to show the attractive and sympathetic personality of the author and the clear pleasant style in which he writes. Probably the College library will have a copy of *The Jungle Tide* and those who would like to know more of the Ceylon jungles can read it for themselves.

The human population of the Wanni is small, but of monkeys there is no end. Everywhere among the tree-tops their roads run, with well-tried bridges where branches meet high above crocodile-haunted pools; and across the rocks, too, they have well-worn routes and passes, where each projecting handhold has grown smooth and polished by the contact of countless small palms through the ages. I have even climbed by these prehistoric paths, but they are too difficult to follow far. Sometimes even monkeys themselves find their aerial ways deceitful, or perhaps it may be that they try new paths too speedily and so come to grief, for twice I have found them fallen. Both were alive, and I killed both, for I could not bear that that last service should be left to the fighting ants. It was in the woods of the old Tamarind monastery that I found the first. He lay upon the floor of the forest with closed eyes, breathing stertorously, for he suffered, I think, from concussion of the brain. In one hand he still grasped tightly a leafy twig of the tree above him, evidence of the nature of his fall. I was alone, and he never knew he died. It was in the Western Wanni that I found the other, in the bed of a dry stream where I noticed a peculiar mark as though a sack had been trailed along the sand, followed it up, and came upon a monkey with a broken back dragging himself along by his hands. Poor animal, the red ants were already on his track—remorseless, relentless, tireless, and innumerable—and I raised my gun to give him the only peace his world had left, the boon I should myself have prayed for. But before the monkey died a strange thing happened. I had invited to come with me a young Christian Tamil clerk, a timid little townsman who would scarce have ventured to walk into even the fringe of the jungle alone; and suddenly this uninspiring man showed heroic quality, for he forbade me to kill the monkey. Let it live its little life, he pleaded, and more than pleaded. I lowered my gun, and talked quietly with him about the misery of the monkey's end: I showed him the column of pursuing ants, spoke of the hours of such pain that a leopard would come as a kind angel, described the monkey with his eyes eaten out—unspeakable horrors. But the little timid man, in his ignorance of nature's calm indifference to what we term justice, still hoped that a miracle would happen and the jungle show kindness to one of its failures, 'It has so little: do not take that!' he said; and I thought he might strike me when I fired, but he only wept. Nevertheless my respect for him was immense, and I wish it seemed possible he could have grown to realise I was not the demon of cruelty he believed. But in such matters as these the views of righteousness held by East and West sometimes diverge so widely that one can only try to respect the ideals of other men without sharing or even comprehending them.

J. C. W. K.

A Shakespearean Discovery

Shakespeare versus Shallow. By Leslie Hotson. (Nonesuch Press, 1931. 12s. 6d.)

Mr. Leslie Hotson, an American scholar, made himself famous half-a-dozen years ago by discovering legal records which gave the true account of Christopher Marlowe's squalid death. Searching farther, he afterwards found letters written by Shelley to poor Harriet at the time of their divorce—letters which throw a little fresh light on Shelley's attitude in this strange matter. Now he has unearthed a document about Shakespeare. What luck the man has! Yet he certainly deserves it. He has found a needle in a haystack three times over: there is more than luck in that.

The discovery is of little spiritual significance, perhaps, and the importance of it has been absurdly over-rated in the press; but so little is known about Shakespeare that one is grateful for anything. The document—one of hundreds of similar entries in the records of the Queen's Bench (Controlment Rolls)—is as follows:

'Angl ss Willus Wayte pet secur pace vs Willm Shakspere
Franciscu Langley Dorotheam Soer vxem Johis Soer & Annam
Le ob metu morte &c. Att Vic Surr r XVIII Mtini.'

Or, with the manuscript contractions expanded:

'Anglia scire scilicet Willelmus Wayte petit securitates pacis versus
Willelmum Shakspere Franciscum Langley Dorotheam Soer
vxorem Johannis Soer et Annam Lee ob metum mortis etcetera.
Attachiamentum Vicecomiti Surreie retornabile XVIII Martini.'

Which Mr. Hotson translates into English as follows:

'England. Be it known that William Wayte craves sureties of the peace against William Shakespeare, Francis Langley, Dorothy Soer wife of John Soer, and Anne Lee, for fear of death and so forth. (Writ of) attachment (directed) to the Sheriff of Surrey, returnable on the eighteenth of Martin (i.e. 29 November).' (1596)

Which means this. One William Wayte appeared before a Judge of the Queen's Bench and swore that he had cause to fear death or mutilation at the hands of Shakespeare, Langley, and two women. The Judge, being satisfied that there was something in it, instructed the Sheriff of Surrey to call these people before him and to make them give him a bond for a certain sum of money, which would be forfeited if they broke the peace against Wayte during a certain period—probably a year.

Further research, laborious and again deservedly lucky, revealed that Wayte was a poor dupe and hanger-on of one William Gardner, the Sheriff of Surrey; and the Sheriff himself turns out to have been a pestilential fellow, who grew enormously rich, and consequently respected, by the basest means imaginable. He cheated, lied, perjured himself, twisted the law, ruined his own relatives, and infinitely abused the privileges of various high offices which he filled. He was born in 1531, died on the 26th of November 1597, and was magnificently buried on the 22nd of December following. Wayte, the son of Gardner's first wife by a former marriage of hers, was evidently altogether in his power. In any quarrel in which Gardner and Wayte were on one side, those on the other side were likely to be morally right and legally wrong.

Of the other names in the entry, Langley is already well-known as a prosperous draper. At this time he had newly built the Swan theatre on his property of Paris Garden in Southwark. But Mr. Hotson's usual good luck has deserted him in his efforts to track down the two women in the case; he has nothing better to offer than some not impossible guesses.

The discovery has much sentimental value, but beyond that it is not important in itself. It would be something to know that Shakespeare and others once assaulted, or threatened to assault, poor William Wayte; but even for that we have only Wayte's word, which is worth very little.

But Mr. Hotson draws two interesting deductions. The first is that Shakespeare must have been living in Surrey in November 1596. It is already known that some time in October he had been assessed a tax of five shillings in Bishopsgate, on the other side of the river, near Burbage's theatre in Shoreditch. Some time in October or November he must have changed his lodgings: for if he had not been a resident in Surrey, south of the river, the Sheriff of Surrey would have had no power over him. It is reasonable to suppose that he moved because his company moved from the theatre in Shoreditch to the Swan in Southwark, and continued to play there till they had built their own theatre, the Globe, in 1599, near by. This may well be. In the summer of 1596 the Lord Chamberlain died,—Hunsdon, whose livery was worn by Shakespeare's company. Immediately the city authorities launched a strong Puritanical attack on the theatres; and in Shoreditch they would have it in their own way, and could be a great nuisance. But they had comparatively little power in Southwark. The company would be well advised to shift out of their reach.

So far Mr. Hotson is convincing. But it is doubtful how far his second deduction will win general acceptance. He is sure that Justice Shallow, in 2 *Henry II* and *The Merry Wives*, is a satirical portrait

of Gardner, and would be recognised as such by any Southwark audience; while Slender, that 'potent piece of imbecility' (Hazlitt), is of course Willie Wayte. For one thing, this involves the date of the play, which has hitherto been placed two or three years after Gardner's death. Mr. Hotson, however, once he has been put on the track, can show other reasons, which seem strong, for supposing that the play was first performed on 23 April 1597. The pundits will pronounce judgement in due course.

The difficulty about the date is probably not serious. But on general grounds this identification of Gardner and Shallow seems unconvincing. Shallow is a fool, and Gardner evidently was anything but that. Shallow is over four-score, and a dotard: Gardner was actually 66, in 1597, and the records of his crimes show that age had not withered him in the least. And so on.

Mr. Hotson's chief argument is that Gardner had three luces (the luce is a large fresh-water fish) on his coat-of-arms, his first wife having been a Lucy; and that in the opening dialogue in *The Merry Wives* Shallow is said to have a dozen white luces in his coat. But this joke is a puzzle only to people who have a morbid passion for tracing topical allusions. It would have some point without any allusion, for 'louse' was then pronounced exactly like 'luce', as it still is in Scotland. It is not much of a joke, certainly; but there are hundreds in Shakespeare which are no better.

Indeed, the new identification of Shallow with Gardner seems little more plausible than the old-fashioned identification, now discredited, with Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, whose deer the young Shakespeare did *not* poach. But here again it may be safer to wait till the pundits have had their say; for one never knows what they will say next.

J. R. M.

Ur of the Chaldees.

Digging up the Past. Ur of the Chaldees. The Sumerians. By Leonard Wooley.

A station, exactly like numberless wayside stations in India; a railway line; a mile or so away across the level sand, a little hill and some low mounds; and stretching to the horizon in all directions, the arid desert; that is one's first impression of Ur of the Chaldees, as one arrives in the early morning, after a night's journey by mail train from Basrah. It is not a very inviting prospect.

When we visited Ur in May 1930, the excavation-work was over for the season, and Professor Wooley and the other members of the

joint expedition from the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania had left Iraq. As we explored the site we had therefore to rely upon very small previous knowledge, supplemented by a little guide book prepared by the Iraq Railways, and the very broken English of two or three Arab caretakers. We wished we had more adequate guides. Since then we have read Mr. Wooley's most interesting books—*Digging up the Past*, *Ur of the Chaldees*, and *The Sumerians*. These I have here given in ascending order of difficulty, and especially recommend the first two to any who may be interested in the subject, but do not want too technical a book. I hope all three are in the College Library.

From the station we make our way over the hard-crust sand to the hill and the mounds, which are the remains of what used to be the great city of Ur. On arrival we find that the 'hill' is a huge and solid quadrilateral structure of brick, whose great flat top is gained by a brick stairway of a hundred steps, set at right angles to the main building. From the summit we look down upon a jumble of broken brick walls and floors, great pits and cuttings, and the desert sand. It is all rather dull, until a little knowledge and a little imagination work marvels of reconstruction; use them, and the place begins to live.

THE LAND OF THE SUMERIANS

According to the geologists, the shallow waters of the Persian Gulf once covered all this land; then the great rivers flowing into the Gulf from the highlands of Persia, Africa and Syria brought down salt until the sea became vast brackish backwaters and lagoons, studded with low marshy islands. Later still, as the work of the rivers proceeds, we come to the time when the islands have grown into rich alluvial lowlands, through which the rivers meander level with their banks,—a fertile country, soon peopled by tribes from neighbouring uplands.

At some period, whose date is still unknown, there came the most famous of such settlers, the Sumerians. From where did they come? That too is a mystery, though according to their own traditions it was from high mountainous lands beyond the sea. The recent archaeological finds in the Indus valley bear so close a resemblance to the Sumerian remains in Iraq that it seems almost certain that these two groups of people had at least a common original home-land, but research has not yet decided its location. Is it not interesting to find this close relationship between India and Iraq?

The Sumerians became the predominant people in the city states which gradually evolved in these rich lowlands at the head of the Persian Gulf, for they brought with them from their unknown home a very high state of civilisation, a culture which, according to the historians, has

been a vital factor in the development of Western civilisation. They seem to have been essentially city-dwellers, while the earlier settlers, at a lower stage of development, apparently were content with a simpler village life.

Ur is perhaps the most famous of the great city states built up by the Sumerians. It was a town of varying fortunes; there were times of great prosperity, when the king of Ur was overlord of all the land, and times of depression when he became a vassal of some more powerful monarch. Let us look at different parts of the dull brick ruins, to try and get some idea of the city's life and history.

THE FLOOD

One of the most interesting things to be seen, which we, alas, failed to see because of our inadequate knowledge and guidance, is the evidence of the Flood. Two years ago the excavators were digging through ground which had once been the rubbish 'dumps' of the city; many feet below the surface, and beneath layers of broken pots and other rubbish demonstrably over six thousand years old, they came upon a layer of clean sand, water-laid, and about eleven feet deep; below this was another stratum of household rubbish. What but a very great flood could cover the land, and on receding leave from eight to eleven feet of sand? Sumerian tradition preserves a Flood story, equally with the ancient Hebrew tradition. It seems to Mr. Wooley and his fellow workers that this flood-deposit they have found can be none other than the work of the Deluge whose memory has been preserved down all the ages. To a large extent, the village folk perished in the overwhelming waters; Ur itself survived the ordeal.

THE GREAT DEATH PITS (Circa B.C. 3500)

Threading our way among the broken brick walls and over the sand of the desert, we come to a great pit. Just a pit, some two hundred feet across, and thirty or forty feet deep—how dull! But the excavators tell us that this pit was first made between five and six thousand years ago. When Ur was a great city, the king was buried here, and a king was held to be divine in those days. When he died, this pit was dug outside the city wall, with a sloping earthen way leading down into it, and beyond the pit a chamber was hewn in the earth and bricked in as a domed room. When all was ready, the funeral procession came. There was the king's body in gorgeous robes and golden and bead ornaments, lying on a richly decked chariot drawn by three bulls; there were soldier guards, court musicians with their harps, court ladies in their loveliest dresses, their hair bound with gold and

silver ribbons and garlands of golden leaves and jewelled flowers; there were servants carrying food and drinking vessels and exquisite models of boats in fine wood and silver for the king's journey across the sea of death. Down into the pit they came, and the king's bier was laid in the domed room, his treasure heaped around him; the doorway was bricked up; and then, as a king must not go forth into the Unknown alone, the court ladies and the harper, the guards and the charioteers, even the bulls, were sacrificed too, that they might accompany him. It is but two or three years ago that Mr. Wooley and his band of excavators in opening up this pit came upon this most stupendous of all known human sacrifices—more than sixty bodies laid in orderly rows, and with no traces of any violence in their death. He suggests that they must voluntarily have laid themselves down and composed themselves as though for sleep, and then some strong opiate must have been administered before the pit was filled in with broken bricks and earth. Close by is the pit in which the Queen was buried; her chariot was drawn to the grave by asses, and by her bier was laid a great chest containing her rich robes. She too was surrounded by her guards and maidens, and by piles of food and drinking vessels, her jewels and her lovely harps.

Round about these royal graves have been discovered those of commoners; there is no human sacrifice here, but each man or woman or child has a drinking vessel, food and food vessels, tools, jewels, even toys. The Museums in Baghdad and the University of Pennsylvania, and the British Museum in London, now house all these treasures which for so many thousands of years have lain buried; many, crushed to pieces by the immense weight of earth above them, have been cleverly restored and look as they did when first buried; they are marvels of delicate workmanship.

THE ZIGGURAT (*Circa* B.C. 2300 TO 2180).

We leave these death pits and make our way back to the 'hill' or ziggurat; in doing so we pass over a thousand years or more, to the time of the great king Ur-Nammu, who reigned about 2300 B.C. This hill is his work, and that of his son Dungi; it is the 'hill of heaven', built—probably over a much smaller one—for the worship of Nannar, the moon-god, patron deity of Ur. All through the Sumerian country are the desert-covered remains of similar 'hills'; every city had one (the old Hebrew story of the Tower of Babel is but an account of the building of the enormous ziggurat at Babylon), for in the beginning had not the Sumerians been hill people, worshipping in holy places on hill tops? In this vast flat plain to which they had migrated, they must still have hills, and Nature not providing them, they built them for themselves, of brick, with layers of reed matting and bitumen for mortar.

'And they had brick for stone and slime (i.e. bitumen) had they for mortar,' wrote a Hebrew historian long after, when telling of the Sumerian people of Babylon, and how they built their ziggurat. Here at Ur we can handle the brick and the bitumen and trace the weaving of the reed mats upon the surface of the bitumen 'mortar'.

But what did this mound look like when it was indeed the 'hill of heaven'? The archæologists have reconstructed a vivid picture of it for us; there was the great thirty-feet-high base, upon which we now stand, and which is all that remains save the long triple stairway; this first stage seems to have been black with a coating of bitumen. Above this a smaller block was coloured red, and above that again came the blue-glazed shrine with golden dome; thus signifying the black and gloomy underworld, the rich red earth, the blue vault of heaven, and the golden sun. Upon the terraces left by the successively smaller buildings there seem to have been planted trees, reminding the people of their ancient forest-clad mountain home; there are vertical channels cut into the sides of the ziggurat, which Mr. Wooley interprets as drainage channels from these terrace gardens. At the four corners of the lowest storey have been found clay cylinders inscribed with the names of the royal founders, Ur-Nammu and Dungi, and of a later king who restored what in his day was falling into disrepair.

At the foot of the 'hill of heaven' stood the temple itself, a vast complex surrounded by high walls and containing shrines to Nannar and Ningal his consort, the moon-goddess; storehouses and treasure houses; libraries and priests' rooms; rooms for the temple women; corridors and court-yards and altars; even a palace for the king, and courts of justice, one arch of which still stands, dating from a restoration about 1400 B.C. To the expert archæologist the present rather dreary jumble of broken walls tells a thrilling story of centuries of building, of decay, of restoration and reconstruction, of neglect or enlargement of the Temple precincts. There are parts which even to the inexperienced eye are immediately interesting and meaningful—as for example a kitchen court in the section of the Precincts devoted to Ningal the goddess, said to have been built during restorations in about 2080 B.C. There it is to this day, with broken walls certainly, but with two brick fireplaces with which any Indian housewife would feel perfectly at home, and at which she could easily cook a meal today; with a brick table—bearing still the marks of the cook's knife—a bitumen-lined sink, and a little well, all complete. It makes one feel that after all the people of four thousand years ago were not very different from our modern selves.

THE CITY BEYOND THE SACRED PRECINCTS

Outside the great wall which surrounded the Temple lay the city. In 1930 A.D. three of the streets had been excavated, and we walked

along them, and into the ruined houses, dating, according to Mr. Wooley, from about the time of Abraham, that is about 2000 B.C. Ur-Nammu, who built the great ziggurat and much of the Temple, built also fine canals leading from the river and irrigating the land for miles. The city stood among fertile fields and fruit gardens; on the river and canals were the ships of traders, at the wharves was much merchandise from many parts of the world; it was a great and prosperous town, and the houses which have been excavated are evidently the homes of prosperous people. One naturally wonders whether one of them can have been the home where Abraham lived as child and youth. The streets, one sees with surprise, are so narrow that wheeled traffic must have been impossible; where two lanes meet, the houses have their corners rounded off, for safety's sake.

A careful study of the ruins reveals the interesting fact that the plan of the houses was very similar to that of many of our modern Indian homes—the rooms opening onto a verandah built round an open court. Apparently they were often two-storeyed, and the balcony onto which the upper rooms opened was of wood; this has of course entirely perished, but in some houses the rows of sockets for the supporting pillars have been found. The court was paved with bricks and sloped to a central drain which carried off the rain water. Many of the houses had their private chapel or prayer-room, and in some there have been found the little images for worship (i.e. the 'teraphim' which Rachel stole from her father Laban's house), and clay tablet collections of hymns sung in family worship. Cooking vessels and water pots, clay chests for storing food or clothes, merchants' account tablets, and records of business transactions—these and many other things have been found and placed in the Museums; they make possible for us a very vivid picture of daily life in Ur, the kind of comfortable city life which Abraham left when he and his father went out 'to go into the land of Canaan'.

BABYLON AND UR (Circa 1885 B.C. TO C. 550 B.C.)

In 1885 B.C., Ur's glory was waning; Babylon was now by far the stronger city, and in this year conquered Ur and left city and Temple a heap of smoking ruins; very clear traces of the great fire have been found during the recent excavations. In 1400 B.C., however, the Babylonian king Kuri-Galzu repaired the town, and it seems to have entered on a new period of some prosperity, though only as the vassal of Babylon. As we wander round the ruinous place we come to sections of a mighty wall, still in places six feet high above the desert sand. Inscriptions show it to have been built by Nebuchadnezzar to surround the Temple precincts; 400 yards long and 200 yards wide, 33 feet thick and 30 feet high—it was indeed a mighty wall. Within the Temple he carried out wholesale reconstructions so as to

facilitate public worship of the royal image. As we saw, even in the very early days of the history of Ur, the king had been held to be divine; inscriptions in the Temple prove that there had always been worship of his image, but the ground plans of successive temples show the royal shrine as small and never within view of the public; evidently the ceremonies were performed by the priests in private. It was left for Nebuchadnezzar to revolutionize this age-long custom, to clear away corridors and ante-chambers, to open the shrine to public view, and to construct a great court before it, where now the common folk were bid to share in the worship. It is interesting that this reconstruction at Ur bears out the story in the Book of Daniel, of Nebuchadnezzar and his golden image, before which all the people were called to prostrate themselves in adoration.

Nabonidus, last of the kings of Babylon, had a son and a daughter—Belshazzar of whom we read in ancient Hebrew history, and Bel-Shalti-Nannar his sister. Documents have been found in Ur showing that Nabonidus appointed Bel-Shalti-Nannar High Priestess of the Temple, and head of a convent of priestesses dwelling in the precincts. Little rooms still traceable in the ruins were the cells of these nuns; in one room were found clay school-books, copy-books with the teacher's writing on one side and the pupil's more or less blundering copy on the other; and a clay tablet, part of a dictionary, on whose back had been written 'the property of the boys' class'. So Bel-Shalti-Nannar kept a convent school! She must have been a lady of wide interests, for despite her double work as high priestess and school teacher, she found time to collect antiques and form a museum within the Temple. Must it not have been fun to unearth a nearly three-thousand-years-old museum of antiques!

PERSIA AND UR

Bel-Shalti-Nannar's father was taken prisoner by Cyrus the great Persian conqueror; her brother was killed in battle; their kingdom ceased to exist. Perhaps she herself lived on in Ur, a sad and lonely priestess—we do not know. What we do know is that Cyrus wanted to be a popular overlord, and took steps to win popularity by aiding the religious foundations of the conquered nations. In the Book of Chronicles in the Old Testament, we find his decree: 'Thus saith Cyrus, king of Persia. All the kingdoms of the earth hath the Lord God of heaven given me; and he hath charged me to build him an house in Jerusalem which is in Judah.' An almost identical decree has been found relating to repairs to the twin shrines of Nannar and Ningal at Ur. Cyrus was evidently catholic in his religious sympathies.

But the end of Ur's great history was approaching and nothing that Cyrus could do could really save her; the great days were passed;

the population dwindled, drifting away to other towns or simply dying out; the canals and irrigation channels became blocked with weeds and sand; the trees on the 'Hill of Heaven' were left unwatered and died; the blue glazed tiles fell from the wall of the shrine. Then the last and greatest tragedy took place, no one knows quite when, the river Euphrates shifted its course and thereafter flowed ten miles away. Where the great stream had brought life up to the very walls of the city there was now a vast stretch of barren sand. Ur became a desert heap, the wind covering the crumbling walls with sand in kindly burial.

This, then, is a brief and very inadequate sketch of the long and interesting history of Ur of the Chaldees, as revealed through the work done during the last few years by archaeological experts. The fact that this group of mounds is the site of Ur was established in 1854 by Taylor, an English archaeologist and Vice-Consul at Basrah, who discovered the four cylinders at the corners of the ziggurat, mentioned above; for many centuries before that, even the name of the city had been lost. The main work of excavation began only in 1922, but has been carried on regularly since then, the workers spending from October to March on the site, and the summer months in England and America, cleaning, restoring, studying the objects found during the winter's digging. We have stood in the Temple courts and the city streets, and climbed the ziggurat; we have seen many of the treasures in the Museums; the long chapter of world history which has become known through the work of the Expedition, we have read in Professor Wooley's books. This little sketch is a combination of what we have seen and what we have read; there is of course far more in the books than I have been able to give here, and it is all of absorbing interest; my advice therefore is :—Some day go and see Ur—but read the books now.

ALICE M. BARNES.

College Day.

The 41st anniversary of Madras Christian College Day was celebrated on Thursday, 31st December 1931. The celebration began at 7-30 a.m. when many Old Boys and some present students met at a reception. This was followed by chota hazri. At 8-30 a.m. some of the members of the Shivaji Vyayam Mandal gave an excellent demonstration of indigenous physical culture.

At 9 a.m. Mr. P. S. Loganathan, Reader in Economics, University of Madras, read an interesting paper on 'The Present Economic Crisis,' Mr. K. A. Nilakanta Sastry, Professor of Economics, University of Madras, presiding.

From 10 a.m. to 12 noon a Conference of Old Boys was held, at which the President and Joint Secretaries of last year were unanimously re-elected, followed by breakfast served in the Upper School Hall in Indian style. The Principal of the College was the chief guest and his toast was proposed by Mr. R. N. Iyengar, Bar.-at-Law.

In the afternoon from 1 to 3 p.m. there was an entertainment consisting of music by Mr. G. N. Ramasubramanian and recitations by Mr. B. Chenga Reddy. This was followed by a lecture on 'A Federal Constitution for India' delivered in eloquent language by Mr. S. Satya Moorthy. Sir A. P. Patro presided. After tea and light refreshments the company adjourned for the public meeting at 5-15 p.m. in the Anderson Hall, under the chairmanship of Dewan Bahadur P. Sitaramiah, retired Law Secretary to Government.

The Chairman after proposing the toasts—'The King-Emperor' and 'Our Motherland' passed on to the principal toast of the evening, 'The Madras Christian College.' In speaking of what he considered to be the outstanding features of the service done to the country by the Madras Christian College, the Chairman referred to the sense of self-respect that the College was encouraging its students to cultivate. He recalled his own experiences at College. The first thing that he felt after entering the College was that he was somebody. He thought that if the sentiment of self-respect was instilled into the minds of young men they would surely learn to respect others. Another thing that he saw in the College was the close personal contact between the teacher and his students. This contact enabled the teachers to be helpful to the students not only in acquiring knowledge but also in the formation of their character—a far more important thing. He recalled the scripture lessons given in the class-room. The Bible was taught as a textbook and all that was best in it was presented to the students in a

straightforward fashion. Another important feature of the life in the College was the spirit of cosmopolitanism that pervaded its atmosphere. This was a training which fitted the students for the larger life outside the College and for worthy citizenship.

The Rev. Gordon Matthews responding to the toast said :

On a former occasion an old student and ardent Congress-worker said that whatever the political future of India might be—whether dominion status or complete independence—the future of the Madras Christian College was assured. These words have frequently recurred to me in the past few years. They have served as a steadying and stimulating power. The position of the Madras Christian College is assured because it has served and is serving India. These are really testing times. The one question that is being asked of every organisation in this country is—‘does it truly serve India?’ In this country, for anything that cannot pass that test there is no future but the rubbish heap. The Madras Christian College can pass that test with flying colours.

This College has no other motive but to serve India in the true spirit of Christian love. The College is a gift to India from true friends of India abroad—men and women of religious feeling and broad sympathies whose motive is not cultural domination but the desire to share with the people of India that joy in the love of God in Christ Jesus for which they themselves pray.

The Lindsay Commission's report which has been recently published is a notable contribution, not only to Christian higher education in this country, but also to all other forms of higher education. It is a study of Indian educational problems and, in particular, of the nature and method of the contribution which Western Christianity can make to India in these days of national regeneration. The report is not above and beyond criticism. In it there are some sentiments expressed which have caused disquiet in the minds of some of the Old Boys. Throughout the report there is an anti-thesis between ‘Christian’ and ‘Non-Christian’, and certain statements made in it may be taken to imply a disapproval of the presence of ‘Non-Christians’ on the staff of Christian colleges. I hate superficial labels. But the Report itself contains ample testimony to the fact that the word ‘Christian’ has not been used in any narrow ecclesiastic sense. The kind of ‘Non-Christian’ the Commissioners object to is the kind that is found inside as well as outside the Christian Church. It has been pointed out in the report that the College might stand in closer touch with the Christian Church in India. It is the duty of a Christian College to educate the Christian youth in an intelligent grasp of the faith, not for the sake of the Christian community only but primarily to help the community to make its finest contribution to the nation. To serve the Christian community is only a part of our work. Our main business is to make accessible to those in this country who desire it, a form of education which is dominated by the Christian view of life and inspired by Christian ideals. If it is the object of any one to communalise the College, the authorities will determinedly oppose it. The College is here to serve India and not any one community. One of the wise suggestions made in the report is the bringing of the staff into closer association with the internal administration of the College. I believe the Principal will soon be bringing forward proposals for the immediate carrying out of this recommendation.

The Tambaram scheme has advanced considerably. The Science block is being erected. It has been estimated that it will cost thirty-three lakhs of rupees to transfer the College from Madras to Tambaram. It is further estimated that if

we are to utilise fully the potentialities of the magnificent site, we would need another fifteen lakhs. It is upon the minimum scheme that we have now embarked. The College Day Association has accepted the responsibility for erecting the College Library estimated to cost one and a half lakhs, as a fitting memorial to Dr. Miller. In April 1937 it will be a hundred years since the College was founded, and it is our hope and prayer that the Centenary of the Madras Christian College will be celebrated in its new abode.

Mr. V. Chakkarai Chetti, B.A., B.L., then said a few words by way of tribute to the memory of Dr. Miller, and Rao Bahadur O. Kandaswamy Chetty, who had arrived in Madras that morning after a long tour in America, spoke briefly.

The next toast, ‘The Retired Professors’, was proposed by Mr. T. N. Ramakrishna Reddy, M.L.A. He made special mention of his own teachers Dr. Skinner, Dr. Macphail, Dr. Moffat, Dr. Meston, Mr. Macartney and Mr. Muliyl.

Mr. K. Sanjiva Kamath read the following letter from Professor Joseph Muliyl as reply to the above toast :—

From the programme kindly sent to me by Mr. Kamath I can infer what is uppermost in your thoughts in these days. During the session of the Round Table Conference in London your attention was naturally focussed there. Now that the venue (rather the arena) is to be changed, you may be looking forward to the results of the forthcoming Committee meetings with almost breathless anxiety.

I must say however, that in the evening of my life, I do not wish to mention all that I feel on this subject, as it may be safely left to men of mental and physical thews and sinews. I wish to call your attention to what is liable to be forgotten by men in responsible situations when brighter days happen to dawn. I mean the problem of the poor who are always with us and whose real condition is not well known to those who have their destiny in their hands. Of course in certain quarters there is so much talk in these days about village work, socio-economic work, rural reconstruction, and some other vague and indefinite schemes bearing high-sounding names. But what is the scheme that ought to be launched to enable the poor struggling peasantry to emerge from its age-long servitude and deplorable indigence?

May I venture to ask you to find out the answers to such questions as :—

1. What is the kind of elementary education that is suitable for the children of these poor tillers of the soil who look upon this as their hereditary profession?
2. What is the kind of knowledge they should acquire to make the land yield as much as would enable them to have at least two meals a day?
3. Is the same course of instruction suitable for children growing in rural tracts differing in climatic conditions and in the nature of the soil?
4. What is the kind of cottage industries that would help them to eke out their livelihood during the intervals between sowing and reaping?
5. Can those who are out of touch with these people, and consequently ignorant of their actual wants and needs, draw up a suitable scheme of elementary education for them?

Gentlemen, you have gone out of a college bearing the name of the Great Exemplar of service and sacrifice who said ‘I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister’. When he said ‘The poor are always with you’, it was in a way a reprimand to the hypocrite who only pretended to be in active sympathy with the poor for whom they had done nothing, and also an advice to them that

they should never neglect or forget the poor. Those who are selfish may neglect the poor; and those who are in power may even oppress them. But be sure that a time will come when their Maker and Father will say: 'I have seen the affliction of my poor children; I have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; I know their sorrows; I came down to deliver them out of the hand of their oppressors'. Terrible words these are to those who neglect or oppress the poor.

Dear brother-alumni, I write this to you as one of you. I write this on my bed, to which my doctor has pinned me. My friend Sanjiva was merciless in commanding me at least to dictate a message to you from my bed. I have scribbled these few lines in response to his pressure. Humanly speaking my days are numbered; those of you who know me and my personal friends among you may take my last message to them to be: 'Remember the poor of this land'.

Mr. Abdul Hamid Khan, M.L.C., proposed the toast 'Our Young Friends,' and Mr. A. Krishnaswamy Mudaliar of V-year Hons. Class responded in a neat speech. He assured his 'elder brothers' that they were cherishing the great and glorious traditions of the College that had been passed on to them. He would ask the Old Students to give them their blessings that their lives also might be prosperous. He appealed to the Old and Present students of the College to contribute liberally to the Miller Memorial Library funds.

The last toast, 'Our Guests', was proposed by Mr. C. N. Muthuranga Mudaliar, who expressed gratitude to the guests for the pleasure of their company at the evening's function.

Mr. T. S. Ramaswamy Iyer, M.L.C., President of the Corporation of Madras, responding to the toast, said that though he was an old student of the Presidency College, he held the Christian College in high esteem. He was confident that the response from the Old Students to the appeal regarding the memorial to Dr. Miller would be spontaneous and adequate. Dr. Miller's was a household name in Madras, and he would suggest, if he might, that whatever changes happened to the College, the authorities would not permit Dr. Miller's statue to be shifted from its present position.

Mr. Sanjiva Kamath then handed over to the Bursar of the College a hundred-rupee note as the first instalment of Mr. Vasudeva Reddy's contribution to the proposed Miller Memorial Library. A vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Balasingam Satya brought the pleasant function to a close.

The Societies

Radio Club (Physical Science Society)

The club has been active throughout the year. Many Radio stations were received during the evenings which interested many of the members.

Weekly lectures on subjects concerning the practical reception of wireless signals were arranged. Though the club has a strength of 55 members only a few attended the lectures.

A Tea club was formed in the beginning of this year. Every Friday before the usual lecture Tea was taken.

Lectures on topics other than that of Radio were also arranged. A lecture on 'the internal combustion engine' was delivered by Dr. A. V. Moses on the 22nd January. The learned lecturer dealt with the subject very clearly and great interest was aroused in the audience.

M. S. NAGASWAMI,

Secretary.

Philosophical Association

The above association had a good active part this year and all the members took keen interest in the same. The association had its inaugural address delivered by Mr. P. Narasimha Pantulu of the Presidency College, Madras, under the presidency of Dr. Hogg. A series of meetings lively and illuminating were held. Professors from the sister colleges took very keen interest in our association and we hope they would be in the same relationship in future years as well.

We hope the members would be taking a keen interest in promoting the welfare of the association in future and we earnestly pray for the same.

S. RAMASAMIAIYENGAR,

Secretary.

The Christian Union

We have nothing new to say this time except this: We may all remember that a group of young men and women from Burmah named the Student Mission of Friendship or the Gospel team recently visited

Madras and gave testimonies in many places, among others in the Anderson Hall. A little later, it was suggested we also might start a team, though not exactly on a similar scale, and go about to work in different countries at present—perhaps, first, to go and work among the poor in the neighbouring villages. So some of our members with a few old members have started one, and till now we have gone out twice, to some of the villages near Red Hills. We go to the villagers, both Christians and others, sing to them some Christian lyrics, teaching them a few simple ones which they have learnt easily and well, and tell them the message of Christ through our testimonies of experiences from our personal lives. They are very much interested in our work; first they could not understand why these young men came out from the college to the villages and did like that; perhaps they thought, first, that we wanted to make a show of what we knew; but afterwards, when they knew that we were sincere, they began to give us willing ears for the message of Christ.

In addition to the time we spend with others, we have our private devotional meetings in the nights before and after we go out to our work, to seek for courage, strength and guidance from the Master. We have found such meetings to be of immense use to our inner lives, and we have really enjoyed those moments! We warmly welcome all those who are interested in the work and we hope many will volunteer. Till now we have chosen week-ends and neighbouring villages. We hope to go to more distant places during the long vacation; but for everything we need the strength and spirit and guidance of the Master, our Lord, and we request every member to remember this, our team, in his prayer.

On the Social Service side we regret to say that we have fallen far short of our expectations. Though we resumed the Hospital visitings even last term, the 'lantern-talks' have not been taken up; the Sunday schools too are far from encouraging. We regret very much the failure. But we can be glad—though it is not a compensation—that other activities have been carried on regularly, and we hope to continue them as vigorously to the end.

K. A. S. JOHNSON,
General Secretary.

The Brotherhood.—No report

The Debating Society.—No report

The Literary Society.—No report

The Honours Literature Association.—No report

Other Societies if any.—No report

Athletics

Athletic Sports

This year the sports season started rather early. With the introduction of the new scheme there was more interest among the students and almost every evening coaching was given in the various events.

The College versus Y. M. C. A. College of Physical Education.—

A duel sports meet between the College and the Y. M. C. A. College of Physical Education was arranged on 5th of December at Royapettah. Each institution entered three men for each event and no one was allowed to compete for more than three events excluding the relay. This was the first attempt of the kind for us and much valuable experience was gained. We were rather unfortunate that day. Some of our best men had to go away to play a football match (Presidency College Tournament) and some others were absent for other reasons. Our opponents, on the other hand, were much superior because they were a picked group undergoing intensive training. In the end we were beaten by 62 points to 34. But we were not discouraged by it since it was only our first attempt.

The College versus The North Staffords.—The next duel sports meet was against the Head Quarters Wing of the 1st Battalion, North Staffordshire Regiment, on our grounds. This time we had a better team that had undergone some training. There was very keen contest throughout and the scores were more or less level from the beginning. In fact, it was the last event, the one mile race, that was to decide the winners. We were leading by then and if we could get at least the second place in the last event we would win. However, we finished only third and the score at the end was 27 points all—a drawn match.

Arranging duel sports meets like this with other institutions is an excellent means of maintaining interest in athletics and keeping the athletes always in training. We have asked the Presidency College for a similar meet and we hope that this may take place very soon.

COLLEGE SPORTS

According to the new scheme for the Annual College Sports as an interclass competition, each class had to select its own team. For this purpose a separate sports meet for each class was held. The first and second classes had their selection as part of their physical training. When the college closed for Christmas all the class sports were over and the teams all selected. All the events except the 100 yards, 440 yards, and one mile, were team-events, and heats had to be conducted only for those individual events.

The Final Sports were on the 25th January: the Caithness ground was very attractively decorated and every thing was in fine

order. Punctually at 2-30 p.m. the first event was begun. Because of the interclass nature of the sports there was quite a crowd of students as spectators and shouts of 'Come on, Fourth Class!' 'Come on, First Class!' could be heard constantly. Each class was shouting for its own representatives to do their utmost.

Except for the Honours, Post-graduates and B.Sc., there was keen competition between the other classes and for a long time the second class was leading in points. One of the best men of Class III (T. G. Thomas) had sprained his ankle in a football match and he could not take part in his events for which he might have come first. Class IV scored first place in those events, and in the end the various classes had score points as follows :

SCORE SHEET

Events	Class I	Class II	Class III	Class IV	Hons. Post Grads. & B. Sc.	Won by	Time or distance	Previous record.
440 yards	...	1	...	3	2	Rosiah	58½ sec.	57 sec.
Cricket ball Throw	...	1	2	3	...	Class IV Best-throw. P. V. Mathew.	91 yds.	84 yds. 3 in.
100 yards Dash	1	3	2	...	...	Srinivasa-raghavan.	11½ sec.	11 sec.
One mile	3	2	...	½	½	Ninan	5 min. 28½ sec.	5 min. 44 sec.
High Jump	1	2	3	...	...	A. T. Abraham IV Ebenezer III.	5 ft. 3 in.	5 ft. 3½ in.
Medley Relay	1	2	...	3	...	Class IV	4 min. 17½ sec.	...
Shot Put	...	1	3	2	...	Purnaoanda	28 ft. 9½ in.	29 ft. 1 in.
Sw 120 yds. hurdles (Shuttle Relay.)	...	2	1	3	...	Class IV	1 min. 2½ sec.	...
Long Jump	1	...	2	3	...	A. T. Abraham	19 ft. 6½ in.	19 ft.
Sw 220 yds. Relay.	...	2	1	3	...	Class IV	1 min. 44½ sec.	...
Total	7	18	14	20½	2½			



Thus the Class Championship Shield was won by Fourth Class, Class II coming second. There was some doubt among many whether this new scheme would work successfully. Some felt that the lower classes would compare poorly with the other higher classes. But the result was a pleasant surprise to all. Class I would have done very much better still if all their men had been present. The only class that needs any sympathy is the Post-graduates, Honours and B.Sc. combination. But even they could give a better account of themselves if they would take more interest in sports and there is no reason why they shouldn't.

We have every reason to hope that with this year's valuable experience we can look forward to better and brighter times in the future when athletics will become more and more an important factor in student life.

College Records.—Although in the past the College has had many an outstanding athlete whose performances were of a really high standard, unfortunately we have no authentic records about them. We have been able to trace back to only 1929, and consequently our records for the various events are not extraordinary. This year, however, three of the existing records have been broken. A. T. Abraham has broken his own previous record in Long Jump by doing better this year by $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches. P. V. Mathew has thrown the Cricket ball 91 yards thus beating A. T. Abraham's record of last year. V. M. Ninan (Class I), who ran the mile in splendid style, has created a new record for the One Mile Race.

Old Boys' Race.—A new feature this year has been the introduction of an Old Boys' Race. The suggestion came from some of the Old Boys themselves and the idea was approved by all as a means of linking our old students to the College still. It was announced in the newspapers but being the first year there were only a few competitors. G. Koruthu (who also captained the Past and Present Basket-ball team that won the Y. M. C. A. Open Championship) won the race (220 yards) by a clear margin. We hope that in future years more and more of our former students will come forward and feel that they are still part of the College.

All the arrangements were perfect and the events were so well timed before-hand, that the whole thing went off smoothly without a hitch anywhere. Rev. A. J. Boyd, who returned from furlough recently, was of immense help with his powerful voice as Clerk of the Course. At the close of this very pleasant evening, the prizes were distributed by Mrs. Bingle.

CLASS DUELS

One very interesting development after the College Sports is the keen class spirit shown by the Intermediate classes. The two classes have arranged for a duel sports meet, to be run on the same lines as the College Sports. And they have subscribed for a shield for the winners. We hope that the other classes would follow their good example and take part in athletics more frequently.

THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY OLYMPIC SPORTS

The College entered the following competitors for the Provincial Olympic Sports this year :

T. G. Thomas	...	100 yards, Long Jump and Hop-step-and-jump.
A. T. Abraham	...	120 yards Hurdles.
Mr. H. R. Mills	...	100 yards and 220 yards.
P. V. Mathew	...	4 x 110 yards Relay.
Sreenivasaraghavan	...	
Parameswara Menon	...	
T. G. Thomas	...	
Mr. Mills	...	
Fisher	...	

T. G. Thomas and Sreenivasaraghavan injured their legs before the sports and so they could not take part. A. T. Abraham came third in the Hurdles—Mr. Mills was third in the 220 yards race and our relay team also came third.

Basket Ball

The game of Basket Ball is as popular as ever. Nearly the whole of last term it was the principal game on the Caithness grounds. To give every one a chance, very often the large crowd of enthusiasts had to be divided into several teams and then run off a tournament with a time limit. Many members of the staff took a keen interest in the game and their presence and enthusiasm have been a source of great help.

Mr. K. K. Jacob, the Head Master of the High School, who is a veteran at this game, came frequently, and gradually a staff team was formed. The staff played two matches with the students. In the first match the staff won by a large margin and in the second match which all the basket-ball 'fans' of the College turned out to witness, the staff sustained a bad defeat.

Another interesting match that the staff played was against the

Central Y. M. C. A. staff. Unfortunately we didn't have our full team but still, at the end of the game, the score was 21 all. The staff is meeting the Y. M. C. A. people again very soon when they hope to beat the Y. M. C. A. by a clear margin.

There is only one Basket ball tournament in the City—that conducted by the Y. M. C. A. We entered three teams and three different types of teams at that. One was composed of the staff, the second was the powerful combination of the Past and Present students and the third was composed of only the Present students. Perhaps this is a record for the College, where a staff-team and a Past and Present team has been entered for any tournament.

Staff team.—H. R. Mills, R. S. Macnicol, J. R. Macphail, C. A. Abraham, R. P. Joseph (High School), and K. K. Jacob (Captain).

Past and Present.—J. Chandy, T. Chandy, G. Koruthu (Captain), S. Thyagarajan, M. Abraham, K. T. Thomas and K. C. Jacob.

Present.—Viswanathan, Alexander, Ramaswamy, K. K., Anantharaman, Johnson, Mallayya and Karumbayya (Captain).

Unfortunately all three teams happened to be in the same half of the Tournament. In the second round the Past and Present met and defeated the Present. The staff won the first two rounds, and in the third they met the Past and Present. This was a most exciting match, and at half time the staff was leading by one point. It looked as though the staff was going to win the match, but towards the end the youngsters got the better of their opponents and beat them by a narrow margin. Thus the Past-and-Present came up to the finals when they had to meet perhaps the strongest team in the tournament. It was a very uncertain game from the beginning. Our players were playing with great determination and by their tenacity and grit more than anything else they came out winners. It was a great game and our players should be heartily congratulated for their well-deserved victory. Thus our Past-and-Present combination won the Basket-ball shield for the College.

C. A. ABRAHAM.

Cricket

The year under review has been a most successful one, even though our college was unable to annex either the Pennycuick Shield or the Duncan Memorial Trophy. The failure did not in any way dishearten the members of the eleven, who continued to play their cricket with undiminished cheerfulness and determination. This is as it should be, and it must please the staff immensely to see that the lesson—of playing the game for the game's sake—which they try so zealously to inculcate, has been learnt so whole-heartedly.

No one denies that it is extremely pleasant to win a cup, but that is not the be-all and end-all of games. There are other and more useful things to learn, such as discipline and fair play for example; but the best and for this reason the hardest lesson to take to heart is the maxim of 'taking victory modestly and defeat cheerfully'; and the way in which the team has behaved, proves that they have taken the maxim unto themselves.

Of the sixteen games played during the season 3 have been won, 8 drawn and 5 lost. Here again let me add 'not so bad'. In this connection it might be remarked that a large number of the games must inevitably end in draws, because the matches are confined to Saturdays, and then only five and a half hours of cricket are played. This is unfortunate, and the Inter-Collegiate authorities would do well if they took the matter in hand, and endeavoured to improve the situation.

That some of our cricketers have acquitted themselves well in the several inter-collegiate contests, is borne out by the fact that every combined college eleven had at least two candidates from our team, and I am glad to say that each time they justified their selection. In this connection it may be mentioned that on two occasions when the rest of the side were dismissed rather cheaply, two of our men held out, and were unbeaten at the end of the day's play; the players in question being J. Chandy and Varadarajan. It is not surprising therefore that, when a Madras University team was formed to play the Aligarh University, the selectors included two men from the Christian College XI; the only other college to secure this distinction being the Medicoes, who by the way, are the league champions. The two fortunate players from our college were Appachoo and Varadarajan, our skipper and stumper respectively. The latter gave quite a good performance behind the stumps and Appachoo showed very definitely that he was by no means a tail-end batsman; when entering two down in the second innings, he hit up 49 in glorious style, playing exhilarating cricket and remaining unbeaten when stumps were drawn.

Time and space do not permit of a detailed description of each match, so excluding the matches of the Bangalore tour—already dealt with in our earlier issue—I will confine myself to a few matches of the league tournament and the only one in the Duncan Memorial.

The first match in the league was played against the Medical College. Appachoo won the toss and decided to field. The Medicoes opened their innings with Pereira and Garson. Purushotham was bowling, and began with a maiden. The partnership yielded forty runs before it was dissolved by Soares who tempted Pereira into giving Appachoo a rather difficult catch which the latter accepted. The other batsmen did not give much trouble and the whole side were dis-

missed for 108 runs. Venturing out in turn we made a disastrous start, losing our first wicket for no runs as the result of a miss-hit from Varadarajan. The batsmen who followed fared no better, and we lost five wickets for 20 runs, when Soares came in and stayed the rot. He was patience personified, taking fifty minutes to score 27 runs. This was a magnificent effort in the face of disaster, and helped very considerably to stave off a bad beating. A. Spitteler too did his bit, scoring 22 in quick style so that between the two we were able to put up 81, thus losing the match by 27 runs.

The second match was against the Presidency College, whom we opposed with a weak team; as Appachoo was kept away by unavoidable circumstances. Our opponents batted first and we made quite a good start, claiming three wickets for 37 runs, but after this our bowlers fell off badly and the Presidency men took the score to 207 for 7 wickets; for which total they declared their innings closed. We replied with 170 runs. Here again Soares played a capital innings. Going in as one of our opening bats he stayed at the crease for 94 minutes and scored 33 runs. Donald Pharoah however went a little better, scoring 39 runs in characteristic fashion, and in partnership with Spitteler adding 36 runs in a little over half an hour. The other batsmen however could not hold out, and we lost this match also, this time however by the big margin of 35 runs.

Playing against Pachayappa's College we won our first match, and this quite comfortably by 8 wickets. They had first tenancy at the wickets, but our trundlers were in splendid form and we dismissed them all for the small total of 68 runs. R. H. P. Holman was almost unplayable in this match. He bowled only 3.5 overs, gave 6 runs, and took 5 wickets, thus returning the remarkable average of 1.02 runs per wicket. We began none too promisingly, losing two wickets for 18 runs, but thereafter Eling and Appachoo raised the score to 42 before the former was dismissed for a well played 13. Chandy joined his skipper and the two carried the score to 88 without further loss. Towards the end Appachoo played forceful cricket, scoring as many as 14 runs in an over, hitting three fours in succession and remaining unbeaten with 49 runs to his credit.

The return match against the Medicoes proved to be the most exciting game of the series. They batted first but were all dismissed cheaply. Our bowlers repeated their success of the week before. All of them bowled with deadly accuracy, and once again R. H. P. Holman headed the list with 4.1 overs, 1 maiden, 9 runs, 4 wickets, i.e. an average of 2.25 runs per wicket. The Medicoes could not score more than 69 runs, and we can thus claim the unique distinction of getting them out for their smallest score of the season. Meagre though their total was we could not make it, and though at one time we had scored

62 runs for five wickets, we lost the match by three runs, the last four wickets yielding not a single run. On that day at any rate we had a distinct 'tail'.

The return match with Pachayappa's ended in a draw, the only noteworthy feature of the game being some good batting by Purushotham and Spitteler. Batting first Pachayappa's scored 174 for 8 wickets. We replied with 97 for 6. This was a good performance, because we lacked the services of Eling and Soares. Most of our batsmen failed and it was left to Purushotham and Spitteler to do the needful. Purushotham played an attractive innings for his 46 runs, some of his scoring strokes being a delight to watch. Spitteler too had a merry innings and remained unbeaten with 36 runs, included in which was a delightful sixer on the leg side; his first in Madras.

Having lost the league tournament, we concentrated on the Duncan Memorial, and strengthened the team with two promising youngsters from the High School section; but even this did not have the desired effect, and we lost our first match to the Presidency College, who eventually won the trophy.

The match in question was rather disappointing and I am of opinion that we were capable of doing much better than we did. Appachoo again won the toss, and this time decided to bat. Varadarajan and Thyagarajan opened the innings and were not separated till the score board showed twenty-nine runs. After this however our batsmen could not settle down, and we were all dismissed for 71 runs. The Presidency College replied with 134. Holman again claimed most of the wickets with an average of ten runs apiece. We fared better in our second venture in spite of the fact that we made a disastrous start, losing Varadarajan before a single run had been scored. Thyagarajan and Soares however played well together and raised the score to 32, when the latter had very bad luck in being run out. Eling filled the vacancy, and playing confident cricket scored 36 runs in a little over 45 minutes. This was his best game of the season and we had a glimpse of polished cricket from the 'real' James. Another effort worthy of note was that of Spitteler, who with little support from the tail emerged 'not out' with eleven runs to his credit. I am of opinion however that he should have hit out more, and hope that this criticism will be taken with the same good spirit with which it is offered. None of the others did much and our second innings closed at 134 runs. This left the Presidency College 70 runs to win, and they knocked up the amount for the loss of three wickets, thus beating us for the second year in succession in the same tournament. Better luck next time. We can win the Duncan, and I hope we will.

Before closing this article, I should like to add a few comments on the personnel of the team, and in doing so I wish to make it very clear

that these remarks are not intended to flatter the individuals. I have enjoyed an intimate relationship with the members, and have observed every little effort of theirs with keenness. Naturally I have been able to single out their good points as well as weaknesses, and hope to be able to form a correct opinion.

The difficult position of wicket-keeper is entrusted to *Varadarajan*, and I do not think a more capable person could be found. He is very quick, and equally strong at gathering the balls on both sides of the wicket; but above all he is extremely fair, and never makes an appeal unless he is perfectly confident that he can do so. In the 1997 runs scored against us, he gave away only 109 byes and claimed 25 victims in 17 innings; added to this he was the Madras University stumper, and these facts speak for themselves. He is also our opening bat, but here I must frankly say that though he is good he could be better, and I hope he will try to achieve this when he comes back for his P.G. course. *R. H. P. Holman* is a bowler pure and simple. He comes off the pitch well on the fast side with a break, and is sometimes almost unplayable. He would do well however to concentrate more on length than pace, as this will add a great deal to his already good performance. *Purushotham*—'Peri'—bowler and bat, is a left hand bowler of no mean calibre. He has a delightful action and breaks both ways, and with a little assistance from the pitch he could easily skittle out a whole side. He sometimes tries however to bowl above his strength, and would do well to correct this fault, remembering that he is a medium pace bowler, and is most effective only so. His batting is quite above the average, and he is particularly strong on the off. He is well worth a place in the combined College XI for his bowling alone. *James Eling* is our most reliable batsman, but unfortunately he is always dogged by bad luck. What he does not know of batting is not worth knowing. He is slow to get off the mark, but once set his scoring strokes are a delight to watch. He has been not out on four occasions, and is second on the batting average list. His fielding too leaves nothing to be desired as he is safe in any position. His pick up and shy are all one action, and his aim is precision itself. We are quite accustomed to see him hit the stumps from fifty yards away, and following his example has become an epidemic! *H. T. Soares* is undoubtedly a good cricketer. Unfortunately he has not played as much as he should have done for a diversity of reasons. He is quite capable of opening an innings, as his batting is of the sound type, and he couples a good deal of patience with this. As a spin bowler he is very useful—especially in breaking up 'sticky' partnerships, and would do well to improve this feature of his attack more. His fielding too is always done wholeheartedly. *Rama Rao* is our opening bowler, and in spite of his size has a wonderful stamina. He pegs them down

nicely, maintaining an accurate length, hence he is difficult to score off. His fielding is quite above the average and his batting has certainly been very helpful in many a difficult situation. *Arthur Spitteler* is our young 'Jessop'. No bowler holds any terrors for him. This does not mean that he is a blind slogger, but that using a nice discrimination he can hit when needed. He is a keen fielder and like *Eling* can accurately hit the stumps with a throw in. He aspires to be a bowler but would do well not to try and excel here. We want him to bat and he should concentrate on this. *J. Chandy* is a bat of the forceful type, but like *Soares* has not played too much. He has the advantage of getting quickly off the mark and his fielding at point is consistently good. *Ralph Mitchel* can play cricket and I should like to see more of him on the field next year. *Babu* and *Roberts* are promising cricketers who have done their best to acquit themselves with credit. *Appachoo* is an ideal skipper who plays cricket for cricket's sake. He knows how to keep his men together even under the most trying conditions. His success as a Captain is due to force of personality coupled with the spirit of fighting on even when defeat is inevitable. He is our great all-rounder, who adapts his batting to the situation. Possessing a variety of scoring strokes in his repertoire he too is delightful to watch once he gets going. He has been not out twice, and easily heads the batting average list. As a bowler he has plenty of heart, and is capable of sending down some first rate stuff, and here again tops the average list. He is inclined however to spare himself in this department of the game, and should overcome this tendency. As a fielder he is energetic, quick and accurate and this inspires his men to do their bit too.

From what has gone before, I think I have been able to justify the statement that the year has been a successful one. The team have the consolation of knowing that they have done their best, they have enjoyed themselves during the Bangalore tour, and have spent a most pleasant year together. We must not forget that this success is due in the main to the efforts of our energetic President, Mr. H. R. Mills, who is always eager to help in any way possible, and our warmest thanks are due to him for his kindness and zeal. To *Appachoo* we owe our thanks for keeping our team above reproach, and for the discipline he has been able to maintain. To the members of the team we must say 'grand merci' for the splendid spirit they displayed throughout the year, the spirit of cheerfulness, fair play and co-operation, so that before closing I can with a heart filled with justifiable pride and in all sincerity say, 'Well done, *Appachoo* and Company, that's the spirit!'

C. F. DWYER.

Averages for the year 1931-32

BATTING

(Qualification ten Innings)

NAME	INNINGS NO. OF	TIMES NOT OUT	TOTAL SCORE	HIGHEST SCORE IN AN INNINGS	AVERAGE
Appachoo	... 16	2	428	93	30.6
J. Eling	... 16	4	236	49*	19.7
Varadarajan	... 17	1	270	64	17.3
Spitteler	... 15	2	176	36*	13.5
Purushotham	... 14	2	115	46	9.6
Rama Rao	... 15	1	127	33*	9.1
Holman	... 10	3	30	12*	4.3

* Signifies not out.

BOWLING

NAME	OVERS	MAIDENS	RUNS	WICKETS	AVERAGE
Appachoo	... 136	22	380	33	11.5
Holman	... 100	17	280	21	13.8
Rama Rao	... 223	41	551	33	16.7
Purushotham	... 180	23	592	25	23.9
Soares	... 53	2	224	9	24.9

Hockey

For the past two years, we have not been able to do anything very noteworthy on the hockey field. This is not due to a lack of material, because the material is there, but somehow we have not been able to make good use of it. We began the year with a team that included many old hands, and were able to fill the vacancies quite satisfactorily.

It is true that we felt the need for those who had left us, and that for a time we were badly handicapped, but it is pleasing to note how the team faced the situation, and made the best of things; in fact they improved with giant strides, and before the year was out they were not only able to hold their own against the league champions—none other than the Medicoes—but also reached the finals in the Presidency College Hockey Tournament, which they eventually lost, not because of weakness, but, as one of our professors aptly expressed it, because of 'a finals complex'.

The matches of the league system are far too numerous to describe in detail, and besides, they have very little to offer from the point of view of excitement. The only one of the series worthy of mention is the one in which we drew with the Medicoes. With this match we became the only college to make the Medicoes accept a minus point, on their otherwise clean slate.

As in cricket, so in hockey, having lost the league tournament, we concentrated on the knock out one, and were able to send in quite a strong combination.

The first match of this tournament was played against Loyola College, who were credited with possessing a really strong eleven. There was nothing to be done but fight, and fight hard, and this we did. Our forwards worked with a will, and our defence kept their citadel intact. The match began with Loyola pressing heavily, but our men soon settled down, and before long transferred play to their opponents' territory. They continued to harass the Loyola defence and before the interval Edwards our skipper, receiving a perfect pass from Soares, broke through and scored with a low cross shot. After half-time it was evident that Loyola were a beaten side, and I am pleased to say that for once our men did not slacken off; we continued to have the better of the exchanges and before long, Edwards again scored with a powerful drive from the edge of the circle. This success spurred our men on to fresh activity, and about this time some really clever passing between the inside forwards was seen. Towards the close, Soares worked his way down from about the middle of the field, and evading a host of opponents ran into the 'D' and scored with a firm push stroke. This was a good solo effort and well merited the applause it received.

The next match was the semifinals, and this we won practically as we liked by the large margin of six goals to nil. Our opponents were a weak team and we took full advantage of our superiority.

The hardest fight was seen in the final, which required two games for a result to be arrived at. We opposed the Government Muhammadan College in this match, and the first game ended in a pointless draw. We should really have won this game, as we were all over our opponents, and Arul in goal was unbeatable. Bad shooting however lost us the opportunity.

In the replay we failed miserably, and I for one cannot account for this. We made a very promising start, and from the initial bully had the better of the exchanges, so much so that we were able to pin our opponents to their own half, and also to draw fresh blood. Thereafter we simply could not go on, and the Muslims seizing the chance ran out winners by the large margin of five goals to one.

Another year and no hockey cup, but this does not worry us. We have tasted the sweets of success and perhaps a little failure is beneficial. Anyhow our men have taken this with a good spirit, and optimistically say 'we'll have better luck next time'.

A few remarks on the members of the team, will not be amiss. Edwin Arul is quite a reliable goalie, and has credited himself with many a good 'save' during the season. Christopher and Mr. Albert,

the two backs, are capable of good tackling and clearing, though perhaps inclined to play too square. R. J. C. Inglis needs no introduction. This year he occupies the pivotal position, and though we have had a long string of efficient centre halves, he compares very favourably with them. He has a quick eye, and this accounts for some of his clever interceptions; besides, he is extremely cool-headed and energetic, two very valuable assets of a centre half. James Eling our left half back is not brilliant by any means, but he is certainly very efficient, and marks his man well. He seldom has an easy time, but he can be relied on to do his best in spite of this. Gordon Rodrigues plays right half back, and is a promising young player. Though this is his first year in the team, he has acquitted himself with credit; like Eling he can always be relied on to do his best. Fowler and Madhi Ali are our outside left and right respectively; both men are fast, and each has been responsible for several first class centres. Edwards, our skipper, occupies the position of inside left with credit. His speed and stick work have been very helpful on many occasions, but his success as a forward is due mainly to the fact that he is a good opportunist. As a skipper he is the best man in the place, combining as he does the qualities of level headedness and tact. G. Armanayagam, our right inner, is keen and hardworking, and makes up in effort what he lacks in skill. Last but by no means least, H. T. Soares our centre forward is a host in himself. He keeps his forwards well together, and makes good openings for them. Clever with his stick, and accurate in his passing, he is certainly our most dangerous attacker. This is our material, and if our men have been able to work well together it is because they lack nothing of the spirit that makes for real success in sports.

It might please those interested in our hockey eleven to know that five of our men have been asked to play in the trials for selection of a University team. Two years ago we had the distinction of having five of our players in the Madras University team that visited Lucknow, and though this good fortune might not attend us now, we can be perfectly sure that whoever does represent our college this year will be able to give a good account of himself and play the game.

In bringing this review to a close, we must not forget to convey our thanks to our hockey president, Mr. E. J. Bingle, and to Mrs. Bingle, for the keen interest they have taken throughout the year. By their presence at many matches, they helped very much in encouraging our young players, and we can assure them that their kindly interest will remain as a happy memory long after some of our players have left their Alma Mater.

C. F. DWYER.

The Tennis Club

In the second term there was a general lack of enthusiasm owing to the rainy season. Very few were newly admitted. Many discontinued. But the intermediate students who had to face the P. T. classes if they left off Tennis, stuck on.

But early this term many more joined in the hope of competing for the college tournaments, yet the strength is less than it was in the first term, when everybody decides to join the club, win the Madras tournaments, and defeat Cochet.

We competed for the Presidency College tournaments both for singles and doubles. In the doubles we were defeated by Rajamundry College. In the singles we defeated Pachiappa's, Loyola, and Rajamundry and came to the finals. But like our Hockey and Football teams we were not lucky enough to win the cup.

In the Inter-collegiate Tennis Tournament singles our college qualified for the finals by defeating the Engineers. But bad luck dogged us and we were not able to defeat Loyola in the finals which was defeated by our college in straight sets in the Presidency College Tournament. The Doubles also proved a failure, for it was lost to the Law in the first round itself—though we can comfort ourselves that Law afterwards easily won the tournament.

As regards the College Tournaments, the following are the winners and runners up respectively.

SINGLES

First Court.—(1) Varadarajan, (2) R. K. Kandaswamy.

Second Court.—(1) V. Satyanarayana, (2) V. Jagannatha Rao.

Third Court.—(1) P. S. Shaikh Madar, (2) J. Jayaram Rao.

Fourth Court.—(1) P. Alexander, (2) C. V. Satyanarayana.

DOUBLES

(1) Varadarajan and Constantine, (2) Sundaram and Sridaran.

M. KARTHIGESAN,
Secretary.

Football

The first rounds of the Henderson inter-class tournament were played off before the Michaelmas vacation, but the final was not played (though frequently arranged) until after the Christmas vacation. In the final, Class IV beat Class III by an easy margin of 5 to 1. In the first round, Class II defeated the High School, Class III defeated the

Honours classes, and Class IV defeated Class I. Class III passed into the final by a bye. In the only semi-final, Class IV put out Class II without much difficulty. Class IV was decidedly the best team, but otherwise the matches were mostly fairly even, and were contested keenly.

Since the first term, there has been lamentably little football. Scratch practices have been made up fairly often from people who happened to be on the ground—many of them Intermediate students hanging about after the compulsory games were over. But the big people—those who thought themselves somebodies—seldom turned up, and the old hands who were in the College XI last year hardly appeared at all. Things were no worse than they usually are: but they were pretty bad. The slackness of those who ought to have been leaders is certain to have a bad effect on the College XI next year, for no one has been trained up to step into the place of those (the majority of the XI) who are leaving College. It was said quite seriously once, by a member of the team, that the College can't play a match this year when anything is wrong with Mahdi Ali, because for all our 800 men there is no one else who can keep goal. The slackness seems to have had a bad effect even on the College XI this year, for it was a most unpunctual team. It was never once ready to play at the right time. Twice over, in the Wilson Cup matches, players came so late (with no special excuse) that some one had to be taken on off the touchline. And the disheartening thing is that no one seemed to be much ashamed of what had happened. And the exhibition we made of ourselves at the final of the Wilson Cup tournament was a disgrace to the College. Ten minutes after the starting-time, there were only four or five players present; at last we began to play, more than 15 minutes late, with a team still incomplete. No one should be proud of the Wilson Cup this year: it would have been better for the name of the College if we had asked the Veterinary College to accept a 'walk-over', with our apologies, when we had kept them waiting 15 minutes and were still not ready to play. They would have been well within their rights to demand it. It will be far better for the College in the end if a rule is made that no one will be allowed to represent the College again if he once turns up late, unless there is some very exceptional cause. At present there is a silly idea about that certain players are indispensable: the players themselves accept the idea very readily, and they come late to matches and never turn out to practices. This is one of the things which makes the College football in Madras so weak. An average player with keenness is far more use to a side than the most brilliant player who is half-hearted. Is it unreasonable to lay down a principle that no one shall keep a place in the College XI unless he works for it regularly?

We entered for only two tournaments this year, both knock-out. In the Presidency College Tournament, after beating R. M. S. and Loyola (matches described in the December Magazine), we lost to the Engineering College in the final by 2 goals to 1—a closely-contested match.

On the next day after the final of the first tournament, we met the same team again in the second round of the inter-collegiate tournament, and this time beat them by the same margin, 2 goals to one. In the first round we had beaten R. M. S. a second time, by 2 goals to nil. In the final, against Veterinary College, we won by 2 goals to nil, and ought to have won by more: as usual, we were good at everything but shooting for goal.

On its day, it was a good team, though it was apt to be unequal. Towards the end of the season there was some very pretty forward-work, especially perhaps on the right wing (K. M. Mani and V. M. Ninan). Defence was good throughout. The goal-keeper, *Mahdi Ali*, is very safe, keeping his head and using it too. The backs, *Ishaq* and *T. K. Thomas*, are both solid and weighty. *T. G. Thomas*, the centre half, is an old member of the team, for he spent a short while in College years ago. He is certainly one of the best backs in Madras, his only fault being that he has bad luck and is continually getting hurt. The other half-backs are *John Chandy* (left), who is improving greatly, and is adding much speed to the steadiness he always had; and *Ebenezer*, the Secretary, a player of the most admirable pluck and determination, and a good Secretary as well as a good player. The centre-forward, *Arthur Daniel*, is quick and dashing, and very good at getting the ball away to the wings. On the right wing are *K. M. Mani*, quick and strong at lifting and at passing; and, on the outside, *V. M. Ninan*, a first-year player of great promise, powerful, fast, and good at low stinging shots at goal. The left inner is *K. O. George*, the Captain, a resourceful and experienced player and our usual scorer. On the left wing is *Ernest Thomas*, who has a fine turn for speed. In addition to these, *Visvanathan* deputised in the semi-final and final of the Wilson Cup, first as left inner and again as left outer, and showed promise for next year. *G. M. Arumanayagam* deputised without notice in the Wilson Cup semi-final, playing right half-back and setting Ebenezer free to play back; and he put up a remarkably good show.

The Hostels

The Fenn Hostel

The 'Fenn' has its own charm in spite of its occasional mosquitoes. The hostel is once again full as those who left us last term have returned being disillusioned by the alluring 'far off land'. Three members from the 'Park' joined us. The sports secretary's place was filled by Mr. J. E. Balraj to the great disappointment of the 'prodigal' Mr. George. The medical assistant complains that his name has not appeared yet in the Magazine. Please note the high-sounding name G. Alfred Constantine.

After fourteen years, in the history of the hostel, we had to lose one of our members Mr. Jayasingh Anbudaiyan of IV class who died in the General Hospital on the 15th January '32. The funeral took place the next morning and many of us took part in it. He was a very promising student of Biology. We tender our heartfelt condolences to his widowed mother and bereaved relations.

The hostel needs some minor repairs but the hopeful promises of our warden 'to shift everything to Thambaram soon' pacify us. About Rs. 50 has been spent to strengthen the shed over the dormitory, with iron girders affixed to the half-wall on the northern side.

On the whole we are getting on well with everything and everybody. Though we lead the College in all Christian activities there is no reason for any commendation. In sports also we do not lag behind. A. T. Abraham can still claim the College championship. We hope to retain the interhostel football cup this year too. Our Volley Ball Team has come out successful in the first round. (So far so good.) We sent eight members to the Table Tennis and none survived the second round. The reason for the reverse is I am told the supernormal size of our hostel table. 'Let Allah help him who cannot scratch himself,—' so goes the Arabic proverb.

V. D. SAHAYAM,
Secretary.

The Second Students' Home

Perhaps we may begin the account—as we began the term—with our hostel excursion.

The first excursion of our hostel—first perhaps in the annals of

the hostel—which was planned out even last year took place, after all, on 9th January; we decided to go to Redhills. After some preliminary discussions as how to reach the place we decided to go by train since the present economic depression had affected our pockets too, and the other means, to go by 'bus was more expensive; the party—members and guests, about twenty—left the hostel for the Central Station at 9-10 a.m., after breakfast, to catch a train for our destination, Villivalkum, at 9-20. There was scarcely 10 minutes between us and the train but the train proceeding from the Parry's Corner moved slower than a snail. Thanks to the kindly help of the Railway guard through Mr. Martin, our Superintendent, the train waited for about 7 or 8 minutes within which time, all, except two—one, who had gone to get tiffin, and the other who went in to buy tickets—managed to get into the train safely and the train whizzed out of the station leaving the two behind, at 9-28. They somehow managed to reach the place and had to wait for full half-an-hour before those who started earlier arrived at the Corporation Bungalow, apparently passing through more adventures than Christian to the City of Zion—the Slough of Despond, the Hill Difficulty, and all that.

As the details of the day may not interest many (other than those who took part in it), for the obvious reason that they were not there, we do not give them here except this: that in a game of 'Subject and Object,' Mr. T. R. Raja of the IV class, who is conspicuous in the class by his thin, slender figure, was the Royal Elephant of the Maharaja of Mysore!

On the whole, we can say, we had a very fine day. Some of our members are proposing to send a hearty vote of thanks to the M. and S. M., Ry. company for their kindness to stop the trains—on both ways—for us at least for five or six minutes. Two of the staff were with us: one, invariably our superintendent, Mr. G. C. Martin, and the other, our honourable guest, Mr. R. S. Macnicol; one with his Ghandicap, and the other with Mr. Martin's 1st piece of chalk he uses on Mondays in III class, felt quite at home with others, and their company was really very pleasant.

Now to the negative side: There is to be no hostel anniversary this year. Please do not be so curious to know the reason; it is very short, simple and to the point; it is the 'present political perplexity.' Do you think that our hostel, the second Students' Home, which is almost full of staunch Nationalists,—some of whom do not wish to know how that rough, white 'canvas' will suit their fresh and delicate skin, but either frequent 'Whiteaways' and 'Chellarams' or call the Chinamen to their rooms not to mention their visits to the Roxy and the Elphinstone—will indulge in such fun and merriment, when the country suffers the uttermost repression and chastisement! By

the way, we intend wiring to the first President of the Indian Republic to reserve at least three seats in the future Congress or the Assembly, whatever it may be, exclusively for the S. S. Home! . . . The other extreme too is not absent. Some are doubtful—not exactly afraid—that if the Government comes to know the reason for the 'boycott' it might arrest the whole hostel at any moment! To them our advice will be not to frequent the Rattan Bazaar in Khadi dress or to shout 'Ghandi-ki-Jai'. But why? Is it too much if India expects them to go into prison for a week or two for the noble cause?

One word more and we have finished. Perhaps you would like to know how our Literary and Debating Society gets on. It is not so sleepy as the Inter-hostel one or not so drowsy it would have been. Mr. Macnicol who gave the inaugural address last term on 'Talking' seems to have exhausted all talking himself, so much so the secretary finds it hard to get speakers for subsequent meetings. The secretary tried to have a debate at Redhills during the excursion, but failed because some thought that it was out-of-place on such an occasion. Anyhow he hopes to have as many as he can before the year ends. We wish him all success.

These three things are peculiar to this year! Can you guess the reason? No; I know you cannot; well, no one can, perhaps!

K. A. S. JOHNSON,

Secretary.

The Students' Home

The members of the Students' Home celebrated their hostel day on Monday the 1st February 1932. Rao Bahadur V. N. Viswanatha Rao, M.A., B.L., Secretary to the Government of Madras (Law) presided. After Tea, the meeting was held at 5-30 p.m.

Mr. V. Subramanyan recited a prayer and then, a resolution of condolence was passed on the death of Mr. J. F. J. Anbudaiyan, a member of the home during last year.

Mr. W. F. Kibble, the Superintendent, introduced the President to all present and proposed him to the Chair.

After the President's introductory remarks, which referred to the noble traditions and general activities of the College and The Students' Home, prizes for the Annual Hostel Sports were distributed by Mrs. Kuruvilla Jacob; and on behalf of the members, Mr. V. Ganapathi proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Kuruvilla Jacob.

Mr. S. Venkatasubramanian then proposed the toast to the college in a short and elegant address. The reply was made by the Rev. A. J.

Boyd in a very humorous and impressive manner. The toast of the Hostel was then proposed by Mr. A. Jagadesan in a very interesting address to which a splendid reply was made by Mr. Aiyadurai Ayyar, B.A. (Hons.), wherein he recounted many a happy anecdote of the days when he was a member of the hostel.

Some amusing items of the evening were : a masterly performance on the mouth-organ, by Mr. Ebenezer ; the 'Hostel Bulletin' by Mr. J. K. Williams, being a caricature of present members ; and the Supplement thereto, by Mr. V. Ganapathi.

The Chairman, in his concluding remarks, associated himself with the happy days he had at our College and the Students' Home. He expressed his satisfaction at finding, now as in days of old, the paternal bond between professors and students, and the fraternal felicity among the students themselves. The question of unemployment and retrenchment, he observed, has become so intense that a solution is not likely to be near at hand. He hoped that conditions will become better and was sure that students of our College will fare quite well in life.

Mr. M. S. Sabhesan, the Manager, proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman and all the guests of the evening.

The Secretary is indebted to the keen interest and active co-operation offered to him in the conduct of affairs, by Messrs. K. A. Seetharaman and P. R. Gopal Rao.

A. JAGADESAN,

Secretary.

Caithness Hall

November 28th was a gala day for the Hall. It was her 28th birthday. The function commenced at 4 p.m., with light refreshments. At the meeting Mr. Gavin C. Martin, M.A. presided. Mr. O. Pulla Reddy, I.C.S., an Old Boy of the hostel (now Dewan of Jeypore), took us all back to his own years in this hostel in a nice little address. Mrs. Bingle gave away the prizes to the winners in the hostel sports. 'The Scamp'—an English farce in 3 acts—translated by Mr. Macphail, 'Roshanara' and 'Gireesam'—two Telugu farces—and 'Pongal Pandikai', a Tamil farce, were all then put on the boards. 'The acting was' said Dr. Hogg 'about the best I have seen done by students in India'.

We inform the inmates of other George Town Hostels that Mrs. Hogg has resumed her usual motherly patrol. See that you all have the 'minimum of eight hours' (sleep) every day. Otherwise, when you hear that she is in your hostel, run to the tap, bathe your face and try the effect of a smile in the glass before you brace up to meet her. For

she is quick to associate your gloomy face and sunken eyes with lack of sleep at night.

We are wondering whether the pleasant Scotchman with his meek Bagpipe who often turns up to step our verandahs will one day entice us away as the Pied Piper did with his infernal rats—not that we are rats in the old crannied walls.

We wish success to all our brothers and sincerely hope that they would keep our flag flying.

N. NARAYANA MENON,
Secretary.

College Park Hostel.—No Report.

Rungiah Chetty Hostel.—No Report.

Book Reviews

THE SACRED KURAL. By H. A. Popley, Association Press. (Pp. 120. Price : cloth, Rs. 2; paper, Re. 1/4.)

Mr. Popley's book on Tiruvalluvar's great poem is the latest addition to the well-known Heritage of India series and maintains the high standard established by previous publications. Mr. Popley has made good use of the work of earlier scholars, both Indian and Western, upon the subject. But his qualification for his subject is not simply his careful study of the results of 200 years of research. His supreme qualification is his own thorough knowledge of the Tamil language and literature, and of the peasant-folk of the Tamil Nadu to day, among whom he worked for so many years and for whom he has acquired such a sincere affection and admiration.

Twenty years have passed since the reviewer himself first turned the pages of the Sacred Kural. But the impression then created is indelible, the impression of having stumbled upon a work of art of the very rarest quality, a jewel in the literary treasure house not of one people but of the human race.

Mr. Popley's book provides a carefully chosen and tastefully translated selection from the Kural's 1330 couplets; and also introductory chapters on Tiruvalluvar's life and times, giving an illuminating background for the study of the poem. There is also an appendix with full bibliographical information which will direct the steps of those who are stimulated to proceed further.

Everyone interested in the history and culture of South India, whether equipped with a knowledge of Tamil or not, will be grateful to Mr. Popley and the Association Press for this edition of a very beautiful and precious piece of the Heritage of India.

G. M.

WHAT IS MOKSA? By A. J. Appasamy, M.A., D.Phil. (C.L.S. Re. 1-4.)

This book belongs to a series of Indian Studies of which Dr. Appasamy himself is editor. In these studies consideration is given to various aspects of Christian religious thought, while at the same time an effort is made to relate them to the religious thought of India.

Dr. Appasamy in this volume seeks to offer an answer to the question: What is the final goal of religious experience? He pursues his enquiry more particularly in the light cast upon the problem by the Gospel of St. John. The answer to the enquiry is that Mokṣa consists

in fellowship with God, and the book consists of a series of studies devoted to different aspects of this fellowship.

Throughout the book the author puts into practice the ideal for which he pleads in the Introduction, namely a sympathetic correlation of the problems under discussion with the thought of Hindu mystics and religious philosophers who have pursued similar lines of thought. He quotes freely and impressively from the writings of such religious thinkers.

In the course of his enquiry the author discusses such topics as: 'The Oneness of Jesus with God,' 'The Nature of Fellowship,' 'The Corporate Experience of God,' 'The Gift of Peace,' and 'The Problem of Retribution.'

Dr. Appasamy draws a very clear distinction between fellowship with God and identity with God, and points out that Christ Himself did not claim identity with God even when He used the words: 'I and the Father are one.' He was claiming in what He said not identity, but an utterly full and deep understanding of and sympathy with the purpose and will of God.

Likewise for men, fellowship with God should consist in an orientation of the human spirit to the spirit of the Divine.

The chapters on Peace and on Retribution are particularly interesting. In the one there is a discussion of various Indian interpretations of peace and in the other a discussion of the relation of Christian thought, particularly as set forth in St. John's Gospel, to the Hindu doctrine of Karma.

True peace is shown to be, not a negation, but an experience founded upon communion and fellowship with God, which is richly positive.

In speaking about the doctrine of Karma and the idea of retribution as it is dealt with in the Fourth Gospel, the author shows that although the conception of retribution is certainly present, retribution is considered as the result of men's self-judgment. Further, 'the whole Christian gospel of forgiveness is a necessary corrective to the doctrine of retribution.'

This book is a clear and helpful study of what is fundamental to all sincere religious thought and aspiration, namely fellowship with God, and especially of fellowship as it was known and practised by Christ in His relationship with God the Father.

