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V. Subramania Iyer,

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Dear Sir,

I have to thank you for the VERY BEAUTIFUL CUP which you have made for us. In design, in workmanship, and in finish, such a CUP would be a credit to any firm of the highest standing and reputation.

Yours faithfully,
(Sd.) Fr. C. LEIGH, S. J.,
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Dear Sir,

I acknowledge receipt of your parcel of SIXTY MEDALS & THREE CUPS. I thank you very much for your prompt and neat execution.

(Sd.)
Registrar,
Annamalai University.

Chittoor,
Chittoor Dt.

Dear Sir,

The GOLD MEDALS (Bhagavad-Gita Medals) are safe to hand and are quite up to the mark.

Thanking you,

Yours faithfully,
(Sd.) A. S. P. AYYAR, M.A., I.C.S.

ANDHRA UNIVERSITY
Waltair P. O., (Vizag Dt.)

Mr. V. Subramania Iyer, Jeweller, Triplicane, Madras, prepared two SHIELDS for the Andhra University according to selected designs. One was a FOOTBALL SHIELD, presented to the University by the Zamindar of Andhra, & the other was the First Vice-Chancellor's CRICKET SHIELD. The workmanship of both the Shields was excellent. All the ladies and gentlemen who attended the last Convocation and who saw the Shields exhibited at the time greatly appreciated the skilled workmanship.

(Sd.) Rao Sahib Mr. T. S. TIRUMURTI,
Vice-Chancellor, Andhra University.

St. Joseph's College,
Coimbatore P. O., Coimbatore.

Dear Sir,

I received the parcel of CUPS yesterday and am glad to say that I found them entirely to my satisfaction.

I shall be only too pleased to place my future orders with you.
Thanking you for your excellent service.

Yours faithfully,
(Sd.) Rev Bro S. P. DELANEY



The SCHOLAR

VOL. VIII

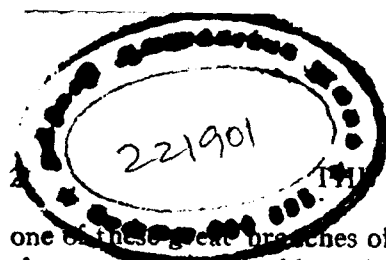
OCTOBER 1932

NO. 1.

Greetings and A Suggestion.

[While conveying to the readers and well-wishers of *The Scholar* our cordial good wishes and greetings on the occasion of our beginning another year, we wish to bespeak their earnest attention to the following communication from Dr. Kalidas Nag, who has done so much to the cause of international and cultural federation and helped to make India better known to the world, and trust that his appeal will find a ready response from our scholars and savants. We shall also be very glad if they will make *The Scholar* the medium for supplying North India with the cultural achievements and inheritance of the South.—Editor].

The Scholar of Palghat, after seven years of meritorious service, will enter into the eighth year of its career, and I beg to convey my best wishes on that occasion. We from North India run the risk of being segregated intellectually, if we fail to take stock of the rapid and remarkable progress that our Dravidian brethren are making in the South. It is a pity that very few journals of North India reserve a special place for South Indian views. It is no doubt true that in the sphere of politics and economics the signification of any demarcation between the North and the South is disappearing fast, with the great common urge of our national unification. But there are, and will continue to be, centres and items of special interest which we should not ignore. In the domain of literature and linguistics, for example, we of the Aryan North should ever be watchful of the creative contributions of South Indian scholars to the study of Tamil, Telugu, Kanarese and Malayalam languages. Each and every



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one of these great branches of the Dravidian language contains elements of considerable cultural value from the point of view of Pan-Hindu historical synthesis. The University of Madras is, for years, engaged in the publication of a grand Tamil Lexicon. So, I hear, a Telugu Lexicon is being compiled under the patronage of the enlightened Maharaja of Pithapuram. The Mysore Durbar, ever renowned for patronage of learning, has made ample provision for the study of the Canarese language, in the very wing of the University of Mysore. Let us hope that Malayalam, one of the most musical of the Dravidian languages, will soon receive similar attention from the progressive States of Travancore and Cochin, initiating an University of Kerala culture.

But even before the realisation of these noble schemes, we may expect, specially from our eminent South Indian contemporaries, a systematic *resume* of all important contributions and publications relating to the intellectual, social and spiritual progress of South India. Such a *resume* might easily be prepared by our colleagues of the different linguistic zones from their respective vernacular publications and presented in the form of articles on a detailed Bibliography in English (the *lingua franca* of to-day) just as the Kern Institute of Leyden is doing, for the last five years, on Indology. It is the duty and privilege of our English-knowing University graduates to discover and collaborate with our unlettered folk-poets as well as with our traditional scholars of great erudition but ignorant of any foreign language. Not to speak of the *Bhaktas* and sages of yore coming from South India, in our own days we from the North have hailed with joy and gratitude the noble and illuminating researches of Pandit Ganapathy Sastry of Travancore, Dr. Sham Sastry of Mysore, Pandit Ramakrishna Kavi of Andhra, Dr. S. Krishnaswamy Iyengar, P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar and others. Let us hope that this great work of intellectual co-operation* between the two big families of Hinduism in the North and the South will be continued in right earnest; and I appeal through the hospitable pages of *The Scholar* to my cultured brothers and sisters of the *Dakshinapada* so that they might respond to this our sincere appeal from the North, offering us their hand of collaboration, helping us, in this crisis of our history, to build a renovated and United Hindu India!

Kalidas Nag,
Editor.

India and the World.

* I shall be thankful to have concrete suggestions as to a possible line of collaboration, especially with regard to the monthly publication of a Bibliography (in English) of Dravidian literature, the need for which is urgently felt in North India—K. N.

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The Teacher and Tomorrow.

By Dr. Walter Williams.



HE teacher deals with yesterday and to-day and to-morrow. If he be a real teacher, well prepared, he will have knowledge of yesterday. With this knowledge he will understand that no one does well to-day who does not know yesterday. He will be able to re-state in the terminology of to-day, principles upon which human society is builded, the principles which are vital in carrying forward human society to greater achievements, to better and more enduring righteousness and good-will. History he will know, not merely in terms of dates and names of kings, dict

down the tree. It had given shade, comfort and nut products for sustenance these many years, and to all our family it is a grateful memory. I hesitated to cut it down and only did so when I had satisfied myself"—he paused a moment. "Look," he said, "at the vista." The American guest looked, and before his eyes a volume of beauty, its pages splashed with colour, with vine and shrub, flecked with shadow and the gleam of sunshine, and then as far as eye could see as the pages turned, dancing waves of the open sea, waves that invited to larger adventuresomeness.

"I only cut down the tree," said the youthful leader of the youth of Japan, "when I found what a vista would be opened thereby." May not the same principle be invoked by the teacher who gathers out of yesterday and teaches to-day for to-morrow? It is a wondrous vista that is being opened day by day, as mechanical invention, as the discoveries of science, as the unshuttering of the eyes and mind enlarge the vista.

The radio comes and the world is a whispering gallery. Aircraft comes and the new roads of travel are through the clouds. The world is a neighbourhood, whether we will or not. But when one in Kansas City speaks to his friend in New Zealand the news of the passing day, it remains true, as before radio and aircraft came, that the spiritual dominates in every well-ordered human life.

The three R's are needed in instruction for to-morrow. The three R's I have in mind are not the three R's that our fathers thought essential in the education of every child—reading, writing and arithmetic. I fear instruction in these branches of human knowledge has faded somewhat out of the picture in modern education. Reading has been speeded up, or abandoned. We may with proper cultivation of our eyes, and to some extent our minds, increase the batting average of our reading by 300 per cent., so we are informed through the researches of a Columbia University (New York) professor. Writing, penmanship, is largely a lost art—certainly the art of letter writing. We do not any more write long discursive intimate essays—we read them in old books, but we do not find them in our daily mail. As for arithmetic, called by any other name, it is almost equally absent from our educational scheme of things.

The three R's I mean are for the teacher who seeks to count through his pupils, in the world's life of to-morrow. The first of these R's is **READJUSTMENT**. I come around to the point of beginning. We are living in a different world to-day than we were living yesterday, and our children will be living in a different world to-morrow than we are living in to-day. It will be a

different world economically and socially—a different world geographically, if you please. Our forefathers came to this middle western land in search of blue sky, and elbow room, and freedom. They wished, in the language of a Virginia pioneer, to live far enough apart from each other so that each family would be able to spank its own babies without annoying its neighbours. Now we live so close together physically, that we have no elbow room. There is no room to spank the babies, and there is a decreasing number of babies to spank. I need not point out the growth of the urban population. The shuttle of the city is weaving a new pattern for to-morrow's civilization. We must have in our scheme of education recognition of the readjustments that are taking place all around us. Pupils must be taught increasingly and with emphasis clarity of observation, keenness of initiative, with that social consciousness which will enable them in a new and different situation to adjust themselves harmoniously and helpfully unto to-morrow's world.

The second R is **REALISM**. To-morrow's world will be a real world. It will be stripped of many of the fanciful legends which have fed our minds in the past. Science will have demonstrated its reality in many ways about which we hardly dare to think. Our feet must be upon the ground. It will be a matter-of-fact world. As now we are in an economic age, to-morrow we will be confronted even more

and catastrophe, for the capture of the City of Man's Soul, for the citadels of civilization itself?

In the three R's for the teacher of to-morrow, I suggest finally ROMANCE, —Readjustment, if you please, to fit the individual to fit himself into to-morrow's work; Reality, that he may know and understand and profit by the realities of human life. Most of all Romance, the spirit of adventure, the joy of spiritual achievement, the putting of so-called realities in their proper place. Romance, it is said, died in the trenches in the War days. It is our business as teachers for to-morrow to keep it alive in the hearts of men. What do I mean by Romance? Fifty years ago, in a then famous novel, *John Inglesant*, its author, J. H. Shorthouse, now forgotten, penned this definition—a message to his generation which may well be a message to every generation:

Romance is only human life in the highways and hedges, and in the streets and lanes of the city with the ceaseless throbbing of its grieving heart; it is only daily life from the workshop, from the court, from the market, and from the stage; it is only kindness and neighbourhood, and child-life, and the fresh wind of heaven, and the waste of sea and forest, and the sunbreak upon the stainless peaks, and contempt of wrong and pain of death, and the passionate yearning for the face of God, and woman's tears, and woman's self-sacrifice and devotion and woman's love. It is only the ivory gates falling back at the fairy touch. It is only the leaden sky breaking for a moment above the bowed and weary head, revealing the fathomless Infinite through the gloom.

He believed in the healing processes of nature, in the best that is in the human spirit. 'The sun is set,' John Inglesant said cheerfully, after the long trials of his life. 'but it will rise again. Let us go home.'

Without Reality there would be no life. But without Romance there would be no life worth living. We need the romanticist as well as the realist. An education unto romance and unto reality. Recall, if you will, the story of Don Quixote. Don Quixote "tells us the more excellent way of life. He teaches us that a knightly heart can transform an inn into a castle, see in the commonest servant a stately princess, and find upon every road a high adventure. We laugh at many incidents and happenings in this great story. But we never laugh at him, for he is dignified amidst all his disasters, erect in spirit, even when he lies prone and battered on the ground, and triumphant in the moment of direst defeat." "The appeal of the story is in the fact that, on the road of the heart of each of us, the Idealist and the Realist travel together, and the tragedy is that often the idealist within us has but little kinship with Don Quixote, whom Sir Walter

Raleigh described as "the finest gentleman of all the realms of fact and fable". Each of these two travellers reveals himself in the moment of action, and also in speech. We see the stand-point of each when they are talking of the harsh adventures of the road:

Don Quixote: 'There is no remembrance which time does not obliterate; nor pain which death does not terminate.'

Sancho Panza: 'What greater misfortune can there be than that which waits for time to cure, and death to end?'

There is temporal wisdom in the words of Sancho Panza, and in those of Don Quixote eternal truth.

of the spiritual to the material in all things. He has an inquiring mind, an understanding heart, a noble soul. He is a gentleman, unafraid. It is such as he that with noble curiosity, with unfeigned faith, with unfettered imagination and hope, in the fine lines of Browning, "face the unknown future with a cheer".

These then are the three R's for the education of the teacher for to-morrow:

RE-ADJUSTMENT to live in a world that is different in many things, closer together, more compact, and more desperately hungry for food and the finer things of life.

REALISM, the knowledge of the common fact, the stark reality of every day. The discoveries of science, the mechanical inventions, the things around us.

ROMANCE, the spirit of high adventure of the human soul, untrammelled by tradition or prejudice or caste, eagerly curious and aspiring unto the common good.

These three—RE-ADJUSTMENT, REALISM, ROMANCE—and the greatest of these is Romance.

To this high task in the noblest of all callings, teaching unto to-morrow, I summon you.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington.

By Dr. Sudhindra Bose, M. A., Ph. D.

Washington is the mightiest name on earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington, is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe we pronounce the name, and in its naked deathless splendour leave it shining on—*Abraham Lincoln*.



GEORGE Washington, whose bicentenary Americans are celebrating this year with the most tenacious loyalty of affection and admiration, was not a superman. But the grandest thing about him was that when he got his teeth in a thing, he held on like a bulldog. He never won a major engagement. He held the army together, in the face of overwhelming difficulties and discouragements, by his persistency and his will. He lost more battles than he won. But he won the Revolutionary War through his defeats. The English found out that they could not keep on beating a man for ever unless they killed him. If one cannot kill him, after a while one must surrender to him. The English did surrender to Washington.

Back in the days of the American War of Independence, the Thirteen Colonies had only a population of 3,000,000. The English had nothing but unmitigated contempt for the colonists, who were referred to as "dirty mongrels," "a wretched set of knaves," "cut-throats and blacklegs". "We shall grant nothing to the Americans," said Lord Hillsborough, "except what they may ask with a halter round their necks." "They are a race of convicted felons," echoed poor old Dr. Samuel Johnson, "and they ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging."

It is now fashionable among a school of new historians to affect to believe that the English did not wish to conquer the American colonists. This view is wholly erroneous. The people in England generally held that the loss of the American colonies would involve the ruin of the British Empire. Most of the country squires in England believed in crushing out "rebellion," no matter where it occurred or for what reason, and this view was almost unanimously taken by the Rev. Clergy. John Fiske, the classic historian of the American Revolution, says that "in the House of Lords none were so blood-thirsty as the Bishops, and country parsons preached from all the texts of the Old Testament which refer to smiting Jehovah's enemies hip and thigh. The

in twenty-five volumes. That a man of action, a man on horse-back, should be so ready with his pen hints at the other side of his mental make-up—the side that is often overlooked in a soldier.

The world finds Washington eternally fascinating and various. The Great Leader of the American Cause was a many-sided man, one of whose outstanding traits was self-reliance. Washington wrote out as a boy 110 rules for his living. They suggest that we ourselves control our own conduct and measure our own opportunity. Here are some of his rules:

"Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse nor revile.

"Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disadvantage of any.

"Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

"Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

"Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

"Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience."

These rules alone will not make a Washington; but they were a part of George Washington's self-reliant gospel. Every one of his 110 rules was a rule of personal conduct for which he must be responsible to himself, he was to be the master of his own destiny, the architect of his own fortune.



GURU CAMBALA—AN APOTHEOSIS OF SELF-SACRIFICE—By Nicholas J. Roerich.

Agni-Transmutor.

By Nicholas de Roerich.

And then in the roaring sphere
Of unheard-of fire
The radiant glove shall open
The Gates to the dazzling Day.

THE poet Alexander Block many times refers to the visions of rays of light of the fire that transmutes the world. And when Block was asked why he had ceased visiting the Religious Philosophical Society, he replied briefly: "Because they talk there of the Ineffable". I remember how Block came to me for a frontispiece for his book, *Songs of Italy*, and we spoke of that Italy which already no longer exists, but the essence of which had created so many unforgettable fiery milestones. And of these unheard-of fires, of the thundering spheres, of the radiant sword that blossoms in fire, of all these milestones Block knew well, as of absolute realities. He would, of course, not speak of them in chemist's terms, but he knew well their outer unspeakableness and inner immutability.

When one remembers the Great Fires of Reality, then one inevitably recollects those recently departed images of Block, Scriabin, Leonid, Andreev; everyone in his own way, everyone in his own tongue relating and warning against the great realities, which again powerfully fill our life. From the far-off past, people speak again of Amos, the roaring lion of the desert.

And the fire will devour the palaces.
For it is an evil time.
Shall not the land tremble for this
And everyone mourn that dwelleth therein?

(Amos, IX, 8).

Thus convincingly prophesies Amos, the herdman of Tekoa. Once more are being remembered and transmuted in their inspirations the parables of Solomon, the most ancient Commandments of Genesis, the fiery pages of the Rig-Vedas, the flaming chalice of Zoroaster and all that multitude of immutable and already historical material, which tells us of the same fire, the same blinding To-morrow. Some abyss has been traversed; the consciousness has come closer to the Revelation (Apocalypsis) in which are expressed quite clear indications of historical and geographical meanings. People have begun to remember, especially the once half-forgotten Nostradamus, and suddenly, as if removing wax seals which concealed the real meaning, became convinced of a

whole series of absolutely evident historical facts, already fulfilled or taking place before our very eyes,—facts which the seer prophesied three hundred years ago. The visions of Swedenborg are to be found on pages of scientific works. An Austrian Professor publishes Paracelsus. People seem to approach as if through newly opened Gates the treasure trove of old eternal ordinances. Instead of repulsive intolerance, which leads nowhere except to evil and decay, there dawns the creative synthesis. There becomes manifested the perception of that great Truth, which exists pre-eternally and which is expressed in the multiformity of transmutations of centuries. After the depressing conception of condemnation, there manifest themselves the conceptions of the Heart, of Fire and of that Infinity, in which are widely embraced all seeing souls.

Tolstoy said: "Did you ever happen to cross a fast stream in a boat? One should always set one's course much above the place to which one wants to get, otherwise the current will carry you far below. So also in the domain of morality one should always steer much higher—life anyhow will carry one down." "Let him aim very high, then he will reach," was Tolstoy's advice to my "Messenger". "Do not look into fast running water," say the Mongolian lamas, and from our own experience we know when crossing the upper parts of the Blue River (Yangtze-Kiang), during the floating of the ice, how one should not look into the fastly running stream, filled with crackling ice. One must regard a far-off point on the horizon in order not to lose one's balance. These two fundamental principles, "as high as possible" and "as far as possible," always rose before humanity and rise now with especial acuteness.

Oh, the particles of rushing ice, sharp-pointed, cold and brittle, frightening the horses, are as if some frozen human hearts, which break themselves in anguish, try to undermine the firm step of everything that aims "far" and "high". Does not the human consciousness at present striving against the icy hearts, walk towards the fire? What else is to oppose the ice, the cold and the mirage of the stream, if not the fire which lights and warms, and on which the radiant sword is forged! The search for heating warmth for those creative warming beacons, which are stressed in their approach to the Great Mother of the World, will leave the light-bringing seeds also for our time. And in the search for warmth, in the appeal for the woman's great heart, we shall again turn to the search for the centre. We shall feel in our heart that one cannot live longer on the outskirts, one cannot dissipate, but one can create, only realizing the centre, that very centre, the Radiant City, of which so much has been said in innumerable symbols.

It seems that the vials of the Apocalyptical Angels have already been poured out. And even if the most bitter of these chalices will not awaken the human heart, then whither will the great Flame turn? Perhaps it will scorch humanity? And will the unawakened heart be able to transmute this burning flame into a purifying fire? And if humanity will not choose to realize why it should mightily unite, then it will be carried away like the broken-up cold ice of the great Blue River of Life. If this example of broken up particles of ice has been shown to us by the Blue River Yangtze Kiang, then how muddy, terrible must be the streams of the Yellow River (Hwang-Ho), which continually carries many corpses? Both the Blue and Yellow Rivers remind us of the examples of loss of the centre, of loss of unity, of the loss of the most primitive and sound feeling of spiritual enlightenment and accumulation.

The examples of history on the one hand, the inspired words of the poet on the other,—they are not metaphysics, nor abstractness—are the very same in whose name the voice of prophets sounded severely and appealingly, warning in most brilliant and calling terms humanity, which had forgotten what is "highest" and "farthest".

Whoever commits sin, commits it against his own soul.

The blind and the seeing shall not be held equal, nor they who believe and do good works, and the evil-doers. How few of you consider this.

No wonder, the last words of the Prophet to his beloved daughter were :

Fatima, my daughter, work ye out your own salvation, for I, verily, have no power with Allah to save you in any wise.

And yet, the doctors of a degenerate Islam teach and the credulous masses heartily believe, that the worst Mohammedan is superior by far to a saintly Gandhi.

Let us finish with the remaining portion of Iqbal's couplet with which we began :

*Ik a-eyar-i nau jail main nazil hooi muj-par :
Gita main hai Quran to Quran main Gita.
Kiya khub hooi ashteyi Shaikh o Brahman.
Is jang main akhir na yah hara, na wah jita.*

What a happy reconciliation between the Shaikh and the Brahman !
In this war, there is no victory for the one, no defeat for the other.

A New Education for a New Age.

By N. S. Subba Rao, M. A. (Cantab), Bar-at-Law.



R. H. G. Wells is well known for his radical views on Education. In his latest work *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*, a noble third to his great trilogy on human development, he offers in some detail what he considers should be the essentials of a sound system of education. It is proposed in the following paragraphs to summarise these views for the benefit of the readers of *The Scholar*, who may not have looked into the book, in the hope that they may be induced to do so at least now.

The guiding idea of the book is that the economic and political organisation of the world should be centralised, and should move under the impulse of a World Plan. The world should be saved from the "insane obsession of patriotism". The means for doing so and for inaugurating a World Plan based on World Peace is Education. Mr. Wells believes that with the spread of education and growth in the number of educated persons, the progress towards World Organization and World Peace will be quicker.

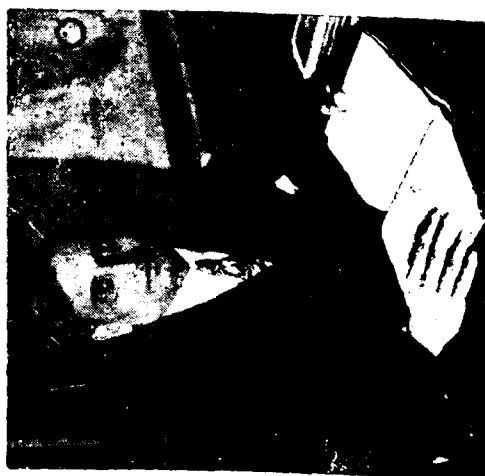
What are the essentials of Education? What are the hall-marks of an educated man? Mr. Wells holds that the educated type is distinguished by two outstanding features. The first of these is that the dominating motive of action is service. The second is "a certain mental power and fastidiousness". The importance of the first is evident in a world where the personal motive, the struggle for self, has been till recently accepted not only as inevitable but as tending towards the good of all. The second characteristic is no less important in a world which is too busy to think for itself and clarify its notions, and is content to accept its views and ideas from an omniscient press.

How does Mr. Wells propose to produce his educated type? He starts

I have behaved unwarrantably in that I yielded to the prevailing persuasions of this noble system of doctrine, which the Indians display, mounted with suitable splendour upon the lofty and transcendent engines of their stage-craft. But it is true that you were informed how well grounded was my enthusiasm, and my belief in their Science and Blessedness. In India I saw men dwelling on the earth and not on it, fortified without fortifications, and possessed of nothing.....and yet of all that any man possesses. If I deal in riddles, the Science of Pythagoras allows it; riddles are in the tradition of him who discovered the lessons contained in the Language of Silence; and you yourselves assisted Pythagoras to formulate this Science, during the time when, yourselves originally Indians, you approved the Indian way. You now condescend to speak in such unbecoming terms of the Indians, as though it were not a scandal for you to derive from an origin which you denounce as scandalous! Aye, not even yet have you amended this perversity; you have made a foul and scurrilous exhibition of it this very day, in saying that the Indian practices are worthless, mere sorcerers' terrors and sorcerers' lures for eye and ear, and in showing yourselves stupidly indifferent to the fame of any Science before you know the quality of it. Not that I wish to say a single word in defense of myself..... my highest wish is to be as the Indians esteem me.....but I do not permit the Indians to be attacked.

If you will not take offense, here is a comparison for you. There are certain old wives who go around among the shepherds, and sometimes the cowherds as well, with a seive hung over their arms, and heal sick beasts by their incantations—so they say. They claim to be called Wise Women, and more scientific than the regular prophets. This is what you remind me of when you compare yourselves with the Science of India! *They* are transcendent in power, and ornate with all the decorous beauty of Delphian worship; you.....but I carry it no further. I love discretion of language, and so do the Indians.

As for the Indian usages regarding the Sun, and what kind of worship he delights in, let him have his own rite. The air is the Sun's vehicle, and such as hope to celebrate his praises worthily must rise above the earth and walk on air like the god. This is what all men desire, but only the Indians can achieve."



DR. SUDHINDRA EOSE, M.A., PH. D.



G. K. CHETTUR

The Last Enchantment.

By G. K. Chettur, M.A., (Oxon).

NO man, not even the casual visitor to Oxford, returns from that city of dreaming spires, "of fretted pinnacles and fanes sublime," in all respects exactly the same as he went there. For, Oxford, beautiful at all times, has a way of throwing over him the glamour of a loveliness, which he will in vain try to interpret or to analyse, a loveliness that will remain with him to the end a fragrant and a gracious memory. And if this be the effect on the hurrying tourist or sight-seer, what should it be on those who had the privilege of spending some of the most impressionable years of their lives within the walls of this "rose-red city, half as old as Time," steeped in the atmosphere of its beauty, its learning, its culture, its never fading enthusiasms, its soul-warming austerities? Few, indeed, think of such things at the time, or if they do, such thoughts soon give place to the more compelling needs of a busy University life; but, in retrospect, contrasting what one is with what one was before one went up, there breaks in with all the force of a revelation, the knowledge that those Oxford years were the years of a renaissance, a re-birth of the body as well as of the spirit, in every sense as interesting and as significant to the individual, as that other, five centuries ago, was to a whole continent. For, it was in those years that "the love of the things of the intellect and the imagination for their own sake, the desire for a more liberal and comely way of conceiving life" made itself felt, urging those who experienced this desire (as it urged men in the fifteenth century) "to search out first one, then another means of intellectual or imaginative enjoyment".

And what a setting Oxford offers, for the young scholar who makes it the field of his labours, who embarks there upon his voyage of intellectual discovery! For him, the background is that which Time has made more lovely and great traditions have consecrated; and whether he wander in the beautiful gardens of New College, or down the quiet walks in Magdalen or Christ Church, or up "the stream-like windings of that glorious street," than which no street in the world is considered more wonderful, on him the ever present contrast of the new and the old, works like an inspiration, always. Unaltered and unaltering through the years the Isis flows in quiet beauty through the town; the changing seasons break in wave upon wave of loveliness upon the turrets and the towers of this vast temple of learning, leaving

Kanaka Devi: Is he? You just wait and see. (*Smiling complacently*) He has always been a naughty boy, Satish Babu. We have known him since his childhood. And now he'll be the biggest zamindar this side of Darbhanga, just fancy.

Basu: I can quite believe it! Some people have all the luck on their side.

Narendra: I say, Bar, don't take this fiasco to heart. There's a girl I know who'll make just the wife for you. You leave it to me. The great lesson

Basu: Look here, Phelu. We're all frightfully hungry, and if you don't start the car at once and drive for all your worth,—well, there will be concussion of the brain in earnest, this time. (*Curtain*).

Lost Property.

By F. H. Aldhouse, M. A.



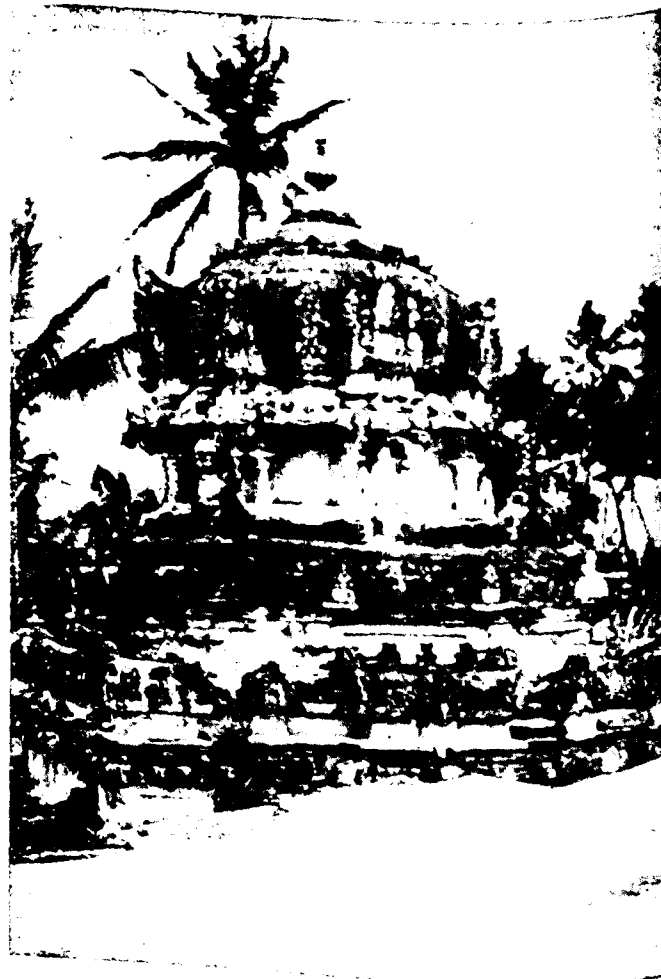
MY name is Oscar O'Mara, I am a flight-captain in the Free State Flying Corps. Six months ago I crashed. We got into an air-pocket and nose-dived. My observer Shamus Murphy was thrown out and killed, he was an old school friend.

I myself was hurt, I had bad concussion and other injuries. The physical damage I recovered from in St. Bricken's Hospital, but my nerves were badly affected. Our doctor considered I ought to have a complete change. So I came to England and went as paying guest to Mrs. John Bull.

I found the house delightful. There was a shady garden stretching down to the Thames, it was sufficiently near London for a visit to theatres and cinemas, but far away enough to be quiet and rural. Mr. Bull was, I believe, a stockbroker. A youngish bald-headed man with a vacant slightly comic cast of countenance. He had one charming boy of ten, Jimmie, who made great friends with me.

I did not like Mrs. Bull, why I could not say. She had a well-furnished table, everything ran like clockwork in that house and she made me both welcome and comfortable. Still I did *not* like her. There was something strident in her manner and, though I saw no evidence of it, I thought she could be cruel. Still that was only my impression, she treated her little boy in every way as a mother should, there was no friction with the servants, and if she dominated her husband I felt sure it was for his own good and he seemed in no wise to object. Mrs. Bull was studiously civil to myself and fell in with my likes and dislikes. All I could say was her geniality seemed a trifle stereo-typed.

By medical orders I spent a good deal of time in the open air. There was a tent in the garden and in it or the hammock under the sycamore, when I was not in town, I rested and read most of the summer days I spent in Sunnyfield. Jimmie went to a select Preparatory School in the mornings, but in the afternoon he frequently came out to talk to me. He showed me his rabbits and pigeons, played a slow game of croquet or midget golf and was delighted to hear a Fairy Story of the Sidhe of Green Cire. The Bulls did not seem to have many acquaintances, though a working party for some foreign mission came to Mrs. Bull's drawing room once a week.



TEMPLE PAGODA TIRUVANPARATHI RAM