

1546

The Bhavata Sharma

V. XI

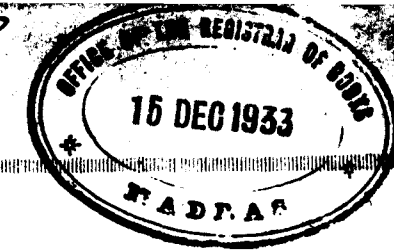
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THE Bharata Dharma

Magazine of Liberal Hinduism

Honorary Editors : { C. V. Krishnaswami Ayyar,
K. V. Sesa Ayyangar.

VOL. XI]

OCTOBER & NOVEMBER, 1933

[Nos. 7 & 8



On the front parapet of THE TEMPLE OF LIGHT, Adyar :

चित्ते वटगोमूले वृद्धा शिष्या गुरुर्युवा ।

गुरोस्तु मौने व्याख्यानं शिष्यास्तु छिन्नसंशयाः ॥

Ah ! The wonder under the Banyan tree ! There sits the Teacher a youth ; the disciples, elders. The teaching is silence, and the disciples' doubts are dispelled.

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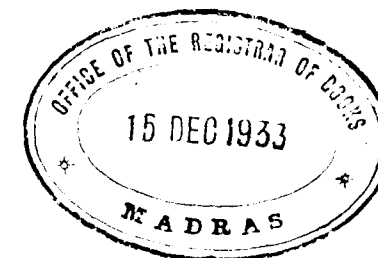
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SOME APPRECIATIONS

MR. JINARAJADASA FOR DR. BESANT AND HIMSELF.—The attempt of the Bharata Dharma is most necessary if Hinduism is to survive as an effective force in the reorganisation of India to-day....Not only her (Dr. Besant's) sympathy but her enthusiasm is exactly with such a work as is being attempted by the Bharata Dharma.

SIR. P. S. SIVASWAMI AIYAR.—The Bharata Dharma has offered a platform for the discussion of our religious and social problem from the standpoint of modernised faith responsive to the requirements of intellectual progress and rapidly changing social and economic conditions. The articles in the journal have been thoughtful, broadminded and inspiring.

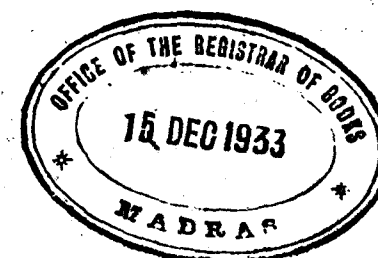
THE HON'BLE MR. JUSTICE VENKATASUBBA RAO.—The ideal of the Bharata Dharma is a lofty one that of enabling the readers to approach the problem of life in a spirit of reason....There is greater need in India to-day than ever to examine old customs and old conceptions and to discard courageously such as are bound to be unsuitable. The Bharata Dharma offers to its readers helpful suggestions in this direction.



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ANNIE BESANT
(B. 1ST OCT. 1847 : D. 20TH SEP. 1933.)



THE
Bharata Dharma

N.B.—The Arya Mata Sabha is not responsible for any opinions expressed or statements published in this magazine unless they are contained in an official document.

VOL. XI]

OCTOBER, 1933

[No. 7

THE LATE Dr. ANNIE BESANT.

BY

V. V. SRINIVASA IYENGAR,
Ex-Judge Madras High Court.

She too has passed away "She" Dr. Besant. After such a stormy and strenuous life there came such a quiet and peaceful death. Indeed it seemed as if her spirit passed out of this earthly vesture some years ago, and what followed was a kind of life after death. She passed away, as the Sanskrit Poet sings, even as a sacred lamp, the oil of attachments dried up, the wick of destiny burnt to the end, flickering as in the dawn of a new day.

She was one of the great of the world. The ruling passion of her life was freedom—freedom in religion, freedom in society, freedom in politics. The keynote of her long and eventful life was courage of conviction and the scorn of consequence.

With a daring, almost sublime, she dared one after another as her convictions demanded, all authority, God, law, society and empires and nations.

She has made and unmade history. Her dynamic personality was potent enough to electrify millions. She was one of the greatest orators of the world. A gentle gesture or a slight accent or a characteristic swaying of that little body was sufficient to thrill and rouse audiences of

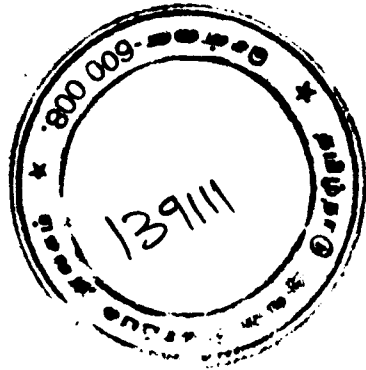
several thousands. That silvery voice has now been stilled by the cold hand of death.

She had also her motherly aspect. At one time and before it degenerated into a manner, her smile was radiant and child-like. In manner she was soft and gentle and kindly as only a mother can be. She was also an admirable hostess.

We in India owe her a vast debt of gratitude. To her, in no small measure, do we owe the development of Indian Nationalism. To her, we owe much for the Indian renaissance we are witnessing to-day in our country. To her we owe, not a little, the growth of that self-respect which the Hindus have begun to cherish. To her we are indebted for the revival of the Vedanta. To her we are largely indebted for the Hindu University of Benares. To her indeed we are entirely indebted for the popularity of the Bhagavad Gita and its having become to-day the Bible of the Hindu. And much more.

The evolution of her mind and life should prove a most instructive chapter in the study of biography. To us at the present day being tossed between the ideals of the East and the West, she seemed like one who had overcome in the struggle and achieved remarkable success. The very dress which she donned for many years designed by herself was symbolic of the compromise reached in her mind. We in Madras have reason to be proud of her having made her last home amidst us.

And so she has passed away and has been received not as Mr. Stead prophesied into the arms of the Roman Catholic Church but between the arms, one black and one white, of the confluence of the Ganges.



Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardour divine.
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.

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RAMA WHOM I WORSHIP.

By

SATYAMURTI.

(Continued from page 79)

The question has been raised and answered whether Rama was God himself. I will not venture to answer the question because I do not know enough about God. But I may say this that those who come in contact with Rama undoubtedly thought that he was God himself or very near Him. Parasurama, a great Brahmin-warrior, himself an Avatar who had swept the world clean of the Khastriyas for twentyone generations was defeated by Rama, then a mere boy, and accepted cheerfully that it was no shame to be defeated by such a hero and that Rama is none else than God himself :

अश्वयं मधुहन्तारं जानामि त्वां सुरोत्तमम् ।

न चेमं मम ककुत्स्थ ब्रीडां भवितुमर्हति ।

त्वया त्रैलोक्यनाथेन यदहं विमुखी कृतः ॥



Bala : 76 : 17-19.

'Know I not that thou art the changeless one, the Destroyer of Madhu, whom the Lords of light are proud to call their ruler..... No sense of disgrace do I feel at being discomfited by thee the Lord of the three worlds'.

In his dealings with Kaikeyi, Kausalya and Bharata, Rama earned unstinted praise from them. None is a hero to his own valet; but such was the sweetness of Rama's behaviour in the palace that everybody was pleased with him. When Manthara comes with the news of the impending coronation of Rama, Kaikeyi is overjoyed; she presents Manthara with a necklace and praises Rama; Rama serves her more than he does his own mother Kausalya, and to Kaikeyi, Rama was dearer than her own Bharata. She tells Manthara :

यथा मे भरतो मान्यः तथा भूयोऽपि राघवः ।

कौसल्यातोऽतिरिक्तं च स तु शुश्रूषते हि माम् ॥

राज्यं यदि हि रामस्य भरतस्यापि तत्तदा ।

मन्यते हि यथात्मानं तथा भ्रातृस्तु राघवः ॥

Ayo : 7-8.

But, when at the instigation of Manthara, Kaikeyi asked for the boons banishing Rama to the forest and showed impatience that Rama should leave the city at once, he rose to the heights of the Divinity in him and himself let the world know that he was not an ordinary man, but some one more than that, a Rishi, one who had come just to show to the world the path of Dharma.

नाहमर्थपरो देवी लोकमावस्तुमुत्सहे ।

विद्विमावृषिभिस्तुल्यं केवलं धर्ममास्थितम् ॥ Ayo. 19. 20.

Valmiki himself comments upon the situation. As Rama left the chamber after saying this none saw on his face the slightest loss of colour or the faintest indication of Rama being sorry at the loss of such a kingdom.

न चास्य महतीं लक्ष्मीं राज्यनाशोऽपकर्षति ।

लोककान्तस्य कान्तत्वात् शीतरश्मेरिव क्षपा ॥ 19. 32.

Ayo. 19. 32.

Valmiki says of Rama here that he was as unperturbed as one who is above this world. When Bharata relates to Rama the passing away of their dear old father, Rama wakes eloquent on the mysteries of life and death and on the inevitability of separation and death. On hearing this Bharata says of Rama Misery will not torment him nor happiness excite. Kausalya tries to prevent Rama from going to the forests leaving her behind, and when she persists Rama takes the role of a preacher of Dharma and expatiates on Pativritya and the duty of a wife to her husband.

At once Kausalya is convinced, and the blessings she gives to Rama when he departs for the forest are really a tribute to the firmness with which he sticks to Dharma.

यं पालयसि धर्मं त्वं धृत्या च नियमेन च ।

स वै राघवशार्दूल धर्मस्त्वामभिरक्षतु ॥ Ayo. 25.

More than anywhere else, Rama shows himself to be God himself when he says to the dying Jatayu. "That world to which the performers of sacrifices go, propitiators of Agni go, that where those who do not return go, that to which go those who have given away lands, to such supreme world, go thou ; I permit you ; O great king of eagles, I have performed your Samskara ; go thou to that world".

या गतिर्यज्ञशीलानां आहिताग्नेश्च या गतिः ।

अपरावर्तिनां या च या च भूमिप्रदायिनां ॥

मया त्वं समनुज्ञातो गच्छ लोकाननुत्तमान् ।

गृधराज महस्सत्त्व पूजितश्च मया ब्रज ॥

Mere Man cannot say these words, and only God can. Great was Jatayu's fortune to obtain from Sri Rama the Samskara which old Dasaratha lived for but did not get. Jatayu died in Rama's lap and Rama did for him what he should do for a father.

The greatness of a man is often tested most acutely when he is not in power or position. Hanuman returns from Lanka after having performed magnificent services which make Rama happy and grateful but what can Rama do? Were he in Ayodhya, he would have loaded Hanuman with untold ornaments and presents. In the position in which he then was, he says: "To-day I am helpless ; I cannot do anything for you ; I can only embrace you."

इदं तु मम दीनस्य मनो भूयः प्रकर्षति ।

मदिहास्य प्रियाख्यातुः न कुर्मि सदृशं प्रियं ॥

एष सर्वस्व भूतोऽस्तु परिष्वङ्गो हनूमतः ।

मया कालमिमं प्राप्य दत्तस्तस्य महात्मनः ॥

This is not only gratitude but love which Rama had for all of his friends and allies. When Sugriva returned after a rash attempt at attacking Ravana before the war was actually declared, Rama was very troubled and he became anxious for the safety of Sugriva's life. This shows his *sneha* for Sugriva and great tact :

And this gratitude and love Rama has even for the small and insignificant monkeys in his army. Rama considers them as part of himself. Sita was coming to see him in a palanquin, after his victory and Vibhishana was terrorising the poor monkeys by pushing them aside when they wanted to have a sight of her, for whose recovery they had fought on Rama's side. Rama could not brook this : With anger flashing in his eyes, Rama scolded him:

किमर्थं मामनादृत्य क्लिश्यतेऽयं त्वया जनः

निवर्तयेनमुद्योगं जनोऽयं स्वजनो मम ॥ Yuddha : 117.

About Vibhishana's surrender to Rama and the latter's acceptance thereof, volumes have been written and could be written. Every one except Hanuman said that Vibhishana was a spy. But Rama had no hesitation in accepting one who had surrendered unto him.

सकृदेव प्रपन्नाय तवास्मीति च याचते ।

अभयं सर्वभूतेभ्यो ददाम्येतत् व्रतं मम ॥

आनयैने हरिश्चेष्ट दत्तमस्याभयं मया ।

विभीषणो वा सुग्रीव यदि वा रावणः स्वयम् ॥

None but God can grant 'Abhaya' to the whole world. None less good and less great than God himself can grant it even to the enemy to wage war against whom he had taken all that trouble. Such was the greatness of Rama's prowess and chivalry that, at a moment, when he had poor Ravana before him, battered and fallen from off his chariot, when with a single staff, Rama could have killed the enemy, he showed his extraordinary strength, dharma and chivalry. Nothing is more moving in the whole battle than this. Rama says as a true warrior: 'I will not kill you now.' He says that in such gentleness of tone, as not to insult the proud warrior Ravana. He says to him: 'you have shown great valour and have worked havoc in my camp; I see you are now very tired; I will not therefore kill you now. Go back; take complete rest and when you come back to-morrow with arms and in a chariot, thou shalt see my valour.'

You can compare these heroic words, this high order of chivalry with the morals of modern warfare.

Though Rama is grateful to his allies and loves those dear to him, he yet does not fail to be decisive and stern when they err and to correct them. He had corrected Lakshmana who had misjudged Bharata. He had criticised Vibhishana more than once, notably when the latter refused to perform the due Samskara which, not only as a brother but as a great man now dead, Ravana deserved at the hands of Vibhishana. Rama first extols Ravana, points out that enmity ends with the death of the opponent, that such a great warrior who has not been known in the past to have been vanquished deserves the due Samskaras and that as one who knows Dharma, Vibhishana must perform them whereby he will attain great and right fame.

मरणान्तानि वैराणि निवृत्ते नः प्रयोजनं ।

क्रियतामस्य संस्कारः ममाप्येष यथा तव ॥

त्वत्सकाशादशग्रीवः संस्कारं विधिपूर्वकं ।

प्राप्तुमर्हति धर्मज्ञ त्वं यशोभाक् भविष्यसि ॥ Yuddha: 114.

Rama does not forget even once to show his love to Bharata, who was all the time living like a recluse in Nandigram. Vibhishana invites Rama to enter Lanka, have a bath and feast; but Rama refuses these, till he hurries up and sees Bharata.

On the impression Rama created in those who were nearest and dearest to him, I wish to say a word. You must not laugh when I say that Sita admired Rama greatly. Sita is a proud woman, proud of her husband. She is an exacting judge, slow in the praise of others. While entering the forest, Sita pleads that the man who has a bow in his hand is like one with fire in his hand; that he will be tempted to kill without reason and that, leaving aside his arms, Rama should love the beings of the forest and live like a Rishi.

Rama appreciates this grand appeal and suitably replies to her, that he should help those Rishis who had taken shelter under him fearing the Rakshasas.

अप्यहं जीवितं जह्यां त्वां वा सीते सलक्ष्मणां ।

न तु प्रतिज्ञां संश्रुत्य ब्राह्मणेभ्यो विशेषतः ॥

When Rama was returning triumphantly having routed out the hoards of Khara, single handed, the proud wife embraces him, once, twice.

ते दृष्ट्वा शत्रुहन्तारं महर्षीणां सुखावहं ।

बभूव दृष्ट्वा वैदेही भर्तारं परिष्वजे ॥

मुदा परमया युक्ता दृष्ट्वा रक्षोगणान् हतान् ।

रामं चैवाव्यथं दृष्ट्वा ततोष जनकात्मजा ॥

ततस्तु तं राक्षससङ्घमर्दनं सभाज्यमानं मुदितैर्महर्षिभिः ।

पुनः परिष्वज्य शशि प्रभानना बभूव दृष्ट्वा जनकात्मजा तदा ॥

Aranya. 30.

She had absolute confidence in Rama and tells Ravana who tormented her with his advices:

असन्देशात् रामस्य तपसश्चानुपालनात् ।

न त्वां कुर्मि दशग्रीव भस्म भस्मार्ह तेजसा ॥

It is but a correct judgment of Hanuman when he says on first seeing Sita that she deserves Rama and Rama deserves her.

तुल्यशीलवयोवृत्तां तुल्याभिजनलक्षणां ।

राघवोऽर्हति वैदेहीं तं चेयमसितेक्षणा ॥ Sundara ; 16:5.

And since Sita worships Rama, I worship Rama. Next to Sita, the most intimate companion of Rama is Lakshmana. To him who has followed him into the forest refusing to himself voluntarily all the pleasures in the palace, Rama is grateful. When Ravana's Sakti threw Lakshmana down and earlier Indrajit's Sarabandha threw him down,

Rama says that to him Lakshmana is a dearer person than even Sita.

And Lakshmana had unbounded faith in Rama's truth, valour and Dharma and the words with which he killed Indrajit are—

धर्मात्मा सत्यसन्धश्च रामो दाशरथिर्यदि ।

पौरुषे चा प्रतिद्वन्द्वः शत्रुं जहिरावणिम ॥

The greatness of Rama, the Dharma that stood by him and the deserved death of Ravana at his hands was recognised, last but not least, by Mandodari herself. It is not unnatural that, when such calamities, overtake us, we see our loss only and go so far in our sorrow as to abuse and even deny God. But when her lord, Ravana, the warrior who had terrorised the three worlds as an unvanquished emperor, lay there slain by Rama, Ravana's wife did not abuse Rama who had killed her lord. She saw Rama's greatness; she was convinced that Ravana's sins put an end to him and Dharma which Rama stood for won. She saw that none but God could kill her great husband. She extols Rama, on the battle field, where she had come to mourn over the dead body of her lord.

व्यक्तमेव महायोगी परमात्मा सनातनः ।

अनादिमध्यनिधनः महतः परमो महान् ॥

तमसः परमो धाता शङ्खचक्रगदाधरः ।

श्रीवत्सवक्षा नित्यश्रीरजय्यः शम्भतो ध्रुवः ॥

मानुषं वपुःस्थाय विष्णुस्सत्यपराक्रमः ।

सर्वैः परिवृतो देवैः वीरत्वमुपागतैः ॥

सर्वलोकेश्वरः साक्षात् लोकानां हितकाम्यया ।

सराक्षसपरीवारं हतवांस्त्वा महाशुतिः ॥ Yuddha: 114.

The Valmiki Ramayana ends with a description of Ramarajya.

न पर्यदेवन्निधवाः न च व्यालकृतं भयं ।

न व्याधिर्जं भयं वापि रामे राज्यं प्रशासति ॥

निर्दस्युरभवल्लोकः नानर्थः काश्चिदपृथक् ।

न च स्म वृद्धा बालानां प्रेतकार्याणि कुर्वते ॥

सर्वं मुदितमेवासीत् सर्वो धर्मपरोऽभवत् ।

राममेवानुपश्यन्तो नाध्यर्हिसन्परस्परम् ॥

नित्यपुष्पाः नित्यफलाः तरवःस्कन्धविस्तृताः ।

काले वर्षी च पर्जन्यः सुखस्पर्शश्च मारुतः ॥

बाह्याः क्षत्रियाः वैश्याः शूद्रा लोभविवर्जिताः

स्वकर्मसु प्रवर्तन्ते तुष्टास्त्रैव कर्मभिः ॥

* * *

दशवर्षसहस्राणि दशवर्षशतानि च ।

भ्रातृभिः सहितः श्रीमान् रामो राज्यमकारयत् ॥

These are not the empty dreams of a poet. All the ideals described herein are now sought to be achieved in western life—ideals of long life, extinction of disease, infant mortality etc., and the promotion of the happiness and contentment of the people. These ideals may appear visionary to us here in present day India, where abnormal conditions of poverty, pestilence, disease and death have become the rule of life. But let me hope that, were we to have again a Rama as our king, certainly Rama Rajya will be established. It is with this fervent hope and real love for Sri Ramachandra that we say in our daily Parayana of Ramayana

वामे भूमिमुता पुरश्चहनुमान् पश्चात्सुमित्रासुतः

शत्रुघ्नो भरतश्च पार्श्वद्वयोर्वाय्यादि कोणेषु च ।

सुग्रीवश्च विभीषणश्च युवराट् तारासुतो जाम्बवान्

मध्ये नीलसरोजको कोमलरुचि रामे भजेभ्यामलम् ॥

words which are not empty but which bring to our mind the vision of the great king Sri Rama sitting in Court. At any rate, for thousands and thousands of years, hundreds of thousands of men, women and children have thanked God that he sent Sri Ramachandra to rule over them and as long as one Hindu remains Sri Rama and Sri Ramayana will live and Sri Rama's name be cherished as that of a great king, a great man, aye a great God.

More and more does mechanical production take the place of human effort, not only in manufactures but in all our tasks, even the primitive task of tilling the ground. So man finds this that while he is enriched with a multitude of possessions and possibilities beyond his dreams, he is in great measure deprived of one inestimable blessing, the necessity of toil.

SIR ARTHUR EWING.

Mrs. ANNIE BESANT.

(B. 1st October 1847. D. 20th September 1933)

By

NILAM RANGANATHAM

Mothers of men, they have toiled and wept

That a dream might live and a flame be kept! *Lytton Cox*

Darest thou now, O Soul,

Walk out with me toward the unknown region,

Where neither ground is for the feet

Nor any path to follow? *Walt Whitman.*

A great life greatly lived! And the aged pilgrim was called home at her beloved Adyar in the mellowing and subdued glory of a September afternoon. Eighty six years of life of even a yokel makes one pause and reflect, ruminate and reverence! But who can register in words the dizzying awe which a dedicated life of a long and glorious span, like Mrs. Besant's, inspires in us with its many heroic battles and splendid achievements? Born in a family of the strictest evangelical piety and led to a loveless marriage—the tie lasted six years—she found herself, when she had just completed her 25th year, a colleague of Charles Bradlaugh and an exponent of atheism. And till she moved into the orbit of Madame Blavatsky and Theosophy in 1889, she spoke on many platforms and wrote unceasingly on the gospel of a new social ethic and the need for drastic social reform. All her life through she exhibited an indomitable genius for passionate indignation against wrong. Was it the right of public meetings in Trafalgar Square? The miseries of the sweated match-girls of the East End of London? The economic necessity and moral fitness of birth control? The establishment of Trade Unionism? Woman Suffrage? Irish Home Rule? Indian *Swaraj*? No knight-errant in myth or chronicle went seeking adventure with a purer heart or truer valour than this great woman who born an Anglo-Irish Christian died a Hindu Indian, as she elected to and gloried in!

Years ago while still a boy I vividly remember how I formed, in the chilly foggy December mornings, one of those huge streaming crowds along the surf-beaten strand that leads from Triplicane to Adyar, to hear her deliver her famous Convention Lectures. They were crowds akin to temple-going *bhaktas* with the consciousness of a hidden but elevating spiritual joy and the delight in anticipation of being with the Deity. And at Adyar either in that hall, with its striking artistry of color-

ful flags of the many nations of earth where Theosophy was an uplifting and unifying influence or under the spreading banyan tree, I used to see in those far-off years the figure of Mrs. Besant glide quickly and gracefully on to her rostrum, like a gleam of light, in hushed and reverent silence, and pour out her thoughts in voice vibrant with passion or pathos, aided, if the occasion needed it, by flash of eye or mobile flexion of face, or with the emphasis of uplifted finger. Boyish ignorance was mine, I confess, as to what she propounded, but are not boys the best of idolaters and loveliest-hearted of hero-worshippers? I heard her very often after, and the diapason of her voice, the amplitude of her vocabulary, the richness of her imagery, her emotional warmth and the torrential flow of words—all these cunning gifts made her one of the great orators of all times. Her energy was astounding. Once I chanced to be travelling by the same train as she was in from Bombay down to Madras. That was in a summer about ten years ago. While I, a native of India, in whom was surging the saturated rays of the Indian sun of thousands of years, felt fatigued and helpless, there was to be seen in her place Mrs. Besant with her crowning glory of grey hair, reading, writing or dictating letters to her assistant all along the route from early morning till late in the night—energetic and untired! Truly her mental vigour and physical energy were phenomenal!

Of the work, lasting in its profound and indubitable beneficence to the country of her adoption—how few of us have brought to the Mother such a lowly, devout and loving heart as Mrs. Besant?—what can I say? In the days when she nourished, with all her heedless and instinctive generosity, the Central Hindu College at Benares, thus making it possible for that truest, best and noblest of modern Hindus, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, to realise his age-long dream of a Hindu University, she instilled, with the aid of her co-adjutors, whose splendid loyalty and fine devotion she won by her full and intimate sense of fellowship with them, such a spirit of discipline and service among its *alumni* that these scholars were easily distinguishable in the United Provinces for their simplicity, fine manners, courteous ways and reverence for the ultimate values of human life—love and truth! Mrs. Besant's extraordinarily vivid and live personality always retained her hold on the affection of the youth of India.

Of the impetus she gave and her solid contribution to the Nationalist movement in India it is writ large and indelibly in the pages of her history during the last fifteen years. She brought into this fight not

only her great intellectual gifts but an organising capacity of no ordinary kind. And it is an open secret that all her available finance was devoted to the cause she so valiantly and selflessly espoused. She was not an impatient idealist but a practical statesman. She was a fanatic and an opportunist in the best sense. It has been said that it is a philosopher's duty to detect the valid human ideals that may struggle confusedly amid riot and anarchy. Was not Mrs. Besant a political philosopher of this description? In the chaos of communal passions and reactionary Machiavellism that mark the times—a very disheartening and dispiriting stage in our unfortunate country's present history—could we not just pause and think what might have been our lot if Mrs. Besant's methods, which were only an adaptation and an amplification of those of Dadabhai, Ranade, Mehta, Gokhale and Surendranath had been followed!

Mrs. Besant is reported to have described herself as a warrior. What a warrior! And what courage! Not mere animal courage, but that better, rarer, nobler type—the cool, dogged, indomitable perseverance under good and evil repute, in circumstances untoward or propitious, by which alone great things are ultimately achieved.

How big-hearted she was! Hatred, envy, malice, revenge and the rest of the brood crimped not her moral outfit. Gone was with the battle the white-heat anger of the fray, as also the memory of hard blows received. Read Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru's story of her meeting Lord Chelmsford after her internment in 1917 was annulled. The almost filial devotion of "C. P."—counsel against her in the Alcyone case—redounds glory to both. I know of occasions when she differed from Gokhale and Sastri but this did not affect their mutual regard and love. I am personally aware of the amends she tried to make for angry words uttered in the heat of a controversy and how her emissary's attempt failed to assuage the indignation of a church dignitary. Charity, and, indulgence to the foibles of weaker persons distinguished her greatly, and bespoke a compassionate and understanding heart.

Of her religious work and her influence on the modern thought of India I shall, conscious of my limitations, say nothing except that, far from getting afflicted with the shadow of a dreary fatalism—under which we Orientals resignedly plod through our weary lives—she not only showed herself possessed in an uncommon measure of a virile and energetic philosophy of life but enthused her many adherents and followers, making their lives richer and brighter spiritually. Her two conversions—

of 1873 and 1889—were not those of passion. Hydroptic with sacred thirst for truth, she did not shrink from the misery of loneliness, the outburst of calumny or the onslaughts of bigotry.

Her crowded life here is over! A pause of sorrowful stillness of nearly two years preceded the end, and when it came, there was universal gloom! Mrs. Besant lived and died a Hindu and cherished an implicit belief in her re-incarnated self coming into the greater life and larger service of India. Who can dare to peep beyond the veil?

Atheist and socialist, theosophist and suffragist, pacifist and anti-vivisectionist, vegetarian and spiritualist, Home Ruler and champion of Backward Races, a true friend and a generous foe, a gentle woman and a brave warrior, a sensitive plant grafted on a Himalayan pine, realist, artist and dreamer, one of those who make and are History, a multilateral character that marks an epoch, an influence and a symbol, a path-finder, torch-bearer and soldier of Humanity,—such was Mrs. Annie Besant.

The views of Jesus were above the heads of all, but the best minds. His appearance was followed by the relapse in civilization which we call the Dark Ages, from which we are only just emerging sufficiently to begin to pick up the thread of Christ's most advanced thought and rescue it from the mess the apostles and their successors made of it.

BERNARD SHAW.

THE LATE Dr. ANNIE BESANT,
PRESIDENT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

BY

*A Chela.**

The fateful hour of 4 P.M., on Thursday the 20th of September, 1933, witnessed the fall of the curtain over the earthly career of that tremendous world personality Dr. Besant whose noble soul was called up to its Master's Home, there to bask in the warm sunshine of ineffable bliss and to enjoy the Peace that passeth understanding. Dr. Besant was in a sense an Avatar sent from on High to re-establish and proclaim throughout the world the sublimity of spiritual life and the supreme value of Atma-Vidya. In seeking to achieve this high and noble ideal she did her best to stem the advancing tide of materialism which threatened to engulf humanity at large. She stressed the unity of all Life amidst the rich diversity of the phantasmagoric panorama of the plenitude of physical phenomena. She taught the great lesson of Universal Brotherhood. She proclaimed the historic saying of the mighty Rishis 'from the unreal lead me to the Real: from darkness lead me to Light: and from death lead me to Immortality'. In a word she revealed to the wondering gaze of the entire thinking humanity the majesty of the One Life, the One Light and the One Love which like a golden thread run through and pervade the whole of the sentient creation in the several kingdoms of the world. She reiterated and reminded man of the great glory of his ultimate destiny and drew his pointed attention to the truth of the oft-quoted saying that man is the Image of God.

Her activities were vast and varied and several were the fields where they were displayed in a conspicuous manner. She laid the foundation for what is known as National Education which to-day stands typified in the Benares University, which has grown out of the Central Hindu College in Holy Kashi, the offspring of her innate genius. In preaching the value of National Education she insisted upon education being broadbased, embracing advancement on the physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual sides. The present day Scout Movement owes not a little to her inspiring guidance. In the field of politics she raised the Banner of Home Rule whose advancing wave spread through the whole length and breadth of our Motherland and is mainly responsible for the great growth of national consciousness and patriotism, which have served

*[Ed. Mr. V. C. Seshachariar, Advocate and Editor of The Law Weekly, Mylapore, Madras.]

in a large measure to unite the segregating classes and communities of this vast empire. The Commonwealth of India Bill which was woven out of her brain will stand out for all time to indicate her masterly capacity to bring together the disjointed units and weld them into a homogeneous whole.

The Theosophical Society over whose world-wide activities she acted as President for more than a quarter of a century made, during her Presidentship, rapid strides and spread over a wider area and brought within its compass distinguished men of science, art, literature, philosophy and religion, binding all of them together with the tie of brotherhood. She carried enlightenment to every nook and corner of the world. She lit the torch of light from the ever unflagging flame maintained by the Great White Lodge whose end and aim of life is the uplift of the entire humanity. To the Theosophists the world over she was not merely a Teacher but a loving and dear Mother. Her shining white hair, her glowing cheeks and her gleaming eyes conveyed a message to all those that approached her and sought her personal help and guidance. She was one of the nine great personages that shone bright in the firmament of humanity.

The future historian will surely have a task in presenting a pen-sketch of the splendid biography of her all engrossing life.

A PERSONAL NOTE.

The Lucky Hour of 7 P.M. on Friday, the 22nd of December, 1893, chronicled my entry into the Theosophical Society, at its Head-Quarters, at Adyar, now the world famed and ideal place and the South Indian Home of the Great Masters under whose aegis the Society came into existence through the immortal H.P. Blavatsky and Colonel Henry Steele Olcott, the illustrious Founders of this world-renowned organisation. I was duly initiated by the President-founder Colonel Olcott of ever dear memory, having been sponsored by my good Brother Pandit Bhavani Shankar and listened with enraptured soul to the thrilling and inspiring address from Mrs. Annie Besant, as she then was. The event that led up to this auspicious occurrence was the brilliant lecture delivered by her, the previous evening, on 'The Inadequacy of Materialism', at the Victoria Public Hall, Madras, to a surging audience composed of the intelligentsia of the metropolitan City. The effect of this grand oration created in me the feeling that the long closed windows of my several vestures were flung open to the inrush of flooding light which permeated every pore of my existence. It was indeed a new birth to me and ever since that memorable day my life began to widen out and enrich itself in many a direc-

tion. The various angularities of my character were all rounded off and to-day I may lay the flattering unction to my heart in proclaiming to the world that I am an utterly changed man whose after-life was moulded on the pattern of Theosophical Teachings whose high value can be described effectively only by those who have had the privilege of imbibing them.

Space and time require that I must desist from this ever fascinating theme of paying reverent homage to my beloved Mother, the Thrice Blessed Besant, whose life and teachings will ever serve as a High Beacon of Light to shed their lustre far and wide for many ages to come.

May the devoted prayers of millions of loyal hearts serve to soon bring this Angel back into our midst to carry on to the point of perfection her unfinished many-sided activities on this Earthly Plane!

We invent the machinery of massproduction, and for the sake of cheapening the unit we develop output on a gigantic scale. Almost automatically the machine delivers a stream of articles in the creation of which the workman has had little part. He has lost the joy of craftsmanship, the old satisfaction in something accomplished, through the conscientious exercise of care and skill. In many cases unemployment is thrust upon him, an unemployment that is more saddening than any drudgery. And the world finds itself glutted with competitive commodities, produced in a quantity too great to be absorbed, though every nation strives to secure at least a home market by erecting tariff walls.

Where shall we look for a remedy? I cannot tell. Some may envisage a distant Utopia in which there will be perfect adjustment of labour and the fruits of labour, a fair spreading of employment and of wages and of all the commodities that machines produce. Even so the question will remain. How is man to spend the leisure he has won by handing over nearly all his burden to an untiring mechanical slave? Dare he hope for such spiritual betterment as will qualify him to use it well? God grant he may strive for that and attain it. It is only by seeking he will find. I cannot think that man is destined to atrophy and cease through cultivating what after all is one of his most Godlike faculties—the creative ingenuity of the engineer.

SIR ARTHUR EWING.

HYMNS OF SRI TYAGARAJA.

By

KIRTANACHARYA, ABHINAVA TYAGA BRAHMA

C. R. SREENIVASA AIYANGAR.

(*The Beloved of the Lord*)

My readers will, I am sure, be glad to hear that I have come across yet another hymn by Sri Tyagarajaswami dealing with the same subject, but in quite a different light. It is couched in raga Punnagavarali. It might be interesting to note in this connection that the saint has composed about eleven psalms in this melody type. But, most unfortunate it is that the world has not the benefit and pleasure of having handed down to it the notation or the build of the pieces. I make an exception of two in this connection. The pious world might have heard from the old bhaktas the keertana or more properly the Divyanama keertana, opening with, "*thava daso hum*". The disciples of the Umayalpuram school have not forgotten it. As to the other, it opens with the words "*evam theliyaka*." It is another Divyanama (a piece prominent in the collection of collective or choral singing). It is a slashing attack on the dark side of human nature as was in evidence in the days of Sri Tyagaraja himself; and it is worth the study of persons interested in questions of social progress, moral regeneration and national uplift. It has about 10 or 12 charanas.

As regards the piece under consideration at present, it begins with the word "*intha bagayamani*"; and freely rendered, it comes to something like this:

"The great architect of the Universe, the arch-builder Indra, the Lord of the shining ones, and the rest of the kind are hard put it to gauge and estimate the good fortune of such as pay reverence, render humble service, to the good souls that enshrine in their hearts the Lord Raghava; the world knows none better to occupy and adorn the innermost sanctuary of their hearts. (Here I have to draw the attention of my readers to this particular case of devotion, that is more prominent in Hindu religion than in the other faiths of the world. There are two grades of it—devotion to the Lord, and humble service to Him; devotion to the Lord's *elect* and humble service to them. The saints and singers of the Vaishnava and the Saiva persuasion confine their attention but to these two grades. Sri Tyagaraja, however, goes a step further. He brings up into prominence the servers of those that serve the Lord. It might be with the idea that sinful souls like us are not qualified in the least to take upon ourselves the service

that pertains to the Lord. We dare not raise our eyes so high and be struck blind by the dazzling radiance. Let us confine ourselves to the lower levels where we see more clearly and move more safely).

"There are some who are not blessed with keen wits and bright intellect. There are some that are not blessed with peace of heart and fellowship with all creation; there are others who bring up a long and endless record of black deeds, foul speech, and unhealthy thought. There are yet others that never, even for a moment, had anything to do with the avenues that lead up to liberation, bliss, and joyful service. Nevertheless there comes to even such, a day, when they are drawn into the sphere of influence of those pious souls that seek and attain companionship with the Lord Rama, the Ideal Man, who is the heart doctrine of the Vedas and the Puranas. Then begins a new life for them. And no one can even dream of looking into their future; for it is a glorious vision."

"We come across souls around us that are hopelessly sunk in the mire and slough of a wordly life where delusion and impermanence are the ruling planets. A larger number includes such as are hopeless and helpless bondsmen to their passions, lust, wrath, greed, envy, jealousy, and wickedness. Yet they have but to crave for the privilege of humble service to those whose hearts brim with the waters of wisdom and eternal life. For these mighty souls have placed themselves, in utter loyalty in the hands of Sri Rama whose greatness and glory, the Vedas never tire of lauding."

"It matters not that there are men who are utterly ignorant of the mystery of your being and of your work; they might be wedded heart and soul to the path of selfish action. Lord of the shining robe! It is very little against them that they stray far, far from the path of right and justice. All this counts as nothing, when they turn their hearts to seek the happiness and comfort of those who bask in the grace and favour of the Lord, who offer unto him as a sanctuary and as a place of rest their hearts utterly pure and white. For they see in you Him in whom we live, move and have our being. (Sri Tyagaraja takes in this case as he usually does, some text of the Vedas or the Geeta or such like scriptures to base his hymns upon. And here we have plainly, without the slightest chance of going astray, the magnificent declaration of Lord Sri Krishna in the Geeta, Chap. IX Stanzas 30, 31, 32) "It may be that a man has gauged and found the lowest depths of wickedness and infamy. Yet the wheel of karma takes a new turn and brings up for him the day of deliverance and emancipation. Then, the scales fall from his eyes; then doubts and difficulties assail him not. Then he sees before him, clear and utterly distinct, the path of service

that leads to the feet of the Server of humanity, the Lord himself. Count him not as a sinner; count him not as one of the lost. For, verily he is a great soul, a good and pious soul. Why, he has chosen right; he has planted his feet upon the road of the right thought, speech and right action. Doubtless he has entered into the stream that takes him more swiftly than you can conceive to his goal where he blossoms as the soul of righteousness. Peace eternal peace perfect and unalloyed is his lot. Take it from me as a truth that "no one who seeks to take his share of my work ever comes to grief." (This idea is more strongly brought out in this song where service to the Lord's elect is a safer and easier path than service to the Lord himself).

NO COWARD SOUL IS MINE

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.
O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!
Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts; unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main.
To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.
With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.
Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.
There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

EMILY BRONTE.

A DOUBLE DISCOMFITURE.

By

K. S. KRISHNASWAMI AIYANGAR, B.A., L.T.

Sage Narada was so proud of his skill in music, that Lord Krishna once resolved to humble him. One night, as was their wont, both Narada and his rival Tumburu were playing sweet tunes at the supper table of the Lord. While Tumburu's soft strains elicited frequent smiles and nods of appreciation, Narada's music, despite its marvellous ease and accurate technique, seldom received any recognition. At this the Sage was much disconcerted, and so he entreated Krishna to acquaint him with the reason why the Lord was so strangely passive to his performance. With significant brevity the Lord asked him to refer the question to Hanuman.

Thereupon the celestial bard wended his way to the solitary abode of Maruthi, where he sat singing the soul-stirring hymns of adoration to Sri Ram. The cliffs and valleys around resounded with the rapturous ring of Hanuman's prayers. The ecstasy of the immortal devotee imparted to the place an air of intense piety. Narada approached him with great reverence and, in an attitude of supplication, told him the tale of his grievance. "Be of good courage", said Hanuman and asked Narada to sing a few of his tunes. The latter carried out the behest and sang for a while, but Hanuman said, "These rocks around do not melt at your songs".

Stunned at this strange remark, the bard of Heaven found it hard to conceive how a song could melt the rocks. He was relieved of this suspense however, when Hanuman asked him to keep his Veena on a shelf of rock below and began to sing himself. At the first flow of his fervid music, the rock itself melted and swallowed up the instrument of Narada! Oh! What an evil day for Narada! How could he get back his Veena from the bowels of the granite monster? There was only one course open. He should get Hanuman to sing again and melt it. The prayer was granted, the rock melted and up came the Veena. The crisis past, the disciple was up. Repentent Narada realised the folly of his conceit, and after thanking Hanuman for the lesson learned, he humbly took leave of him and jogged on his lonely way.

He had not gone far, when he heard what apparently was the wailing of a congregation of women. Much concerned at this chorus of lament, he proceeded in the direction of the voices and ere long came to know that they were the various Ragas. One said her name was Bhairavi, another gave it out as Kalyani, a third was known as Saveri and a fourth went

by the name of Dhanyasi. Hanuman made kind enquiries of one and all and asked them the reason of their distress. Quite a chorus of sweet voices answered back, "Alas! What a sad lot is ours! You may have heard of a divine bard called Narada. Day after day, he maims and mutilates us ruthlessly. He chops off the ear of one, blinds another, very nearly kills a third, and thus we are subjected to pitiless persecution at his cruel hands. We know no means of redress. Our life has thus become an intolerable burden to us, one unceasing round of unrelieved misery".

Was the sage asleep or awake? What dream-land was he in! Were these wailers real beings in flesh and blood, or mere fictitious creations of his own over-wrought fancy? Whatever their origin, Narada, proud though he was, had wit enough to see how this experience came again as an eye-opener. The moral of it all pointed unmistakably to his vanity once more. The double discomfiture was enough for him. He hastened back to Krishna, confessed his folly and entreated the Lord to teach him to sing better. Full of compassion for the crest-fallen sage, Krishna told him how there can be no true Vidya without Vinaya, and exhorted him to give up all pride as a first step. Narada lost no time in taking this lesson to heart. Thenceforth his songs seldom failed to win the unstinted approbation of his Divine Auditor.

One passage in your letter a little displeased me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which Robert's letters are always brimful of.

You say that "this world to you seems drained of all its sweets!" At first I had hoped you only meant to intimate the high price of sugar, but I am afraid you meant more.

O, Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets, are yet in the Earth. The Sun and Moon yet reign in Heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentances, quarrels and reconcilements, have all a sweetness by turns.

Good humour and good nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you—you possess all these things and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. You may extract honey from everything.

CHARLES LAMB TO ROBERT LLOYD.

WOMAN IN SOCIALIST CONSTRUCTION.

On equal Terms with Man.

BY

B. PAPERNOVA.

(Continued from page 99.)

In the whole of the Transcaucasian Federation of Soviet Republics in 1931 there were already 55,000 women attracted to the national economy, including 22,394 in industry. Their work is not confined to the so-called "feminine" branches of industry. Thus, of the 7,000 women employed in the Azerbaidjan oil-fields 4,000 are directly employed on drilling and distilling work, etc. 400 women are working in the "Paris Commune" shipyard, including 41 Turkish women. Many of them have already become skilled fitters, turners, electricians, and laboratory workers. Technical classes were organised for them; some of them are working under the guidance of more experienced workers, others are graduating from the apprenticeship schools and showing good examples of work.

A Turkish woman shock worker from the Lenin works, Autor Mirzoeva, has been granted a foreign travel, as the best woman shock worker, who was first in overfulfilling her quota. She is a member of the Transcaucasian C.E.C., and of the Baku Soviet. She is accompanied on her foreign trip by three other oriental women shock workers.

Tens of thousands of oriental women have been promoted during the Five-Year Plan to leading posts in economic and cultural institutions. Thus, Radjabova is the director of the Ali-Bairamov factory; Abdulayeva is the director of the clothing trade school; Seifudinova is the head of the dyeing department of the Lenin mill and was decorated with the Order of the Red Banner of Labour.

Peasant woman prominent in social reconstruction of rural economy.

A considerable role has been played by the peasant women in the collectivisation of poor and middle peasant farms. They have struggled for the strengthening of the collective farms and for carrying out their production plans. Thus, in the Western region the colhoz women have played a considerable role, largely contributing to the fulfilment of the plan in flax production. In North Caucasus no less than 150,000 women took part in the spring sowing campaign. While taking part in the mixed brigades of the colхозes in 1931, there were many special women's brigades formed which attracted 122,564 people.

The colhoz women are well on the road of increasing their knowledge. There are a good many women working as tractor-drivers and agronomic or zootechnical specialists. Thousands of colhoz women are attending short term courses in various subjects. In the Ukraine at the three-months' preliminary courses for the spring-sowing campaign there were trained 16,893 colhoz women including 6,136 tractor-drivers and field cultivators. At the present time in the Ukraine alone there are 6,440: women tractor-drivers, one director of a machine and tractor station, and 25 assistant directors of the latter.

The Ukrainian Colhoz Centre is at present training at various courses 72 women chairmen of colхозes, 50 district managers and instructors, 5,050 brigade leaders. In North Caucasus 4,000 women are attending of tractor-driver courses.

Women in the colхозes take charge of brigades, of chicken and dairy farms, etc. In the Western region the ratio of women colhoz chairmen is as high as 33% in some districts. In the Moscow region 23% of the colhoz chairmen are women.

Great strides have been made by peasant women in the national regions. In Bashkiria in 1932 there were already 244 Bashkir and Tatar women working on tractors; in Buryat-Mongolia 832 women are members of managing boards of colхозes, 356 Buryat women are superintendant of cattle farms, 36 Buryat women are chairmen of colхозes, 8 are members of colhoz district committees including 2 vice-chairmen, and finally, 1 Buryat woman is the director of a machine and tractor station. In Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, Kirghizia, Tadjikistan, and in the Kara-Kalpak autonomous region, there were 41,431 women's brigades formed during the spring sowing campaign.

A great many Eastern women have set the pace as conscientious workers, as heroes of labour. For instance, the Turkoman woman Gul-Nayaz. Six years ago she was illiterate. In 1927 she joined the Komsomol and learned the ABC. In 1928/29 the mass collectivisation movement began in Turkmenistan. Gul-Nayaz was the first Turkoman woman who organised collectivisation in her district. While struggling for cotton, for irrigation, for the cultural revolution, Gul-Nayaz struggled also for her own cultural improvement. It was no easy task to overcome the wild social prejudices of backward and semi-nomad Turkmenia, and it was especially difficult to fight for the emancipation of the women. Gul-Nayaz has been instrumental in setting up a model organisation of women's labour in the colхозes of her district.

For heroic and self-sacrificing work in collectivisation and the cultural reformation of Turkmenia, Gul-Nayaz was the first Turkoman woman decorated by the government with the Order of the Red Banner of Labour.

Gul-Nayaz is now the chairman of her native Farb district Soviet in the Turkmenian Republic.

The woman in the USSR is not second to the man in any branch of knowledge, social work or political activities.

In joining the ranks of the builders of the new society, the woman quickly gets rid of illiteracy and eagerly gains knowledge. In no country throughout the world was there such a wide difference as regards literacy between man and woman as was the case in this country. As late as 1927 among the adult population there were 18% men and 53% women illiterates. The proletarian revolution has wiped out this difference. In 1930/31 the illiteracy liquidation schools were attended by 60 to 70% women. In 1932 the literacy of the entire population reached 97%. The dark, ignorant illiterate woman has already become a matter of past history.

Women are learning in the factory, in sovhoz, in the kolhoz, on public work; they are studying in universities and technical colleges, in research laboratories and scientific institutions. There is not a single school in this country barred to women. In the Institute of Transport Engineers, in the Mining Institute, in the Aviation Academy, in the Military Academy, everywhere women are studying on the same terms as men. In the Petroleum Institute there are 358 women students in the current year.

Stupendous was the cultural growth of the women in the national regions. Thus, in Turkmenia as late as in 1926 there were altogether 24 literate women. And in 1931/32 of the 2,617 secondary school teachers there were 344 Turkoman women. In 1920 there were 374 literate Turkic women, and in 1932 there were 150,000. 675 Turkic women attend factory schools, 477 attend workers' faculties, 2,111 attend technicums, and 693 are university students. In the most backward and out-lying national district—the former tsarist colony of Karabakh Uplands—in 1927/28 409 women got rid of their illiteracy, and 6,501 in 1930/31. The Institute of Northern Peoples is attended by girls of former nomadic tribes—by Nen (Samoyed), Yakut, and Buryat women.

It is no longer a rare sight in this country to see a woman builder, engineer, technical and mining specialist, professor, and research worker. There are 20.1% women among the responsible workers of the Central Committees of Trade-Unions. Many oriental women will now be found

among them. The Uzbek woman Muhamedieva, who recently threw off the veil, is now studying in the Institute of Red Professors; Ayna Saltanova, a Turkic woman, is studying philosophy in the same Institute. Before taking up her present studies she was Assistant Commissary of Education in Azerbaidjan. There are ten other oriental women—Tatar, Buryat, Armenian—attending the Institute of Red Professors.

While working and studying, the women take part in the government. Year by year the number grows of "kitchen maids" who have learned to govern the country.

In the Soviet elections of 1924/25 there were 28% women voters, and in 1931 75%.

Among deputies of town Soviets in 1920 there were 5% women, and in 1931 there were 27%; in the village Soviets there was only 1% in 1920, and 20% in 1931.

In 1920 at the VIIIth Congress of Soviets there were only 2.1% women delegates, and at the XVth Congress in 1931 there were 23.2%.

The growth in the political consciousness of the individual woman worker may be objectively traced by the biography of the weaver Helena Tshernyshova, well-known to all the women in the textile mills of Ivanovo-Voznesensk. A few years ago she came to the weaving mill. She enrolled at the courses organised by the Central Institute of Labour and in 10 months of study became a skilled weaver. From the first day of entering the mill, Tshernyshova, joined in social activity. Last year she was elected by the textile workers as their delegate to the All-Union Congress of Soviets, where she was elected a member of the C.E.C., of the USSR.

In Turkmenia, and in Uzbekistan, a Turkoman and an Uzbek woman are vice-chairmen of the respective C.E.C. The C.E.C. of Turkmenia comprises 11 Turkoman women, and in the C.E.C. of the USSR there are 18 Eastern women.

The road from disfranchisement and semislavery to the high office of member of the C.E.C. is a long one indeed. And it has been covered in the course of 15 years by the Russian working woman, by the peasant woman, by Eastern woman, amid tremendous difficulties, with the fervent aid and support of the Soviet authorities, and under the direct guidance of the Communist Party.

THE LATE Dr. ANNIE BESANT,

BY

THE HON. JUSTICE SIR VEPA RAMESAM, KT.

The facts of Mrs. Besant's life are well known. The outstanding feature of all the activities of her life is the assertion of a right to think for herself and act upon her conclusions. How she became a free thinker and separated from her husband is also well known. The story of how she became a Theosophist is often told and may bear repetition. In 1889 a copy of Madame Blavatsky's, *Secret Doctrine* was sent to the office of the *Review of Reviews* for being reviewed. Mr. W. T. Stead, the Editor, sent the copy to Mrs. Besant for review. She was then at the height of her fame as a free thinker. She had worked in several causes. She took part in the foundation of the Fabian Society. Mr. Stead, probably expected her to explode the ideas of 'The Secret Doctrine'; but as we now know, the result was that she was converted to Theosophy. I remember in my younger days how the dramatic announcement appeared in the papers, in the *Pall-mall Gazette*, that Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant had joined the Theosophical Society. Mr. Bradlaugh did not remain long; he went back to his earlier faith.

In this short article I will only touch upon Mrs. Besant's activities in the cause of Birth Control. The book called, *The Fruits of Philosophy* advocating birth control was published by Knowlton in America. It had been circulating in English for 40 years. Its circulation was never challenged until a Bristol publisher put up for sale some copies, whereupon he was prosecuted and convicted. Following this, the publisher of the free thought paper, *The National Reformer*, was also summoned for publishing the book and pleaded guilty. As this incident called into question the freedom of publication of the book itself, Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant decided to fight the issue. They accordingly published the book giving notice to the Police authorities that they had done so and intended to sell them at a certain place at a certain time. They were summoned and tried before Sir Alexander Cockburn, C.J., in 1877. The Judge's summing up was distinctly favourable, but the jury brought a verdict of guilty adding a rider that the motives of the publisher were pure. The Judge offered to suspend the sentence pending the appeal provided they undertook not to sell the book. But they refused the offer, and in the appeal the conviction was quashed on technical grounds. It appears "that after she passed under the influence of Madame Blavatsky she turned against birth control and remained its opponent for many years. Latterly, however, the movement got

talked about so much that she thought it must be right after all. So she again supported it". So says the writer in a leading article in the *New Generation* for October. I am not aware of any tangible evidence that Mrs. Besant was against birth control even for some time, though I have heard Theosophists often asserting it. But even if she opposed birth control for some time it is clear that latterly she supported it. On 26th July 1927 a Jubilee of the Bradlaugh-Besant trial and the Malthusian League which was founded as the result of the trial was celebrated at Holborn Restaurant, London. There were 180 present, J. M. Keynes the economist took the chair. And on his right side sat Dr. Annie Besant. H. G. Wells the novelist, Lord Olivier a member of the last British Cabinet, Julien Huxley the eminent Zoologist, and Harold Cox and Harold Wright prominent economists and writers on the population question were present. Doctors were there by the dozen and there were men eminent in the business world. Mr. R. B. Kerr, Editor of the "*New Generation*" proposed the toast of "The Pioneers". Dr. Besant who came all the way from Ojai in California replied to the toast. After this, I do not think that it can be asserted that Mrs. Besant was against birth control from and after 1927. I will only end this article by a quotation from her speech before Sir Alexander Cockburn. For such of us as believe in birth control as a means of uplifting the human race, the extract has got to be cherished and revered as a sacred document. "It is not as defendant that I plead to you today—not simply as defending myself do I stand here; but I speak as counsel for hundreds of the poor—and it is they for whom I defend this case. My clients are scattered up and down through the breadth and length of the land; I find them amongst the poor amongst whom I have been so much; I find my clients amongst fathers who see their wages ever reducing and prices ever rising; I find my clients amongst mothers worn out with over frequent child bearing and with two or three little ones around, too young to guard themselves, while they have not time to guard them. It is enough for a woman at home to have the care, the clothing, the training of a large family of young children to look to; but it is a harder task and often times the mother who should be at home with her little ones has to go out and work in the fields for wages to feed them, when her presence is needed in the house. I find my clients among the little children. Gentlemen, do you know the fate of so many of these children?—the little ones half starved because there is food enough for two but not enough for twelve; half clothed because the mother, no matter what her skill and care, cannot clothe them with the money brought home by the bread

winner of the family; brought up in ignorance and ignorance means pauperism and crime—gentlemen, your happier circumstances have raised you above this suffering; but on you also this question presses; for these overlarge families mean also increased poor rates which are growing heavier year by year. These poor are my clients and if I weary you by length of speech as I fear I may, I do so, because, I think of them more even than I think of your time and trouble. You must remember that those for whom I speak, are watching throughout England, Scotland and Ireland for the verdict you give—they send up a few pence week by week out of their scanty wage, for as long as this trial lasts; they send up kindly thoughts and words of cheer and of encouragement; mothers who beg me to persist in the course on which I have entered—and at any hazard to myself and at any cost and risk—they plead to me to save their daughters from the miseries they have themselves passed through."

We can well rest content with the cherishing of the memory of her speech as a sacred charter for the human race.

[In this connection the following extract from the article on "Annie Besant—A personal impression by St. Nihal Singh" appearing in the November 1933 issue of "The Modern Review" would be found interesting by our readers. Writing about an interview that Mr. St. Nihal Singh and his wife had with Mrs. Besant in November 1921 at Madras, Mr. Singh says "Mrs. Singh asked her if she still held the same views on the question of limitation of population as when she published the pamphlet on subject with Bradlaugh,

Mrs. Besant replied most emphatically that she did not. She now knew that the Lords of Wisdom took great trouble to ensure that a soul should be incarnated in a particular family where it would be able to work out its Karma to the best advantage. If the parents they had chosen to create the physical body through which that soul should function, refused to bring it into existence, they not only would make it impossible for that soul to incarnate at the time its hour struck, but would entail upon the Lords of Creation the task of seeking another suitable vehicle for its rebirth. The man and woman who refused to become parents would themselves suffer inasmuch as they would not be able to work off the Karma connected with the particular soul that otherwise would have taken birth in their family. Knowing this she felt that it would be committing a crime against the divine beings in whose care the affairs of our world had been placed to resort to contraceptive methods"—Ed.]

Dr. BESANT.

By

T. R. VENKATRAMA SASTRI.

Dr. Besant died at the ripe old age of eighty six years. About half of her long life was connected with India and Theosophy. For over a quarter of a century she was the president of the Theosophical Society. Her life has been one continuous striving in the cause of human freedom.

Most of us are straw floating down the tide of time, leaving little if any mark on our time or country. Even of those who make a mark many do so quietly without much strife or struggle. But some bear the native stamp of rebels contributing in revolt against their time and society. There is no doubt that Dr. Besant will be counted and was counted in her day among social rebels.

Dr. Besant has ever obeyed the call of truth as she saw it at the moment, without counting the cost. In refusing to act a lie in outward conformity in observances which no longer held her allegiance and being thrown out of home and the company of her husband and children, in renouncing theistic beliefs and carrying on freethought propaganda when the spirit moved her to do so, in moving off from life-long associates in Radicalism to Fabianism and Socialism, in embracing Theosophy and returning to theism dissatisfied with free thought, she never hesitated to move forward in dutiful response to the inner urge of her spirit for fear of the voice of criticism of fickleness and inconsistency.

Whether it is in the fight for the election of Bradlaugh at Northampton and effecting an entrance into Parliament, or in the fight for freedom of enquiry and speech and publication as in the case of the Knowlton pamphlet or in the fight against coercion in Ireland or "our shameful policy" in Egypt or for the cause of Home Rule in India she was always found on the side of human freedom.

Her impassioned speech on the occasion of Book-seller Bennett's Welcome has appropriateness and validity even to-day. "Without free speech progress is checked and nations no longer march towards the nobler life which the future holds for man. Better a thousandfold abuse of free speech than denial of free speech. The abuse died in a day. The denial slays the life of the people and entombs the hope of the race."

As an organiser and agitator she was unrivalled. Her work in the cause of Home Rule in the years 1914 to 1917 are well known. While she has been consistently against the Civil Disobedience movement, her opinion in regard to the repressive policy of Government was unwavering.

One may recall the words of her impassioned speech in the Lucknow Congress of 1916.

"India has still love for England. India does not want to break the British connection, but the England she loves is not the steel-framed England of the Press Act, the Defence of India Act, the Seditious Meetings Act, and the Criminal Law Amendment Act and all those horrible enactments of 1818 and 1827. It is not the England of those things that we love. It is the England of Cromwell, of Hampden and Pym, of Milton and Shelley. It is the England that sheltered the threatened life of Mazzini, the England that welcomed Garibaldi by thousands in her streets as the liberator of Italy, the England that has been refuting every political refugee, it is that England that we love. That is the England that, despite everything else, we still believe in, but she is ignorant and blinded by the people who come here on superficial knowledge and confirm her in her blunders instead of enlightening her."

Of indomitable courage and irrepressible will and of strenuous endeavour in whatever cause she espoused she will for ever remain a supreme example.

She will for long be remembered as one who loved India and became an Indian and strove to revive and build up her national self respect and fought for her freedom. She hoped to live to see the Indian freedom won; she saw herself being born again in India and fighting her cause until it was won. India has reason to be thankful to her for all she has done in the cause of India.

Tune me for life again. O quiet Musician.

Strive to adjust my loosened thoughts until,
Made taut, they shall be yielding to Thy Fingers

Gladly as trees to winds that touch this hill.

Rhyme me with life once more, O silent Poet.

Out of my weary, fluttering heart-beats make
Cool rhythms, hushed, yet certain as the circling

Water against the edges of this lake.

Fit me for life again, O patient Artist.

Paint on my tired soul glad, vivid things.

Splash now upon its dullness beauty's pigments,

Lovely as pansies and a blue-bird's wings.

Violet Allyn Storey.

SRI ISA AND THE MODERN WORLD.*

By

SADHU T. L. VASWANI.

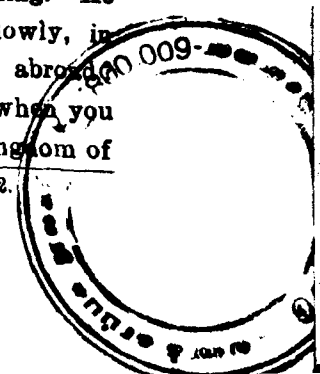
"THE WEST HAS CRUCIFIED HIM, AGAIN AND AGAIN"

"There are scholars who think that historically Jesus was born a fortnight after Christmas. Jesus was an Eastern,—in line with the great Prophets which Asia has thrown up again and again. Orient may understand Jesus better than the Occident. Rome crucified Jesus; the Western civilisation has crucified him again and again. If nations of the West practise the Gospel of Jesus, the face of Europe would change. Jesus is known in several Eastern books as Isa. Some think he visited India and Tibet. The Christian Gospels are silent regarding Jesus' life from 15 to 29. Part of this period some scholars say, he spent outside Palestine. The great Russian artist-rishi, Roerich, refers in his book:—"Trans-Himalaya" to manuscripts in possession of Lamas; these refer to Sri Isa's visit to India. Judged by all accounts in Eastern books, he was a lover of the poor.

"There are many theories regarding the personality of Jesus. One thing will, I think, be admitted by all—he was a man of *shakti*: and the Christ-*shakti* has not declined but developed through the centuries. Tall and comely, with beautiful hands and magnetic eyes, Sri Isa threw a spiritual spell upon many. He, also provoked opposition. His presence, disturbed priests and officials. "Let him be crucified" said his enemies to Pilate. "But what has he done?"—asked Pilate. "Let him be crucified" repeated the enemies. Silent stood Isa! Silent, eloquent! Praying for them! Declaring the divinity of Love! They crucified him! They could not get rid of him. They persecuted his disciples: his *shakti* grew. Isa multiplied himself in many hearts. There came a day when the head of the Roman empire, Constantine, confessed the name of Christ. To-day his name is honoured in all the lands; and in our days, men like Ram-mohan, Keshub, Pratap Chandra, Gandhi Kagawa have paid rich tributes to his personality.

"May I invite your attention to 3 important notes of his teaching? (1) The Kingdom of God is within you:—He whom you are seeking. He is not in books and walled temples. In the mind upright and lowly, in the heart contrite and holy is the Hidden God. Why wonder abroad? Find Him within you. Commune with Him in your souls. And when you pray, shun show! Pray in secret to the Hidden God. (2) The Kingdom of

* Extract from a Speech by Sadhu Vaswani on Christmas day 1932.



God is for children. A child is a symbol of purity and innocence. Clever men are plenty as black berries,—said Huxley. Let us be like children, let us be little ones—if we would grow in God-Life. (3) Love is the law of the New Life. Therefore give love to all, love not only to those who are good to you, but, also, to those who hate you and despitefully treat you. Give love to all. Therefore abandon all caste-pride. Serve the poor and needy. India fell in the day when her intellectuals in caste-pride despised the poor. India will re-arise and be honored again among the Nations in the day India will purify herself in lowly service of the poor. Let Bharata break caste-chains and Bharata will be once again a Nation of the free, a Nation of the strong."

Dr. Besant the Journalist.

In what has been written and spoken about Mrs. Annie Besant after she passed away, not sufficient emphasis has been laid on her work as a journalist and editor; and yet that was as important as any other branch of work that she applied her genius to. There are editors and editors. There is the editor who is only a ponderous writer of long leaders to whom short and spicy paragraphs on the latest news are either *infra dig* or beyond his capacity. There are editors who do not know their mind or would not expose it lest their proprietors may get offended. There are others who always sit on the fence and write vaguely to be able to say in any event, "Ah that is what we said and always held." But Mrs. Besant was not of that tribe. Her editorship of "New India" and "the Common Weal" to confine oneself to her most recent activities in political journalism, would stand out as a shining example of what editorship should be. Long leaders and short and piquant comments on current topics flowed with equal ease from her pen. She may have been wrong in her views, but she never had doubts and never failed to say plainly what she meant. Above all, no consideration of profit or loss of circulation even debarred her from the pursuit of truth or saying what ought to be said. No doubt, this was rendered possible in her case, to a certain extent, because she was also the proprietress of her journals. But how many proprietors there are who, like her, would eschew advertisements which would save certain financial ruin on the ground that they were immoral or unsocial. Indian Journalism was lifted very high indeed when Mrs. Besant was at it.

C. V. K.

THE LATE Dr. ANNIE BESANT.

BY

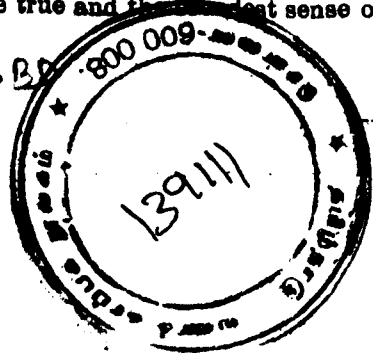
THE HON. EDITORS.

The tributes that have been paid in the previous pages to the immortal memory of Mrs. Besant by distinguished men of diverse temperments, have made it superfluous for the Honorary Editors to write at length about her. But they do not wish this issue of "The Bharata Dharma" to go forth without a record of personal acknowledgment. Readers of this journal may remember that it was originally the official organ of the Bharata Samaj. That organisation and the two means by which it sought to propagate its principles, namely, the Bharata Samaj temple at Adyar and the Bharata Dharma were essentially the creatures of Mrs. Besant's many-sided imagination. It was her genius that fashioned them into existence. It was she that nourished them in their infancy with intellectual, moral and financial sustenance. It was due to her persistence and faith that they continued to function amidst much that made others falter and attempt to close them up.

There was a time in the earlier stages of Mrs. Besant's activities in this country when there was some room for classing her as an obscurantist. Child marriage, enforced widowhood, rigid castes and prohibition of inter-dining, and even purdah found some support in her writings and speeches. People began sometimes to feel that in her new-found enthusiasm for Eastern wisdom she had shed her critical capacity to see all sides of an institution or custom. Materialists and missionaries were joyed to find their great enemy show these defects. But those critics failed to appreciate and recognise the true inwardness of her method. When she came to India Hinduism was falling into pieces. Her children had deserted her, thanks to the education they had received. Even those who had not altogether left her to become mere debris were ashamed to own her. A powerful movement to preserve the ancient monument, to build support walls for it and to preserve the structure, in however delapidated condition it might be, was absolutely necessary. That was not the time to think of the dislocations due to time, to remove the ivy that had grown and disarranged the bricks. There was time enough to attend to them when the structure had been saved from fall. To allow criticism as to details then was to divert the little energy available to run astray and to play the game of the attackers. So she would not look at the defects, and her sole anxiety was to make world know the glory that was Hinduism. Twenty years of hard, unwearying and eloquent work saved Hinduism for

the Hindus. Aided by the work of Swami Vivekananda and the Ramakrishna Mission she roused the Hindu consciousness to such an extent that there was no more need for a Mrs. Besant to engage herself in that direction. A new generation of Hindus had arisen whose pride in their heritage was such that pointing out the excrescences that were spoiling its beauty would not result in driving them away from it altogether. Among the members of the Theosophical Society there were many such who wished to re-beautify the ancient structure, to remove the dust and dirt that covered her, to replace the broken tower and to re-arrange the displaced base. With characteristic foresight Mrs. Besant harnessed these yearnings into an organisation for such re-construction, and the Bharata Samaj was the result. To propagate the views and ideas of that new organisation, was the prime work of the *Bharata Dharma*.

Its first two editors were Mrs. Besant's intimate pupils. Pandit Mahadeva Sastri combined with an uncommon knowledge of vedic exegesis a rare capacity to see the true inwardness of the vedic law. He was no Pandit to whom mamool was everything and his own intelligence nothing. Mr. Rajaram brought to bear on the work he undertook, a singularly well ordered brain and an infinite capacity to take pains. Both had dedicated their all to Mrs. Besant's service, and to them she was a Master whose word was law. Though the present Editors cannot claim that intimate relationship with her that the first two editors had, they are free, aye! anxious, to acknowledge how much their mental equipment and their outlook on life owe to her writings and speeches. Their desire is, their endeavour will be, to run the Bharata Dharma on the lines set for it by her—to defend all that is noble in Hinduism, not to be afraid to say what is wrong with it, to expose its false friends, and to answer its candid critics, to join hands with those of other faiths in the fight against materialism, to look at life as a whole and not to divide it into water-tight compartments of "Politics," "Social Reform," "Economic Reconstruction" and other departments of that sort, and, above all, to make all feel that work in no direction can at all succeed but when firm-based on religion, in the true and the best sense of that term.



HOLD THOU MY RIGHT HAND.

(Tune, "Lead kindly Light.")

By

DR. H. W. B. MORENO.

"For I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying: fear not, for I will help thee." Isaiah, Chap. 41, verse 13."

My right hand do thou hold, to Thee I cry,

And keep me still

Upon the pathway safe, for there shall lie

Nor harm nor ill,

Though may be before, though steep the side,

I follow on, I know Thou art my Guide

Hold Thou my hand in Thine; and hollow fear

Shall lose its sway;

I know that with Thy presence ever near

Clear lies the way;

My trust I place upon Thy guidance true

And grace, that I shall always seek anew.

I only ask that Thou shouldst keep Thy hold,

Close by my side;

For help will come to me a thousand-fold,

What e'er betide;

Though dark the way, the storm be raging high,

My hand in Thine, I know that Home is nigh.

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We append a short list of Vegetarian Foodstuffs, which can be recommended for their nutrient value and for their appetising flavours. Some are ready for use, and others may be made to form the basis of a variety of delicious dishes. Many are rich in vitamin content.

CEREAL FOODS (Breakfast)

Quaker Oats, Grape Nuts,
Force, Puffed Rice, Corn
Flakes, Shredded Wheat, etc.

CEREAL FOODS (Various)

Macaroni, Vermicelli, Sago,
Tapioca, Semolina, Corn Flour
Barley, Oatmeal, etc.

DRIED FRUITS

Currants, Raisins, Sultanas,
Figs, Apricots, Peaches,
Prunes, Apple Chips and Rings, etc.

HONEY

Various, with or without comb.

SYRUP

Golden and Maple.

JAMS AND MARMALADE

Various best English Brands.

BISCUITS

Various, Huntley and Palmer's etc.

FRUITS IN SYRUP

Apricots, Peaches, Pears,
Pineapples, Greengages,

FRUITS IN SYRUP (Contd.)

Strawberries, Cherries,
Fruit Salad, etc.

BEVERAGES

"Tomango" Orange and Lemon
Squash, Rose's Lime Juice, etc.

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yet having the properties of meat
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snips, etc.

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