

Our Home Magazine

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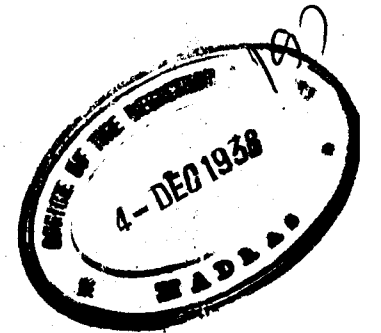


SRI RAMAKRISHNA MISSION STUDENTS' HOME, MADRAS

OUR HOME MAGAZINE

'Come unto Me, all Ye, Children of Immortal Bliss'
—Sri Ramakrishna

Editor:—N. R. KEDARI RAO, M.A., L.T.
Joint Editor:—N. SUBRAMANIAN, B.A., L.T.
Associates:—T. S. KRISHNA RAO, B.A.
A. E. RAMAMURTHI, B.A., B.L.
P. N. DAMODARAN, M.A.



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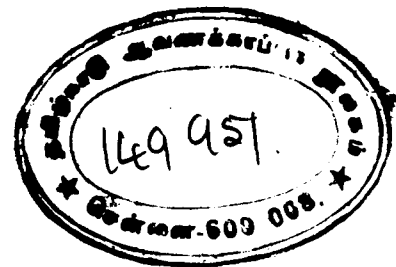
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OLD BOYS' REGISTER	

The prophetic advent of Sri Ramakrishna augurs well for the religious regeneration of the world and the reign of righteousness and peace in this mechanistic age. To him, religion was not a dogma of the heresy-bonding type or a special revelation to a chosen community but a direct realisation of God and the fundamental unity of all the world religions. The uniqueness of his experience which has already passed into history, consists in the universality of its religious appeal, and it has set free a rejuvenated form of Hinduism suited to modern democratic requirements. To him religion is not merely seeking and seeing God but a divinely ordained vocation governed by the motive of elevating the whole of humanity to the level of God. It thus harmonises the mystic quiet for eternal bliss and the needs of historic redemption—the personal and the impersonal, the spirituality of the contemplative and the activism of the altruist. Religions are not contradictory but complementary.....Sri Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda are the static and dynamic aspects of this New Dispensation.

—PROF. P. N. SRINIVASACHARI



Grains of Gold

மாசில் வீணையு மாலை மதியமும்
வீசு தேன்றலும் வீங்கிள வேனிலும்
மூசு வண்டறை போய்கையும் போன்றதே
ஈசனெந்தை யிணையடி நீழலே.

(திருநாவுக்கரசு சுவாமிகள்)

மத்தளம் கொட்ட வரிசங்கம் நின்றாத
முத்துடைத்தாமம் நிரைதாழ்ந்த பந்தற்கீழ்
மைத்துன்ன நம்பி மதுகுதின் வந்து என்னைக்
கைத்தலம் பற்றக் கனாக் கண்டேன் தோழி நான் !

(ஆண்டாள்)

சாதி மாணிக்க மென்கோ ? சலிகோள் பொன்முத்த மென்கோ ?
சாதி நல்வயிர மென்கோ ? தலிலில் சீர் விளக்க மென்கோ ?
ஆதியஞ் சோதி யென்கோ ? ஆதியம் புருட னென்கோ ?
ஆதுமில் காலத்தெந்தை அச்சுதன் அமலனையே.

(நம்மாழ்வார்)

நல்லதோர் தாமரைப் போய்கை நாண்மலர் மேல் பனி சோர
அல்லியும் தாதும் உதிர்ந்திட்டு அழகுநீந்தாலோத்தாலோ
இல்லம் வெறியோடிற்றாலோ என் மகளை எங்கும் காணேன்
மல்லரையட்டவன் பின் போய் மதுரைப் புறம் புக்காங்கோலோ ?

(பெரியாழ்வார்)

FREE ENGLISH RENDERING

BY R. S. DESIKAN, M.A., AND B. L. RANGANATHAN, M.A.

Sweet as the throb of a well-tuned lyre,
Mellow as the gleam of the twilight moon,
Delicious as the breath of May,
Soft as the whisper of the south wind,
And resonant as the bee-haunted mere,
Steals into me the Spirit of the Lord.

What a sweet dream I dreamt, my friend ! I heard in my vision the loud beat of the drum and the joyous blare of the conch-shell sweet. In a lovely bower under a pearl-inwrought canopy I saw my Lord take my hand in his. Strange !

Art Thou a ruby set in regal crown, or a precious pearl glittering in the caverns of the deep, or a diamond rare adorning the imperial throne, or an undying flame shining across the gloom of ages ? Or art thou the primeval light which ushered in the virgin dawn of the infant world or the very fountain of life, from which doth flow the stream of ceaseless creation ?

My house stands deserted, all its glory and life extinct. It is like a lovely lotus-pond once in full bloom but now desolate, with all the flowers frost-bitten and the petals lying dead. My precious one is nowhere to be seen. Perchance she is with the Lord.

V. Krishnaswami Aiyar : Some Memories

By RAO BAHADUR C. RAMANUJACHARIAR*

MR. V. Krishnaswami Aiyar ('Kittanna' as he allowed us fondly to address him) was more than a father to me and to my brother Ramu. He was our ideal, our hero; and on his part, he counted us among his humble, loyal and devoted followers. My impressions are still very vivid of those early days, when he harnessed our youthful energy to the service of to benefit young men or in which their association was necessary. He enkindled in us the fire and enthusiasm that burnt in his own heart in the cause of humanity and religion. He was one of those who discovered Swami Vivekananda, and his magnetic and divine personality captured him and retained him as a close associate. The work of the Ramakrishna Math and Mission in



V. Krishnaswami Aiyar, C. S. I.

the Congress, allowing us to work under his leadership. He thought of us foremost in connection with the inauguration or conduct of any movement or institution calculated Madras in its early days always received his most loving support; and it is needless for me to add that the Students' Home in particular, with which I have the good

*Commemoration Address at the Sanskrit College, Mylapore (24th March)

fortune to be associated, owes a great deal to his inspiration and guidance.

This thought takes me back particularly to the year 1905, a very eventful year in the educational annals of Mylapore. That year saw the starting of the P. S. High School, if I remember right, and the Venkataramana Dispensary and the Medical School as well as the Sanskrit College, and the Ramakrishna Students' Home. It was early that year, on the night of a lunar eclipse, that Ramu and I had a meeting with Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyar, which made a deep impression on our minds. We went to him to ask for advice in connection with the proposal to start the Home. It was past eleven, and we chose that hour as we were anxious to meet him when he was not surrounded, as he usually was, by friends. He was awake, awaiting the hour of eclipse. When we broached our proposal, he flared up:

You have too many irons in the fire. The Vivekananda memorial is not being worked out vigorously, and then there are various other things started. I have lived long enough in this world to know many mushroom growths like this.

We had to come away dejected. All the same, the Home was started and we sent him the first annual report, a year later. In handsomely acknowledging it, and appreciating the sincerity of purpose behind the work, in his usual magnanimous spirit he expressed regret for having given a cold reception to our proposal which, he had apprehended, might have chilled our enthusiasm. With his good wishes he sent a

cheque for Rs. 100 for the Home, and from that day became its stalwart patron and continued to be so till the end of his life. Many links can be traced in the golden chain of benefactions and services that bound us to Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyar; and some of the reminiscences are too intimate and sacred to bear repetition here.

As a man, he stood out as an example of purity of life, scrupulous and even provoking honesty, and transparent sincerity, which hated all sham. He would allow no gap to creep in between thought and action; what he thought right, that he must do, then and there. He would never postpone doing a good thing that he had resolved upon, or entertain the idea of posthumous charity. He was fully aware of the dangers of a calculating spirit which, not taking prompt advantage of noble sentiments and feelings as they arise in the heart, eventually chills generous impulses, rendering them inoperative. It is said in the *Srimad Bhagavatam*:

It is easy to give up life on a battlefield when others are looking on, but it is not easy to give up the wealth that one possesses, for a good cause, taking hold of the opportunity when it presents itself.

What others found in him to be impatience, was only impatience with wrong, and anxiety to do the right thing at once. His impatience was thus more a merit than a demerit. He was direct, unconventional, fearless. He was never a pleasure-seeker; his only pleasure lay in righting wrongs and serving others. He was a man intensely active, though, in the depths of his soul, there was

an anguish, a constant longing for peace and retreat. Was it not thus that he looked upon his bungalow as an 'Ashram' and called it so with full significance? His heart was more in the *Parnakuli* that he had made for his own retreat in the compound. But his burning passion for service denied him even that solace and he ceaselessly laboured in finding out ways and means of helping others to the best of his ability.

So he became perforce a public man, in that he dedicated himself wholly to the good of the public, and not in the sense that he sought name and fame. What then were the ideas and ideals that this genuine patriot set before himself? His foremost aim was to help his country to fulfil its high destiny among the nations. Let us listen to his own voice still ringing in our ears across the barriers of Time. In his memorable Convocation Address, which in his characteristic way he elevated from a humdrum routine to the height of an Upanishadic sermon, he said:

The land that has produced in the realm of poetry, Valmiki and Vyasa, Kalidasa, Tulasidas and Kamban, to name only a few; in the region of abstract thought, Kapila and Kanada, Sankara and Ramanuja; and in the practical sciences, Panini and Patanjali, Charaka and Susruta, Aryabhatta and Bhaskara; the land where walked the blessed feet of Krishna and Buddha and a host of lesser saints and sages, has no need to fear comparison with any other quarter of the earth's surface. The illustrious roll is not exhausted. The fruitful womb may yet bring

forth children of genius, the stalwarts of coming generations. The mighty stream of master-minds which filled the land with plenty may, in a season of drought, have thinned into a tiny channel, but signs are not wanting that it may swell again into a flood.

Does not this sound like the mighty voice of a hoary *Rishi*, calling us to be true to ourselves and to the glory of the past, to face the changing present and the unknown future with the strength born of the knowledge of the Eternal Laws that govern the world? Does it not sound like the echo of the address to the *Snataka* in the *Taittiriya Upanishad*?

Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyar fully realised that no nation could neglect its past and yet hope to rise to greatness. He was unsurpassed in his generation, and scarcely equalled since, in his burning love and reverence for the past and his passion to serve the present. In his Introduction to the *Arya Charithram*, which was a reply to Lord Curzon's unmerited attack on Indian culture he reiterated his strong conviction that the country had no need to be ashamed of its ideals of life and conduct. This message he preached, not only through his book, but through every word and act of his, in his full, varied and comprehensive, but all too short, life. His ambition was to preserve all that is good in our great Aryan culture and keep it alive through special institutions founded for this purpose.

No aspect of life escaped the notice of Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyar. Any movement that had the chance

of contributing to the welfare of the people and harnessing indigenous talent—literary, aesthetic, social, economic, humanitarian or spiritual—won his ready sympathy and active support. Numerous and varied were such institutions in the city and this Province. Even the far off Benares Central Hindu College and the Servants of India Society were the recipients of his attention and the objects of his concern. But for his personal nurture and up-bringing, he reserved the institutions whose annual day we are celebrating. To the promotion of Oriental learning and culture he gave his best. He had an elaborate plan of publishing translations of the classics in Sanskrit, of securing a larger place in the Universities for Sanskrit culture, and of starting a network of Sanskrit institutions which, while adapting the ancient *Gurukula* ideal to modern conditions, would also impart a working knowledge of English and the Western sciences, to enable students to appreciate and understand better the treasures of Sanskrit literature. He sincerely believed that the promotion of Sanskrit culture and learning would prove a corrective influence to modern tendencies creating a feverish thirst for power, pelf and position, and help us to regain the lost balance. He had no patience with those who argued that such an education could not advance its votaries to positions of wealth or influence. He held up for admiration the ancient ideal of “knowledge for knowing’s sake and not for the gain it gets, the praise it brings and the wonder it inspires” and said:

Let not modern conditions of

life darken the splendour of the ancient ideal of learned poverty, before which even the diadems of kings have rolled in the dust.

His fond dream was to see this College grow into a residential University like an ancient Nalanda or Taxila, pursuing many branches of knowledge, relating them to the findings of modern science, researching, reinterpreting and revivifying the ideals for which this Motherland of ours has stood through unnumbered ages.

Institutions apart, no individual man, woman, or child who deserved help and came to his door, went away empty-handed. The fortune that he earned, he held as a trust for public benefit. He would never allow any one to praise him for his charities or refer in his presence to his acts of generosity. Standing at this distance, now a quarter of a century after his passing away, we are better able to appreciate his greatness. The fame of men such as he, gains an added lustre with the passing of years. His greatness is to be judged, not merely by what he achieved during his life-time but also by what he planned, and would surely have achieved, had it pleased Providence to grant him a longer life. His last words were not words of self-satisfaction at what he had been able to achieve, for he observed sadly, “I am leaving so many things undone.” He was a discriminating pioneer, and, to prove worthy of our association with his name, it behoves us all to strive ceaselessly for the realisation of the ideals for which he stood, taking his activities in every line as *indicative*, and not *exhaustive*.

Long before Gandhiji, he realised

clearly the need for bridging the widening gulf between politics and religion, and he did all he could, by example and precept, to unify them. He knew that life was a unity and it could not and ought not to be cut up into compartments, divided and set up one against another. He allowed no gap between profession and practice, between private and public life. What he said in his Presidential Address at the Tinnevely Conference in 1906, will make this clearer :

For us, public life must be purified and spiritualised ; public spirit is sometimes a cloak for personal advancement. If, however, we are true to ourselves and true to our country, and sacrifice ourselves, if necessary, at the call of duty, mountains of difficulties may be overcome and we shall be within sight of the Promised Land. We are strong in numbers. We are great in the inheritance of an ancient civilisation.

We have the example in our history of heroes and martyrs, of sages and saints who have sacrificed themselves for the nation’s good. If only some spark of the ancient fire may light our hearts, we may, in our day, dispel the surrounding gloom and pass to our successors a brighter and more glorious future.

Every thought and dream of Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyar centred round this ideal, and his magnificent will and peerless devotion kept him eagerly and unceasingly at work to the last moment of his life. When on the acceptance of the Executive Councillorship, he was faced with the enquiry of a concerned friend of his as to what he would do on relinquishing his office after five years, he replied with fervour, “Can I not serve my God and Country ?” I cannot conclude better than by quoting one beautiful and pregnant utterance of his : *I live on the Past, in the Present, for the Future.*

The Leader—Lost and Found

By V. S. VENKATANARAYANA B. A. HONOURS (V YEAR)

THANAJI Malusre was dumb-founded at the allegations made against him. He, the trusted chieftain of Shivaji, the zealous fighter for his country’s welfare and uplift, was he to be so gravely insulted by the charlatan of a fellow, a new upstart, with a false charge ! Evidently the fellow was thirsting for a position.

The Court was tense with excitement. Shivaji, the Lion of Maharashtra, was in full Court. He was astonished at the perfidy of a man whom he had believed to be the

best and most loyal of all his followers. He could not believe his ears. Oh ! what base element is the human make-up !

“No ! How can it be possible ? He cannot be so mean, so dirty and so treacherous. Let me fondly hope that this is false.” That was what he was fervently desiring. Bhavani Shanker proceeded :—

“Maharaj ! Thanaji, who seems to be your loyal servant, is a venomous serpent, a wolf in a lamb’s skin. I will give your Majesty

the full particulars which led me to suspect him. Let him deny them if he can.

"Your Majesty will surely remember the expedition to Chithor Durg which the cursed Ibrahim Khan—the rebel who was responsible for the murder of various officers deputed by us—attacked and hacked. Our army won the battle by the narrowest margin of luck. I humbly request my friend Thanaji to explain why, though a commander, he deserted the camp and came after the battle was over.

"He went to Ibrahim who tipped him heavily and requested him to absent himself from the battle. We were on the verge of a collapse but for the fortunate presence of myself and my followers who were returning from Bijapur after plundering the treasure of the Nawab. Let him deny it, if he can, Your Majesty." The audience craned their necks, eagerly expecting to hear a stout denial from the lips of their Leader Thanaji Malusre. But their faces fell.

There was he, evasive and stammering. He spoke haltingly: "Your Majesty! The situation is very embarrassing. Really I should try to extricate myself from this base charge. But I am very sorry, Sire, I cannot explain myself. I was not present in the camp at that time owing to a strange circumstance, which, on mine honour, I cannot reveal. It is not any nefarious business as this wretch here presents it."

A buzzing all through. Bhavani smiled an inscrutable smile. He spoke jeeringly: "Honour! Honour in a perfidious wretch and a turn-coat! Your Majesty, he cannot defend himself. My accusation is correct. May it please your Majesty to deal with this vermin in the

manner in which he ought to be dealt with."

Excitement ran high. No intake of breath. All was still.

The mighty devotee of Sree Bhavani Matha, the ardent patriot Sri Shivaji spoke out:—

"Thanaji! Is this your return for the kindness shown to you? Is this how you abuse the confidence reposed in you? You cannot explain and you speak of some mysterious cause. Why not speak out? We command thee to speak out. Why did you desert our people when there was danger?" Thanaji stood still. Then he said: "My Lord, I humbly repeat, I cannot tell." The people feared an outburst from their most beloved sovereign. But no!

Sri Shivaji spoke with an unruddied and calm countenance. "My Thanaji! We cannot help. We are sorry for you. But justice should be meted out. Hence we have no alternative but to send you out of our country. May God bless you". Tears trickled down the face of the stricken monarch. To lose such a loyal and trusted servant was a blow to him. Thanaji with down-cast looks made a profound and deep obeisance and left the Court.

Nothing was heard of him thereafter.

The Moghal emperor was with his ministers. Reports came from several parts about the trouble and havoc wrought by the Maharattas. The Emperor was boiling with rage: "What! the Mountain Rat is encroaching on our land and is harassing our people! We will teach him a lesson! Jai Singh."

"At your service, Your Majesty."

"Wage war against the Maharattas and bring the Rat."

"Jee Hukum! Your Majesty."

Some months later, news reached the Emperor that Shivaji was still unconquered. The Emperor was non-plussed. An idea struck him.

Jai Singh received a confidential letter addressed to him from the Emperor.

Shivaji was surprised to see an envoy from the Moghal ranks. He heard the envoy speaking:—

"Your Majesty, Our Lord and Emperor requests peace and a truce. He agrees to recognise you as an equal power. He desires to stop the war. He requests the pleasure of your visit to his capital." Shivaji was puzzled. "What ruse is this? There must be something up his sleeves. All right. There is Sri Bhavani!"

Jai Singh's pleasure knew no bounds when he received the assent of Shivaji to accompany him to Delhi.

A desolate corner in the city. A middle aged man was sitting with a gloomy and moody expression on his face on the pial of his tottering house. No creature was to be seen anywhere near by. He was roused up from his deep reverie by the arrival of a thin, lanky person. "Master! Have you heard of this?"

"What is that, Jiv Narayan? Is it anything concerning our people?"

"Yes! Sri Shivaji Maharaj has come down to Delhi on a pleasure trip at the Moghal's request!"

"My God! After all, what I thought is shaping itself out!" "What Rustum told is correct. They are going to imprison our Lord and Master."

"May Sri Bhavani give me sufficient courage to help my Lord out!"

He hastened into the room, dressed himself and went out in a hurry.

The news spread like wild fire. Shivaji was kept a prisoner by Aurangzebe. No one could approach him. There was no access to him. The whole of Maharashtra was in a state of violent agitation.

Sri Jija Bai was anxiety itself. How to get him out—was the one thought raging in the breasts of all.

The patrol saw a veiled being seeking admittance into the jail.

Rang out the sharp voice: "Who are you?" It replied: "Oh, sire, I get some fruits to be given to the prisoners. I crave admittance." The patrol was stern. "Show me the permit." Something hit him squarely on his head. He fell down with a dull thud.

The busy hand of the intruder picked out the keys and in an instant Shivaji was breathing free air. The patrol was thrust in and locked up instead.

Shivaji's joy knew no bounds when he learnt who his deliverer was.

"Noble Thanaji! You are the most loyal friend on earth and the most faithful man ever master had. How can I ever repay your debt?" "My Lord, it is nothing. It is my duty to my country and in it lies my salvation."

"Well spoken as it only becomes you. Thanaji! Cannot you even now tell me what made you forsake the camp?"

"Let it be so, my Lord. Your Majesty does not know my antecedents before I became your servant. I am a native of Chithor. My mother was on her sick-bed. Ibrahim Khan knew the secret and

threw her into prison and I was informed that she was dying. I was obliged to go to her and rescue her. It was a ruse on the part of the rebel. He wanted only an hour's absence of mine from the field. I only knew the entrances and secret doorways. I was hurrying to the field rescuing my mother, when alas! an arrow shot at me by the rebel killed my mother, and I, taking the body, performed the funeral rites

and then returned to the camp, only to find the rebellion quelled and Ibrahim killed. Bhavani Shankar was there and I was deemed a traitor. I could not reveal this, because I did not like to make use of it as an excuse."

A few months later, Shivaji was crowned Maharajadhi Raj and the old leader and veteran Thanaji was re-established Commander.

Mass Production Versus Cottage Industries

By, K. P. SUBRAMANIAN, L. A. E. (V year)

MASS production or production of articles on a large scale has been resorted to by manufacturers in all civilised countries. That this mode of production is beneficial, so far as economy is concerned, cannot be disputed. The establishment of an individual concern under this system grows bigger and bigger and the number of small establishments is minimised. In any manufacturing concern, the initial expenditure incurred is the same, whether it be big or small. Therefore if small establishments are united under one management, all the initial expenditure will be distributed over a greater number of articles produced. With regard to power (the main factor in a manufacturing concern), it is a well-known fact that as the power required increases, the cost per unit will decrease. The purchasing power of a large concern is increased, and hence it can secure raw materials at low prices. Transportation of raw materials and finished articles is yet another problem and this can be conveniently and profitably arranged

when the quantity to be transported is large. Small concerns cannot afford to have the advantage of insurance, as the terms are prohibitively high. The selling department of a large concern has many advantages. The cost of advertising is enormous and this again is distributed over a large number of articles. In these days, people have to be told what they are to buy, and where and how they can get the same. A large concern can devise all sorts of methods to attract consumers to its products. The by-products of a large concern can be profitably controlled and used to their maximum advantage. Large concerns can afford to have a separate research department. In the case of small concerns, the failure of one experiment may prove ruinous to the business, but where the concern is big, it can continue, in spite of occasional failures.

The cottage industries present a contrast to the system discussed above. Here the family does the work in which all are equally interested. In some cases a section of people

MASS PRODUCTION VERSUS COTTAGE INDUSTRIES 39

arrange to work together, every one doing his or her best, and there is no question of shirking. Particular attention can be paid to the details of the articles produced and variety is easily introduced in the products. So long as people value artistic things and the expression of individuality in workmanship, there is enough scope for a cottage industry. In the case of mass production, it is well known that a machine does more profitable work, if it is to do a single operation on a large scale, and so, variety in the products is out of the question. The singularly attractive feature of small cottage industries is the bond that exists between the different men who produce the finished article, and their implicit obedience to the chief man.

The disadvantages of labour in a large concern are too numerous to mention. It is an evident fact that the worker is not paid as much wage as he is entitled to, for the employers are greedy and self-seeking, and the middle man in charge of the selling wants an unduly large share of profit. Thus the worker who actually makes the article gets less money. This is clearly evidenced in England, where the mercantile cities are more prosperous than even the manufacturing cities. Such a state of affairs is sheer injustice. Despite the fact that in Great Britain the average age of an individual is about fifty, the average age of the working class considered separately is only twenty-five. This is a distressing fact and one cannot but look with indignation on those sections of society that are actually eating up the lives of their fellow-beings.

The sanitary conditions around the dwellings of labourers are positively bad. There is no room for such complaints in a cottage industry, where people work in their natural surroundings.

The scope offered by cottage industries is really very great. Take for instance the Swiss-made watches. These are made, not in big factories but in small homes. The Swiss nation as a whole lives a corporate life and by proper co-operative systems they are able to compete even with big factories. Again the great cycle industry of Japan—not to speak of numerous others—can be taken as an example to illustrate to what great heights the cottage industry can rise. By proper division of labour, groups concentrate in the making of a particular part in their own humble homes. The Industrial revolution of Japan, though recent in its origin, has penetrated even the remotest village homes where electrical energy is made use of, for producing various articles.

Now as regards Indian conditions, we find that India occupied an enviable position, both in agriculture and in manufactures, till the end of the nineteenth century. But the advent of the East India Company brought about the downfall of the Indian cottage industries, which were ruthlessly crushed. Owing to the absence of a varied industrial occupation for the masses, we had a series of famines, most dreadful in their character, during the eighties of the last century and in the beginning of this century. The East India Company had an unhampered hand in the trade of this country. Once a foothold was gained through sheer selfish interest,

it was made to appear in the guise of free trade. Free Trade! It is a glorious catch-word indeed! Countries like England which are mainly manufacturing countries can afford to have it. But it is injustice to talk of free trade in India where her young and nascent industries cry for protection from foreign competition. The pre-war factories in India were few in number and were controlled mainly by foreign capital. When the war broke out, the necessity for self-sufficiency in everything began to be felt very keenly. Even then, India could not avail herself of the opportunity, because difficulties were many: state support was zero; skilled labour was absent; men of real knowledge in the method of handling machines were few; and above all, she could not get the gigantic machinery required to start factories, on account of the prevalence of war.

At last, the eyes of the government were opened, and they started a few industrial schools here and there. They collected industrial information and made it available for the public. After the war, many private concerns grew up and most of them died early, because of the absence of state aid. But others have survived to this day in spite of the handicaps. The government, of late, have opened many centres where the achievements of modern science are shown to the public, and they have instituted a department of Industries. Unless the Government are prepared to face the situation boldly and make a heroic effort to start factories under their protection, the cause of industry in India cannot make rapid strides.

An erroneous view is held by

many that agriculture in India will receive a set-back if industrialisation is pushed on. That it cannot be so has been most conclusively shown by the development of agriculture in Great Britain, soon after the industrial revolution. It is a fact that many will be called away from the villages. As agriculture is overcrowded, it will not matter much. I am of opinion that the effects on agriculture will be beneficial. If, as one fears, the quantity of food materials produced goes down, then modern methods of agriculture will be resorted to.

Mass production and Cottage Industries can be blended together in a grand way, just as Japan has done. The cottage industries should be properly organised. The power for production of articles must be available even to the villages. Several cottage industries can be grouped together by means of co-operative systems. Such an organisation can arrange for the selling of the articles produced at the maximum prices possible and thus bring great relief to rural workers. Only the just commission for the marketing facilities afforded should be charged.

The pioneer work of the Village Industries Association started by Mahatma Gandhi will go a long way in the early stages to revive and consolidate the Cottage Industries in our country. Just as we are producing clothes on a large scale, we should be able to produce several other things, which will not only add a few more annas to the poor agriculturist's income, but also solve the problem of unemployment in a way. Mass production and cottage industries should not be confused as rival institutions, each hampering the exis-

tence of the other. Japan stands as an illustrious example, where both have been combined with beneficial results. The solution of Indian economic problems lies only in the blending of both these systems of production, removing their evil effects.

Rudyard Kipling

By N. R. KEDARI RAO, M.A., L.T.

It was but a short time ago that Rudyard Kipling was gathered to his fathers; and this has been made the occasion for the appearance of a series of articles about his life and work. While all are agreed that his life was rich and full of varied experiences, and that his work, both in prose and verse, was very voluminous, there has been a sharp difference of opinion as to the value of his writings. One view is that Kipling was over-praised during his life-time, that he was one of Fortune's minions, and therefore was rewarded out of all proportion to his merits. Speaking at Oxford recently, Mr. Oliver Baldwin, the son of the Prime Minister, expatiated on this, and said that there was little of worth in Kipling as a man and as a writer. He was unpopular with the authorities in India; he was a rabid imperialist who almost welcomed the Great War, as he thought it would place British Imperialism on a much more stable basis than ever before, but who, when his son was killed at the front, was cured of his imperialism and never more bragged of it. In brief, this view regarded Kipling as no more than a second rate journalist.

The other view was that Kipling was great as a poet, as a writer of short stories and as a novelist; and

that in fact he was one of the chief creative forces in English Literature during his time, and that therefore he rightly deserved the Nobel Prize that was awarded to him in 1907. As one who had travelled extensively, he had unique opportunities of studying human nature in all the quarters of the globe; a great lover of the sea, he has crammed all his experiences in his poems; a keen observer of military life, he has given us the benefit of his knowledge in his poems and short stories. Thus, he is in the true line of the great poets and prose writers of England.

Naturally, the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes, and let us try to find out what there is of abiding worth and value in his writings.

Born at Bombay in 1865, * he went over to England for his studies, and in his seventeenth year was appointed Sub-Editor of the Civil and Military Gazette, Lahore. He travelled throughout India, China and Japan, and his observant eyes picked out the most characteristic features of the various countries he visited, which later on found expression in his books. He resided for seven years in America; and found time to visit South Africa, where his idea of Imperialism gained strength; and later on went to Australia also on a

* 'Of no mean city am I' says Kipling in one of his poems.

visiting tour. Finally he settled in England, and died soon after he completed the Biblical span of three score years and ten.

Even this rapid account of his life is enough to show that he was one of the most indefatigable of English travellers, and that he saw life at first hand in various parts of the world. All his thoughts and feelings, all his meditations and musings—he has expressed in his novels and short stories, in his poems and prose writings.

As a poet, his most characteristic feature is his energy or vitality. His is no languishing muse; he is full of enthusiasm for the cause he espouses; there is no room for doubts or misgivings; he knows what he has to say, and he says it clearly and forcibly. He talks with authority, though his authority—mainly derived from his own experience—may sometimes be mistaken. He is thus a realistic poet. His business is to give poetic expression to whatever is actually before his eyes. He does not exclude anything from the purview of his poems. Others may bewail that the romance of life is lost by the obtrusion of modern machinery, by the introduction of the steam engine and the motor car. But it is not so with Kipling. To him, Romance is no sequestered land of beauty; there is a great deal of romance even in modern machinery, provided men will but observingly distil it. And hence, he says of the Railway train,

.....All unseen,

Romance brought up the nine
fifteen.

In another poem, he makes the machines sing in chorus :—

We can pull and haul and push and
lift and drive,
We can print and plough and weave
and heat and light,
We can run and jump and swim and
fly and dive,
We can see and hear and count and
read and write.

In brief, they say in a vein of exultation :

We are everything on earth except
the Gods!

At the same time, they are aware of the troubles caused by them to men, and so they conclude their song thus:—

Though our smoke may hide the
Heavens from your eyes,
It will vanish and the stars will
shine again,
Because, for all our power and
weight and size,
We are nothing more than children
of your brain!

As regards the service rendered by the Big Steamers to England, especially during the Great War 1914—1918, we have the bare truth (put into the mouth of the steamers themselves) in language as bare :—

"For the bread that you eat and
the biscuits you nibble,
The sweets that you suck and the
joints that you carve,
They are brought to you daily by
all us Big Steamers:—

And if any one hinders our coming,
you'll starve."

Similarly he has sung of Liners and Destroyers; of Workshops and of Deep-sea Cables—in short of the supremacy of Coal and Iron in the modern world :—

Gold is for the mistress—silver for
the maid—

Copper for the craftsman, cunning
at his trade.

But Iron, Cold Iron, is master of
them all.

Crowns are for the valiant, sceptres
for the bold!

Thrones and powers for mighty
men who dare to take and hold.

But Iron, Cold Iron, is master of
them all.

Not only does Kipling reveal to us the Secret of Modern Machinery; but he sings with real zeal of the Sea and its glories. In the *Gift of the Sea* and the *Coastwise Lights*, in the *Compass* and the *Explorer* and the *English Flag*, Kipling describes the Naval Supremacy of England and says in ever memorable words :—

And what should they know of
England who only England know?

To him the sea has a magnetic attraction. In verses now swift, now slow, now stormy and tempestuous, now calm and sober, he evokes from one pole to the other the great waters of the globe—the true domain of his race and its appointed portion. The Waters of the North are white between the floes veiled by curtains of snow. Then, we have the lineless, level floors of the Atlantic, with its oily smell before a storm; the blue monotony of the Southern seas, under the white clouds driven by the Trade Winds, and the dazzled torpor of the Equatorial Line. On the seashore are the lighthouses "with weeds about their knees"; down below, in the silence and darkness of the abyss are the cables, quivering with tremors that are the thoughts of men. And

on this huge expanse may be seen various types of vessels—the schooner feeling her way in the night, the rough collier black with smoke and soot, the aristocratic liner with its luxurious equipment, the humble cargo-boat, the maid of all work, and the six-thousand horse-power destroyer bringing swift death to her chosen prey.

During his life-time, there was a remarkable expansion of the British Empire. In fact the Imperial idea came into being only in his time, and he made himself its mouthpiece in all his utterances. Being intimately acquainted with every nook and corner of the little Island, (as well as the great open spaces of the East and the West—in India and Australia, South Africa and America) he became the laureate of the people, though there was an official laureate, the successor of Tennyson. And this Imperialistic idea had a twofold effect on him. If it made him proud of the achievements of England in the past, it also filled him with fears for the future. If the Englishman had a glorious heritage, he had also a heavy responsibility in passing on the tradition undimmed to his posterity. How did England become great? It was on account of the sense of duty ingrained in the minds of every one—the sense of self-control, of cheerful obedience to orders from above, whether they were right or wrong, to a careful husbanding of one's resources in time and energy. These ideas are embodied in his conception of a gentleman, so beautifully defined in the poem, 'If' :—

"If you can talk with crowds and
keep your virtue,

Or walk with kings—nor lose the
common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can
hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none
too much ;
If you can fill the unforgiving
minute,
With sixty seconds' worth of dis-
tance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything
that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a
Man, my son."

And how is every English child to aim at this ideal? Let him repeat unto himself the famous lines which form the Patriotic ideal: —

“Land of our birth, we pledge to thee,
Our love and toil in the years to be;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.
Father in Heaven who lovest all,
O help Thy Children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Land of our Birth, our faith, our
pride,

For whose dear sake our fathers died,
Oh Motherland ! we pledge to Thee,
Head, heart and hand in the years
to be."

The note of humility in the presence of an Unseen Power, which is already faintly manifest here is seen at its best in the *Recessional*, which was published soon after the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897. Gazing at the pomp and splendour of the occasion, and listening to the applause of kindred nations and the thunders of the mightiest fleet the world had ever seen gathered together, the people were almost off their senses; and at such a time Kipling warned his countrymen that the remarkable success of the Queen's reign was due not so much to men's efforts as to the benevolence and grace of God :-

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet—
Lest we forget— lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre :
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For fancy fails the reasoner's guard,

For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!
After all the shouting and the blare
of trumpets, came these solemn
stanzas of prayer and of meditation
—this moving reminder of God and

the nothingness of human dust—
lest we forget! lest we forget!
And the effect was marvellous. It
showed not only the truly Christian
humility of the poet, but it appealed
forcibly to the people at large and
henceforth he was acclaimed as the
national poet.

Besides being the poet of the Nation, he was also the poet of the Empire. Having spent a considerable time in India, he could not but be struck by the contrast afforded between the East and the West. This superficial difference—as also the abiding unity between them—is celebrated in the well known Ballad of that name :—

Oh, East is East, and West is
West, and never the twain shall
meet,

Till Earth and Sky stand pre-
sently at God's great Judg-
ment Seat ;

But there is neither East nor
West, Border nor Breed, nor
Birth,

When two strong men stand face
to face, though they come
from the ends of the Earth!

It is such a pity that the first two lines, torn from the context, and repeated *ad nauseam*, have done so much harm to the reputation of Kipling. On the surface there might seem to be a great gulf of difference separating the East from the West, but in truth, when two strong men stand face to face, all these differences vanish ! Doth not one touch of Nature make the whole world kin ?

When the War-clouds burst in 1914, he urged on his countrymen the supreme necessity of facing the enemy in a determined mood:—

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the War.
The Hun is at the Gate!
Our world has passed away
In wantonness o'er-thrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone

Though all we knew depart,
The Old commandments stand:
"In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

The people nobly responded to this war-cry, and thousands perished in the various battle-fronts. Lamenting their loss, he cries out in anguish :—

These were our children who died for our lands; they were dear in our sight.

We have only the memory left
of their home-treasured say-
ings and laughter.

The price of our loss shall be paid to our hands, not another's hereafter.

Neither the Alien nor Priest shall decide on it. That is our right.

But who shall return us the children?

Reparations may be made by the enemies for our loss in money and in materials, but who shall return us the children?—This is the mood of the poem—a mood of bitterness which lasts long and recurs in several of his songs. So, in the *Rebirth* (1918) he wishes that they should all forget this bitterness and return to pre-war conditions, if only it were possible for any one to do so:—

If any God should say,
 " I will restore
 The world her yesterday
 Whole as before

My Judgment blasted it"—who would not lift

Heart, eye, and hand in passion o'er the gift?

Turning to his work as a writer of novels and short stories, his worth may be gleaned from an imaginary conversation with one of his characters, called Govind, in the North-Western part of India:—

"I write of all matters that lie within my understanding, and of many that do not. But chiefly, I write of life and death, and men and women, of Love and Hate, according to the measure of my ability, telling the tale through the mouths of one or two or more people. Then by the favour of God, these tales are sold, and money accrues to me, that I may keep alive."

Thus Kipling shows himself a professional man of letters, for he lived by the income got from the sale of his books.

Then, the imaginary Govind gave him some further hints:—

"Tell them of those things thou hast seen and then of those thou hast heard, and since they be children, tell them of battles and kings, horses, devils, elephants, and angels—but do not omit to tell of love and such like. All the earth is full of tales to him who listens and does not drive away the poor from his door. The poor are the best of tale tellers, for they must lay their ear to the ground every night."

In all these we find Kipling a true student of the human heart. In the Jungle Books he has attempted to rival the glory of

Aesop's Fables, adapting them to our modern environments. In 'The Steam Tactics', he has dealt with all the troubles of a motor car when it breaks down on a journey. He has given us an idea of the finest story in the world—which reveals itself to a man in his dream, but vanishes, the moment he tries to set it on paper. And then he falls in love—and the finest story is never written.

When he writes about Anglo-Indian life, its struggles and successes, its glories and shames, he is on perfectly sure ground. His idea of Government was of the old-world variety. He loved the Indian peasants, because they would never dare question the authority of the Government; but this very love of the common masses stood in the way of his doing justice to the English-educated Indian, who wished to be treated on a footing of equality with the European, and who as a lawyer argued about the rights and wrongs of the position taken up by the Government. This, Kipling would not and could not tolerate. Hence, in a story like 'The Head of the District,' he has done less than justice to the Indian I.C.S. Officer, and this partially accounts for Kipling's unpopularity in India. The fact is that Kipling was insular in his sympathies, and could not for a moment believe that ideas of Democracy were fast spreading even in India.

As regard's Kipling's style, we feel that it is the personification of energy. There is plenty of freshness and vigour about it, though not sweetness or gentleness. His words come like so many sledge-hammer blows strengthening the impression made in our minds.

What it loses in want of subtlety, it gains in sheer force and directness. Another short-coming, if it may be called so, is that he attempts too much at realism. The result is a set of fleeting pictures like those that pass before us in a cinematograph. But Realism is not Reality, and in attempting to show too much of his knowledge, there is the feeling that he is always working for an effect.

But on the whole, Kipling acts as a beneficent influence on his readers. And to Indians especially,

he has a three-fold message to give. He is full of the poetry of the Sea, the poetry of Patriotism and the poetry of Adventure and colonisation. His belief that Romance can be had even in this so-called drab age acts as a healthy tonic on the minds of those who always dream of a golden past that is never more to return. He does not lull us to sleep by singing of old and far off things; he rouses us to action and bids us face the present in a manly manner. For, here we are living in the Present and here we have to seek our Salvation.

From the Setu to the Himalayas

X Pandarpur

By KAUNDINYA

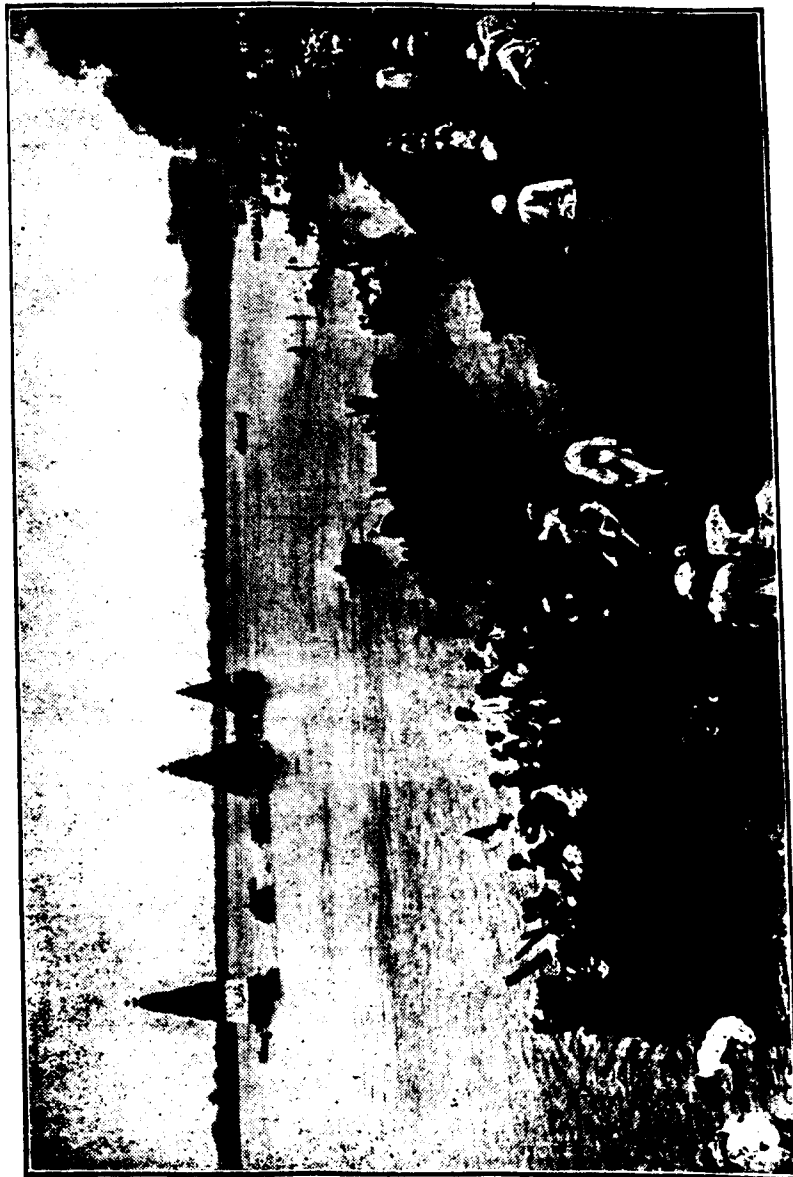
PANDARPUR is 120 miles to the south-east of Poona and is reached by a two-hour journey by the Barsi Light Railway branching from the main line of the G. I. P. at Kurduwadi Junction. The little town is picturesquely situated, and the River Bhima adds to its beauty and importance. The stream curves about the town in the form of a crescent and hence it is known in this locality as 'Chandrabhaga'.

Who in India has not heard of Pandarpur and its long line of saints and sages? The 'Panduranga Bhakta Vijayam' which contains the stories of their wonderful lives of devotion and service, has been translated into several of the Indian languages and sung by bards in the north and south. The influence of their lives has been great in stemming the tide of materialism in

the past and the present, and in re-interpreting the vital aspects of religion to the masses, raising it above the differences of caste, creed and colour, into one universal harmony of love. Every age and every clime have needed such unifying influences and the Maharashtra is blessed in its sons like Gnaneswar, Ekanath, Tukaram, Namdev and Ramadas, who have lived this ideal.

The foundation of Pandarpur is associated with the story of a Brahmin by name Pundarika who, though wise and learned in the scriptures, had in the first flush of his youth abandoned himself to a dissolute life. Once, when a party of friends started from his place on a pilgrimage to Benares, he joined them, more out of a desire for sight-seeing and a love of adventure, than

from any spirit of real devotion. His wife accompanied him and his old parents followed too, and all went on foot. After a few days, they cursed the day when they brought forth such a son and drudged on the weary way, content to die if fate so willed it, but unwilling



J.G. I. P. Ry.

Pundarika's Temple on the banks of the Chandrabhaga.

Courtesy

when his wife and his parents became very tired and could not walk, he arranged a conveyance for himself and his wife, and pushed on, leaving behind his parents in utter callousness to shift for themselves.

to give up the pilgrimage: for he who sets out on the Godward path and turns back is not worthy of Him, say the Scriptures.

On the way was the hermitage of a far-famed sage, Kukku ta

Maharishi. Pundarika rested one night in its gardens. In the small hours of the morning, he noticed three ladies of noble mien and bearing, but all wearied and dust-eaten, entering the hermitage and emerging out a little later transformed and shining in a divine glory, which seemed natural to them. Pundarika, burning with wonder and curiosity, approached them and asked: "Who may you be, you Divinities on Earth?" They replied: "We are Ganga, Yamuna and Saraswati. People come to us daily in their thousands to wash off their dirt and sin. We become laden with impurities and in our turn we go about visiting the hermitages where abide great souls like this Maharishi, who lend holiness and purity to things holy and pure."

A change was coming over Pundarika with the first rays of the morning sun. His eyes had seen and his ears had heard. A sound as of gurgling waters was making music in his soul. He felt drawn to the presence of the Maharishi and told him his story. The Maharishi spoke in gentle accents: "My son, whom dost thou go to seek in Benares, neglecting thy old parents? Religion begins at home. Serve your father and mother. That is thy first duty. All things shall then be added unto you." Pundarika heard that the Maharishi himself had never once visited Benares, though he was not far off from there; he had spent his days in serving his parents and in that service had found his God.

Pundarika retraced his steps and sought his parents. The Prodigal son was forgiven and the joy of the

parents knew no bounds. They marched now towards Benares with a fresh love in their hearts, and a new vigour in their limbs. The pilgrimage was happily accomplished and they were soon back in their own place.

Every one wondered at the change that had come over Pundarika. He now dedicated himself to the service of his parents and made it the chief occupation of his life. Years rolled on.

One afternoon, as Pundarika was engaged in his usual service, he noticed a strange couple at the entrance to his cottage. Pundarika welcomed them and asked them to be seated on a low pile of bricks in the courtyard, while he was attending to his father and mother. The guests sat looking on, evidently pleased at Pundarika's filial devotion.

But when Pundarika finished his duties and turned to his guests, they were not to be seen. There was an aching in his heart and the divine pair were reborn in his soul. He talked of the vision to his parents and friends, and built a little shrine over the spot where the guests had been seated. He endearingly called the Lord of his vision as *Vittoba* (He who rested on a pile of stones), as *Panduranga* (He who shone in the dark chamber of his heart with a white radiance) and as *Pundarika Varada* (He who condescended to shower his grace on Pundarika). When he beheld the image in his little shrine, it had a different aspect at different times and his soul was enraptured. In the morning, the Lord appeared to him in

the image with a rosy countenance; in the noon it had a white effulgence as on the day he had his first vision; and in the evening it assumed the dark blue colour of a rain-bearing cloud. It is this shrine that has grown into the Temple of Vittoba

goes by the name of Pundarika's Temple.

The records show that the Temples were renewed from time to time by several rulers and noble men. In 1100 A. D. Vittoba's Temple was built in its present



Courtesy]

The Temple of Panduranga

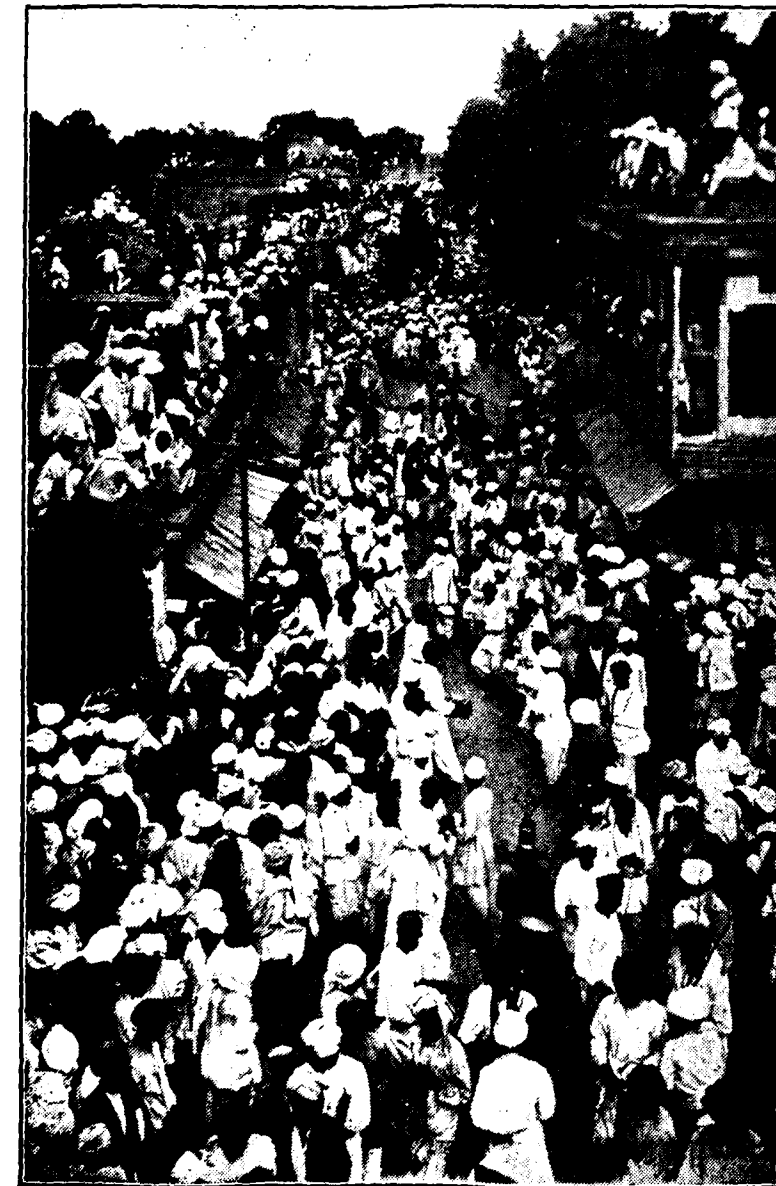
[G. I. P. Ry.

and Rakhumayee in Pandarpur as we know it. And the Samadhi built by Pundarika in the river-bed in memory of his parents is what

form by Chang Dev; it was renovated by the Holkar of Indore in 1550, and in 1850 by Nandaram of Poona. The Sabha Mantapam was

added by Sowcar Krishna Bhat of Pandarpur in 1878. The Temple contains shrines dedicated to Ganapati, Kalabhairava, Mallikarjuna,

stands in the river bed, is supposed to be the spot of Namadeva's tapasya. One Narayana Nakhare had a dream in which he was command-



Courtesy]

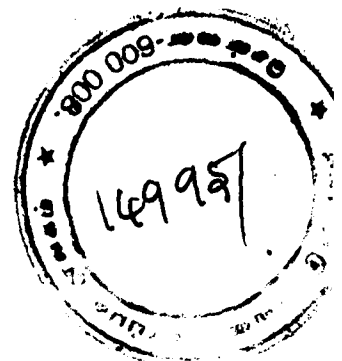
The Procession on Ashada Ekadasi

[G. I. P. Ry.

Sakambari, Vanasankari, Maruti, Ramachandra and Muralidhara.

Where the Vishnu Pada Temple

ed to erect a shrine over the spot and he did accordingly. Pandarpur is full of such holy associations and



relics of saints and sages, who have continued in an unbroken chain down to our own times.

The Ashada Ekadasi which comes about the month of July—August, is the biggest festival in Pandarpur, and on an average two to three lakhs of Pilgrims gather there in the season. From Maths situated far and near are borne in sumptuously decorated palanquins the images of Ganeswar, Tukaram, Ekanath, Kabir, Ramadas and other saints; the people follow in their thousands, singing and dancing in the joy of the holy presence. Panduranga comes in procession on a golden chariot to be greeted by this glorious company. He is the God of no particular sect or creed, and Pandarpur is a common meeting ground.

A Pandit once asked Kabir, "May I know your caste, please?"

Kabir replied: "Do not ask a Sadhu what caste he belongs to. The priest, the warrior and the tradesmen all are seeking for God. The barber has sought God, so have the washerwoman and the carpenter. Hindus and Moslems alike seek the one and only God. To Him, all are the same.

"Ram and Rahim are one. You say Hari dwelleth in the east, Allah dwelleth in the west. Search thy heart; search in thy heart of hearts. There is His place and abode. If thou art a true seeker, thou shalt at once see Him. Lo! He is beside thee. Kabir says: 'O Sadhu! God is the very breath of your life.'"

Such are the echoes that reach you when you sojourn in Pandarpur and the mind is easily lifted from things of the earth to thoughts of heaven.

Notes and News

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's Visit to the Home.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, visited the Home on 7-10-36.

On arrival, he was received by Swami Saswatanandaji, Rao Bahadur C. Ramanujachariar Sjt. S. Satyamurti and Dewan Bahadur A. V. Ramalinga Aiyar.

Rao Bahadur C. Ramanujachariar read a brief statement about the activities of the Ramakrishna Mission in the City, the work turned out in the Students' Home and the Workshop attached to it, in the Girls' school in George Town and in the school at Mambalam.

Mr. Ramanujachariar said that they welcomed Mr. Nehru as a representative of the national life of the country and as an embodiment of sacrifice and service. Those two, he said, were the ideals they held sacred. He assured Pandit Nehru of their earnestness and hoped that, as the accred-

ed champion of the poor, he would be able to appreciate the little work they were doing.



Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, rising amidst cheers, said:—

"I have been going about travelling from place to place, from city to city and from province to province, and one of the surprising things I come across is to find these efficient well-organised enormous Homes of Service run by the Ramakrishna Mission. (Hear, hear). They carry on quietly their work without much advertisement, and that is why, perhaps, in this world of advertisements, it surprises one to find these big institutions functioning quietly, silently and efficiently. Whenever catastrophes occur, such as earthquakes and floods, many people shout about, run up and do rescue work, and yet I have found almost always the most efficient agency doing service has been the Ramakrishna Mission. I must confess I was not even aware that in the City of Madras there was this great institution. I have been impressed not only with the solid buildings that have been put up, but the whole back-ground of the institution, which I have found to be the common back-ground of all these Ramakrishna Mission institutions.

"You boys who study here and work here are fortunate in being trained and brought up in that back-ground. You learn here many things. Ordinary literary knowledge is given to you, moral habits are inculcated into you, and industrial knowledge is also imparted to you. Now you know so long as the various parts of your body, mind and spirit do not function together, you cannot function well. Take the mind and the hand for instance. People who read for examinations get some kind of training for the mind, but they are thoroughly useless with their hands. Some think it is a bad thing to use their hands. As a matter of fact, there can be no proper mental development without some kind of manual development, if I may say so. You become one-sided and even your minds do not function properly. There is no division between mental labour and manual labour. Therefore, the right education is to combine the two, the mind and the body, so that they function in harmony and help each other. I am glad to find that is the way in which you are taught. I congratulate you again and wish you well"

Mr. Ramanujachariar garlanded the Panditji and presented to him pictures of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa and Swami Vivekananda, framed in rattan by the boys.

Lines Composed and read on the occasion by K. Viswanathan, V Hons. (English.)

Leap on, Thou Lightning stream

Winged with thunder, leap down the treacherous turning

In thy irresistible, unbounded Majesty of theme.

The jagged rocks scatter the diamonded glories

Of thy cataract-might, and splinter the deep-groaning winds

Into a million-voiced Shafts of Harmony.

And the lute voiced Fairies

Tread in thy path, driven through the torn rinds

Of iron hearts, that were dry at the tears of many.

How many times hast thou wept, Jawaharlal!

In unworded agonies for thy country's strife, Starved; thou hast preserved more tears for her fall

Than for the early-vanished Solace of thy life;

Thy tender wife vanished, like a faint-dimpled star

In the mist of Death, leaving one pale flower behind;

Weep for her, great leader, none can usurp her stead.

In our Country's far

Areas thou hast hundreds of sons and kind

Sisters, that on thy burning voice are daily fed.

But not one wife; thy lungs are mighty for sighs

And exhortation deep; in deep-bowed adoration

We feel the earth before thy towering eyes. Rive down thro' these Bulks of Gloom with the motion

Of red Lightning; whip thy steeds, great Charioteer,

Over the impervious crags; let the axles burn

These solid barricades, and wing thy cries In their fierce career

Mid volcanic gasps of ceaseless strife; thou turn

This parched land to a food-flooded paradise.

From our Diary

June 14.—Meeting of the Committee to determine new admissions.

June 16.—Swami Saswatanandaji, the new President of the Madras Ramakrishna Mutt and Home arrived from Calcutta.

June 18.—A party of students under the leadership of Mr. Nilakanta Aiyar and Mr. Godbole went on an excursion to Mahabalipuram and Tirukkalukundram.

June 22.—The Residential High School and the Industrial School re-opened after the summer vacation.

July 3.—Anniversary of the late Rao Saheb C. Ramaswami Ayangar. Distribution of rice and copper to the poor. Special Puja. Swami Saswatanandaji spoke to the inmates.

July 16.— Birthday of Swami Rama-

krishnanandaji. Distribution of rice and Copper to the poor. Special Puja.

July 22.— Birthday of Sri Andal. Special Puja.

August 29.—Reception to new Graduates. Swami Tapasyanandaji presided. Mr. N. R. Kedari Rao spoke on behalf of the old boys and Mr. K. N. Ramadoss on behalf of the present boys.

September 8.—Sri Krishna Jayanti celebration. Several of the Halls were tastefully decorated for the occasion.

September 11.—Opening of the new carpentry and rattan sheds.

September 12.—Celebration of the Birthday of Sriman Subrahmanya Bharati.

September 19.—Vinayaka Chathurthi.

October 2.—Celebration of the Birthday of Mahatma Gandhi. Swami Tyagisanandaji spoke to the inmates.

New Admissions



Forms I to III.

N. B. The numbers in brackets indicate the classes.—

From the top: I Row.—C. Narasimhulu (1), B. Ramdoss (1), V. Jagannathan (1), R. Subramanian (1), P. Murugesan (1), S. Sankaran (1).

II Row.—A. Natarajan (3), A. Ramaswami (2), P. Raju (3), A. Vedachalam (2), M. K. Balasubramanian (3).

III Row.—V. K. Subramanian (3), S. Mahalingam (3), K. Gopalakrishnan (2), P. R. Govindaraju (3), R. K. Venkatakrishnan (2), G. Govindarajulu (2), O. Gunasekharan (1).

IV Row.—A. S. Mahadevan (2), P. N. Sankara Rao (2), M. S. Varadachari (1), M. Soundararajan (1); K. Rajarajan (1).



Forms IV to VI and College and Industrial Classes.

From the Top: I Row:—G. Santanaraman (L. A. E.) P. L. Hariharan (L. A. E.), M. Balaguru (I. U. C.) M. K. Nagarathnam (L. A. E.); B. R. Narasinga Rao (L. A. E.).

II Row.—K. Bhuvarehaswami (4), M. C. Kannan (II U. C.), K. C. Varadarajulu (I. U. C.), C. V. Narayana Rao (5), K. Srinivasagopalan (L. A. E.), K. S. Ramaswami (I. U. C.).

III Row.—K. Seshadri (4), K. Soundararajan (L. A. E.) M. Arjunadoss (III U. C.), R. D. Krishnamurthi (L. A. E.), P. Subroya Sarma (IV U. C.), R. Ramanathan (5), K. V. Muthuswami (L. A. E.), S. Muralidharan (I. U. C.).

IV Row.—K. S. Krishnaswami (5), N. Sankaran (4), K. Kesavan (5) G. Selvaraj (5), S. Narayana Rao (4).

Strength of the Home

The strength of the Home by the end of September was 167 distributed as shown below.—

Lower Secondary	...	40
High School	...	59
College Classes	...	23
Industrial School	...	43
School of Arts	...	1
Govt. School of Indian Medicine	1	

Medical Inspection

The management feel thankful to Dr. K. S. Sanjivi for his having kindly conducted the medical examination of all the candidates selected for admission this year.

Management

Swami Amriteswaranandaji, who was president of the Home from 1934 returned to the Belur Math, Calcutta and his place has been taken by Swami Saswatanandaji, who was previously Warden of the Home from 1925 to 1928.

Staff

Mr. V. Rangaratnam Aiyar resigned his place in the Residential High School and joined the staff of the P. S. Higher Elementary School, Mylapore.

Mr. R. Srinivasa Rao, B. A., L. T. was appointed to the place vacated by him in June 1936.

Mr. S. Rajagopalaswami Mudaliar resigned his place as general Superintendent of the Industrial School and Mr. B. R. Nataraja Aiyar, B. A., B. E., Assistant Superintendent was made the General Superintendent.

Mr. V. Venuswami Aiyangar was newly appointed Superintendent for the Automobile Section from October 1936.

Examination Results

Successful Candidates:—

K. R. Subramanyam, B. A. (Hons.) Math. K. S. Ramamoorthy, B. A. (Sanskrit prize and Math prize); Post graduate in the Christian College.

S. Bhaskaran, B. A., Studying law.
C. K. Sitaraman, B. A. (O.B.) Post graduate in the Presidency College.

D. Sambasiva Rao, B. A. (O.B.) Skinner Gold Medal and Prize; First class in Maths.
S. Narayanan, B. Sc. (O.B.) Joined the Medical College.

Preliminary Honours:—

R. Krishna Moorthy, IV Hons. (Econ.)
K. N. Ramdoss, " (Hist.)
K. Venkatarama Sarma, (Transferred to B. A. (pass) Senior.

Intermediate:—

P. Parthiwaswar, (II class). Has joined B. A. (Econ.) Loyola College.

S. S. L. C.:—

One of 17 pupils that appeared for the Examination, the following 14 were declared eligible for University courses of study.

S. Muralidharan, now studying for the Intermediate (Loyola) from the Home.

M. Balaguru do. (Pachayappas's.)
K. C. Varadarajulu do. do.

R. Ananthanarayanan, Junior Inter. Presidency College.

N. Ramaswamy, Junior Inter. Presidency College.

A. K. Dakshinamoorthy, Junior Inter. Loyola College.

S. Sankaran, Junior Inter. Loyola College,
T. S. Krishna Moorthy, Junior Inter. Christian College.

K. Visvanathan, Junior Inter. Christian College.

P. N. Mohandoss, Junior Inter. Zamorin's College, Calcutta.

P. N. Krishnadoss, studying Technical subjects at Calicut.

M. N. Krishna Moorthy, Apprentice at the Kasari Printing Works.

V. Narayanasamy, Left the Home.

K. Srinivasagopalan, Has joined the L.A. E. course in the Industrial School.

Scholarship Holders

(N. B.) The numbers in brackets indicate the Forms.

Government Scholarships:— M. S. Varadachari (1) R. Satyamoorthy (II) V. K. Subramanyam (III) P. Raju Chetty (III) M. Natarajan (IV) T. P. Dhonda Rao (V) S. Senniyappan (V) P. M. Veeraraghavan (VI) S. Seshadhri (VI), E. S. Ardhanareswaran (VI) K. Venkatarama Sarma IV B. A.; A. Ramachandra Achar. IV B. Sc.; K. Viswanadhan V. (Hons.) Arjunadoss II B. A.

School and College Scholarships and Concessions:—

V. Jagannathan I B. Ramdoss Naidu I, S. Balasubramanyam II K. Gopalakrishnan II Ulaganathan II.

M. K. Balasubramanyam III A. Natarajan III K. Chinnaswamy III K. Narasimharaghavan IV S. Seshadhri Aiyah IV P. Srinivasan IV K. Bhoovarahasamy IV.

R. Ramanathan V E. Venkatasubbaravalu V G. Selvaraj V K. S. Doraisamy V R. Sundaram V T. K. Seturaman V. V. Munuawamy VI M. Chocklingam VI.

S. Muralidharan Inter. Junior.

M. Balaguru do do.

K. C. Varadharajulu do do.

K. Thalai Muthu do Senior.

P. Sitaramayya do do.

M. C. Kannan do do.

N. Srikanthan IV B. A.

P. R. Viswanathan IV Hons.

Subbaraya Sarma IV (Hons.) B. Sc.

Special Scholarships:—

V. Balakrishnan IV Annapurni Ammal Scholarship.

K. Rajagopala Rao (V. Bhavani Raghavendra Rao Scholarship.

C. S. Krishnamurthi VI M. R. Venkataraman (VI) Y. Subramanian Scholarship.

S. Jagannathan (V. Chokalinga Swamigal Scholarship

R. S. Sanjeevi II S. T. Rajagopalan (V) A. S. Krishnaswami Aiyar Scholarship.

R. Krishnamoorthy IV Hons. University Scholarship.

K. N. Ramdoss IV Hons. Rajarathna Mudaliyar Scholarship.

K. G. Kanniyappan V Hons. Rao Bahadur S. Chandrasekara Mudaliyar Scholarship.

A. Ramachandra Achar, IV B. Sc. S. K. D. B. Scholarship.

V. S. Ponnurangam II year L. A. E. Mudaliyar Association Scholarship.

The Collegiate Union

Ex-Officio President:— N. Subramanyan B. A. L. T.

President:— K. N. Ramdoss.

Secretary:— S. Muralidharan.

Asst. Secretary:— K. S. Ramaswamy.

1) The inaugural address on "The present Political condition in Europe" was delivered on the 17th July by Mr. A. S. P.

Aiyar, M.A., Bar-at-Law. I. C. S. Rao Bahadur C. Ramanujachariar presided.

(2) At the second meeting on the 19th August Mr. M. Sundaram B. A. (O. B.) Operating Engineer, Bombay Telephone Co. spoke on the Romance of Electricity.

Professor N. R. Kedari Rao of the Presidency College presided.

The next meeting was held on the 11th September, when Dr. Mees M. A., LL. D., spoke on "What India has to learn from the West" Mr. C. S. Neelakanta Iyer B.A. L.T. presided.

On the 29th September Mr. K. S. Ramaswamy Iyer spoke on "the Price we pay for our conventions" when Mr. R. Srinivasa Rao B. A., L. T., presided.

Fine Arts Association

Patrons:— M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur C. Ramanujachariar Avl. M. R. Ry. W. Doraiswamy Iyengar Avl.

President:— Brahmasri Vidwan Musiri Subramania Aiyar Avl.

Vice-Presidents:— C. Ranga Iyengar B. A., L. T., Pandit G. Seshadhri Iyer Avl.

Secretaries:— N. Srikanthan and K. N. Ram Doss.

The High School Literary Society

Office-bearers:—

Ex-Officio President:—

V. S. Venkataraman B. A., L. T.

President:—

S. Ponnambalam.

Secretaries:—

N. S. Jagannathan, M. Natarajan.

Treasurer:—

V. Munuswamy.

Editors of the School Magazines

R. S. Senniyappan (English).

T. P. Dhonda Rao do.

V. Balakrishnan do.

A. Subramanyam (Tamil).

R. Sundaram do.

L. Bhakthavathsalam do.

C. N. Vinayakam (Arts)

K. R. Rajagopala Rao do.

During the last course, the High School section met 11 times. Among the subjects discussed were the following:—

The Pressing need of India.

The use of Newspapers.

Who is more helpful to the society: a soldier or a scholar? (a debate).

Lucknow Home (a cinema show by the National Health Association).

Cholera (a cinema show by the National Health Association).

Tuberculosis (Lantern lecture by the Govt. Tuber. Institute).

நம் தாய் மொழியும் அதன் முன்னேற்றமும்.

The Lower Secondary Literary Society

President:— R. Srinivasa Rao B.A., L.T.,

Secretaries:— V. Sundaresan & A. Govindaswami.

There were six meetings during the term.

The Automobile Engineering Students' Association

President:— K. P. Subrahmaniam, L. A. E. (V).

Secretaries:— D. Surya Rao L. A. E. (V) N. S. Krishna Rao L. A. E. (IV).

Treasurer:— N. Ramanadhan, L.M.E. (V)

The inaugural address of the association was delivered by Mr. K. K. Viswanadhan B. E. of the Union Company on 19-8-1936, the subject being "The possibilities of the development of the Automobile Industry in India." Dr. K. C. Chakko Principal, College of Engineering, Guindy presided.

An ordinary meeting was held on 19-9-1936 when Mr. K. R. Ramiah L. A. E. (V) spoke on the "Mysterious Ether." M. R. Ry. B. R. Nataraja Aiyar B.A., B.E., presided.

Telegu Association

President:— K. Venkatarama Sarma.

Secretaries:— V. Seetharamiah. P. Bhima Raju.

Treasurer:— V. Seetharamiah.

The inaugural address was delivered on 9th August '36, by M. R. Ry. G. Ramanabrahman, Editor "Praja-Mitra" on "Film Industry in India" Sjt. V. V. Giri M. L. A., presided.

At the next meeting on 22nd August, Mr. P. Seetharamiah spoke on "The Scout Movement" Mr. M. Arjuna Doss presided.

At the third meeting held on 5th Sept., Mr. M. Ramanuja Doss spoke on "Ayurvedam" P. Bhima Raju presided.

On the 3rd October, the fourth meeting was held when M. Venkatachalam, Ex-President of the Association spoke on "Charac-

ter and its relation to Man. Mr. K. Viswanathan presided.

Karnataka Sangha

The above Sangha was started in July 1936.

President :—P. Subbaraya Sarma, B. Sc. Hons. IV.

Secretary :—V. Krishna Rao L. A. E. (III)

Treasurer :—H. S. Nagabhushanam L. A. E. (II).

The inaugural address was delivered by Mr. H. Chennakesava Iyengar, Chief Lecturer in Kannada, University of Madras when Mr. M. D. Alasingarachariar, Lecturer in Kannada, Queen Mary's College occupied the chair. The subject of the lecture was "the Unification of Karnataka."

An ordinary meeting was held on 26-9-36, Mr. V. Krishna Rao spoke on "Religion and Science." Mr. P. Subbaraya Sarma presided.

Masters' Association

President :—N. Subramanya Iyer B.A. L.T.

Secretary :—R. Srinivasa Rao B.A., L.T.

7-8-36. Election of office bearers.

7-9-36. Lecture by Mr. Neelakanta Iyer B. A., L. T. on the Teaching of English Grammar.

3-10-36. Lecture on the Teaching of English to Indian Pupils, by Mr. A. Samanna Iyer B. A., L. T. Mrs. Nallamuthu Ramamurthy, M.A., L.T. Lecturer, Queen Mary's College presided.

Athletics.

Games Secretary : V. S. Venkataraman, B.A., L.T.,

Games Supdts. : R. Aravamudan, B. A., S. Rajavelu

Sports Secs. : C. S. Neelakanta Aiyar B. A., L. T., B. S. Setumadhavachar

Captains :—

Senior Hockey : 1. N. Ramanathan

2. P. Vinayakamoorti

Senior Football : 1. K. P. Subramanian

2. R. Seshappan

Senior Volley-ball : 1. E. Venkatasubbarayalu

2. K. Thalaimuthu

Senior Badminton : 1. D. Meenakshisundaram

2. V. Seetharamaiya

Junior Foot-ball : 1. V. Sundaresan

2. K. S. Doraiswami

Sub-junior Foot-ball : 1. S. S. Subramanian

2. I. Ulaganathan

Tennikoit : 1. K. Narasimharaghavan

2. M. Lakshminarayanan

Results of matches played so far :—
Senior Foot-ball.

25-7-36 Rovers' Club: won 6-0) S. R. Ramanujam (5) R. Seshappan (1)

7-8-36 Combined Club: won 5-0 K. P. Subramanian 1) S. R. Ramanujam (2) R. Seshappan (1) P. Vinayakamurti (1)

11-8-36 Sudder's Recreation Club: won 3-0) S. R. Ramanujam (2) R. Seshappan (1)

18-8-36 Golden Heart's Sports Club: drawn (1-1) S. R. Ramanujam (1)

22-8-36 George Town Football Association: lost 3-0

6-9-36 Friends Association, Mylapore: won 8-0 S. R. Ramanujam 3) C. Sivaswami 4) R. Seshappan (1)

10-9-36 Golden Heart's Sports Club: Chintadripet, lost 0-3

17-9-36 Mambalam United Club: drawn 3-3 S. R. Ramanujam 1) K. P. Subramanian 1) C. Sivaswami 1)

Matches played, 8: won 4
drawn 2
lost 2

Goals scored : For, 26; Against, 10;
By

1. S. R. Ramanujam 14

2. C. Sivaswami 5

S. R. Seshappan 4

4. K. P. Subramanian 2

5. P. Vinayakamurti 1

Senior Hockey.

25-7-36 Scoring Eleven: won 4-2 P. Vinayakamoorti 2) V. V. Radhakrishnan (2)

20-8-36 Kanadukathau Sports Club: won 3-2 V. V. Radhakrishnan (2) P. Vinayakamurti (1)

13-9-36 Besant Memorial High School: won (3-1) S. Ponnambalam (2) P. Vinayakamoorti (1)

19-9-36 Mylapore Athletic Association: won (5-0) N. Ramanathan (2) V. V. Radhakrishnan (2) P. Vinayakamoorti (1)

Goals Scored.

For, 15; Against, 5; By :—

1. P. Vinayakamoorti 5

2. V. V. Radhakrishnan 6

3. S. Ponnambalam 2

4. N. Ramanathan 2

Volley-Ball.

22-8-36 Paddison Hostel: won (15-7 and 15-11)

29-8-36 Y. M. M. A. Triplicane: Lost (1-15 and 11-15)

30-8-36 George Town Recreation Club: won (15-6 and 15-11)

9-9-36 Y. M. M. A., Triplicane Lost (7-15, 15-11 and 6-15)

Badminton.

23-8-36 Thambaram Recreation Club: Lost (26-29 and 23-29)

Junior Foot-ball.

17-9-36 Oliver's United Club: won (2-0)

Old Boys: Change of Addresses

N. R. Kedari Rao, Asst. Professor, Presidency College, Triplicane, Madras.

V. Arunachalam, B. E., Asst. Engineer, Special Irrigation Sub Divion, Vizagapatam.

P. Krishnamurthi, Veterinary Inspector, Port Blair, The Andamans.

S. Jagannathan, M. A., Lecturer Madura College, Madura.

R. Somasundaram, B. A., c/o The Travancore, National Bank, Madras.

T. R. Ambikapati, Clerk, Garrison Engineer's Office, Secunderabad.

V. C. Krishnaswami, Instructor, Govt. Industrial School, Madura.

N. Ramachandran, Sriram Weaving and Dyeing Works, Nangavaram Store, Teppakulam, Trichy

R. Aiyaswami, B. A. Hons. Sub Editor, Tamil Nadu Office, Second Line Beach, Madras.

N. M. Lingam, B. A.,—Dt. Panchayat Officer, Nilgiris, Nanjanad, Ootacamund.

V. Devarajan,—Sanitary Inspector, Tiruvellore.

S. Arjuna Raju,—Clerk, Rajapalyam Mills, Rajapalyam.

K. P. Subramanyan, B. A. Hons.—Telegraph Engineering Probationer, 12 Satis Mukherjee Road, Kalighat, Calcutta.

S. K. Joghi, — Room 76, Agricultural College Hostel, Lawley Road, Coimbatore.

Endowments

The following Endowments were received during the last quarter :—

(1) Rs. 7,500 to form "the C. N. Subramania Aiyar Endowment" for the maintenance and education of poor boys in the Home.

(2) Rs. 3,420 to form "the Vivekananda Endowment," received from a Sympathiser in Kurnool.

(3) Rs. 1,200 to form "the Purattasi Saturday Endowment" in memory of the late Mr. V. C. Rangaswami Aiyangar.

Reviews

An Account of the 81st Birthday celebrations of Dr. V. Swaminatha Iyer, and a copy of the Addresses presented to him on the auspicious occasion. (Pages 196 and 32). M. L. J. Press, Madras.

We can judge whether a nation's heartbeat is sound or not by the way in which it honours its great ones—especially in the field of Literature and Art. Viewed in this light, the two volumes before us show that Tamil Nadu has covered itself with glory

by showing its sense of gratitude to one of her greatest benefactors, the learned Mahamahopadhyaya Dakshinathyakalanidhi Dravidavidyabhushanam Dr. V. Swaminatha Iyer. His fame as Scholar, editor and annotator of Tamil classics is well known in India and abroad; and we wish that God should grant him long life, robust health and ever-increasing prosperity for the service of the Mother-land and the Mother-tongue.

Grains of Gold (from the Vaishnava Mystics) with an Introduction to Mysticism. By R. S. Desikan M. A. and B. L. Ranganathan M. A. (G. S. Press Madras) pp. 132.

In the Introductory essay which covers nearly half the volume, we are treated to a profound study of Mysticism—its history and symbolism as well as its main characteristics. The standpoint of the Alvars is compared with that of the Maharashtra Saints, the devotees of Chaitanya in Bengal, and the Sufi poets of Persia. By way of illustration, we get a number of appropriate references to the life of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, perhaps the greatest Avatar of the modern Age. The authors' wide scholarship is also evident from the several quotations from Browning and Shelley, Blake and Wordsworth, and other great poets who have sung of God and Man.

In Part II, the English rendering of the Tamil Songs is excellent, as may be seen from the three or four specimens which we have quoted as Prayer at the beginning of this issue. The form of the Translation is throughout reminiscent of the prose poems of Rabindranath Tagore, for the first time popularised in his *Gitanjali*; and though there are a few conscious or unconscious imitations of the great poet, the adaptation is singularly happy. We should only like to suggest that the original Tamil poems should also be printed side by side, as is done in "The Heritage of India" series.

On the whole, it is an attractive volume with an attractive title.

The Poems of Manjeri S. Iswaran.

(1) *Saffron and Gold and other poems* (P. P. P. House, Triplicane) Re. 1-8-0. pp. 84.

(2) *Altar of Flowers*. (Shakespeare Head Press, Oxford) 1sh. pp. 34.

We are glad to note that Mr. M. S. Iswaran, whose first poems were published in this Magazine nearly eight years ago, (*La Divina Lumiere*; and *Whither Goes Thou Maiden Coy?* See Our Home Magazine for October 1928 and October 1930) has continued his career as a poet, passing on from success to success. His first book of collected poems saw the light of day in 1932 under the title 'Saffron and Gold and other poems', while two years later his 'Altar of Flowers' was published at Oxford. And now, we understand, he has the typescript ready for another volume.

Mr. Iswaran's ideal is to be a lyric poet. It is a very high ideal indeed but we are glad to note that his attempts are becoming more and more successful, as may be seen from the following specimen:—

Little birds are trilling
Their Music in the breeze,
Little blooms are spilling
Their fragrance in the breeze.

Little bees are humming
Their burden round the bowers,
Little lovers are thrumming
Their timbrels in the bowers.

Little stars are tuning
Their changeless cosmic rhymes,
Little bards are runing
Love's lilting little rhymes.

446. **Balasundaram, C.**, b. 1916, son of V. Cunniappa Mudaliar, Printer, Royapettah, Madras.

E. 1927, I Form.

L. 1928.

1934-36. Employed in the Custom House.

Address: c/o V. Cunniappa Mudaliar, 1/40 Ammayappa Mudali St., Royapettah, Madras.

447. **Nagarajan, K. S.**, b. 1916, son of K. Subramania Aiyar, Karnam, Keeripatti, Salem Dt.

E. 1927, I. Form; Learnt Weaving.

L. 1930, S.S.L.C., Joined the National College, Trichinopoly.

Address: c/o K. Subramania Aiyar, Karnam, Keeripatti, Salem Dt.

448. **Jayaraman, P.**, b. 1911, son of P. Krishnaswami Mudaliar, Mangalam, Chingleput Dt.

E. 1927, Industrial School; Sports Prize (1930); Mechanical Engineering Class Prize (1930).

L. 1931.

Address: c/o Messrs. Massey & Co., Royapuram.

1928.

449. **Radhakrishnamurti, K.**, b. 1911 son of H. B. Ramakrishniah Garu, (Accountant, All India Congress Office), Bapatla, Guntur Dt.

E. 1928, Senior Inter.

L. 1929, Passed Inter. I Class; Joined College of Engineering.

1933, B. E. (Electrical).

Address: Bheemasena Gardens, Mylapore, Madras.

450. **Sampath, S.**, b. 1911, son of S. G. Sriivasachariar (Dt. Judge), Sarukkai, Tanjore Dt.

E. 1928, B. A. Hons., III year (Zoology) Presidency College.

L. 1929; Prize in English Essay.

1931, Passed B. A. Hons., (Zoology), First in the Presidency.

1932, Went to England for further studies.

Address: c/o The Department of Zoology, London University, London.

451. **Damodaran, P. N.**, b. 1910, son of K. Narayanan Moothathu, Priyapur, Malabar Dt.

E. 1928. Jun. B. A., Pachayappa's College.

1930, B. A. (Phys); 1932, M. A. (Economics.)

L. 1932, Honorary worker in Sri Ramakrishna Gurukul, Trichur.

1935, Teacher, Ramakrishna Mission High School, Tyagaroyanagar, Madras.

1936, L. T. Course.

Address: Ramakrishna Mission High School, Tyagaroyanagar.

452. **Jagannathan, S.**, b. 1914, son of S. G. Srinivasachariar (Dt. Judge), Sarukkai, Tanjore Dt.

E. 1928, Junior Inter., Presidency College; Prize in Sports; Winning Team in Hockey eleven and Cricket eleven (1930).

L. 1931, III B. Sc., (Hons.), Joined the Victoria Hostel.

1933, Passed B. Sc. (Hons.); Went to England for further studies.

1935, Passed I. C. S.

Address: Indian Civil Service, Orissa.

453. **Ranganathan, S. K.**, b. 1914, son of S. G. Krishnamachariar, Kumbakonam, Tanjore Dt.

E. 1928, VI Form; First Prize for Garden Work.

L. 1931, Intermediate (Passed in I Class). Joined B. Sc. Class in Christian College.

1933, Passed B. Sc., (I Class).

Joined the Indian Institute of Science, Research Department.

Address: Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore.

454. **Janardanan, V.**, b. 1915, son of M. R. Venkatachala Mudaliar, (Huzur Office, Trivandrum) Kilvalam Village, Chingleput Dt.

E. 1928, IV Form; Learnt Rattan work.

L. 1931, S.S.L.C.

1933, Inter.

Address: as above.

455. **Ramanathan G.**, b. 1913, son of S. Ganapati Aiyar, (Estate Engineer, Venkatagiri), Melatur, Tanjore Dt.
E. 1928, IV Form; Learnt Carpentry.
L. 1929, Joined Sri Ram Motor School.
Address: As above.
456. **Sankaran Nair, R.**, b. 1914 son of Rao Bahadur Dr. K. Raman Thampi, Trivandrum, Travancore State.
E. 1928, IV Form; Learnt carpentry.
L. 1929.
Address: c/o Rao Bahadur Dr. K. Raman Thampi, Trivandrum.
457. **Vittal, M. P.**, b. 1916, son of M. Ponnuswami Aiyar (Agent, Imperial Bank), Mosur, North Arcot Dt.
E. 1928, IV Form; Learnt Rattan work.
L. 1931.
1932, S. S. L. C.; 1935, Inter; Joined M.B.B.S. Class.
Address: c/o M. Ponnuswami Aiyar, Mosur, North Arcot Dt.
458. **Varadachari, R.**, b. 1914, Mannargudi, Tanjore Dt.
E. 1928 IV Form, Learnt Rattan work; First Prize; Scholarship holder; Hockey Winning Team; Editor, School Magazine (1929).
1931, S.S.L.C., joined the Presidency College; Secretary, College Union.
L. 1932.
1935, Passed B. Sc.
Address: 27, Egmore High Road, Egmore.
459. **Srinivasan, R.**, b. 1914, son of A. Rangachariar, Kumbakonam, Tanjore Dt.
E. 1928, IV Form; Learnt Carpentry.
L. 1931, S.S.L.C.
1931—32, Secretary to Rao Saheb C. Ramaswami Aiyangar.
1932, Joined the Ramakrishna Math at Belur, Calcutta.
Address: Ramakrishna Math, Bhubaneswar, Orissa.
460. **Muthunarayana Reddi, A.S.**, b. 1914, son of A.V. Sadasiva Reddi, Kaspala Alambadi, Bhuvanagiri, S. Arcot Dt.
E. 1928, IV Form, Learnt Carpentry.
L. 1929.
Address: As above.
461. **Bhupati, K.**, b. 1916, son of N. Kandaswami Mudaliar, Cultivator, Walajabad, Chingleput Dt.
E. 1928, III Form, Learnt Weaving.
1930: Editor, School Tamil Magazine.
1931: Tamil Elocution prize; Hockey Captain.
L. 1932, S.S.L.C.
1932—34, Teacher, Hindu Religious School, Walajabad.
34—36, Sec. Grade Training.
Address: Teacher, St. Thomas Mount.
462. **Somasundaram, R.**, b. 1914, son of K. Ratna Mudaliar, Mirasdar, Markanam, South Arcot Dt.
E. 1928, III Form Learnt Rattan work.
1931, Prize in Sports.
L. 1932 (left on his father's death).
Address: Mirasdar, Markanam, S. Arcot Dt.
463. **Viraraghavan, T.S.**, b. 1915, son of T.M. Srinivasachariar, Temple Manigar, Car St., Tiruvendipuram, South Arcot Dt.
E. 1928, IV Form; Learnt Carpentry.
Scholarship holder (1929).
S.S.L.C.
Address: As above.
464. **Muthukrishna Reddi, A.S.**, b. 1915, son of Sundara Reddiar, Landlord, Alambadi, via Bhuvanagiri, S. Arcot Dt.
E. 1928, II Form; Learnt Carpentry.
L. 1929.
Address: As above.
465. **Muthurama Reddi, A.S.**, b. 1916 son of Sundara Reddiar, Landlord, Alambadi, via Bhuvanagiri, S. Arcot Dt.
E. 1928, II Form; Learnt Weaving.
L. 1929.
Address: As above.
466. **Vijaya Sitaraman**, b. 1917, son of K. Sitaram (Dewan, Indore State) Madras.
E. 1928, II Form, Learnt Weaving and Carpentry.

- L. 1933, S.S.L.C.
1936, Inter, Joined the College of Engineering, Guindy.
Address: College of Engineering, Guindy, Saidapet.
467. **Krishnamurti, V. R.**, b. 1917, son of G. Rangaswami Aiyar Valangiman, Tanjore Dt.
E. 1928 II Form, Learnt Weaving; Tamil Essay and Genl. Knowledge prize (1930); First Honours in Weaving, Madras Boys' Exhibition. (1930.)
1933, S. S. L. C., Joined the Loyola College.
1935, Inter.
Address: IV Hons. (Econ.), Loyola College, R.S. Home, Mylapore.
468. **Krishnaswami, S.**, b. 1915, Anamalai, Coimbatore Dt.
E. 1928, II Form.
L. 1928.
Address: c/o K. Govindaswami Pillai, School Master, Anamalai.
469. **Dwarakanath, A.**, b. 1915, son of M.K. Abboy Naidu (Sorter, (K.M.S.), Manalmedu, Tanjore Dt.
E. 1923, II Form, Learnt Carpentry.
1930, Hockey Captain.
L. 1932 (left on the death of his father.)
Address: Manalmedu, Tanjore Dt.
470. **Srinivasa Rao, V.**, b. 1916, son of N. Vijendra Rao, Karnam, Nallur, via Sundaraperumal Koil, Tanjore Dt.
E. 1928, II Form, Learnt Rattan work; prize in sports (1930); English recitation prize (1931); Gita prize.
L. 1933, S.S.L.C., 1935, Inter, Joined Maths. Hons.
Address: Bhava Panchanathaswami St. Egmore.
471. **Karunakaran, P.N.**, b. 1917, son of M.P. Narayana Menon, B.A., B.L., Vakil, Peruntalmanna, S. Malabar Dt.
E. 1928, I Form, Learnt Rattan work and Tailoring; Scholarship holder; Prize in sports and Gita; Football, Winning Team; Secretary, Lit. Society; Rolling Cup.
Address: c/o M.P. Narayana Menon, Chalapuram, Calicut.
472. **Duraiswami, K.**, b. 1916, son of V. Kanni Pillai (Attender, Military Secretary's Office), Madras.
E. 1928, I Form; Learnt Carpentry.
L. 1935, VI Form.
Address: As above.
473. **Soundararajan, T. M.**, b. 1916, son of Muthurama Pillai, Ayurvedic Physician, Tiruvudaimarudur, Tanjore Dt.
E. 1928, I Form, Learnt Rattan work.
L. 1930.
Address: As above.
474. **Srinivasan, K.**, b. 1918, son of Krishnamachariar, Bhuvanagiri, S. Arcot Dt.
E. 1928, I Form, Learnt Rattan work.
L. 1930.
Address: c/o Krishnamachariar, Vaidiekam, Bhuvanagiri, S. Arcot Dt.
475. **Rajagopalan, V.**, b. 1916, Kumbakonam, Tanjore Dt.
E. 1928, I Form; Learnt Weaving; Prize in Sports.
L. 1930, Joined the Artisan Course in the Govt. Textile Institute.
Address: 118, Salai Vinayakar Koil St., George Town.
476. **Subramanian, V. R.**, b. 1918, son of V.S. Ramachandra Aiyar, Teacher Mylam, S. Arcot Dt.
E. 1928, I Form.
L. 1929.
Address: c/o V. S. Ramachandra Aiyar, Teacher, Tyagaroyanagar, Madras.
477. **Ramanujam, S. R.**, b. 1917, son of S. Ranga Aiyangar, Pattukkottai, Tanjore Dt.
E. 1928, I Form, Learnt, Rattan work, (Govt. Scholar);
1930, Foot Ball Captain; Prize in Rattan; Class First Prize.
L. 1934, S. S. L. C., Joined L. A. E. Course.
Address: Student, Industrial School, R. S. Home, Mylapore.

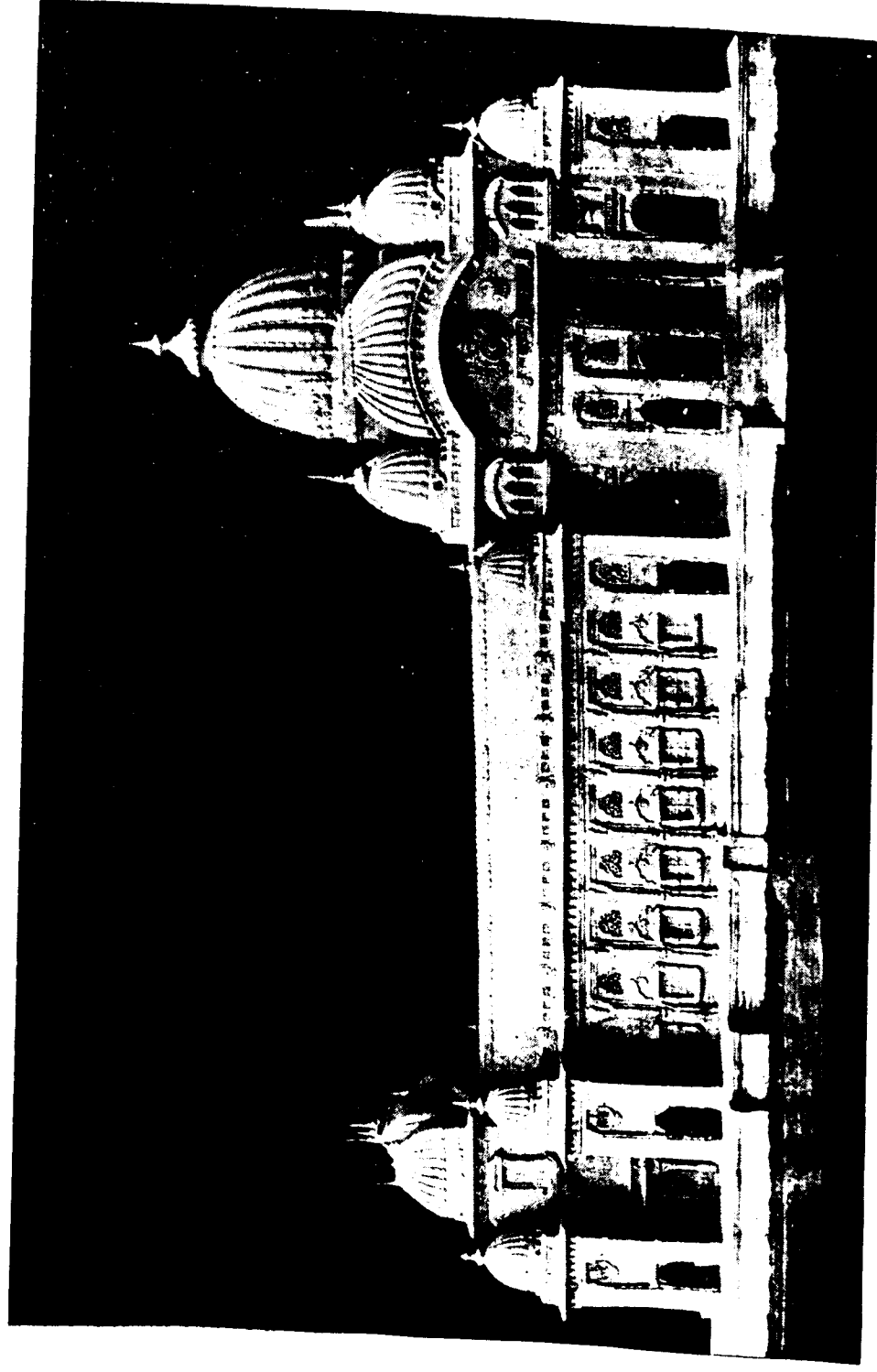
- 478. Krishnamurti, A. V.**, b. 1919, son of Venkatrama Vadhyar, Pudugramam, Atur, Tinnrvelly Dt.
E. 1928, I Form; Learnt Rattan Work.
L. 1931.
Address: As above.
- 479. Krishnaswami, A.**, b. 1918, son of Anavarada Gounder, Cultivator, Chinnababusamudram, Kandamangalam Post, S. Arcot Dt.
E. 1928, I Form; Learnt Carpentry.
L. 1930; 1935, S. S. L. C., Municipal High School, Villupuram.
Address: As above.
- 480. Vedalingam, P. R.**, b. 1917, Perambakam, Chingleput Dt.
E. 1923, I Form; Learnt Rattan work; Prize in Sports.
L. 1932.
Address: c/o Devaraja Mudaliar, Teacher, Corporation Model School, 18 Muthumudali St., Royapettah.
- 481. Venkatachalapati, C. N.**, b. 1917 son of C. K. Nagalinga Mudaliar, Contractor, Wellington Market, Nilgris.
E. 1928, I Form; Learnt Weaving; Prize in Sports and Weaving.
L. 1930.
Address: As above.
- 482. Natwar Lal, R. M.**, b. 1910, Lunawada, Agency.
E. 1928, Industrial School.
L. 1931, Passed Mechanical Engineering III year; Machine Construction (Higher); Machine Drawing (Higher) Prize in Sports.
Address: c/o M. N. Raval, 50 Moghul St., Rangoon.
- 483. Parthasarathi, M. S.**, b. 1917, son of M. K. Acharya (M. L. A.), Mangadu, Chingleput Dt.
E. 1928, I Form; Learnt Weaving.
L. 1930.
Address: 32 Armenian St., George Town.
- 484. Radhakrishnan V. V.**, b. 1917, Valavanur, S. Arcot Dt.
E. 1928, I Form; Scholarship holder Learnt Carpentry; Gita Prize, English recitation Prize (1932).
1934, S.S.L.C., Joined L.A.E. Course
Address: Student, Industrial School R. S. Home, Mylapore.
- 485. Gopalan, V. N.**, b. 1912, V. Nates Aiyar, Vadavar, Tanjore Dt.
E. 1923, Industrial School; Class Prize 1929 and 1931.
Govt. Group Certificate in Machine Drawing; 1930, Badminton Captain.
L. 1931, Apprentice, Union Co., Mt. Road.
Address:
- 486. Narasimbachari, M.**, b. 1912, Melma Village, N. Arcot.
E. 1928, Industrial School; Prize in Sports.
L. 1933, Completed the course in Mechanical Engineering.
Address: Union Co., Mount Road, Madras.
- 487. Kumarasawami, V.**, b. 1918, son of Veluswami Thevar, Landowner, Pandikanmai.
E. 1928, I Form.
1928, Deceased.
- 488. Thanga Pandyan, K. R.**, b. 1915, son of K. Ramaswami Naicker, Zamindar, Ammayanaickanur, Madura Dt.
E. 1928, II Form; Learnt Carpentry.
L. 1931.
Address: Ammayanaickanur, Madura Dt.
- 489. Krishnaswami, S.**, b. 1914, Thevaram, Madura Dt.
E. 1928, IV Form.
L. 1928.
Address: c/o Rajaram, Thevaram.
- 490. Sankara Wariar, K. V.**, b. 1910 son of Krishna Wariar, Native Physician, Thiruvullakavu, Cherpu, Cochin State.
E. 1928, III Hons. (Sanskrit).
1930, English Essay Prize.
1931, Passed B. A. Hons.
Address: Teacher, Sri Ramakrishna Gurukul, The Vilangans, Trichur, Cochin State.

FROM AN ADDRESS OF ACHARYA P. C. ROY TO THE INMATES OF THE HOME ON 30-11-26.

I HAVE visited many educational institutions in various parts of India, managed by the public as well as by the Government; but nowhere have I seen an institution of this type. Wherever I go, I am struck with the spotless cleanliness of the place. You know "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and I feel as if the whole environment is surcharged with a divine atmosphere. I consider this day of my visit to your institution a red letter day in my life. And I congratulate you all on your good fortune in having come under the roof of a noble institution where you are trained to make no distinction between "high and low." One noble feature of this institution is the endeavour put forth to make you self-supporting. I have noticed with great pleasure that you are taught carpentry, weaving, carpet-making, smithy, and rattan work here. I am also glad to note that every one washes his own clothes and plates himself. I always make it a point to wash my clothes myself. And I am happy that everyone here tries to be self-reliant. One defect of all Hostels and Homes, as far as I have observed, is that boys who go there are struck with the palatial buildings and take to the life of luxury so strongly that they return to their villages after their study only to be invariably disgusted with their old life and surroundings. But in this institution, I find that menial work, simply because it is such, is not considered beneath one's dignity. The dignity of labour is a thing never to be forgotten. As I am in this building, I am appropriately reminded of Booker T. Washington who managed an institution for the Negroes and who devoted his life for their freedom and upliftment. I hope you have a copy of his inspiring book—"Up from Slavery,"—in your library. Your duty is to carry the spirit which you have imbibed here to the world outside when you go away from this institution. The motto of your life should be "Service to your country." I am very glad that the Gita which is full of noble precepts is being studied here by you all. You should cultivate the spirit of patriotism, of genuine love for your country. By sacrifice alone real patriotism will be roused. In Japan, patriotism is the religion of the people. The same family may have members of diverse faiths but they, one and all, profess the same religion—patriotism. I have been really struck with the catholicity of view in this place, especially the Puja hall, where there are paintings of the teachers of all religions. I am glad you are taught that in all religions the fundamental principles are the same.

You live in a clean and moral atmosphere. Each one of you should rise as an electric light of unlimited candle power. When you go out after your training, I am sure you will, with your radiating effulgence, illumine the depths of darkness of the masses. In particular, the work which is awaiting you in India to-day is the spreading of mass education and the uplift of the suppressed classes. I assure you that the memory of my visit to this noble institution will be for ever strongly imprinted in the tablet of my heart.

149 957.



Sri Ramakrishna's Temple under construction at Belur Math, Calcutta.