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BOY'S OWN PAPER

(INDIA)

VOL. I

APRIL, 1936

No. 7

THE BIRTH OF THE LORD.

R. S. MACNICOL,

Christian College, Madras.

I

In a little Eastern province of the Roman Empire more than nineteen hundred years ago, two people were on a visit to a village. The man was a carpenter, and he was busy at the time, perhaps, building part of a house in that village, the name of which was Nazareth. While he was there, he heard news that there was to be a registration of the population, and this meant that everyone must return to his own village, where the names were to be enrolled by the Government officials. So this carpenter, whose name was Joseph, and Mary his wife, set out along the hill road, to go back to their native place, which was a high-land village called Bethlehem.

Crowds of people went with them, and when they reached the place they decided to stay at the choultry; but on going there found it very crowded and uncomfortable. Mary was tired and ill and so Joseph looked about for some place where there might be some room for her to rest that night.

He found a place close by, intended for sheltering animals,

where there was a manger built to hold the animals' food.

That night Jesus was born, and his mother Mary lifted the tiny baby and laid him softly in the empty manger. It was a comfortable place for a little child to sleep.

II

Out in the fields on the hill side some shepherds were sitting talking to each other as they watched their flocks by night, and while they sat there, a great light shone in their eyes. They became terrified and huddled together in fear, but a voice spoke to them.

"Fear not. This is good news I am bringing you; news of a great joy that is meant for all people. To day you have a Saviour born in the town of David, the Lord Messiah. And here is a proof for you; you will find the baby wrapped up and lying in a stall for cattle."

These words were ringing in the shepherds' ears when suddenly they saw a shining vision of angels, messengers from God, and a mighty song rose on the night air, "Glory to God in high

Heaven, and peace on earth to men of good will!"

The Shepherds sat dazed. What did it all mean? They dared not speak. But at last they began whispering to each other as they recovered from their amazement. "What is this baby? Is he really the Messiah? Is he really the promised King who is going to save our country? How could it be he, if the child is born in a cattle stall? Surely, a King must be born in a palace!"

But at last one said, "Let us go now to Bethlehem and see this thing which God has told us about." So they all agreed to go. And when they came down from the hills to Bethlehem, they found Mary and Joseph and the Child, just as the angel had told them they would.

Long before this time, in an Eastern country some astrologers had been watching a new star in the sky at night. For them it signified the rise of a great King, so they joined together and harnessed their camels, and came riding into Palestine, saying to everyone, "Where is the newly-born King of the Jews? We saw his star when it rose, and we have come to worship him."

When the King of Judaea heard this, he was much troubled; and he thought to himself, "Am I going to lose my authority? I must get hold of this child and kill him at once."

So he summoned the astrologers

in secret, and sent them to Bethlehem, saying, "Go and make a careful search for the child, and when you have found him, report to me, so that I can go and worship him too."

They set off over the hills, and following the star, came at last to Bethlehem, where they found the place where the little child lay.

They had brought rich presents with them, and those they brought out and laid before the child, gifts fitted for a King. That night one of them had a dream in which he received a warning not to go back to Herod. So, on the next morning, those wise men packed their goods and rode off back to their Eastern home.

Under such circumstances was Jesus born. He came to a people who were longing for a mighty King to rescue them from their foes and to make the nation powerful. But he came to rescue them in a different way from selfishness, from dishonesty, from national pride, from suffering and all human sins. And so God sent him as a little, helpless child, among boys and girls and men and women. There Jesus was born: there he lived and there he gave himself in perfect love, till he was crucified by men who could not bear his love. But to this day men and women, shepherds and wise men may find him in the manger and give him

HISTORY

THE PHOENICIANS AND THE HEBREWS.

T. K. VENKATARAMAN, M.A., L.T.,

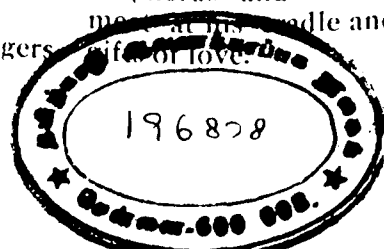
Pachaiyappa's College, Madras.

SO far, we have been attending only to the events in the valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris. It is now essential to turn to the coastal region north-west of the Arabian desert which is called Syria. The earliest known inhabitants of this region were a Semitic people called the Phoenicians. Being influenced on one side by the Babylonian culture, and on the other side by the Egyptian civilisation, the Phoenicians adopted several features of both civilisations. But, though the Phoenicians did not develop an original culture of their own, their influence on history was very important. For, the Phoenicians were the earliest sea-traders of the world. Their ships travelled all over the Mediterranean and even the Atlantic coast as far north as Britain. They had a great colony in North Africa called Carthage which became the greatest commercial city of the Mediterranean. Wherever they went, the Phoenicians carried with them the arts and culture they had derived. Thus, they spread the products of eastern industry and transmitted the Babylonian system of

weight and measures, and the Alphabet whose basis they perhaps got from Egypt.

A little to the south of the Phoenicians, in a region called Palestine, we have another Semitic people called the Hebrews. About 1000 B.C., the Hebrews developed a strong Monarchy, and there were two great kings—David and Solomon. After the death of Solomon, the Hebrew kingdom disintegrated into two parts—Judah and Israel. Both States were weak and full of civil disorder. Taking advantage of this, the Assyrian Emperors conquered both States, and they passed in turn, in course of time, under the rule of the Persians, the Greeks under Alexander, and finally the Romans.

The greatest contribution made by the Hebrews to the world was in the field of Religion. They developed the idea of worshipping only one God—a God of Righteousness whom they called Jehovah. The great religious book of the Hebrews, called the Old Testament, shows the way in which the Hebrews developed their ideas of this God. At first this Jehovah (or Yahweh as He



was called) was only a tribal God, and only one of the numerous Gods. A line of religious leaders, called the Prophets, of whom the forerunner was Elijah, proclaimed Him the only God. Still, He remained only a tribal God. Another great prophet called Amos was the first to emphasise that Jehovah was the lord of all peoples—not merely of the Hebrews. Still, Jehovah was regarded a God of ferocity, and wrathful at all transgressors. Another great prophet, Isaiah, taught that He was also a God of Mercy and Kindness, and that He took no pleasure in cruelty. A rigid code of religious law and ritual was also formulated which, naturally, meant the dominance of the class of priests. The High Priest at Jerusalem, the most important city of Palestine, became practically dominant over the Hebrews.

When the Hebrews had passed under Roman rule, there happened another important development. There was now another great religious leader called Jesus who preached that God was the universal Father of all men, and opposed the rigid ceremonies which had now pervaded the Hebrew religion. He earned the anger of the powerful priestly class who had Him crucified. [Crucifixion means the nailing of a person to a cross and leaving

him to die in agony, and was a recognised punishment in those days.]

The teachings of Jesus, however, exercised tremendous influence. His disciples upheld them and spread them everywhere. The New Testaments composed in Greek by these Hebrew writers, tells the story of Christ and His followers, and explains their teachings. The Old and New Testaments together make the Bible—the sacred book of those who accepted Christ and His message, who were, hence called the Christians.

But, though the teachings of Christ spread everywhere, the majority of the Hebrews never accepted them and came to be called by the name of the Jews. For long the Jews were regarded with bitter hostility by the Christians.

Christianity was adopted by the Roman Emperors, and spread throughout Europe. But, even before this, the Roman emperors punished the Jews for a rebellion by expelling them from Palestine. Since then, they have been wandering and living in different countries. It is only after the Great War of 1914 that an attempt has been made to set up Palestine once again as the national home of the Jews.

Our Serial Story.

A THRILLER FROM THE EPICS.

T. S. VIRARAGHAVACHARI, M.A., L.T.

It was a bright summer day at Dwaraka. Reclining upon a luxurious sofa in his private chamber Baladeva, idly watched the sparkling waves lapping the palace walls. Krishna strolled along a shady walk leading to a cool bower in the extensive park in front of the Palace. Just then Sakuni the uncle of Duryodhana arrived from Hasthinapura followed by a brilliant company of cavaliers. Krishna wondered what brought that bird of ill omen to Dwaraka. Sakuni pretended not to have noticed Krishna and sought an immediate audience of Baladeva.

Baladeva gave him a hearty welcome and asked, "Gallant Sakuni, to what happy circumstance do I owe the honour of your esteemed visit?" "Great Prince," said Sakuni, "I come to your court as an ambassador of the royal Duryodhana. You are no doubt aware that the Kuru monarch has a valiant son named Lakshmana. Several great kings have offered to bestow their daughters in marriage upon the young prince. But Duryodhana would greatly esteem a matrimonial alliance with your illustrious house. He understands that

your daughter, the beauteous Vatsala, has attained marriageable age, and he would therefore like to ascertain through me if you will agree to bestow your daughter upon his son. He would consider the other offers only if you have different plans for your daughter's marriage."

Baladeva replied, "I feel flattered by the great honour Duryodhana does me, and I shall deem it a privilege to be connected with the illustrious house of the Kurus by ties of marriage." "Then," said Sakuni with ill concealed joy, "we shall consider the matter settled. It only remains for you to appoint a convenient day for the marriage. I may assure you on behalf of Duryodhana, any day will suit him. The earlier the day the better for him." "Surely, surely," said Baladeva, "but let me say just a word to my brother Krishna for form's sake. I shall send for him at once."

Sakuni was alarmed. He said with an effort, "What need is there to consult Krishna, puissant Prince? He is only your younger brother and is bound to do your bidding." Baladeva said in reply "No doubt, no doubt. Still it is

my duty to take him into my confidence in this momentous affair. Krishna and Rukmani dote upon my daughter, and in fact, the child was practically reared by them from her infancy. My wife and I are parents only in name. It is but proper that I inform Krishna of my decision. Krishna is sure to give his consent, for he has the welfare of the girl at heart. I dare say Krishna would jump at the proposal of his favourite niece marrying the heir-apparent to the Kuru empire."

Sakuni was ill at ease. He was entirely responsible for putting this idea into Duryodhana's mind. He cleverly calculated upon weaning Krishna from the side of the Pandavas by this alliance. The Pandavas, he schemed, could be easily destroyed if Krishna's support were withdrawn from them. But now Baladeva like a fool proposed to consult Krishna. Sakuni knew Krishna only too well. He feared Krishna would spoil his game.

While these thoughts were passing through Sakuni's mind Krishna had arrived in obedience to his brother's summons. Sakuni slowly walked away to a distant window and pretended to be gazing upon the sea.

Baladeva:—Janardhana, I have decided to bestow our Vatsala on Lakshmana, son of Duryodhana. Ever so many great kings vie with one another to enter into a matrimonial alliance with the mighty King of the Kurus. How

lucky that Duryodhana should prefer an alliance with us! What are we but petty chiefs? Dwaraka is hardly a kingdom! We are surely in luck's way! Why don't you congratulate me, Krishna? Speak, my brother; why are you silent?

Krishna: Dwaraka may be a small kingdom. But I refuse to admit that we are petty chiefs. Petty chiefs indeed! May I remind you, brother, how as mere boys we killed countless Asuras, and the mighty Kamsa too? A hundred Duryodhanas will hardly be our match in prowess. I think we shall be paying him a flattering compliment by condescending to bestow our Vatsala on his son!

Baladeva: How touchy you are Janardhana! I grant we are superior to Duryodhana and his warriors in prowess. All the same, a matrimonial alliance with the house of Kurus is the best we can think of. Can you suggest anyone else who is worthy of our notice?

Krishna:—But, brother, I should like to recall to your mind something that happened years ago. One summer evening Bhadra, you and I, strolling in the garden adjoining the apartments of the ladies, came to the cool bower where once Arjuna disguised as a Rishi was lodged. Hearing peals of childish laughter within, we entered the bower and saw Subhadra's son playing with little

Vatsala. The sight pleased you so much that you observed the little darlings seemed to be made for each other. You promised to bestow Vatsala on Abhimanyu when they grew old enough to be married. Have you forgotten the incident, brother?

Baladeva:—Well, Janardhana, it is true I spoke thus to please Bhadra who was then on a visit to us. Those words were spoken in an idle moment and cannot strictly amount to a promise.

Krishna: It was a voluntary offer on your part, and Subhadra considers it in the light of a solemn promise. A promise made even in jest ought to be kept.

Baladeva:—Look here, Krishna. The Pandavas are now veritable beggars wandering in the forest. Bhadra and Abhimanyu are now living upon the charity of the virtuous Vidura in distant Haridwar. Now look at the other side. Lakshmana is heir to the Kuru empire. If you truly love your niece, you will not ask me to bestow her on the landless, homeless Abhimanyu, Subhadra's son though he be!

Krishna:—Alas, Sakuni's visit has not been in vain! I never for a moment imagined he could so easily persuade you. Sakuni has succeeded only too well! The scheming villain!

Baladeva:—Krishna, insult not Sakuni who has come all the way from Hasthinapura to do us a good turn. I am afraid you wish

to play your old game of frustrating my pet schemes. I warn you Janardhana, none of your old tricks. I have not called you here to ask your opinion on the matter, but to tell you as my decision.

Krishna:—Mistake me not brother. I merely did my duty in reminding you of your old promise to Bhadra. I am not playing any tricks upon you. As a father you have every right to bestow your daughter upon any one you like. If you have made up your mind to bestow your daughter upon Lakshmana, do so by all means. I do not deny Lakshmana is heir to a mighty empire. If it is God's will, the marriage must take place.

Baladeva:—Then you give your consent to this alliance, don't you? That is well!

Krishna:—What need is there for my consent? You have made up your mind. It is my duty to respect your wishes and carry out your orders. Let Vatsala fulfil her destiny. I believe none can alter the decree of fate. God's will be done.

No sooner had Krishna taken his departure than Sakuni returned to Baladeva. Baladeva ratified the proposed alliance, made costly presents to Sakuni and sent him away with due honours. A day had been appointed for the marriage. Invitations were sent to all kings, great and small, far and near. Preparations went on apace.

On the day following Sakuni's visit Narada came to see Baladeva. He was delighted to hear that Vatsala's marriage had been decided upon. He asked Baladeva if all the important people had been invited to the marriage. Baladeva assured him that none had been overlooked. Narada asked him with a smile if Subhadra had been invited. Baladeva said in reply, "Great sage, the Pandavas are in exile, and nobody knows where they are. As for Subhadra, she is believed to be living with her son in Vidura's hermitage at Haridwar. Subhadra is alone and helpless, and is not likely to attend

the marriage. I have therefore not thought it necessary to invite Bhadra."

Narada said, "The world will blame you greatly, O King, if you ignore your sister, notwithstanding her fallen fortunes. No matter if she cannot attend the wedding. It is necessary that she should know of your daughter's marriage. Otherwise she would take this to heart and harbour a grievance against you to her dying day. Therefore fail not to invite her, O King!" Baladeva promised to despatch a special messenger to Subhadra at Haridwar.

(To be continued.)



MAN AND ANIMAL

S. PARTHASARATHY, M.A.,

Christian College, Madras.

"Won't you stop this gibberish? Ramesh!" demanded Chandran in the course of his heated conversation with him. "Your forefathers might have suggested that animals are completely bereft, of the ability to recall the past in memory or to calculate the future, and that man alone has this rational capacity. But it is impossible to contend so at the present day." This controversy between Chandran and Ramesh arose out of an incident which took place in Ramesh's house. Chandran had a pet dog which happened to go to Ramesh's house which lay on the other side of the road. Ramesh never used to like befriending any animal as a pet, and least of all a dog. When he saw Chandran's dog in the act of trespassing into his compound he indignantly raised his right leg and kicked it on its belly in order to drive it out, and the dog yelling and shrieking began to show a clean pair (or rather two pairs) of heels. Chandran who was standing on the pavement of his house had scarcely seen this incident when at once his feelings began to be piqued and his offended feelings made him move this way and that. He was at a loss to know how his good friend Ramesh could behave so cruelly towards his dog.

When his ire was welling up from within, Chandra ran up to

Ramesh and said, "Blind fool: Do you not know that the dog is a sensitive and faithful animal. Don't you know that if you cause an injury to a dog, it will remember it and will show hatred towards you. If you treat animals cruelly you cannot expect them to be kind towards you. It is just the same as we express love to our fellow-men and they like to return the same to us. Sympathy begets sympathy but hatred, only hatred."

"I don't agree with you," said Ramesh. "The animals have no capacity to think like man. They are blind. They don't remember with gratitude a good deed done to them and are incapable of recalling to their minds with the spirit of vengeance a past injury done to them. Is not the appellation which is usually given to these creatures 'brutes' apposite? If we desire to teach them it must be by coercion and punishment and not by conciliation and persuasion which latter are methods adopted to teach rational beings, namely, men."

This contention of Ramesh appeared very strange of Chandran for he had witnessed on more than one occasion Ramesh practising those methods which he found fit to treat animals on men. To come at once to the plain story, Ramesh was seen on many occasions subjecting his

wife and children to a treatment by the stick. If so, what difference can there be between man and animals which Ramesh took pains to explain. Chandran, now that his irascibility had softened down, thought it his duty to lay bare the resemblances and differences between animals and men to Ramesh, and Ramesh began to listen to Chandran attentively.

"Man", began Chandran, "is certainly of the animal species. He very much resembles the animals in his instincts and impulses. Men desire food as the animals desire food. This similarity is obvious and easy to perceive because if a being which has life should exist it must take in food. So food is necessary for both men and beast and for every being that lives".

"The animals are pugnacious by which is meant that they are quarrelsome. Some of them are fond of fighting with others and others would fight when they find the need for it. Man exhibits this tendency." Chandran in referring to this characteristic which is present in both man and beast pointed out to Ramesh that the dog which ran away might have, if he only so desired, turned round and attacked him. "He had not attacked you because he was suspicious of his own prowess and not because of the absence of that tendency to fight. We are all familiar with the fact that when a man comes to another for a favour and he is shown the

outer door, the man either quietly goes away cursing himself and gnawing at his own soul or accuses him of lack of fellow feeling and is sometimes almost on the verge of fighting with him. He may not actually fight with him but he shows a tendency to do so by his behaviour. We see this very often when beggars come to beg of us alms. Thus we see that this tendency to quarrel is present both in the animal and in man."

"It may also be true to say that this tendency expresses itself in nations. It is so because, in this case, what applies to the part applies to the whole. We very often witness nations quarrelling and fighting with one another and this happens because nations are composed of men and men are pugnacious."

"I am sorry to interrupt you", said Ramesh, "I don't agree with you when you say that animals, men and nations have this same instinct of pugnacity. We have seen it commonly occur that animals without any specific cause fight with one another and it appears to us that they fight for the mere love of fighting. But man and nations which are composed of men behave differently. Sometimes they fight only when there is dire necessity to do so and if it can be helped they inhibit this tendency and abstain from fighting".

"You have spoken well," said Chandran addressing Ramesh, "you have to some extent anticipated what I had intended to say, but now I have to go away for I have stayed here for a long time. We shall meet again!"

NATIONAL SERVICE

RURAL RECONSTRUCTION.

GANDHIJI'S ADVICE

We are slowly perishing individually and as a nation. It is no use laying the blame at other people's door—the Government, the State or the Zamindar. They are certainly responsible for our sorry plight, but we are no less responsible and we had better bethink ourselves of our responsibility. The reason why our average life rate is deplorably low, the reason why we are getting more and more impoverished is that we have neglected our 700,000 villages. We have indeed thought of them, but only to the extent of exploiting them. We read thrilling accounts of the 'glory that was Ind,' and of the land that was flowing with milk and honey; but today it is a land of starving millions.

Two Civilizations

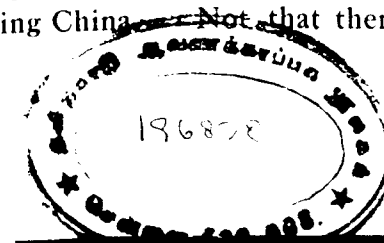
There is a difference between the civilization of the East—the civilization of India—and that of the West. It is not generally realized wherein the difference lies. Our geography is different, our history is different, our ways of living are different. Our continent, though vast, is a speck on the globe, but it is the most thickly populated, barring China.

Well, now, the economics and civilisation of a country where the pressure of population on land is greatest are and must be different from those of a country where the pressure is least. Sparingly populated, America may have need of machinery. India may not need it at all. Where there are millions upon millions of units of idle labour it is no use thinking of labour saving devices.

Stealing their Living

The reason of our poverty is the extinction of our industries and our consequent unemployment. Some years ago India's agricultural population was said to be 70 per cent. To-day it is said to be 90 per cent. It does not mean that 90 per cent are agriculturists, but that, instead of 70 per cent who depended on land, 90 per cent are now driven to depend on land. In other words, whereas there were industries and crafts enough to feed the 20 per cent some time ago, those are no longer there and the people have thus been thrown on land. They thus steal their living, not because they want to, but because there is no more land.

Not that there is not enough



land to feed our 35 crores. It is absurd to say that India is over-populated and that the surplus population must die. I am sure that if all the land that is available was properly utilized and made to yield up to its capacity, it would surely maintain the whole population. Only we have got to be industrious and to make two blades of grass grow where one grows to-day.

The Remedy

The remedy is to identify ourselves with the poor villager and to help him make the land yield its plenty, help him produce what we need, confine ourselves to use what he produces, live as he lives, and persuade him to take to more rational ways of diet and living.

We eat mill ground flour, and even the poor villager walks with a headload of half a maund grain to have it ground in the nearest flourmill. Do you know that in spite of the plenty of foodstuffs we produce we import wheat from outside and we eat the 'superfine' flour from Australia? We will not use our hand-ground flour, and the poor villager also foolishly copies us. We thus *turn wealth into waste, nectar into poison*. For whole meal is the proper meal. Mill ground flour is vitaminless flour, mill-ground flour kept for days is not only vitaminless, but poison. But we will not exert ourselves to produce flour which we must eat fresh every day, and

will pay for less nutritious things and purchase ill health in the bargain.

Idolize and Kill

This is not any abstruse economic truth, it is a fact which is daily happening before our eyes. The same is the case with rice and *gur* and oil. We will eat rice, polished of its substance, and eat less nutritious sugar and pay more for it than more nutritious *gur*. We have suffered the village oilman to be driven to extinction and we eat adulterated oils. We idolize the cow, but kill her by slow degrees. We eat honey and kill the honey bee, with the result that honey is such a rare commodity to-day that it is only available to a 'Mahatma' like me or to those who must have it from the physician as a vehicle for the drugs he prescribes.

I implore you to throw off your inertia, to bestir yourselves to study these elementary facts and live more rational lives and learn how to turn waste into wealth. I have told you simple truths which we would soon realize and act up to if we threw off the inertia of ages. But we have shunned body-labour to the detriment of our brains, and thus rest content with the irrational ways of diet and living. Let us pull ourselves together and resolve to make our bodies and brains more active.

DRAMA.

BLESSED IN A WIFE.

BY V. V. SRINIVASA AIYANGAR,

Ex-Judge, Madras High Court.

Act III

(Continued from the previous issue)

Scene I

(Ramanathan in a long-arm chair)

SAME ROOM.

TIME - About day-break.

Lalita.

Will you kindly take this mixture, sir.

Ramanathan.

Oh! I am sick of taking mixtures and pills and mixtures! When is all this going to stop? It is now a fortnight.

Lalita.

The doctor will perhaps tell you, sir.

Ramanathan.

I am sick of being confined to this room.

Lalita.

It is doing you much good, sir.

Ramanathan.

I don't know. I am sure. But where is Chandra? You said you would tell me to-day.

Lalita.

I hear she is not—your wife sir.

Ramanathan.

My wife! I don't know my wife. I don't care. My soul was married to Chandra. She was my only wife. I loved her. If you won't tell me, I will go and find her out myself to-morrow. You and the doctor are playing me some tricks!

Lalita.

Be it far from me to play you any tricks, sir. God knows how I feel for you!

Ramanathan.

Yes, I know. I saw it. I saw tears in your eyes this morning as I asked for Chandra. I wanted to ask you then, but somehow could not. Have you known me before you come to nurse me in my illness.

Lalita.

But very slightly, sir.

Ramanathan.

How is it then you feel so much for me?

Lalita.
I am bound to—I mean it is my nature.

Ramanathan.
Now I remember—even my Chandra never shed a tear for me at any time.

Lalita.
Never for you, I am sure: but often enough she must have cried for your money.

Ramanathan.
Don't say such things against her! Don't make me angry. She was a dear soul—I am sure she loved me.

Lalita.
In her own way perhaps—but why should I speak of it, sir?

Ramanathan.
But I was asking you about your interest in me! You have been so good and kind to me.

Lalita.
I only did my duty, sir.

Ramanathan.
How long have you been a nurse?

Lalita.
Only recently, sir.

(Enter Doctor Naidu)
Dr. Naidu.
Hallo! Old chap! I am glad to see you looking so well. Why do you blush? What! Have you been making love to the nurse?

Lalita.
Surely, sir, even a poor nurse

can have some little self-respect. It is very improper you should make fun of me in this manner.

Ramanathan.
Oh no madam! I don't think the doctor meant anything wrong. Did you doctor?

Dr. Naidu.
Of course not! How could I? It is impossible.

Ramanathan.
Doctor, how long should I be confined to this room?

Dr. Naidu.
I wish I could keep you here long enough to make you forget—your world outside. See what it has led you to. You have been knocking at death's door and it was all I could do to bring you back to your home and life.

Ramanathan.
I am so much obliged to you doctor. But, could I not drive about a little in the evenings?

Dr. Naidu.
Provided you will take this lady with you—It is absolutely necessary that a nurse should always be in attendance for some days more.

Ramanathan.
Of course I shall be delighted, if the lady will drive with me every evening. She has been so very good and kind to me, doctor. She always makes me think of God. Whenever I hear her voice I want to resolve to lead a good and pure life in the future.

Dr. Naidu.
I am glad you have learnt to like her.

Ramanathan.
Like her!—I have half a mind to remain a patient always if only for her always attending on me.

Dr. Naidu.
I am not surprised you don't know her

Lalita.
Sir, the gentleman objects to taking pills and mixtures!

Ramanathan.
No, I did not object. Only I said I was sick of swallowing them six times a day.

Dr. Naidu.
But you must, my dear boy, till you are perfectly healthy and strong again.

Ramanathan.
I shall, if I must.

Dr. Naidu.
How very obedient you are now. Nothing like a serious illness of an experience. Good-bye!

Ramanathan.
Good-bye, doctor!

Dr. Naidu.
Good-bye, Miss Fortune!—Have an eye on your patient. By-the-

by how are your eyes? I did not notice you had removed the glasses.

Lalita.
I did not find it necessary to continue wearing them.

Dr. Naidu.
I should have thought it safer!

Lalita.
It is all right now. It was so inconvenient to be wearing them. And then the gentleman has been asking me to read to him now and then.

Ramanathan.
I did not know that anything was the matter with the lady's eyes. But it is a pity to enclose such eyes in smoke-glass. She has such wonderful eyes. She seems, in fact, to cure me with her looks. She looks full at me and I feel a sort of a sensation and then she says I am better and I do feel so much better!

Dr. Naidu.
Indeed, I am so glad! I wish you all success in your new treatment, Mary Fortune! Good-bye!

Ramanathan.
Good-bye!

Lalita.
Thank you—Good-bye.

(To be continued.)

The Early Years of a Famous Violonist.

It was in Paris.

Along the street leading to the square where stands the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, a twelve-year old boy was proceeding. He went along as if in a kind of delighted trance, for the melody of Oginsky's "Benediction of the Father" was ringing in his ears.

He had just entered the square when a soft sound of music attracted his ears though it was deadened by the noise of the passing cars and omnibuses.

The boy involuntarily turned his steps at the sound, and entered the church. At the entrance he espied an old man in a shabby cloak. He had a long white beard, his eyes stared at the ground, and attached to his neck by a string was a small collecting plate, in which lay a single copper coin. The old fellow pressed a violin to his cheek and with trembling hand was producing a few melancholy notes from it.

The boy stopped and looked at the old man with compassion. He was blind, and his hands shook from old age. People passed by him unheeding, and no one stopped to throw him a copper.

The boy would have liked to put a great deal of money into the old man's plate, but he had none himself. Suddenly a happy thought struck him. He stepped up to the old man and whispered to him: "Lend me your violin for a moment", and he took the bow and violin gently from the old man's hands. He drew the bow across the strings. The violin was

a good one, and he tuned it and began to play. He played beautifully, and he played the melody which a little while before had been ringing in his ears.

The passers-by halted, some marvelling at the sight of the fine-looking boy playing by the side of the old man begging for alms, others being attracted by his good though melancholy music.

The crowd grew, and almost every person threw a silver coin into the old man's plate. The boy played on. He gazed into the far distance, remembering his native land and its songs, and he played its melancholy music, its gay Cracow dances, and its simple mazurkas.

The crowd continued to throw money on to the plate till it was quite full. Then the boy handed the bow and violin back to the old man and said:

"Take care of the money, for there's a lot of it - all silver, too, and even one piece of gold."

"Thank you," said the old man, deeply moved. "you are a wonderful player. Tell me your name that I may know you who has such a kind heart and who can play so marvellously. From your voice I can tell that you are still a child."

"My name is Henri Wieniawski. I am a pole, and I am in Paris to learn the violin."

"You will one day be a famous player and a noble man", said the old fellow. "May God bless you!"

From "Slniecko".

