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BY

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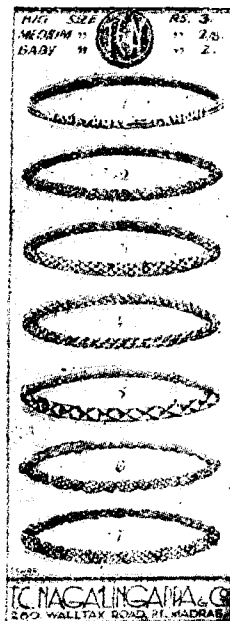
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ANNOUNCEMENT

THE SCHOLAR ANNUAL, 1937

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With September, *The Scholar* completes the twelfth year of its existence and, in accordance with our practice in previous years the first number of the new volume will be an extraordinary number.

It will contain a larger number of features than usual, and numerous pictures, views, stories, dramas, poems and contributions in lighter vein.

The 1937 Annual will be a star number and provide a favourable and suitable opportunity for advertisers, who it is hoped, will patronise it in large numbers.

A single copy will cost annas twelve, but those who register their names in advance will get a concession of annas two a copy. This concession will be allowed till october 25. As usual, subscribers will get their Annual Copy free as also new subscribers who begin their period from the Annual, i. e., from October 1937.

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JULY 1937

NO. 10.

Beyond the Great Wall

(DIARY LEAVES)

By NICHOLAS ROERICH



ON the way with his disciples Confucius saw a woman weeping near some graves and he asked the cause of her grief; "Woe", replied the woman: "my father-in-law was killed here by a tiger, then my husband, and now my son also has perished from the same death."

"But why do you not migrate from here?"

"The local government is not a cruel one."

"Here, you see," exclaimed the teacher, "Remember, that a bad government is worse than a tiger."

"What are the fundamentals of good Government? Honour and respect five excellent principles, expel four abominable ones. A wise and good ruler is virtuous without profligacy; he imposes obligations without driving his people to complaint; his wishes are not covetous; he is exalted without pridefulness; he is inspiring and not violent. The abominations are: cruelty, keeping the people in ignorance and the punishing with death. Oppression, requiring immediate fulfilment of matters not previously explained. Absurdity, giving obscure commands but

requiring their precise execution. Impeding production by stinginess in properly rewarding deserving people." "To cognize and to apply in life what has been studied—can this fail to be true enjoyment? The arrival of a friend from a far country—can this be other than true joy?"

"A man without compassion in his heart—what does he have in common with music?"

"He who is noble does not wander from the path of virtue for a single moment. In stormy times and in hours of reason he hastens along the same path."

"The man of knowledge rejoices at the sea, the man of virtue rejoices at the mountains. Because restless is the man of knowledge, and tranquil the man of virtue."

"The man who is spiritually virtuous, who wishes to become steadfast, evokes steadfastness also in those around him. Wishing to become enlightened, he is interested in the enlightenment of those near him, in order to make others that which he desires for himself."

"Sincerity and truth form a desire for culture."

"A noble man brings out the best qualities of others and does not emphasize the bad ones. A low man acts in opposite fashion."

"In thy private life exhibit self-respect, in business be attentive and solicitous, in actions with others be honest and conscious. Never, even among savages, depart from these principles."

"A noble man is drawn upwards, an inferior one rushes downwards."

"A noble man knows neither grief nor fear. The absence of grief and fear, in this is the sign of nobility! If in his heart he finds no guilt, for what should he grieve? Of what should he be afraid?"

"Make awareness and truth thy guiding principles, and thus go to produce obligations about thy neighbour. This is lofty virtue."

"The meaning of goodheartedness is in this: do not to others what you do not wish for yourself."

"The noble man is concerned with nine principles. To see clearly. To hear clearly. To have an amicable

outlook. To care for inferiors. To be aware in speech, to be honest in dealings. In doubt to be cautious. In anger to think about consequences. In opportunities for success, to think only about obligations."

"Spiritual Virtue is contained in five qualities:..... self-respect, magnanimity, sincerity, honesty and benevolence. Exhibit self-respect and others will respect you. Be magnanimous and you open all hearts. Be sincere and people will trust you. Be honest and you attain the great. Be benevolent and you thus will communicate good-will to others."

"The noble man first esteems uprightness, then courage. A brave man without uprightness is a menace to the state."

"Answer injustice with justice and good with good."

"The principle of good-heartedness makes a place attractive for living."

"The nobleman has neither narrow prejudices nor stubborn hostility. He proceeds by the path of Service."

"The noble man is assiduous in perceiving the path of Service, while the inferior one only in the making of money."

"The wise man speaks slowly but acts quickly."

"All people are born good."

"The meaning of lofty virtue. Conducting yourself in life as if about to meet an exalted guest. Governing a nation, be guided as upon a solemn sacred service. What you do not wish for yourself, do not cause others. Both towards people and in the home do not express an ill-will."

"Whoever sins against heaven cannot expect its intercession."

"We can only go out of a house through the door. Why not pass through life through the gates of virtue?"

"Is virtue far distant? Only show a desire for it and it is already here."

"He, whose mind has already been tested against the slowly penetrating poison of slander and the sharp arrows of denunciations, can be called clear-seeing and far-seeing."

"Leading unprepared people into battle is the same as throwing them away."

"If a man is everywhere hated or everywhere beloved, the closest observation is necessary."

"Your good-natured people are the thieves of virtue."

"At 15 years my mind was bent upon teaching. At 30 years I stood on firm ground. At 40 years I was free from disillusionment. At 50 years I understood the laws of Providence. At 60 years my ears hearkened to truth. At 70 years I could follow the dictates of my heart."

Thus cognition, liberation, understanding of the laws, attention to Truth—all led to following the commands of the heart. This briefest yet fullest biography ends with a heart prayer about the righteous paths. And the great philosopher did not bewail the fact that his carriage was kept harnessed. The bridled horses, ready to drive swiftly to the paths of the heart, were already a blessing. Not to any great houses had to go the carriage which was not one of exile but of attainment.

The lordly liberation from grief and fear, the power of Tao, paved a firm path. "The throneless prince,"—thus was Confucius called. Did he not in his carriage travel along the great wall in unrelieved vigil? Do not his horses follow the tracks of the white steeds of the great wall? Who saw him? Who followed the ascents and descents? His believing heart, behind the white horse, passed over cliffs and mountains. Let us not pre-determine the course of the white horse.

To all his paths Confucius could add still one more conclusion. All enemies who pursued him were evil people and abominable. Their names have been lost or have remained on a black page in history. This means that in this connection his righteousness was both affirmed and glorified by history.

Recently we have learned that, "the work of restoring the Mausoleum in Chufu has been discussed by the Shantung authorities."

"Extensive works for the restoration of the Mausoleum of Confucius in Chufu, Shantung, were decided upon at a session in the presence of representatives of the Nanking Government.

The provincial powers, besides cooperating in restoring the Mausoleum of Confucius, which for many years has remained in neglect, have also selected a Committee for instituting a Day of Confucius throughout all China. It is learned that the Central Government will render special honors to a descendent of the great sage."

Again a victory of Confucius! The day consecrated to him will be a day of Culture.

It is strange to read this news, where so sadly yet casually is spoken about the fact that the Mausoleum of Confucius has been left in neglect over a period of many years. Precisely what agitations and vicissitudes compelled the people to forget even about the greatest pride of China! But then this forgetfulness is only one-sided. It may be the Mausoleum was forgotten, but the memory and covenants of Confucius continued to live, for China without Buddha, Lao-tse, Confucius will no longer be China.

Whatever new cognitions may enter into life, for all that the bases of the ancient wisdom remain immovable.

The Mongols may come to recognize many new things but the name of Chengiz-Khan and his precepts will live in the hearts of the people, and the very name is uttered with particular reverence. Likewise precisely, as we have sometime written about the sonority of nations, so too memorable names and places will all live.

Indeed it must be assumed that the Mausoleum of Confucius cannot again be allowed to fall into neglect, because in its development the country will more profoundly and loftily preserve for ever the living covenants of the sage. And in reality, whatever of the above mentioned covenants we remember, it will similarly concern our time also.

Only in very backward minds will not be understood the difference between the outlived and the eternal. Granted that up to now the best commandments are not being fulfilled—this does not mean that they did not have to be given, and now reiterated. What is simpler?—"Do not kill", "Do not lie", "Do not steal," yet each day these imperative Covenants are not obeyed. What then? To

abandon them as inapplicable? or to continue to stand by them? To fall into savagery, or persistently to swim out on the crest of the wave? In the precepts of Confucius there is no hopeless condemnation. How near to life are all the good admonitions spoken by him! If he abandons something, it is only for the purpose of drawing out something better and more useful. Occasionally the precepts of Confucius have been considered unjustly, and a meaning attributed to them which obviously had nothing to do with their contents. This means that someone had taken up examining his covenants with a certain prejudice.

But, in studying a great man, any prejudice or exaggeration is decidedly out of place. Let there be taken into consideration his actions and words in their full significance. Indeed, speaking about the ultimate meaning, we ought not to forget that in all languages, and especially in the Chinese and Sanskrit, are untranslatable expressions which may be understood and expounded only by becoming fully familiar both with the language and with the essentials of the local life. How many misfortunes have arisen out of translations, out of interpretations!

All evil interpretations and intentional perversions, of course they must be judged as deliberate offences against another's property. Sometimes these wilful distortions are equivalent to an attempt at murder. From the biography of Confucius it is not at all evident that he lapsed into despair or fear. The fact that he was obliged to keep his carriage harnessed signifies merely his foresightedness for the greater usefulness of future actions.

"I already long ago began to pray"—thus replied Confucius on one important occasion. Repeatedly in biographies of Confucius the expression is used, that his life was unceasing prayer. In triumph he swam the ocean. That is why, turning to the Great Wall, we again recall Confucius as a sign of China. We are convinced that the proposed day of Confucius will result in an actual triumph of Culture.

Kuan Yin

Before the Dawn had travelled from the East,
And all the West had caught the sacred fire,
I turned toward the mountain, nor once ceased,
Until I touched the summit of my desire
To see the fountain head and source of light,
In all its evident splendour, even to hear
Those resonant waves whose sound is swift as sight
Bear light and life into the atmosphere.
And then another heaven glowed in my mind,
Finer than all around, an inner sun
Flamed in the centre and I sought to find
From whence the vision came when I saw one
Who seemed like Kuan—Yin seated on a ledge
Of living green and holding in her hands
A lute of glittering gold upon the edge
Of which there ran this legend : — ' All the sands
Of Time dissolve like mists when I resound '
And as she touched the strings a lambent fire
Half sound and light rose through a sphere, the sound
Seemed like the singing of some heavenly choir ;
Azure of space now widened to my view,
Stretching away on wings of liberty,
Till all the world without which I once knew,
Had vanished and alone the shining sphere
Showed all of past and present all to be,
Eternity diminished to a year
Took on the form of purest ecstasy,
With luminous splendours and deep intervals,
Then of a sudden all had disappeared,
And on the air the sound of silver bells !

—Barnett D. Conlan.

Irish Ghosts

BY Rev. F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.

IN "Ghosts," that well-known play by the Norse writer, Ibsen, it is stated that ghosts, both in our minds, aye and in the world around us, are as thick as sands of the sea. This is certainly so in Ireland; and even in England, "though dispeopled of its dreams" to some extent. In Chapelizod there is a house where one of the weirdest hauntings I have ever heard of occurred. A family had taken a house there, and shortly after it had been repainted and done up, for it had been vacant for sometime, went into occupation. For the first week they were pleased with their surroundings. But the nurse complained of a constant knocking at the window of the children's room, in the earlier part of the evening. It was put down to being caused by some bird which had, while the house was unoccupied perhaps gained admission to the room by a broken window, and roosted there for the night. But the girl never saw the offender; "its just like someone slapping against the window, except its too high up for anyone," she said; "And I wouldn't for the life of me open it." But one night she did open it, a continual tapping caused her to accept the bird theory; in her temper she flung open the casement. "What impatience have you on you," she cried, "Me ould starling begone away with yourself for here's no place for you" she says as the cold air of the evening entered the room. She distinctly heard something hop or fall on the floor, and then there was silence; she quickly shut the window. There was nothing to be seen on the floor. The tapping ceased from that moment. Nor was it ever renewed whilst the family occupied the house. It would seem the besieger had gained admittance. From that night things went badly in the nursery. The children, two babies, one a year, the other two years and six months old appeared to be much out of sorts for some cause. They would look with terror at the shadows in the evening; take fits of screaming, and wake up apparently frightened

almost into fits from their sleep. A doctor was called, he could only advise their removal, which, owing to a lease having been taken of the house for two years, and the limited means of their parents, was a serious matter. But attempts were made to let the house, unsuccessfully. And then the third development took place. The youngest child was being put to bed when he suddenly began to scream violently; his mother, who was holding him on her lap, saw that the open door of a press (one of their own) appeared to be the cause of his terror. "See baby," she said, "its only a press, clothes in there, nothing to frighten baby." But suddenly her own gaze became fixed with horror on the open door, for out of its darkness protruded a man's hand; it was a well-kept hand, clean and plump, rather swollen; it looked, she said, covered with a slight growth of pale reddish hair. In spite of her fear the mother seized the candle and rushed to the open press, there was a slight sound and the hand was gone; the press was empty but for the clothes. That night the children were removed to another room. But though the hand was not seen again, the apparent frights from which they suffered continued in their new apartment.

One night the climax was reached. The nurse came down and said she thought the eldest child, a girl, was unwell. "She is moaning in her sleep, mam, and I'd like you to come up and see her." The mother entered the room, lit only by a shaded candle, the child was moaning pitiously, but heavily asleep. The mother took up the candle and went towards the bed, when suddenly she stopped dead; something was on the pillow beside the child's head. For a moment she thought it was some animal of the toad species, and then she saw it was the hand. Just a hand, plump, rather puffy, covered with slight red down, its first finger pointed at the baby's ear. With a scream the mother rushed forward; there was a plop as if something had dropped on the floor, but nothing could be seen there. Next day the family, ill as they could afford it, left the house, and took lodgings in Dublin. The two children rapidly recovered their former health.

Whose was the hand? Why did its ghostly owner never show himself? Did the hand live a detached life of its own? All that I have heard is that a prominent member of the "Hell Fire Club" lived there more than a hundred years ago. He is said to have been a red haired man. The house has since ceased to exist.

A clergyman and his wife took a house in Co. Louth, it had formerly been a gate lodge, it was in the county and near the river Boyne. They intended that they and their little boy six years of age, should have a month's country holiday. The little boy developed what his parents called imagination there. He often spoke of a little "ink-pot black man" he saw and spoke to. His mother told him not to talk "such nonsense." But he went on talking. So the father was appealed to. "If you tell these wicked lies, Willy," his father told him, "I shall whip you well." "Well, Pa," Willy replied, "I won't say anything again, but I do see him; he told me last night I would not go away from here." For that he received a box on the ear, from the indignant curate father. Two days later Willie's pinafore caught fire in the kitchen, he died of shock from the burns. He lies in a small church-yard not half a mile from that disused lodge.

What is Religion? Its need and its goal.

By AGHORAM AIYER



At some stage in a man's life an enquiry is started by him into the question: Is there anything of permanent value in our thoughts, feelings and deeds? Is there any permanent substance underlying this universe of constant change and manifold forms? When it is not a mere passing phase of his mind, but becomes a settled habit of thought with him, and when constant thinking on the subject brings about a silent revolution in his aspirations and when in the wake of such constant thinking there is lit up in his heart a pure flame of passion for living a life of ultra-innocence and ethical perfection, and when the whole inner being in him is worked up into a tremendous commotion from a burning hunger after freedom from every trammel of the flesh, it may be said that he is trying to understand a bit of religion, and the developments of thought and character that take place in him thereafter relate themselves to that province of human enquiry which mankind has called religion.

It is obvious from what we see of human life generally that this enquiry is not seriously started in a great majority of human lives, and this state of affairs seems to have existed in the world right down the course of human history, and will probably exist in the world through all future time. No defects in the education of mankind, as far as the state can organise it, would appear to be responsible for this state of affairs. The imperfections of political and economic systems which, in the judgment of progressive and humanitarian thinkers have contributed a great deal to the misery of a large section of mankind, cannot be said to have created this barrenness of the spirit in the human race. In the midst of our pious wishes for an ideal millennial state on earth, we seem to come face to face with a very unpleasant truth that men are not all equally mentally constituted.

and that while all have desires in the heart for every unattainable object in life in few is the desire born into aspiration, and it is at the moment of birth of desire into aspiration that religion may be said to begin. Nobody seems to be responsible for this apparent inequality; all we can do is to accept this phenomenon as a fact and rationalise it and try to reduce it to something in the nature of a law and to observe its operation.

From a study of these cases we see that a certain new process in mind life is carried out by this class of persons. It is a reversal of the ordinary processes that take place in the mind life of average men. Most men externalise; these few men internalise. The senses draw the mind out for most men. The senses play with the minds of most men; and when the mind runs away with the senses, understanding is diminished. It is natural for mankind to run after the objects of the senses, and to be attracted to the objects of the senses. The attraction to the objects of the senses is aroused by the feeling of pleasure towards which the internal self is constantly moving. But it is part of the phenomena of human existence that whatever pleasure is derived from contact with the objects of the senses shall be paid for in terms of pain. Whenever a man retraces his steps, and by increasing withdrawal from the objects of the senses releases a certain liberating and redeeming power within him, he senses a reality which he had no knowledge of before; in that state of mind he may be said to engage himself in those pursuits and activities which we have associated only with religion.

In the Upanishadic literature, the desire for immortality is considered to be bound up intimately with inversion of the senses with withdrawal from them. Men who are carrying out this difficult process are called brave men and wise men in our midst. The chief part of our study in religion lies in the direction of a search for immortality. No physical immortality is in the contemplation of investigations in religion. The conception is more ethical and metaphysical and the immortality is to be attained not by mere duration of life but by intensity of inner experience.

The body of a personage who has experienced the immortal state will also go to pieces some day and by following the laws of nature will decay and perish. But death ceases to have terrors for him and when his body drops down dead he gives it up with the happy consciousness that the internal self in him stands liberated from the vicissitudes of sense life and that what goes to pieces is only the body but that what remains indestructible is the spiritually evolved personality within him.

What are the points in character that may be gained by the man who has started this inversion process and is steadily and increasingly withdrawing himself from the objects of the senses. A higher sense of truthfulness comes into his life. An automatic limitation on and check to personal desires and ambitions is enforced by him voluntarily on his own mind. The elasticity and the accommodating character of his conscience begins to disappear and he takes himself to task for his weaknesses. The means becomes more important to him than the end. A noble rage rises in his soul when temptations to take leave of truth appear before him. Selfishness becomes more and more loathsome to him. He finds increasing happiness in doing deeds which constitute service to his fellows. He becomes inspired by the idea that he should feel thankful to the world for the opportunities given to him to be an instrument for some loving service to his fellowmen. A new order of courage is born in him by the elimination of the self and by the increasing identification he experiences with mankind and its sorrows, he comes to be possessed of a pure form of courage that is not daunted by untoward and hostile circumstance. He enters with greater sympathy into the tribulations of his fellowmen. He experiences greater tranquillity and equilibrium of the mind. Even very trying circumstances upset him less and less and though far away from the peace that passeth all understanding he experiences and enjoys a good deal of real peace. In his sex relationships his purity becomes a coveted treasure to him and he gets to a state of mind in which he reverences woman naturally but without carnal

and low appetites. To his own wife he becomes a sort of guide, philosopher and friend and the real glories of wedded life dawn upon his vision when starting from marriage he goes beyond marriage. He understands more and more of the underlying philosophy of continence and voluntary abstaining from carnal thought and act. He begins to build up a powerful spiritual personality on the solid bed-rock of continence and truthfulness. Whenever there is injustice, his heart burns with righteous indignation, and he finds himself hurled into reforming and sometimes revolutionary activities, in defence of the oppressed against the oppressor. Wherever there is misery his heart breaks into grief and he yearns for the opportunity to relieve the suffering of those that have been made miserable. These varied excellences in character come to him in the measure in which he conducts his spiritual enterprise. In the lives of those who have been touched and moved by preternatural sincerity, they are gained in the highest measure, and they become a veritable moral power-house of the Universe. Where the intensity of the yearning is much less, the ascent in character is proportionately less, but even men who fall into this class have to be marked off and distinguished from the multitude.

From the point of view of understanding and knowledge, the man who has started on this most helpful mental process, is much freer from passion and prejudice and his mind more easily gathers the universal elements of knowledge and truth. His mind penetrates more closely into the deep facts of life, and the insight he has into the problems of existence is much more profound than any other class. With the universe of multifold objects before him, it is natural to expect him to know the working of the laws if any which operate in it and keep the varied objects therein in harmony and orderly relationship. Here he rubs against science; he ought to take such light as is afforded to him by science and reinforce it with the great truths that religion has brought to mankind as to the nature and scheme of the great universe in which we live. And because the order of his new thinking takes him farther and

farther into deep generalisations, the gift of understanding which he will bring to all problems which affect human well-being, is so genuine. The use of this type of man to mankind must be more elevating. If we imagine society to be an ellipse, in normal times, it is in the aphelion; but by the move forward a great man gives to it, it is pushed on to the perihelion, and from the darkness and the shadow, we come into the light.

Most problems of human existence often raise controversial issues and men are sharply divided on them. Men remain mostly partialists and take strange half views. A great deal of bitterness in society is due to the partiality most mankind exhibit for half views. True culture should liberalise, should unify and coalesce; it should enable man to believe in what the years and the centuries say as against the hours. But thought gets into little whirlpools, and we have the sorrowful phenomenon of the Prometheus of the human mind imprisoned in dogmas and prejudices. Take any question ripe with controversy, society versus solitude, individual versus society, marriage versus monasticism, meat food versus vegetarianism, science versus religion, science versus art, art versus religion, it is astonishing to see how little of balanced judgment, and true insight and light exists in the things men have said about them through the ages.

If our lives were ordered in the right spirit, our intellects should not be one-sided and our judgment should not be warped. The chambers of our brain must be as broad and intercommunicative as those of Plato or of Vivekananda or of Emerson. If we carried out our self-evolution along the lines indicated in the foregoing paragraphs, our intellects should assume universal forms, and our perception of truths must be from very high ground. The religion that I have pictured to myself is not a menace to the growth of real brain power, but rather the truest stimulator of mental growth. Religion is very largely bound up with the study of the human mind by itself, a process which is called introspection which leads to clarification of issues. It is a much higher mental effort than the study of the human mind by one possessed of the technical qualification of a practical

psychologist. An aspirant engaged in this effort makes a more searching analysis of the workings of the human mind. He becomes a very faithful observer of himself, and he plunges into depths of thought from out of which he brings forth rich treasures of wisdom.

Looking at religion as an evolutionary process intended to lead those who are in earnest about it, to a goal of ethical perfection, we know it is a concern more of the individual than of whole masses of mankind. We do not find that men enmasse have a hunger after righteousness just in the same way as their bodies hunger after food. To study the workings of religion therefore we must take up the lives of those few outstanding personages of the world who preferred being to seeming, light to heat, and being and becoming to believing. That product of the religious consciousness which comes out as a beautifully evolved spiritual personality is a type by itself, and it does not seem to come upon human society with that frequency with which the powers of the human mind blossom out in several other fields of human life. But we do not mistake the type when it occurs. By a study of that type we are able to reduce to some intelligent and rational order the phenomena connected with their growth. One of the ablest expositions of this scheme of human evolution, so well adapted to the understanding of a modernised mind, is the "Varieties of Religious Experience" by Professor William James of the Harvard University. Two other valuable writings of the modern time which systematically expound this scheme of human evolution, are "Mysticism" by Evelyn Underhill and "Cosmic Consciousness" by Edward Bucke.

A rational comprehension of the workings of the human mind engaged in spiritual evolution is best attempted in these works; the psychology of spiritual evolution, is to my thinking, rationalised as cogently and convincingly as possible to a strongly developed modernised mind, in these three books. In Hindu philosophical literature I have come across some of the profoundest writings in this line, and these books have in a sense a higher value to us as having been written by men whose experiences in religious

evolution also aided them in their expositions and ratiocinations. They talked with authority and not as the scribes. In the writings of great spiritual personages of all religions we have evidence of the same depth and insight, though the thought does not seem to have been worked out with that thoroughness and completeness characteristic of the Hindu thinkers. It is necessary to warn the student of Religion here against developing a mere intellectual interest in the theorisings and philosophisings that greet him in these books. For a real growth of personality in the religious life, more indispensable than the intellect is the hankering of the heart after eternal things, and the determination of the human will to let go the fleeting and hold to the heart the eternal and the permanent. It is possible that a man gets to be considerably interested in a merely intellectual sense in the order of thinking which has been evolved out of religious striving. Such a student may be a fine dialectician or polemician, but the core of him may remain untouched by reality.

The sacred book handed down through the ages may gather increasing sanctity through the passage of time. But it may prove after all to be the instrument of bondage to the human spirit. The sanskrit word for sacred book is "granthah" which in its primary meaning, signifies that which ties a knot; and a sacred book may after all, tie a terrible knot around the human heart, and involve it in ever-new complexity of conditions. So, a more healthy idea develops in matters of religion, namely, that the student may reverence the book, and take out of it all the light and guidance that could be got from it, but may not become obsequious in his reverence and may not crush the freedom of the individual under the weight of authoritarianism. The value of the sacred book to him is intimately bound up with the value of the book of his life itself, and in the measure in which he could extract the gold of wisdom from out of the rough ore of experience, the sacred book is to him the light on life's difficulties. The sacred books of all religions always challenge us to right living. They are pointers to that freedom of the human mind from the bondages of flesh which

mankind through the ages have treasured as the noblest, and possibly the highest expression of human freedom.

Yet in the present time, more than in any previous centuries, they have been more savagely attacked. Their claims to help men on in all conceivable directions are more extravagantly stated by the organised exponents of the doctrines promulgated in them. If the relative usefulness of all schemes of knowledge is borne in mind, because it is clearly realised, we would cease to press absurdly the extravagant claims of any one scheme of knowledge. The imperishable treasures that have been released for human beneficence and enjoyment, by religious seeking, remain in their true worth, notwithstanding the giant strides made for some decades now by another great adventure of the human spirit, namely science, and its encroachments on all sides of life are going on so vigorously, that the very existence of religion seems to be threatened. The all-consuming or devouring character of science is coming out, chiefly by its predominant materialistic aim and more particularly by its predominant materialistic uses.

Let us not for that reason, despond for the future of religion, and be at our wit's end to crush all sorts of queer science out of sacred literature. Let us have the courage of mind to realise that no science, nor anything else can take the place of age-old religion which has made a certain order of growth and development in the human character its own; and let us not be foolish to applaud those usurpations by religion of those provinces of enquiry which seem to be specially meant for science, where religion may make its explorations in vain. And let us not also be foolish to decry the uses of religion by drawing attention to the hatred and strife that have been generated by its fanatical exponents any more than we should foolishly decry the uses of science by drawing attention to the adventures of organised devilry that seem to be disfiguring European public life in these times, and that owe such a great deal of their death-dealing destructiveness to the gains in research made by science.

(To be continued.)

Personality

BY R. MAHADEVAN B. A. (Hons.)



well-developed physical structure and the services of a master tailor are not, as is commonly supposed, the constituents of personality. The psychological connotation of personality is that which we mean when we say that Mahatma Gandhi is a great personality. The units of personality are disposition, temper, temperament and moods. A consideration of these would elucidate the point why individuals differ widely from one another in spite of inheriting the same instinctive dispositions and the same degree and type of intelligence.

The sum total of a man's instinctive tendencies is his "disposition". These instincts may be perhaps, the Mendelian units. It is recognized, to a certain extent, that instincts can be classified under thirteen heads. Of these in some individuals, a few may be wholly lacking as in the case of some domesticated animals. It is also true that individuals inherit the instinctive impulses in very different degrees of strength. Anthropologists have cited cases to show that in some races certain instincts are either innately feeble or quite extinct. The instinctive impulses, sex, fear, anger, and submission vary in intensity, in different individuals or races of men. That instinctive tendency which is disproportionately strong in a certain individual characterises his "disposition". Thus a habitual coward is said to have a submissive disposition. When certain instincts are undesirably of excessive intensity in a man we meet with an unbalanced personality. It is natural for us to shun gluttony, lust, vanity, and irritability. Constant exercise of self-will and self-education would set aright the balance and lead one towards developing a harmonious personality.

Temper is something which is not directly connected with the instinctive tendencies. A man of fickle or impulsive, or despondent temper is apt to manifest his peculiarities in all kinds of situations without any consideration for the motive or desire which may be operative in

him. The conative impulses at work within a man determine the temper of a man. These impulses vary from one man to another in respect of strength, persistency and affectability. That is why the fiery impatient man can never rest till he has attained his goal. Patience is a virtue which can be cultivated more easily by one who has a sluggish temperament than by the fiery man. The quality of persistency veils, sometimes, the temper of a man. There are men with very urgent impulses who show little perseverance and when the effervescence of enthusiasm fails, they leave the impulse to die a natural death. But on the other hand, seemingly sluggish individuals tenaciously hold to their course and in spite of any number of reverses, rally round and see that they achieve their purpose. Such persistency is possible to be cultivated by everyman to a certain degree. A careful scrutiny of the conative impulse, where perseverance is to be cultivated, will develop a desirable personality. Modification of temper in releasing any one impulse would serve as a great help in all other aspects of life. A man who is naturally steadfast and persistent in respect of some impulses will exhibit the same quality, no matter what motives be at work in him. But we cannot be sure of the correlation in the degrees of affectability by pleasure and by pain. Some are much influenced by pleasure but little by pain.

Temperament is the only factor which can very easily be controlled by any sane man. It is the sum of the effects upon his mental life of the metabolic or chemical changes that are constantly going on in all the tissues of his body. Some of these effects are produced through chemical substances in the blood which has been supplied by the tissues and are carried on to the brain; from where they act upon the nervous tissues, modifying their process. Certain of the chemical substances seem to affect all parts of the nervous system while others are partial to some special parts.

The effect of chemical substances in the blood on mental life is best illustrated by narcotic drugs. Apart from external stimulation it seems that every tissue of the body

contributes to determine temperament in a chemical fashion. Recent research has unearthed certain ductless glands whose secretions (known as hormones or endocrines) when passing through the blood, exert profound effects upon the growth and the metabolism of the other tissues and especially upon the processes of the nervous system.

There is a mass of soft tissue that clusters about the windpipe at the base of the neck. This is the Thyroid gland and the hormone secreted by this, when excessive, makes the man unduly excitable, constantly restless and agitated and the man soon wears himself into a condition of emaciation. On the other hand if the Thyroid secretion becomes deficient in quantity the patient is almost torpid. Such a defect in a child tends to make him a cretinous idiot. Extracts from thyroid glands of sheep, when mixed with the patient's food is said to counteract this defect. The excess can be counteracted upon by removing a part of the gland. The pituitary (at the base of the brain whose secretion plays a great part in regulating the growth of the whole body) and the suprarenal gland which caps the kidney exert profound influences on the system. The secretion of the latter influences the muscles of the small arteries and is thus helpful in regulating the circulation of blood.

Apart from these there are various other organs of our bodies which influence our mental life and whose contributions serve as a vague background that colours or tones our thinking more or less, favourably or unfavourably. For instance, a perfectly working digestive system tends to a cheerful and contented tone of mind, while it is also a fact that an imperfect system makes one peevish or hypochondriachal. Similarly an active and efficient muscular system tends to a general alertness and efficiency of mental life.

The innate constitution of each man determines these factors of temperament. Yet diet, climate and drugs, mental attitudes and experiences have proved to be capable of modifying the temperament. It is here that psychotherapy plays a great part. A regulated temperament acquired by mental discipline aids the growth both of intellect and of character.

"Disposition, temper, and temperament are the raw materials of personality provided by heredity". Experience and intelligence build a character from these. These three factors reciprocally influence one another.

Moods are related in some way to emotions. The mood is an effective conative fact of immediate experience. A mood is most commonly engendered by the evocation of some strong emotion which is for any reason denied free expression. It is a resonating echo of the emotion which has not been given free vent to. Certain moods like fear and irritability, when they tend to persist, lead to morbidity. A correct check is in going back to the reorganization of the conative impulses.

Wise education, when it modifies these four complex constitutional factors, corrects only native defects or lack of balance among them.

The Miracle Man of an Indian Utopia

BY H. C. KUMAR.



THE news of the passing of Sahibji Maharaj Anand Swarup, the Miracle Man of Dayalbagh, will be received with a shock all over India. He was in the prime of manhood, being only 56. His sudden death in Madras on 25th June has robbed India of a great son.

"Beware," said a modern thinker, "when the great God sends a practical mystic to the earth." The Sahibji Maharaj was a 'practical mystic' in the best sense of the word. During a short period of 30 years he turned a howling wilderness near Agra into a blooming Garden Colony, aptly called "An Indian Utopia," "A Forerunner of a New Civilization".

Thirty years ago, a friend of mine in Quetta brought back from Agra some leather articles, including buttons, manufactured at Dayalbagh. I remember how we all enjoyed that miniature exhibition and felt proud that India had set her feet on the road to industrialism. To-day, the Dayalbagh industries have become the admiration of the world. Fountain pens, leather goods, gramophones, electric fans, and dairy products manufactured there are competing in the open market with similar articles manufactured in other countries. When Lord Willingdon, then Viceroy of India, visited Dayalbagh in 1935, he had a pair of shoes made for him during his visit, and paid special compliment to the dairy, which he said was the most efficient he had seen for years.

Paul Brunton in his "A Search in Secret India," and Major Yeats Brown in his "Lancer at Large," devote special chapters to Dayalbagh. Says the latter, "I thought India is the foster-mother of most of the faiths of the world, and this rural-industrial-religious life of the Radhaswamis seems, as far as I can see, to knock our Western experiments

along the same line into a cocked hat. Is it, perhaps, the fore-runner of a New Civilization?"

With a vast material of men and money at his service, Sahibji Maharaj could have enjoyed 'the best of life' and yet be the Head of a great religious fraternity. He could have become the idol of fashionable society in London, Paris or New York. He had the brilliant career of the Agha Khan before him. "Get thee behind me," he seems to have said to the ever-present Mephistocles. He studiously led a life of renunciation, worthy of the high traditions of religion in the East, combined with spirituality the practical service of his fellow-men on up to date methods, and set to all his peers a lofty example of "plain living and high thinking," well worth their emulation. India would become a veritable paradise this very moment if the heads of all the religious organisations in the country, Hindu or Muslim, would turn their resources of men and money into fruitful channels of service like the late Sahibji Maharaj.

The Dayalbagh Colony covers an area of five square miles, and has a population of about 3,500 souls. It is divided into five Nagars, with rows of simple yet comfortable houses, joined by clean, well watered roads, shaded with trees and connected by telephones. There is an Intermediate Arts College for boys and a High School for girls, besides a Technical College which provides technical education of a most practical character in the various factories situated on the premises. The dairy farm has already been mentioned as the finest in India.

With the wise prudence of a great leader, the Sahibji Maharaj put the management of these institutions into the hands of an Executive Committee of nine, while the management of whole Colony has been vested into a representative assembly of 48 elected members known as the Radhaswami Satsang Sabha, registered under the Societies Registration Act. The assets of the Sabha amount to over 56 lakhs. The income from the farms and factories during the last year was over ten lakhs.

Asked by an English lady what impressions would he wish a visitor to carry away, the Sahibji Maharaj is reported to have said: "That India is justly known as a pre-eminently spiritual country, and that poverty and squalor can be driven out from a country without having to deny God and banish religion from it."

Let these words be the guiding principles of those who would wish to keep Sahibji Maharaj's memory ever fresh and green.

Examinations—values and dangers

BY D. PURUSHOTHAM

THE Chinese were the first to introduce the system of examinations in 4000 B. C. The Emperor Antonius Pias of Athens selected teachers from a competitive examination and the teachers in their turn used this system for their pupils. In Greece, people got on for nearly 600 years without any examination. England copied this system of examination from China, and we, from them. The first written examination was conducted in Cambridge in 1702 and in Madras, Calcutta and Bombay in 1857.

In the Madras Presidency, before the eighties of the last century, there were comparative examinations at the end of the Upper Fourth Class. In 1880 the Middle School examination was introduced for Third Form. Then came the Lower Secondary examination and the primary examinations. So, there were, practically, three Public Examinations before one entered the University. Fortunately for us, we have now only one examination the S. S. L. C. Public Examination, before one enters the portals of the College.

Examinations like all other human instruments, depend upon human behaviour. When the legitimate position of the examination is that of a servant, it is aspiring to the status of a master or even a tyrant. There are two schools of thought, one school favouring it, and the other condemning it downright. The first school considers it as indispensable and justifiable. It may be valuable both to the pupil, teachers and the employer. It encourages better mastery. It is 'no doubt' useful in elevating the pupil's work and for measuring his progress. It stimulates their learning. For the teachers, they know the result of their work and the level of the pupils in general. The educational authorities know the efficiency of teaching. There is also much demand for some examination by the parents, to

educate their pupils to a certain standard of efficiency; so that, the employing agency may appoint persons, with the required standard of education for respective posts. According to some, it may be considered to be the best measurer of their achievement as far as it goes. The value of examinations, they think, outweighs their manifest defects.

The other school of thought objects to having any examinations. Public opinion will not tolerate any tests. Some people condemn the examinations merely because their children are not able to get through them. They are of late becoming business fetish. Those who do not know question those who cannot tell. The examiners should discriminate between such types of questions as are asked for eliciting information and those which the Romans called *Oratorical Questions*—i. e. questions, which are asked to annoy the already puzzled candidates, or for amusement. The present day external examination is not entirely successful in discovering the culture which the pupils gain, by their contact with all aspects of life in school and outside; and many of the so-called failures show by their subsequent careers that they were far from being educable at school. They are successful in life. How can this English system, with the fixed number of lectures, the prescribed text-books and the exclusively written examination, work happily? Examinations, by their very nature, are not sure tests. One of the reasons that crippled the Elementary school pupil's activities in the last century was, the tight and tyrannical grip of the rigid system of examination. Now the Secondary schools are having their turn.

The examinations consume much of the pupil's precious time and make them unreasonably industrious. When some boys with all their weaknesses are not earnest in their studies, for them, perhaps, undesirable byways are provided, which some avail themselves of and get a pass, for what it is worth. The examinations cause undue and unnecessary strain upon the poor children besides the unwholesome influences on class instructions; and they naturally encourage cheating. Such is the unhealthy physical, moral and mental effect.

A candidate's choice of subjects has very much to do with his success at these "Little-Go" examinations. The examiners cannot examine all the capacities of the pupils. The practical, the executive and the artistic elements latent in the pupils receive little or no recognition. They do not test any *fitness*, except perhaps the 'fitness' to pass the examination, which is closely associated with promotions, which ought not to be.

What is the cause for so many failures? Either the teaching is woefully inefficient, or the examination itself is not what it purports to be. By giving no allowance to the plea of the teachers, we may say, for all practical purposes, that the defects may not so much lie on the side of teaching. Then it must be the defect of examinations. When it claims to be an *evaluative* examination, it is really a *selective* examination. The teachers ought to admit their inaccuracy of valuation and uneven distribution of marks, unless hindered by pride or fear of losing their position. Some of the teachers are just as bad as the examiners in preparing model answers, that can be easily memorised, quickly forgotten and not easily detected by the examiners. Teachers differ to a degree in marking the same piece of work. There is vast difference of valuation in some subjects like History and languages. In English the variation is sometimes from 42 % to 76 % and in History from 49 % to 78 % when valued by different examiners. And if a piece of work is valued by one and the same examiner under different circumstances the variation was from 35 % to 68 % in English and 67 to 87 % in History. The glaring blunders of the examiners are concealed under the tombstones of their victims. The teachers consider it beneath their dignity to promote almost all the pupils. How can the candidates, with their bodies of children and intellects of grownups get through any examination? It is at such targets that the critics of education aim their keenest shafts of wit.

The examiners are accused of want of touch with the standard and occasional or wilful vagaries in marking papers; answers which are too long and often difficult. To

quote an instance, the marks of the weaker candidates were raised by 11 % to prevent wholesale slaughter some ten years ago, in such a city as LONDON.

The present day innumerable books should be enriched with a number of clear and useful maps and diagrams and thought provoking questions involving the intelligent use of the maps etc. But the books do not leave any lasting impression, but successfully leave the pupils in ignorance. In some books, there is the tendency of the author to nonplus the innocent and simple child or even the teacher by putting unwarranted questions. Perhaps the teacher's job is to only help the pupils to merely pass the examinations and theirs, in their turn, only to pass them. If the pupils fail, each throws the blame on the other. After two or three or even four years of teaching, if a pupil fails it must mostly be the mistake of the teacher, other circumstances being favourable. The teacher ought to pity the undeserving, but condemning the worst is bad.

Intelligence tests were regarded as a "new stunt" about fifteen years ago. The chief purpose served by the Standard Tests is the improvement of the classroom instruction, through the more exact location, diagnosis and remedy of individual pupil's difficulties in learning.

Rev. George Fisher of Greenwich, in 1864, introduced the SCALE BOOK. The educational tests are distinguished on the one hand from scales, and on the other from mental tests. Individual examinations are distinguished from group examinations. Class teaching, dictated notes, black-board summaries and memorization without understanding do not constitute education. Education must be something more. The intelligence tests are a definite improvement in classification and in examination technique, instead of the traditional type of classification and examination. We discover a finer grading of all candidates by these tests in every examination. These tests demand from the teacher a new kind of effort; and from the pupil, a new kind of attention, if applied carefully. Old style tests are lotteries. We have to admit that classification in terms of definitely

right or wrong answers is much more convincing than classification in terms of an examiner's private judgment.

In India, the environment of the school, the pupil, and the area may be separately considered. To be brief, most of the Western methods are found to be unsuitable to Indian conditions. Here is a case. A student talks Maratti at home, speaks Canarese outside, and learns Telugu at school when the court language is English. Can we expect any progress in such a boy in any of the languages? When the teacher gets into the class, his physical frame is in the class and his mind outside planning as to how best he can get his next square meal. The teachers, to please the authorities, blindly follow the orders of the School Inspectors and help to ruin the pupils. To add to this, frequent change of Inspectors means frequent change of methods and this means weak boys becoming weaker still and bad boys becoming worse.

If the Dalton plan or the modified Dalton plan or the Assignment Method as is followed in some schools, is insisted on, without considering the strength of the class, the minimum staff, little apparatus and few appliances, it cannot but be a source of nuisance both to the teacher and the taught. By these tests, we cannot measure their intelligence, but their industry and memory. It is no wonder that the industrious boy gets through, but not the intelligent one. To be brief if the inspecting authorities also, first, undergo some Refresher's Course, it would be very good for all.

The use of *performance tests* of intelligence in vocational guidance may be tried viz., a group test of the verbal type. Secondly, an individual examination by means of a revised form of the Stanford Binet test. There are about nine performance tests, like the general ability tests; tests for linguistic intelligence etc., which I believe are not completely successful. But my opinion is, that similar tests of the above kinds may be tried in India by experts and progress watched. These scientific tests may supplement our examination. Let our goal be the giving of the

fullest opportunity for every child, and in this line we have so much to do and so little done.

Let our benign Government throw open all the general examinations to private candidates also. Let the state put down the bad examinations and all examinations at the wrong places and times. Dr. Ballard has rightly said that there is too much art and too little science in the present day examinations; and that personality plays too large a part and scientific principles too little. I think, the new type questions are intended as tests only and not as exercises. The comparatively short answers to the comparatively many questions and added to that, the marking of scripts are too dependent upon the idiosyncracies of the examiners. Even long answers or essays or compositions of the old type are good means of training but a bad means of examining; because an essay is a work of art, as well as a statement of fact and opinion with its own aesthetic qualities, which are almost impossible to assess. The examiners are not provided with such sensitive assessing balances up till now. The weaknesses of the examiners are there, but the degree ought to be reduced to the minimum. In an examination lasting for three hours, one candidate who gets 34 % is failed, while another getting 35 % is declared eligible. That one mark is the deciding factor. What is the value of that single mark? What is the psychology of the mark? What is wrong with that mark? These are some questions to be considered.

Some examiners are liberal up to 33 % and if they want to raise it by 2 %, they might have to go through the answers once or even twice, which they won't do. The tendency to fail the pupils must be absent from the minds of the examiners. What is the pass? A pass is no more than a certificate of the satisfactory completion of a particular school course. Secondly the pass standard is the standard reached by the candidates of REASONABLE INTELLIGENCE and lastly, this standard must be reached by atleast 80 % of the candidates

The examinations should be based on the methods and devices which have been developed in the attempts

of the psychologists to measure intelligence. The examination system has to be overhauled for good and the questions should be based more on the tests of intelligence and grasp of the subjects than on mere memory. More of translation exercise should be introduced in testing grammatical knowledge. Let us recognise different types of minds and make provision for testing the various capacities of children. As far as possible, we have to eliminate personal competitions. Let us judge only, after a far more complete knowledge of the candidate's work, than is possible by correcting papers, worked under the usual artificial examination conditions. What is wrong if atleast some reference books are allowed during the examinations. In Germany, the respective teachers examine their own pupils. No external examinations are there. This system has also taken root in Australia. The teacher is worthy of being entrusted with the responsibilities the system entails.

The appeal to the pupil's sense of achievement is a very valuable lever, especially if we judge them not in comparison with their fellows, but on their previous work, culture and intelligence.

A Romance of Ancient India.*

By TAMICS



HOSE halcyon days of hallowed Ind..... High on his Imperial throne, in the audience hall of a thousand golden pillars sat Prasenajit, Emperor of Avanti, King of all kings, Master of Men, Descended of the Sun, Conqueror of the Universe, Regent of God on Earth. Around him courtiers thronged the hall though the regal tasks of the day were well nigh ended.

Said one :—"The king of Chitrakuta prays for your Majesty's forgiveness. Gravely he laments his late disobedience."

"Tell him his sins are forgiven and his dignities restored" said Prasenajit, "though treason is the most heinous of all crimes."

He turned to his Mantri.

"May it please Your Majesty" began that august counsellor in subdued tones "there is but one more wish that I would fain put forward."

He waited for the royal assent for too well he knew how Prasenajit avoided the subject. But His Majesty was gracious this day and the emboldened Mantri began—"It is the earnest desire of every one of your beloved subjects that the Emperor of Avanti should not be childless. An unsettled succession is the worst of all evils that can befall a country and....."

"An Emperor of Avanti never disappointed his subjects who indeed are his own children" broke in Prasenajit.

The minister's eyes were bedimmed with tears of joy. He continued—"The king of Chitrakuta has three daughters and seeks our alliance. Two of them are passing fair and endowed with all graces befitting queens....."

But said Prasenajit, "Leave that to me Mantri. The heir of Avanti shall not be born out of an ordinary womb.

* Based on Sanskrit and Bengali stories.

Take thou the reins of Government and if ordained by our fathers Avanti shall see her empress soon."

II

The king of Chitrakuta had three daughters—Indrani, Chandrani and Rudrani. A bounteous nature had bestowed on the elder princesses all those graces regal ladies are proud to possess. But as though a malevolent creator sponsored her birth, Princess Rudrani was lacking in these gifts. She was not ugly—nay far from it, but beside her sisters she formed an unpleasant contrast and no prince from far and wide besought her hand. They twitted her oft on her melancholy lot with the pride and vanity of fair maidens' hearts. Dutiful sister she still remained and ill will she bore against none.

Oh! Princess Rudrani, may the giver of all gifts yet reward thee.

III

It was a calm delightful evening. Yellow slanting rays of the setting sun tinted golden the shrubs and trees in the orchard. Blossoms and birds waited by the breeze lavishly spread sweet odours around.

The King of Chitrakuta accompanied by his daughters came sauntering along the inter-twining pathways while the wind moved flowery twigs to greet them.

Stealthily a figure crept out of the thicket and prostrated himself before them. The king was surprised and asked, "Who art thou, Oh! stranger and whence comest thou?"

He rose to the full height of manhood and said, "I come Oh! King, from beyond those far off hills that girt your land and I seek employment in your benign service."

"That shall be given unto thee" said the amused king, "But what art thou?"

"I am a gardener by profession and to me the living plants their language speak. I hold communion with the souls of flowers and the buds lay bare their bosoms to me."

"So be it" granted the king and the regal personages passed along.

IV

And a marvel the new gardener wrought in the king's garden. Under his magic touch, slumbering nature stirred herself into verdurous youth.

Then one day came Princess Indrani to admire the flowers that had grown so bright and numerous. She bade the gardener prepare a garland of blossoms for her and watched enthralled how his dextrous hands created a marvel of beauty.

He had one request to make. Assured, he said falteringly, "Princess, of my own free will, I would with my own hands, grace thee with this gift."

She quivered with anger while she shrieked, "Knowest, wretch, thou hast spoken thus to the Empress-to-be of Avanti. For thy impertinence, a painful death awaits you". And she hurried to her father.

Undismayed, he repeated his prayer to Princess Chandrani who came after. She seized his token and trampled it out of shape, adding, "The lord of Avanti is a suitor to my hand and you a gardener to outrage me thus—food for the dogs you shall be".

Followed Princess Rudrani, but he dared not proffer his love to another. Unnoticed, she took up the mis-shapen garland and a fairer wreath she made of it.

It was then he lifted his head, for a moment his eyes met hers.

He was disturbed by the clanging of spurs behind.

V

They were the king's soldiers.

His was a serious crime—that of having insulted the King's daughters. The penalty was—death.

"Let him be impaled on the morrow on the outskirts of the city" ordered the king.

But the fates had willed otherwise. For on the morrow the king was to worship the manes of his departed ancestors and the hand of death was stayed.

Instead, he was confined for life in the traitor's cellar in the palace.

VI

Imprisoned in a small dark stone room and shut out for ever from the light of the world, lay the erstwhile gardener.

A tiny trap-door on high opened and a basket of food was lowered unto him. He spurned to touch it, disdaining to prolong his life. The food was lifted and the door closed instantly.

Then where the world lay still, he heard the faint thud of muffled feet prowling round. He shuddered for a moment and listened still. Again the door opened and a tray of choicest fruits slid down into the gloom. He moved not an inch till a gentle whisper of entreaty, 'Eat', followed softly in its wake. That voice inspired him with new longing to live and eagerly he grasped the gift from above.

Thus it went on till one night he asked, "Who art thou so mindful of an unworthy prisoner?" There was no answer and that night the choice viands lay untouched. He repeated his query when the nocturnal host came again. 'I am an attendant of the household' volunteered a tender womanly voice.

He asked later, "Do you wish me to be free?" She evaded a direct answer saying, "That is impossible for the palace is guarded". But when his insistence left no loophole, she whispered softly "Yes".

"Will you get me" he enquired, "parchment and some ink. There is a message I would send to Avanti."

She was puzzled and said, "Who art thou that comest from Avanti? Art thou not the palace gardener?"

"Yes, the gardener that was and the prisoner that is" he answered.

She gave him all he wanted and his letter with his signet ring, she despatched to Avanti through a special courier.

VII

In the dark, dark night, silently and with bated breath, the myriad hosts of the Emperor of Avanti closed in a ring of steel and sword round the city walls of the capital of Chitrakuta. No slumbering soul dreamt of the girdle of death that was drawn tighter and closer throughout the steep pall of blackness enveloping the town.

Long before day break, the Minister of Avanti, surrounded by his generals, challenged the dazed solitary sentry with the words, "I demand instant audience with your king".

That was soon granted as the king of Chitrakuta, bereft of regalia, came hurrying to meet them.

In solemn sombre notes the minister said, "The Emperor of Avanti is a prisoner in your hands and I demand his instant release."

Perplexed, the king answered, "Though dost deride me, Mantri. The Emperor of Avanti is all-powerful. How could he be a prisoner?"

"This is no time O King for dallying with words. Release our Emperor or the kingdom of Chitrakuta ceases to exist".

His look was one of grim determination. It was reflected from his generals to the besieging host.

Almost without warning, a myriad tongues of double-edged steel rose up glittering in the morning sun lighting up darkest corners of the city.

Trembling and bewildered, the king begged for information.

"Our lord is a prisoner in the traitor's cellar of your palace and"

The king did not wait for more.

VIII

They awakened the prisoner rudely when the doors were burst open.

"Forgive me, Maharaja," prayed the penitent king, "I did not know".

Forgive him, Prasenajit did too readily, adding, "I have but one boon to ask....."

"This humble vassal's life at your service, Lord. I pray that I may not add to my grievous sins".

"I seek in marriage" hastened Prasenajit, "the attendant who nursed me in prison".

The attendants of the royal household stood forth. She was not among them, he knew. And he knew also.

And while the king began :—"Two fair daughters of mine....."; the impatient Emperor said, "I seek in marriage the hand of Princess Rudrani for she brought unto me the longing to live."

She was found hiding, as though some dark deed of shame had been committed and the light of the day should never alight on her.

"I sought not beauty of form" explained Prasenajit, "I looked for a womanly heart and found it only in Princess Rudrani who shall be my bride through the years to come". So hail, Empress Rudrani of Avanti.

Book Reviews.

Mysteries of Celestial Dynamics—by C. S. Swetanyam, B.A. B.L. Printed at the National Press, Mount Road, Madras. Price Rs. 2—8 as.

The work is one of the useful additions to astrological lore in the English language, presented chiefly from the Hindu point of view. It is comprehensive in character and will be much more welcome to the general world of readers who may be interested in the subject than the author's "Treasures of the Turf" whose usefulness was after all limited to race-goers.

The scheme of the book, as developed through its different chapters, is more or less like the scheme of Brihatjataka by Varahamihira or other standard treatises in Hindu Astrology. But the author has placed himself under obligations to several authorities extant in Sanskrit literature, on whom he has freely drawn. He has not attempted a word for word translation of the passages from the books consulted by him, but has given a free, and a fairly idiomatic rendering of hundreds of passages from the old authorities. The value of the book is not in the least detracted from, by the fact that the book is surcharged with translations from the classical writers in Sanskrit.

Practically, every topic on astrology which is of use to the individual consultant has been tackled by the author, in the shortest compass, and he has given to the reader, on every topic, a bewildering wealth of detail, which the reader may use to his best advantage. It would be difficult to describe the book as a critical survey of astrology nor has the author brought in his experiences and verifications, which he was quite competent to do, from his long contact with the subject. From the point of view of predictive astrology, I should have welcomed a certain amount of freedom from the classical methods of the ancient writers in which research is aided by induction.

The author has emphasised the true Hindu point of view about astrology, as an auxilliary to Vedanta, being only a Vedanga, and clearly points out that according to Hindu thinking all human effort is summed up in the integral formula of Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha. On the question of freewill versus predestination, as viewed in the light of astrology, the author may have been more definite; on the question of determining one's occupation from the planetary positions, the author

has crowded a lot of interesting details into his chapter and has also pointed out that in the complex civilisation of today with ever-varied occupations, the old formulas of the ancient writers may not stand scrutiny. In my humble view, some inductive investigation, such as is called for by the changed circumstances, seems to be necessary and new formulas should be evolved. I should have welcomed the author's dealing with the good or evil effects of particular planetary combinations in the light of inductive investigation. Likewise, I should have welcomed the author's independent views on "Dosha Samyam" as they have emerged from an examination of horoscopes where the test had failed or had succeeded.

Very useful as the book is, to an interested student of astrology, to whom the original sanskrit sources are closed, on account of ignorance of Sanskrit it is in no sense a primer of astrology, popularly introducing the salient points of the subject to the lay reader. Such a book we do have in the "Highways in Astrology" by Kumbha, and when the interested reader asks for more details on the subject, after gripping the Primer, he can usefully turn to the "Mysteries of Celestial Dynamics". Let no reader imagine that he can be saturated with astrological lore by the study of any single work however complete. The more books, I mean authoritative books, he can read, the better; and more valuable than even book-lore, is the inductive examination of horoscopes. The subject of astrology is also reduced to sutra literature in Sanskrit and it should have been really useful to the reader to get a true estimate of it from the author. The book is neatly printed, though not free from printer's devil, but the small types used for printing should embarrass many a reader with defective vision.

A.

The Eternal Triangle. By N. Thiagarajan, Dramatic Assistant, Madanapalle College.

This is a drama written within a small compass of 14 pages and it keeps unity of time, place and action. The love affair between the two main characters, Sundar and Vimala is of topical interest. Vimala is a graduate bride and Sundar is a bridegroom with up-to-date views on marriage and birth-control. His advanced views on marriage prove his own undoing. Vimala plays an apparently cruel joke on him by getting ready to elope with her own father in the guise of a stranger. Towards the end we have a happy re-union between the lovers, and Sundar, Vimala and her father are united by bonds of love in one eternal Triangle.

In Memoriam—Dr. S. Rangachari. Victoria Jubilee Press, Chittoor.

This is a collection of appreciative notes on the late Dr. S. Rangachari of Madras. The letters of appreciation are collected from people in various walks of life—lawyers, doctors, businessmen and politicians. They show clearly how the late Doctor lived a life of utter selflessness in the true Gita way minding very little the fruits of his actions, and what loss the city and the Presidency of Madras have sustained by the premature death of such an eminent Surgeon and Physician. The proposal for a worthy memorial to this "Dhanwanthri" of our day is supported by all and is to be hoped that these verbal appreciations of the many-sided personality of the Doctor will soon materialise themselves into something concrete, say a good bust or a statue, so that the province of Madras might cherish the memory of one of the "healers of humanity" in the relatively permanent marble and stone. Will this province rise to the occasion?

Ex-King Edward VIII. (Men of To-day Series)—By H. R. Aiyer, C. S. Raja and Co., Baroda; Price As. 4.

This is the first book of a series of biographies entitled "Men of to-day series". The object of this series is to acquaint the youth of our country with the lives of contemporary great men.

In this booklet of 48 pages all the important details of the life of Ex-king Edward are given. It is written in simple and direct English prose and is very modestly priced. But the style and the method adopted by the author lack that appreciative warmth which a biographer is expected to show in chronicling the life of his hero. The personal and human side of the hero is not much touched upon and the reading of the book produces on one's mind the impression that Ex-king Edward is not after all one far above "the roll of common men".

The audience to which this series is addressed being the Indian boys and girls, it would have been more appropriate for the publishers and for the author to choose a hero nearer home—e. g. Mahatma Gandhi or Jawharlal Nehru—for the first book of their series.

On the whole the book under review has more merits than defects.

P. N.

World Peace and How to Establish it. By D. N. Deb, Zindabazar, Sylhet, Assam. Price: Two Annas.

This pamphlet rightly stresses on the need for a change of heart in the average citizen. Instead of feeling that one is the

citizen of a particular country, he ought to feel that he is one of the world. The great minds of the world have recognised that "with all our scientific developments, with all our life long laborious struggle and hankering after peace", we are still as far away from it as ever. The author suggests two modes by which, according to him, the ideal of world citizenship could be reached. The first is the common one of a world peace organisation with a central office and a net work of branches, distributed throughout the world doing propaganda work through its own and other newspapers, conferences, congresses etc. The other suggestion is most astounding. He wants a total "Abolition of marriage and family system" for according to him 'Marriage and family' form "The greatest barrier against the establishment of world peace, the establishment of kingdom of heaven on earth". We do not think the author will find much support to this fantastic idea, at least in this country.

Food, Clothing and Shelter-Series of Geographical Text Books. Book I. By L. Mc. D. Robinson, B. A., (Manchester), Director of Education, Ceylon. Published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. Price Ten Annas.

As its title indicates this is a yet new series of Geography text books introduced by that enterprising firm of Text-Book Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan and Co. This Book contains 10 lessons. Each lesson gives the child an idea about one subject. There is a second part appended to each lesson, it being designed to test and fix the knowledge which the pupils may later apply. The first lesson, for instance gives the child an idea about the different ways by which people get their food, clothing and shelter as Hunters, Herdsmen and Cultivators. The idea behind the publication of this series of text books is excellent and children of the lower forms will find them extremely interesting. We draw the attention of other text book publishers to the attractive way in which this book is printed.

Who Art Thou and other Verses. By Ramanadesa K. S. Seshagiri. B. A., 138, Brodies Road, Mylapore, Madras. Price two annas.

The author is a devotee of Sri Ramana Maharishi of Arunagiri. The pamphlet under notice contains eight short verses. The central idea of six of them is "I am the Atman" and the versifier wants the reader to search within and realise this. Of the two other verses one is a piece of advice to the fair ones of our land, the other an exhortation to the educated youths. The poetry is enlivening.



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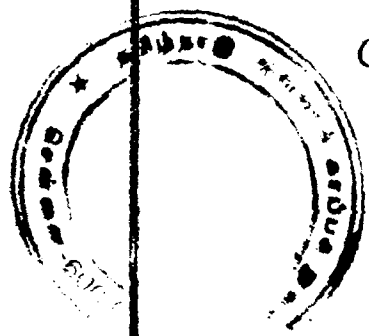
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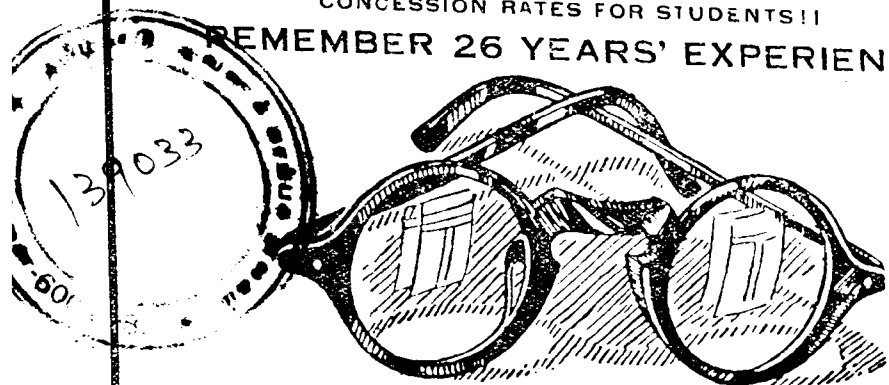
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ANNOUNCEMENT

THE
SCHOLAR ANNUAL, 1937

PUBLICATION IN OCTOBER

With September, *The Scholar* completes the twelfth year of its existence and, in accordance with our practice in previous years the first number of the new volume will be an extraordinary number.

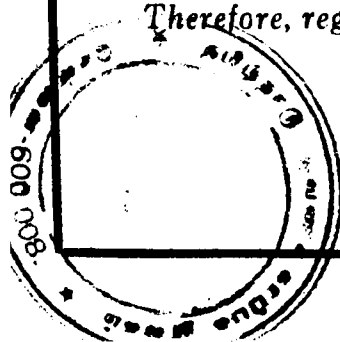
It will contain a larger number of features than usual, and numerous pictures, views, stories, dramas, poems and contributions in lighter vein.

The 1937 Annual will be a star number and provide a favourable and suitable opportunity for advertisers, who it is hoped, will patronise it in large numbers.

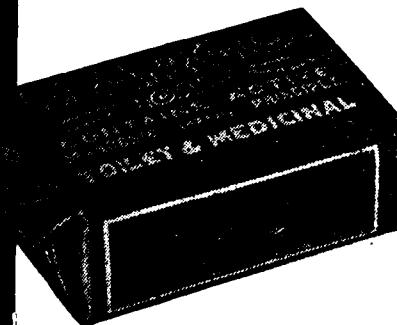
A single copy will cost annas twelve, but those who register their names in advance will get a concession of annas two a copy. This concession will be allowed till October 25. As usual, subscribers will get their Annual Copy free as also new subscribers who begin their period from the Annual, i. e., from October 1937.

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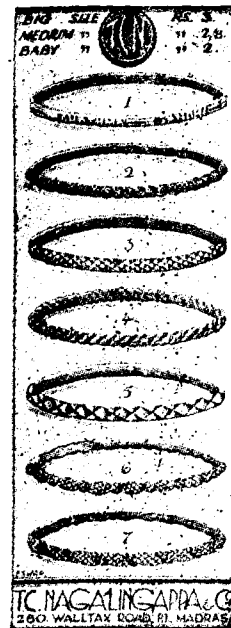
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by Nicholas Roerich.

"ARMAGEDDON 1936"



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From Beyond

(DIARY LEAVES)

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

THERE is a particular kind of people who call themselves sceptics and who require "material proofs", and yet in this, for each proof they will find some disproof of their own. If a witness to something appears, they will say that it simply seemed so to him. If a great number of witnesses come forward, it will very likely be declared that mass psychosis took place. If they see the impression of something on a material film, they will probably suspect some cleverly fabricated falsification. In this they lose sight of the fact that a man who is too suspicious of others bears within himself the germs of that very thing which he is so ready to impute to others.

Among all the forms of evidence, the most striking ones for sceptics will be signs which have appeared on material objects. If something appears upon a film which was not in front of the camera at the moment of exposure, then even a sworn doubter will be shaken in his confirmed scepticism, that is to say, in his ignorance. So many times each one has had occasion to meet with people who have solemnly declared that if proofs should be manifested to

them, they would proclaim far and wide that of which they had been convinced. But when these proofs which they were awaiting appeared before their very eyes, not only did none of them proclaim anything publicly, but they continued quite coolly to wear the same mantle of sceptical complacence. Does one need to cite examples of this?

Let us leave for awhile the matter of personal observations and for the time being disregard the great number of witnesses, while we recall several episodes in the field of photography. A large amount of literature has grown up regarding the question of photographing forms "from beyond". In the book "Photographing the Invisible" by James Coates can be found a whole series of prints which it is difficult to suspect of any falsification. Likewise it is just as impossible to regard as spurious those accidental prints which the photographers themselves consider due simply to defective films. I recall how once in India a photograph was taken of a deceased person, and on the print beside the body appeared a whole row of figures, which those intimate with the deceased conclusively recognized as relatives of his, who had preceded him in death. Likewise we have had occasion to see simple passport photographs upon which in the most unusual places appeared faces which could not be accounted for. Photographers have been chagrined at deteriorated films, but of course such "deterioration" can take place far oftener than may be supposed.

Quite recently there was communicated to us the following "mysterious" episode, which took place during the filming of a motion picture.

This amazing story which occurred on the set in one of the Hollywood studios was related by the distinguished American cinema artist, Warner Baxter. During the making of the picture sequences, in the course of the action, he was to represent a man mourning over the death of his wife. The actor was in great form, and the director remarked that never before in his life had he played his role with such versimilitude.

That evening the film taken was run off in the projection room at the studio in the presence of the director. After several minutes he rushed to the telephone and called Baxter.

"Come immediately," he said in a trembling voice, "something absolutely unbelievable has happened."

Baxter hastened to the studio in an automobile. The director led him into the projection room and told the operator to rerun the film taken that morning.

That which Baxter saw on the screen stunned him also. He saw himself seated in an armchair in an attitude of despair. Suddenly behind his back appeared quite perceptible lineaments of a woman's figure. Neither Baxter nor the director could find any explanation for this astonishing manifestation. The possibility of the unobserved appearance of an outsider before the camera during the filming was absolutely excluded. Likewise there could be no question of a technical trick. The camera man affirmed on oath that he had used an absolutely immaculate roll of film.

The next day the taking of this same scene was repeated, with all measures of precaution being taken. When this second film was run off, the amazed spectators again saw this mysterious apparition behind the actor's back.

In the words of Warner Baxter, to this day he has not succeeded in accounting for this astonishing manifestation. Some of the cinema artists who believe in the occult sciences affirm that in the case cited there took place a manifestation of some particular spirit. Others affirm that the thoughts of the actor, attaining a high degree of tension, took on a material form. The fact that the mysterious spectre appeared in both the successive exposures excludes any possibility of fraud or trick.

Let us set aside for awhile carrying out to conclusion arguments as to precisely how to explain the unexpected appearance of the figure on the film. On these themes it is possible to discourse at great length, and for sceptics such conjectures will still be unconvincing. But the very

appearance of the figure on the film, which was testified to by the many who saw this registration, remains indisputable. It is especially characteristic that the episode occurred twice. It is entirely impossible to form conjectures and conclusions about precisely what attendant circumstances could contribute to such a manifestation. Obviously there exist such conditions, complicated as viewed by human thinking, which do not as yet yield to formulation.

We have had occasion to hear in what unexpected conditions the most remarkable prints have resulted. Yet at the same time, when, according to human reasoning, the "best" conditions were arranged, no results were obtained. Precisely the unexpectedness of manifestations especially arrests the attention. In this very unexpectedness vanishes any suggestion of fraud. And again, what falsification could be looked for in those cases, when people not only do not rejoice at the manifestations, but on the contrary consider them simply deterioration of films?

It has been related to us, how a friend of ours obtained from a photographer's studio a so-called unsuccessful photograph, upon which in different positions there had come out some strange unaccounted-for faces. The photographer was extremely apologetic for such strangely spoiled film, and did not even want to give away a negative, in his opinion so unsuccessful. In this case it is characteristic that the apartment itself of the photographer was quite the usual type, in which there were made numerous exposures every day. And our friend himself was in a most ordinary worldly frame of mind, being completely removed from thought about anything extraordinary. Many times we have happened to hear that surprising manifestations occur not when they are expected by the human reason, but precisely in the most unexpected circumstances. We have happened to see the rooms where remarkable prints had been made, and it was amazing that in such a drab atmosphere anything unusual could take place. Evidently there exist especially subtle conditions which for the present elude human understanding.

Likewise by their own premature conclusions people frequently destroy the possibilities of significant manifestations. The grossest judgments during the subtlest manifestations can only be harmful. Before making any arbitrary conclusions, one should without prejudice collect all the available facts. In this matter, let people call you materialists,—it is unimportant how they shall define your methods. But first of all it is important to display impartiality in all relationships. The film is a material object. No one will suspect the film and the photographic apparatus of anything "supernatural". But if these material objects note down something most subtle, it is all the same by what path and what method, provided the new facts penetrate into the human consciousness. Everything which broadens and bestows new possibilities must be accepted with gratitude.

If a noteworthy fact comes out not in a specially constructed laboratory but amidst the most worldly surroundings, then certainly this detail in no wise belittles its true significance. It is possible to call to mind so many most useful discoveries made not by specialists in the particular field, but sometimes as it were by casual workers. From the domain of metallurgy we have had occasion to hear how specialists have paid attention to the particular methods employed by certain experienced workmen. Precisely these "casual" methods subsequently proved especially useful in the hands of specialists, forming them into an integral and significant improvement.

Specialists divide themselves into two camps. Some, even those who are serious scholars, arrogantly pass by the most interesting facts if they are not arrayed in scientific garb. Whereas the others, amid the most ordinary surroundings, know how to observe and to work out most important improvements. Of course it is well known that there has been inspected only the most insignificant portion of brain activity. Not without reason has attention frequently been turned to the fact that human mutual relationships have been least of all studied. Call these domains psychology or, circumstantially, reflexology; give them any names

which can assist your experiments, but guard these most precious fields against light-minded outrage.

It is highly indicative that such books as Alexis Carrel's "Man, the Unknown" have reached ten editions and are considered the most widely circulated in the international market. Man is still striving for cognition. Apart from epidemics of dances and newly devised games, people in all countries are striving for enlightenment. News has reached that at present in Moscow upon suggestion of the late Maxim Gorky a colossal block of buildings covering 450 hectares is being erected, dedicated to the study of man. The central place is occupied by the All-Union Institute of Experimental Medicine. Research with goodwill is the first factor in advancement.

The Outriders.

It is He on the white horse that we must outride
For the waters are rising and in comes the tide,
Then let us go quicker and quicker than He,
Like the sun and the rain and the wind on the sea.

Look! he rides as the foam on the waters that pour
In their torrents to break up the rocks on the shore,
And the storm winds are with Him to urge on his flight,
While the light of the west has long sunk from our sight.

And the air is alive with black pinions, a beam
As of metal wings kindles the East in its gleam,
'Tis a light that is sinister saffron and dun,
And that tinges the foam like a sinister sun.

Yet an army behind Him all riding as one,
And all armed with the shafts of an Infinite Sun
Are invading the Past as the light of the Dawn,
Will invade the dark night till a New World is born.

For the Iron shall break up the Iron, and the Fire
Burn up all the anger, devour all the ire,
Till the forest huts rise as an emblem of Peace
And the Golden Age come and the cities shall cease.

Though the sands and the salt water pools hurry by,
Yet the night cometh up with no star in the sky,
Then let us go quicker and quicker than He,
Like the Sun and the Rain and the Wind on the Sea.

Barnett. D. Conlan

The Swinburne Centenary

BY DIWAN BAHADUR K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

IT was on the 7th April 1937 that the Swinburne Centenary was celebrated. A century has elapsed since his birth. The Victorian era has now vanished and we are now in a new age. The themes and rhymes which charmed our grandfathers charm us no more. The Great War has come and gone, and a greater war is looming on the horizon. We can no longer "sport with Amarylls in the shade or with the tangles of Naera's hair". Though thus the puny loves and faiths of an older era may now only provoke a smile, yet whatever profoundly interested and stirred an earlier generation—and one not far off from us by physical or emotional or spiritual kinship—must move us even today.

The great poets of Europe have not been left with that curious combination of neglect and worship which we exhibit in India. The lives of our poets are a mass of legends and we know nothing about their combined littleness and greatness of soul, their likes and dislikes, their ambitions and achievements. But the Western poets are luckier in every way.

This is not all. We have been content with a grammatical and linguistic and rhetorical and prosodic study of our poets. The greatest of our commentators—Mallinatha, Nachinarkiniar and others, have been but speaking dictionaries. Some have studied our great poets from a historical or comparative or national or international or aesthetic or spiritual point of view. None has traced their aesthetic and spiritual ancestry. None has sought to trace their relations to their age. None has tried to estimate their influence on their successors. Even the *Ramayana* has been left uncared for. No doubt it has been handled—may I say mishandled and manhandled—to bolster up this or that sectarian scheme of thought. But that is all. The Western poets are luckier in these respects. Even such a

new-comer as Swinburne has been studied from many aspects by many thinking admirers and admiring thinkers,

Swinburne was born on 5th April 1837 in London. He was born in sight of the sea and amid lovely surroundings. He describes his early impressions thus :

The sun to sport in and the cliffs to scale,
The sea to clasp and wrestle with, till breath
For rapture more than weariness would fail.
The many-coloured joys of dawn and noon,
That lit with love a child's life and a boy's,
And kept a man's concord and in tune
With lifelong music of memorial joys
Where thought held life and dream in equipoise.
The joy that lives at heart and home,
The joy to rest, the joy to roam,
The joy of crags and scaurs he clomb,
The rapture of the encountering foam
Embraced and breasted by the boy,
The first good stead his knees bestrode,
The first wild sound of songs that flowed
Through ears that thrilled and hearts that glowed
Fulfilled his death with joy.

He says that he owed his inspiration to the Bible and to Charles Lamb's *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*. He fell in love with the Elizabethan dramatists. His early poems such as *The Ode to Mazzini* do not have the wonderful Swinburne touch as a great master of the English metrics. But even in that poem there occurs a fine passage—which is strangely as applicable to India now as to Italy in those days :

As one who dreaming on some cloud-white peak
Hears the loud wind sail past him far and free,
And the faint music of the misty sea,
Listening till all his life reels blind and weak ;
So discrowned Italy
With the world's hope in her hands
Ever yearning to get free
Silent between the past and future stands.

In *Atalanta in Babylon* and *Poems and Ballads* and *Songs Before Sunrise* we are in the most radiant Swinburnian era. The gorgeous procession of anapaestic measures

in them is dazzling even to the point of bewilderment. I give below a characteristic bit of poetry from *Atalanta*.

When the bounds of spring are in winters traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of waves and ripples of rain ;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain."

In the same drama there occurs the famous passage :

" Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears,
Grief, with a glass than ran,
Pleasure, with pain for leaven,
Summer, with flowers that fell,
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell,
Strength without hands to smite,
Love that endures for a breath,
Night, the shadow of light,
And the life, the shadow of death,
They gave him light in his way,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire ;
With his lips he travaileth ;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes preknowledge of death ;
He weaves and is clothed with derision ;
Sows, and he shall not reap ;
His life is a watch and a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep."

We see also in it his fierce and foolish denunciation of God—his petty and puny thunders against the Supreme.

" Smites without sword and scourges without rod,
The Supreme evil, God."

It was *Atalanta* that made Swinburne famous. His trilogy on Mary Queen of Scots is equally remarkable. But the supremely Swinburnian note is to be noted in his *Poems*

and *Ballads* (First Series and Second Series) and *Songs before Sunrise*. Some wonderful snatches from them may well be quoted :

" O bitterness of things too sweet !
O broken sighing of the dove !
Love's wings are over-fleet,
And like the panther's feet
The feet of love."
But in the light and laughter, in the moan
And music, and in grasp of lip and hand
And shudder of water that makes felt on land
The immeasurable tremor of all the sea,
Memories shall mix and metaphors of me."
" Like me the one star swooning with desire
Even at the cold lips of the sleepless moon,
As I at thine, like me the waste white moon,
Burnt through with barren sunlight ; and like me
The land-stream and the tide-stream in the sea."

It is not possible to go into all his works here. His genius generally took fire from other luminaries but burnt with his own peculiar blaze of colour. He took the cue first from the Elizabethan drama and then from Greek drama and then from Victor Hugo. But his rhythm was his own and the revolutionary fervour which he brought in was an inner exhalation. He eventually attached moral convention and religious and spiritual ideals with concentrated animosity.

His prose works have fine qualities of their own, though they are far below the level of his work as a poet. Among them may be mentioned his *Study of Shakespeare*, the *Modern Heptalogia*, *Note on Charlotte Bronte*, *The Age of Shakespeare* etc. His enthusiastic nature forbade a real depth and width of critical discernment. But where his enthusiasm was kindled, he could interpret with strange revelatory power.

His finest work is, as already stated by me, in the field of the lyric. He gave the lyric a new lilt and a new glory of movement. He galvanised the English iambic by the electric shocks of the dactyl and the anapaest. He substituted the rich comprehensiveness of an orchestral

harmony for the single instrument or the small combinations of earlier eras. He did not give the Goddess of Poesy a new message but he clad her in a rich brocade of song.

I may refer in conclusion to a few of his great ideas on poets and poetry. He affirmed that poetry "should have a high standard of sincerity and idealism, "a heat of spiritual life", "an ardent harmony", "an instinct and resolution of excellence which will allow no shortcoming or malformation of thought or word". He declared also: "The test of the highest poetry is that it includes all tests". "A great poet can perfect his picture with strangely few touches".

What is Religion? Its need and its goal.

By AGHORAM AIYER

(Continued from our previous issue)



HAT underlying weakness in religion was it that made it through the ages an instrument of hatred, discord and strife, while from, another side of it, it was an archangel of peace and blessedness? It was due chiefly to its having become mixed up with the supernatural. In the early ages of human society it was more natural for man to connect a living power with the great phenomena of nature. Then, there was the phenomenon of death, and men felt so dearly for their kindred that departed this sphere. It was natural for men to send out their thoughts to those that were dead, and in the process get to believe in communicating with the dead. Then there was the great miracle of dream consciousness, and sleep and apparent death, and emergence from out of them without any hurt to life. Then, there were the great cataclysmal happenings in nature, the earthquakes and the volcanoes and the floods. Struck dumb by several of these strange phenomena early man's mind turned to the supernatural. From the conception of several supernatural agencies, gradually evolved the conception of a single supreme power which held together the different parts of the universe in a state of order. Most historical religions have come up to that centralising monotheistic conception. When you introduce the element of the supernatural into your investigation, you cannot help inculcating certain doctrines as a matter of belief. But when you are concerned with making people believe, rather than making them realise, you are coming up against a vulnerable spot. Most often your effort will be to make people believe against themselves.

Much of the discord and strife that has been generated in the world through religion is due to its having been

organised as an annexe of the State, and the attempt of the State to force certain beliefs upon its citizens. This disfiguring side of religion has been more particularly brought into view during certain ill-fated periods of European History. The idea that the State should support a Church and should give sanction to the beliefs and convictions of the people on ultimate things was most hurtful to the true growth of religion. Human mind pressed forward with investigation into these vexed questions. Different schools of thought came into vogue and gained support from adherents. Some one of them influenced the counsels of the State and got up mixed with all the policies of the State and with the aid of the State attained a dominium over people's minds. It was a state of affairs in which the State and the Church entered into a conspiracy to crush the spirit of freedom, to crush enquiry and knowledge.

At the same time, this unfortunate position did not develop in this peculiar manner in other parts of the world. The persecutions in the name of religion, in these cases, resulted from the alliance between the State and the church. The Church was one of the Estates of the Realm and it was a power to reckon with in shaping the policies of the State. Religious persecution of a totally different kind was witnessed by the world for some centuries when a few adventurous and ambitious spirits in Islam worked up by the idea of a pan-Islamic empire embarked with conquering zeal and swept large parts of the world before them and propagated the faith they believed in, even by compulsion and threat and peril to life. There are conflicting versions as to these persecutions, but a great substratum of truth is believed by most historians to be present in them. It is almost certain that in the times ahead of us, there would be no circumstances which would help religion being used as an instrument of empire building, or being propagated with the methods of violence which were employed by certain sections of the human race.

The forces that control political action and State policies in these modern times are more economic and industrial than religious. Although a part of the offensive or

the destructive side of religion, namely bigotry and persecution is dying a natural death in these times owing to the domination of other forces in life, it cannot be said that very healthy minded thinking is growing and progressing among the human race. It cannot be said that which is the only indestructible, the only rational, and sustaining side of religion is sufficiently emphasised in the deliberations that take place on matters of religion, although I am free to confess that there is some progress in this line and I am not inclined to despond for the future. I am afraid that even the most highly cultured sections of the community are in the grip of authoritarianism, and the Church or the Samaj or some other agency arrogates to itself the place of the keeper of our consciences and our spiritual pathfinder. The religions we are born in exercise a strange and subtle spell over us, and we do not get the point of view necessary for entering in a spirit of identification, into the religious experiences that have been recorded in other sister faiths.

On this question of a cordiality of spirit and understanding amongst the great religions, I am apprehensive of an attitude of mind in which we want to take up what we consider to be the best in all the religions and create an eclectic faith. This has its own great uses; but I am very hopeful of real good coming to us if we could get to that state of mind with which Ramakrishna accepted all the religions of the world as true. He accepted them with his heart, with his whole being. When we go to religion merely as a culture-bringer to us, even eclecticism may be very helpful. But when we are so intensely dissatisfied with ourselves and a divine passion takes possession of us and works us up to tear off every veil that keeps away the truth from us, no milk and water eclecticism will answer the end. We want a heart-whole acceptance of the core of every religion and no tinkering solutions will do. I know for most of us this is a mere counsel of perfection, and a far higher order of character must be evolved by us to touch the core of truth in every religion. And this ideal of development in Religion refuses to yield its best results to us if we merely created a Samajam for it, if we built up an

institution for it, but did not take as good care of the men that form the institution.

In a time in which everything great and small expresses itself through the power of organization, I do not expect to be listened to with patience, when I say that whatever is vital and deeply sustaining in religion, comes out not through organisation but through individual effort. The religious Samaja may be helpful up to a point. But the very weight of the organisation will pull down the upward striving soul, and for the sake of the untrammelled freedom of his spirit, he will leave the organisation and stand in his own strength. There is a great possibility of the organisation narrowing one's vision, and the bane of onesidedness may afflict the members of the organisation. As between a congregational prayer and an individual prayer, the strength of the latter is much greater.

There is a place for organisation in Religion. The highest form of organisation in it is where humanitarian activity is directed along fruitful channels. Service to one's fellowmen in well-organised society may often take shape as organised activity and the spirit of religion may enter into it. One of the most uplifting ideas on the service of one's fellowmen we owe to religion is that the giver is to kneel down and give thanks and that the receiver is to stand up and permit. This self education eradicates conceit from us and gives us the consciousness of our being only instruments of a great cause or principle. Great spiritual personalities have again founded the religious Sangha or brotherhood to keep together kindred spirits by a common aspiration and in the lives of the members of the Sangha the truth becomes demonstrated and through them it spreads to the world. In the East I recall the great Buddhistic organisations that sprung up under the great personal magnetising influence of the Buddha and under the fostering care of Asoka, and in the West my affectionate thoughts turn to the Franciscan organisation founded by St. Francis of Assissi, a saint very dear to my heart and second only to the Christ. The force which connected the

strength of the Sangha in these cases was love which welled up from the heart and fertilised the world around.

I am not insensible of the great good done to the world by such religious organisation, and of the gain and ascendancy in spirit that it has contributed to. But I want to assess the true value and worth of those isolated lives of saintliness that adorn the pages of history, and have come into fruition in every religion. A very busy world that takes note only of the activities of the great men whose names are constantly in the public mind is apt to ignore these obscure men. But their evolution has as great lessons for us as that of the great epoch makers. About a generation ago, there lived one such in Hindustan. He was a sweet and loveable man. He could not react in the form of hatred or anger. He once overtook a thief who had stolen into his hermitage to carry away some brass utensils by running after him and begged his pardon for not giving earlier the vessels which he said belonged to the thief, and by such act of grace so deeply moved the thief's heart, that he became penitent and himself grew saintly upon this unforgettable experience.

For religion to perform its truest office in the world, the idea that the truths it propounds are revelations for our acceptance must be given up. It is much more rational to take the view that they are accessible to us and could be experienced by us. The true position then is that we are saved from ignorance or other weakening conditions, not by the creeds we believe in, but by the spirit--sustaining experiences our minds go through. One of the highest expressions of the religious consciousness that I have delighted to dwell upon is that monism which Indian philosophical thought in the very earliest ages upheld as the very quintessence of spiritual experience. Here forms are entirely broken up, and even personalised abstractions of truth and God are transcended, and we rise to a concept of an impersonal principle, untimed, uncircumstanced and uncaused. The challenge of this concept to the human spirit is downright; Man is put a great deal more on his responsibility. He is reminded that nothing so binds a

man as what he has contributed to by his own mind. It has no Heaven and no Hell; it does not get vexed with thoughts of fate and freewill, and the aboriginal sin of mankind. It upholds the view that the Being, man, is impersonal principle; but mysteriously, it has become covered up with some false perceptions.

In this concept of the ultimate the element of the supernatural is kept considerably in the background; credarianism is transcended and thought is presented to us in its purely universal elements. And all national and other limitations disappear under it. To men with a strong rational bent of mind, who want to go to the rock-bottom of things, this expression of the religious genius has a truer and a more welcome appeal; in future times, we should be producing a larger number of these men, and they should be coming up in all countries, and this impersonal understanding of religious matters ought to have a much greater chance amongst them, just as some form of genuine socialism is rapidly rising into power and influence in the world.

As an ethical system, I humbly take the view that the thoughts and concepts that have been systematised by the Buddha are remarkably expressive of the spirit of humanity and point to unforgiving rectitude of character, and they come charged with that unique force of love and compassion which radiated from Buddha's life. But the highest conceptions of ethical rectitude are present in all the great religions; only the emphasis in Buddha's teaching is much greater, because on the metaphysical side, it is not so full.

Will there be a decay of the religious spirit, if all the great religions of the world are scrapped by legislation or otherwise, and if all the sacred books of the world are devoured by incendiarism? My answer is an emphatic no, because men will go again to nature, and read again the facts of life. That inner hunger after a righteousness which the human heart has dearly cherished through ages, will rise again, and a few men will bear witness to it, and there will be a growth of religion again in the world.

In the sense of heart-cleansing, illuminating the mind with pure knowledge, of a courage to do the right thing, of an insight into life which should help us to be wise without being clever, Religion is much needed to-day as it was in any other period of human history. In the sense of a bundle of beliefs which refuse to be analysed, of bigotry from belief and dogma and passion and prejudice, Religion should go, and the need for its disappearance the present world believes in even more strongly than in any previous period of human history.

The goal of religious seeking is freedom, from the bonds of the flesh, from intolerance, from passion and prejudice, and from everything that weakens and paralyses us. The contents of the Religious experience contain the very highest elements in human intelligence and character. Peace and tranquillity, love that unites and identifies the lover with the beloved, purity that burns up every low passion in the heart, courage that faces crises without quailing and without failing in love to mankind, untiring research and investigation into the reality underlying life, compassion that holds life ever at the service of one's fellows, understanding that looks at the facts of life wholly and comprehensively, conscience that will not hush-hush with low accommodations, and a perception of the beautiful through goodness and truth are amongst the gains that await mankind in religious seeking. I say Godspeed to all engaged in this great adventure, and May their efforts be crowned with success.

An Earth-Bound Primate

By THE Rev. F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.

Lives are the ripples on a stream
Sparks from the central fire, a gleam,
The dreaming visions of a Dream.
But this the ruling fates decree
Alive—or dead, we dree our dree
None will escape his destiny.

Madrigal, 17th Century.



R. BELEEK, the organist at St. Paladius, was speaking to his pupil who was about to become his deputy. "Sometimes, my dear Miss Birdie, an old retired Prelate wanders into the Lady Chapel; he prays at the altar and walks about. He may come over to the organ, just don't notice him. He'll slip away so quietly he'll seem to vanish if you pay no heed and go on playing. You'll not mind, will you?" Miss Birdie Mae O'Sullivan, who was an athlete and very modern maiden, giggled "He won't make love to me Dr.?" she tittered "Lord! no" the organist said.

A very startled girl was Miss B. M. O'S. She was talking to the head-verger. "A horrid old man in a purple cassock and a hag-wig was in the Lady Chapel. Who is he? Is he dotty or what? Do you know about him?" she asked. "He seemed to come out of the air and go back there; he stared at me, it was horrid, just horrid", she said. The head verger hesitated, he was evidently considering in the wisdom of his seventy years for a suitable reply. "Ah sure, don't mind him now", he replied, "he's a harmless ould gintleman. He was an Archbishop years ago, an' does be comin' round at times, just ramblin' about like, don't heed him Miss". "But I do not like him, there's something quite uncanny about his big black eyes in such an old face. And what on earth does he wear a wig for?" The verger grinned. "To keep his head warm, Miss, I expect. Or because he's ould fashioned in his tastes.

Maybe ye'll not see him again" he added. "I hope not", Miss O'Sullivan said.

Miss Birdie Mae O'Sullivan was in Fenn's library, beside the cathedral, copying out some madrigals from a seventeenth century music collection. The library was empty and, being an enthusiastic musician, she sang one of them as she wrote it down:—

"We are not beings as we seem
We are a breath, a passing gleam
A dream that is within a dream".

A very courteous and dignified voice spoke to her. "Young mistress, you could be of great help to us. A service we would ask of thee. Wilt thou help an old and much worried Prelate?" Birdie for a moment was paralyzed at the suddenness of all this. But she was a Rector's daughter, and she was being spoken to by an Archbishop, his double pectoral cross showed that. She rose and curtsied. "I am at your Grace's service" she said "what can I have the honour of doing for you?" "I have lost a paper" the Archbishop said. "It is, I am confident, in one of those books. Alas! that ever I did take it. Our memory is not good, young mistress. One who had the right to our spiritual help was afflicted with vertigo. He wished the benefit of absolution but could give no connected tale of his sins, so he wrote them and we took them hither to study. He was in the chapel without, awaiting us, when suddenly madness came upon him. On hearing his cries we ran out and removed him to his home. And lo and behold! the paper of his privacy was gone. We have searched and searched in vain. Tell the librarian to look in these volumes, and if he finds such a paper, to burn it instantly unread, unread!" "Of course, I will tell him, your Grace", the girl answered. "When did this happen? and would he not mind a word from yourself more than mine?" "O it was years ago, O scores and scores of years, and the book-man here is not sensitive as thou art, child, for thy love of music hath helped to make thee so—" "Why, why, is your Grace a—" the girl whispered. "Aye, a spirit, as thou art child, but one who doth not wear a body".

The librarian said later "Yes, the paper was found and placed in an envelope and sealed by me. It was pushed up between a cover and the binding of a book. I saw it was in the writing of the great Dean, Dr. Jehonadab Swallow. Seeing its nature I did not read it and I did not like to destroy it. But now I will burn it in the library in your presence. You know Dr. Swallow had sought the other Archbishop's Dr. King's spiritual help but not 'sub sigello' (under the seal of confession). What he said is not known but he was seen rushing away with every mark of distress and horror by the Archbishop's chaplain. In explanation the Prelate said "there goes the most unhappy man in the world, but you must never ask me the reason". Later when his memory became very bad, and the vertigo and megrim he suffered from made him almost incoherent, what you have heard of happened".

The Canon did as he promised and the girl heard a whisper, so low it seemed within her own mind, "Thank God one of the two chains that have bound me is broken. My child, thou hast an old man's and a Primate's blessing".

Concentration and Meditation

By SWAMI SIVANANDA



F the pot which is placed in a dark room which contains a lamp inside is broken, the darkness of the room is dispelled and you see light everywhere in the room. Even so if the body-pot is broken through constant meditation on the Self i. e. if you destroy Avidya and its effect viz. *deha-adhyasa* or identification of the body and rise above body-consciousness you will cognise the supreme light of Atma everywhere.

Just as the water in the pot that is placed in the ocean becomes one with the waters of the ocean when the pot is broken, so also when the body-pot is broken by meditation on the Atma the individual soul becomes identical with the supreme Self.

Just as the student creates interest in his study of mathematics or geometry although it is disgusting in the beginning by thinking of the advantages that he will gain by passing the examination, so also you will have to create interest in the meditation by thinking on the incalculable benefits that will be derived by its constant practice viz., Immortality, Supreme Peace and Infinite Bliss.

A man who has not seen Swami Krishnashram who is living at Gangotri hears all about the personality and attributes of that Swami from a man who actually has seen him and who knows him fully well and then tries to visualise a mental picture of him. Even so the aspirant should hear all about the invisible, hidden Brahman from the Sages who have attained Self-realisation and then meditate on the Atma or the Self.

Just as the light is burning within the hurricane lamp, so also the Divine flame is burning from time immemorial in the lamp of your heart. Close your eyes, merge yourself within in the Divine flame. Plunge deep in the chambers of your heart. Meditate on this Divine flame and become a flame of God.

If the wick within the lamp is very small, the light also will be small. If the wick is very big, the light also will be powerful. Similarly, if the Jiva is pure, if he practices meditation the manifestation or expression of the self will be powerful. He will radiate a big light. If he is unregenerate and impure, he will be like a burnt-up charcoal. The greater the wick, the greater the light. Likewise, the purer the soul, the greater the expression.

If the magnet is very powerful it will influence the iron filings even when they are placed at a long distance. Even so if the Yogi is an advanced person, he will have great influence over the persons with whom he comes in contact. He can exert his influence on persons even when they live in a distant place.

When you study a book with profound interest you do not hear when a man shouts and calls you by your name. You do not see a person when he stands in front of you. You do not smell the sweet fragrance of flowers that are placed in a table by your side. This is concentration or one-pointedness of mind. The mind is fixed firmly on one thing. You must have such a deep concentration when you think of God or the Atma. It is easy to concentrate the mind on a worldly object, because the mind takes interest in it naturally through force of habit. The sensual grooves are already cut in the brain. You will have to train the mind gradually by daily practice of concentration by fixing it again and again on the picture of God or the Self within. The mind will not move now to external objects, as it experiences immense joy from the practice of concentration.

Some Western psychologists say: "The mind that wanders aimlessly can be made to move in a small limited circle only by practice of concentration. It cannot be fixed on one point only—If it is fixed in a point inhibition of the mind takes place. There is death for the mind. Nothing can be achieved when there is inhibition of the mind. So there is no use in inhibiting the mind. This is not right. Complete control of the mind can be attained when all the thought waves are extirpated thoroughly. The Yogi works

wonders with the help of the one-pointed mind. He knows the hidden treasures of the soul with the help of the mighty searchlight generated by the one-pointed mind. After *ekagrata* or one-pointedness is attained, one has to achieve full restraint or *nirodha*. In this state all modifications subside completely. So mind becomes blank. Then the Yogi destroys this blank *vritti* also and then identifies himself with the supreme Purusha, from whom the mind borrows its light. Then he obtains omniscience, and attains Kaivalya or Independence. These matters are unknown to Western psychologists. Hence they grope in darkness. They have no idea of the Purusha who witnesses the activities of the mind.

There is neither rhythm nor harmony in the breathing of worldly minded persons, because their minds are filled with desires. A Yogi practises regulation of breath and established harmony. When the breath is regulated, when there is harmony the breath will be moving within the nostrils. The fruit of regulation of breath is Kumbhak or retention of breath. The breath stops by itself. Kevala Kumbhak follows. Mind becomes quite steady and Samadhi supervenes. Regulation of breath and Kumbhak are of great help in the practice of concentration and meditation.

The practice of concentration and the practice of Pranayama are inter-dependent. If you practice *pranayama* you will get concentration. Natural *pranayama* follows the practice of concentration. A Hatha Yogi practises *pranayama* and then controls the mind. He rises from below upwards. A Raja Yogi practises concentration and thus controls his prana. He comes from above downwards. They both meet on a common platform in the end. There are different practices according to different temperaments. For some the practice of Pranayama will be easy to start with; for others the practice of concentration will be easy to begin with.

Fourth Dimensional Vistas in Roerich's Art

BY IVAN NARODNY.*



WHEN I was a young boy, my mother told me tales of the wonder-working holy pictures by emphasizing that all the icons in the churches and in the homes had the magic power of influencing the worshippers. Not far from our home was a simple country church with a number of icons, among which one, the image of St. Nicholas, was said to be a wonder-working holy picture before which the worshippers knelt, prayed and lit the candles.

"But how about the other beautiful paintings?" I asked my mother. "How about the pictures of 'A Moonlight Night' by Kuindji or 'The Idyll' by Bruiloff, of which we had excellent copies?"

"Not every work of art has the magic of miracles," commented my mother. "There is a sacred and a secular art".

This was great news to me and I began to brood about the magic of art. I wondered what it was. I looked at the beautiful pictures in the museum and I looked at the so-called sacred paintings, which were less beautiful, but weird.

In order to see the miracle-working power of the sacred painting, particularly of the St. Nicholas icon in our village church, I decided to test the secret magic by praying for hours for a new suit of clothes and a watch. I left the church and waited for the miracle; but nothing happened.

I then decided to test the icon with another appeal. I took from the nest of a pigeon a freshly laid egg, carried it in my hand into the church—at a time when nobody was there—and knelt before the icon of St. Nicholas, praying

for a miracle of a live pigeon to fly out of the egg. I prayed for hours, in fact the whole night, and no pigeon flew out of the egg. Nothing whatever happened after my numerous tests with the wonder-working icon, and I realized the stories that my mother had told me of its magic was nothing but an allegory of a fairy tale.

Years went by.

I grew to young manhood and still beheld many people praying before the wonder-working St. Nicholas, fully believing in its miraculous powers. By this time I had become an agnostic and like all the rest of our sophisticated educated youth, energy and matter, tangibility and scientific theory meant everything to me.

In those years an idea came to me, to get even with the superstitious tales of the church, which had "fooled" me and continued to "fool" the worshippers, as I thought. And I decided to play a trick, by exchanging the icon of St. Nicholas for a reproduction of Rembrandt's famous "Prodigal Son", and other icons for some beautiful paintings of well-known masters, so that the church could have real works of art.

About a week or so after, a police officer called on me and arrested me for what was termed "desecration of the church" and I was placed in jail. According to Russian law, this was a terrible crime, and I faced banishment to a monastery prison for years or exile to Siberia.

To be regarded as such a terrible criminal for exchanging the works of art more for fun than anything else—was a shock to me. And for a long time I could not get over my accusing conscience: "Man, you are a criminal".

After having spent months in jail for no other reason than that of trying to prove the fraud of miracle-working icons, I began to consider the term 'criminal' as meaning something *socially failed* but *individually heroic*, and thus from an agnostic I became an intellectual anarchist like Bakunin, Kropotkin in fact any philosophical anarchist of today. I did not believe in any miracles, nor in any pictorial magic.

* Ivan Narodny is renowned for his fine art criticism as well as his extensive writings in diverse fields.

Years and years passed.

I had been living already for years in America—in fact, I considered myself a rooted New Yorker—when something happened that upset my agnosticism and intellectual anarchism.

It was shortly after the end of the World War—in 1921—When I had grown disgusted of all idealism, all worthy aspirations in life. In fact I was a cynic of the worst kind, on the verge of a mental and physical breakdown.

Mr. Hunt Diederich came to me in one of the gloomiest moments of the time and dragged me along to see a “new Russian artist arrived from England” and his exhibition shortly to open at the Kingore Gallery in New York.

It was the exhibition of the works of art of Professor Nicholas Roerich. His canvases were just hung on the walls and I was alone with Hunt Diederich looking at them like one dazed after a heavy illness. The longer I looked on them the more I felt relieved of the uncanny pressure on my heart.

I had heard of Professor Roerich's art faintly and had seen some of the reproductions of his dramatic settings, but I beheld his works in a systematic array for the first time. Here were his “Old Pskoff”, so familiar to me from my youth in reality, his “White Monastery”, his “Sadko” sets, etc. I began to feel the magic of their “aesthetic rhythm”, the metaphysical tones of their designs and color harmonies and I felt like a new ray of light was falling on my disillusioned soul; I had actually sunk into moments of silent devotion or prayer.

When after an hour's quiet rejoicing over the new impressions, I left the Kingore Gallery, I felt that something strange had happened to me—I was a changed man. From a depressing melancholy and cynicism of life I had been transformed by the sight of the canvases of Nicholas Roerich into an aesthetic optimist, a believer in the mystic powers of beauty.

After I had left Roerich's exhibition I began to realize that the pictorial magic, of which my mother had spoken

to me, actually existed—and here it was. A miracle had been performed within my soul—my conscious state of mind. The Roerich pictures had healed me from a serious oppression. It was the inner nature of his pictorial magic—that metaphysical quality of art, which had been attributed to the iconographic art of the past. It is something elusive and intuitional, which neither technical terms nor academic arguments can explain. Thus I found—after 30 or more years—that there is a transcendental basis to the legends and mass beliefs of the miracle-working art, which I have found most outspoken in the creations of Professor Nicholas Roerich.

During my last visit to Moscow, I had occasion to find my views corroborated in a little country church beyond the Esthonian boundary. As the train on which I travelled from Esthonia was held up for an hour by repairs of the road, I walked to a nearby village church, where the people were gathering. To my surprise I found that an exhibition of art and handicraft was being held in the church and I was told it was the new Living Church of Russia. On the exhibition table among other things of art I noticed two reproductions of the paintings of Nicholas Roerich, taking the place of the icons on the altar.

“There is something sacred about these pictures” commented the priest.

I smiled and told to the priest the story of my experience with the “sacred art” in my early youth.

There is something “sacred” with the art of Professor Roerich—an emanation that only those can feel who have the power of an “inner sight”.

Having seen the paintings of Professor Roerich in America, which dated mostly from the time of the World War, I looked at him as an epic colourist—a Beethoven and Moussorgsky combined. But my trip to Moscow revealed to me a totally new master—Roerich as a lyricist and classic romanticist. While visiting Moscow, I called on Alexis Victorovitch Stchussev, the director of the Tretyakov Gallery and head of many other museums and

art institutions, and he invited me to visit him at his office in order to show me personally the new arrangements of this towering aesthetic temple of a New Universe. I called at the appointed time at the Tretyakov Gallery, but Mr. Stchussev had not yet arrived. He had left a message with his curator that he let me see the rooms alone until his return from his unexpected official engagement.

It was late afternoon of a rather delightful summer day. I entered the famous institution with the feeling of a humble pilgrim. Its atmosphere was overwhelming and elevating. I found myself not in a conventional museum but in a solemn temple of the Russian genius.

Walking slowly through the silent halls hung with the best pictorial masters of Russia I beheld canvases by Surikov, Vrubel and their contemporaries, when suddenly I dashed into a room in which an entire wall was devoted to the paintings of Professor Roerich. The late afternoon sun was playing on them as on pieces of another world, and I stopped, looking at them in delight. It was all so sudden that I felt as though an old friend had unexpectedly loomed up from behind the corner and were reaching me his hand for greeting.

The pictures of Professor Roerich that I beheld in the Tretyakov Gallery were new to me. There was his "Messenger", "The Battle", "The Polovetsky Camp", "Building a City", "Red Sails" and another one. As I continued looking at them I exclaimed unconsciously: "Is it possible?"

In so far I had known Roerich as an epic artist; but here he was a romantic lyrist, with his mellow earthly greens and pinks, his naturalistic atmosphere and background. In these there were touches of poetic realism, or rather, of symbolic impressionism. I began to gaze at them as on some new elements of his creative genius and to imagine Roerich when he painted them. The museum was so solemnly silent and the atmosphere was so poetic that I stood like one transfixed.

While gazing thus contemplatively on the canvas of the "Polovetsky Camp" I began to hear soft tones of Borodin's "Polovetsky Dance", from his opera "Prince Igor", and while focussing my eyes on the "Messenger" I began to hear Schubert's "Erlkoenig", played by a marvellous aeolian orchestra somewhere in the distance. Thus the pictorial images of Roerich the lyrist had been transformed into auditory images of Roerich the romanticist.

I was standing for several minutes before Roerich's paintings and listening to a "music" which my mind had created. I stood like one in a trance and forgot that I was in a museum, as I imagined myself in a hall where pictures suddenly became records of new, unknown sounds. I became so oblivious of all my surroundings in this pose that I did not hear when the secretary of Mr. Stchussev entered, saying: "You are looking at Professor Roerich's paintings —aren't they beautiful?"

"I am not looking at them. I am listening to them", I stammered as one awakened from a dream.

"That was the view of Scriabine" continued the secretary, and he began to tell me of the new arrangement of the Gallery.

Although I had always felt that Roerich's art had definite phonetic features, it had never been impressed on my mind so clearly as now. I had looked upon Roerich's paintings of the Russian character as strange, transcendental "musical" scores, an impression which was intensified by seeing his Himalayan series. There was always something of a Beethoven or a Moussorgsky in his canvases. His abstract blues and reds, his luminous yellows and purples were always suggestive of "tones" and "harmonic" phrases. In their messages there was something transcendental that should not only be seen, but also heard.

But never had I felt the phonetic feature of Roerich's art so distinctly as I did in seeing his early works in the Tretyakov Gallery. I spoke of this later to Reinhold Gliere, the distinguished Russian composer, and he admitted that

he actually could see music visualized and that consequently in the same way paintings could be heard.

My view of the phonetic nature of painting in the case of the works of Professor Roerich was fully confirmed by seeing his latest Mongolian series, now exhibited in the Roerich Museum in New York. But Roerich in his latest creations is no longer a lyrist as he is in his paintings in the Tretiakov Gallery or in the Russian National Museum. The master has grown even more epic than he was a few years ago in his Himalayan series. His Mongolian series bespeak a far more intensified rhythm than his earlier ones.

Though I had no opportunity to look at Roerich's latest Mongolian series, in such quiet and meditation as I did at his early works, yet I felt that his "Guardian of the Entrance", "Great Rider", "Commands of the Teacher" and "The Command of Rigden Djapo" emanate tone-poems of purely Mongolian order. In these you find the sounds of exotic lamasery instruments and bells, drums and pipes unknown to our occidental orchestras. Their glowing colours radiate sounds of an eastern scale: the langorous songs of the Gobi Desert sound in the secluded lama series. How epic is the song of "The Tibetan Women" or "A Lama"! Almost you hear their strange unintelligible words!

Roerich in his latest epics of the Gobi has revealed to us the music of a Fata Morgana of the Great Desert. The upward rising mountain tops in their glowing reds, blues, or whatever the chromatic motif may be, are suggestive of contrapuntal strokes, aeolian instruments and abstract tones. His phantom beings are there not only to be seen but also to be heard. His subject matter and background, his detail and the work as a whole have not only a pictorial but just as well a phonetic meaning. Look at Roerich's paintings with the inner eye and compare the symbolic scale of his backgrounds with his figures, the sky-line with the tones of his earth, and you will begin to realize the miracle—the transformation of the ocular perceptions into the auditory ones!

Tales from Rajput History

BY V. RANGACHARYA, M. A.

I



ANA Sangrama Singh was dead (A. D. 1530). The hero whose life was a world-known and glorious book was no more. As Tod observes, "He exhibited at his death but the fragments of a warrior; one eye was lost in the broil with his brother; an arm in an action with the Lodi king of Delhi, and he was a cripple owing to a limb being broken by a cannon-ball in another; while he counted eighty wounds, from sword or lance, on various parts of his body." People remembered his daring skill in capturing King Muzaffur of Malwa in his own capital. They repeated his exploit in the defence of the fort of Ranthambor against odds; and the feeling was universal that Mewar would be absolutely at sea if a worthy successor was not on the Chitor throne.

Fortunately, Ratna Singh, the third and eldest of the five surviving sons of Sanga, came to the throne. He did not lack 'the arrogance and martial virtue of his race.' Like his father he basked in a glow of universal praise. He planned his life according to his father's design; and he "commanded that the gates of Cheetore never should be closed, boasting that its portals were Delhi and Mandoo."

But Providence ordained otherwise. Years before, Ratna had married in secret the daughter of Prithvi Raj of Amber; and when he became king he forgot or carried too much pride in his head to claim the bride he had wedded with the sword for his proxy. Things got immediately into a mess; for, the lady, insulted and tormented by the indifference, resolved to be a tigress whose clutches were too hard to be rescued from. All sweetness was squeezed from her nature. She would prove that she could both allow kisses and order hostilities. She was not a vulgar syren to be wooed and deserted at will! Dropping all allegiance to the forces of custom, she listened eagerly to

the proposal of Surajmal, the prince of Bundi, who was of course ignorant of the secret marriage, and entered his palace in triumph.

Never was the action of Helen attended with more serious consequences. When Ratna Singh heard of the wedding, there descended a black scowl on his brow. Conveniently forgetting that he himself had neglected to do his duty, and honestly publish his suit with the lady, he resolved to chastise the prince who had snatched away the bride of his youthful dreams. Ratna Singh had never been a model of suave speech and diplomatic manner. He had been a soldier, pure and simple. He had received the sensitive education of the battlefield. He could not now brook the violence to his respectability. How could he hold up his head among his fellow-kings? The lines in his face deepened, his eyes became hard, and his voice severe. He ran the gauntlet of the scowl of Surajmal, and asked him to answer for his conduct with his life.

There was every reason for calmness and consideration. The house of Bundi was descended from the same ancestor. In many a field its princes had stood loyally by Mewar and poured their blood for its honour. Sturdy like their mountainous homes, the Haras had been uniformly submissive to their feudal loyalty. And besides the tradition of friendship there were other things which might have softened the situation. The lady had after all been wedded by the sword for proxy. Her suit had not been pressed by the Rana even after years of his accession. And after all Surajmal did not know! He was not intentionally a thief of another man's bride. Above all, Ratna Singh was his own brother-in-law, the husband of his sister, and there was nothing to put up a fight about. Bound by so many ties he was hardly the man to nurse malice in his actions.

But a short temper was the curse of Ratna Singh. Giving way to violent emotion he refused to think out the position in all its bearings. He refused to wrap the cloak of cowardice around himself because of the past and the present relationships; and he challenged his wife's brother!

Surajmal, in his turn, was deeply wounded by the tone of the dictator in the Rana. The insult put a burnish on his armour; and he gave the only answer which honour pointed to. The business might have become a torment; but he would not interfere into the spokes of the wheel of fate.

Thus it was that another of those unnatural and suicidal engagements of which Rajput history is so full, took place. The spring hunt of *Ahairia* gave the opportunity for the two to meet, and both Ghelot and Haran dyed the earth with their precious blood. A tribute to the unlimited sense of honour and name, but not to sanity or humanity! And this at a time when the flames of hell, set ablaze by the Mughal and Afghan, were scorching and burning the sacred soil of India, and when every drop of the warriors' blood was needed to defend and save it.

II

The chief of Pugal, Raningdeva, had the gallant Sadu for his son. Throughout the desert State of Jaisalmir there was no more gallant youth than this son of the desert chieftom. The lust for battle was in his blood, and he became a terror to the convoys of that space of level sand which stretched from the Indus to many miles to the east and south. No venture did Sadu shrink from, and his fame spread to all the neighbouring courts and lands. It happened that once, when he was returning from a big stunt, Sadu 'passed by Aureent, where dwelt Manik Rao, the chief of the Mohils, whose rule extended over 1440 villages'. Invited to the place, Sadu reached it; and no sooner did the tumult of his arrival subside than he found himself the hero of a romance. Korum Devi, the young daughter of Manik Rao, had been already betrothed to Irrinkowal, the heir of the Rahtor State of Mundore. But the sight of Sadu made her lose her heart to him, and she importuned her father to sanction the union with his blessing. Manik Rao pointed out to his daughter the danger of provoking the anger of the Rahtor chief, who was much more powerful than the Bhatti chief of Pugal, and unbosomed himself of his presentiment of a tragedy; but Korum Devi refused to sense any terror. A smile of self-confidence came from

her deep eyes, and she preferred to share dangers with her lover to a life of comparative safety with one for whom she did not care a scrap. Manik Rao had to yield to her stubborn heart, and celebrated the union with his benediction.

Such a situation was hardly likely to be forgotten by either of the concerned parties in Rajputana. Irinkowal of Mundore, in particular, was not willing to drop the incident into the well of forgetfulness. He drew a long breath of hate, and vowed to live for vengeance, to thrash his rival within an inch of his life. He would show to Korum Devi that, far from winning the prize of love she had coveted, she had invited, by her conduct, the pastime of the devil.

Both parties were soon enthralled by the call of the war song. With 4000 Rahtors, Irinkowal intercepted Sadu's homeward journey with his newly-wedded bride. On the side of the assailant ranged the fierce Sankla Megraj, a smaller fish in the bigger meshes of the Rajput vendetta. Years back, his son had been done to death by Sadu; and now he sought the opportunity to shed blood for blood. As for Sadu, he was not terrified by odds. He knew that the moment he had touched Korum Devi's heart a danger hung menacingly over him. In any case it was too late to have regrets; and far from expressing a flicker of fear, the depths of his eyes blazed forth into the flame of war to the knife. Refusing all help, he could with difficulty be induced to allow Megraj, the bride's brother, to join his small band of 50 men to his own 700 Bhattis. A life lost on so good a cause was not too dear a loss.

At Chondun on the way to Pugal the rival parties met; and once more a drama, like which Rajput history is but too full, was played out. Each side beat the other in chivalry. Refusing to take the advantage of numbers the Rahtor insisted on judging the contest by single combats. A kinsman of Sadu, Jayatunga, of the Pahoo clan, was first challenged. The message of challenge reached him while in a doze on the saddle of his *Panchakalyan* horse. He took it up readily. He asked for some opium, his own

stock of which was exhausted, from the enemy; and after a little *siesta* which he had after he got the reinforcement from the other side, announced his readiness to have a go with his sword. His opponent was Joda Chauhan, a gallant knight; and the first blood was spilt when the latter fell.

Then followed a series of single engagements, each side looking at the combatants of the moment with eager expectations. The turn at last came for the main chiefs themselves. Sadu and Irinkowal met. The former lost 300 of his ranks, but heaped a loss of 600 on his adversary. Korum Devi, all along a spectator of her lord's feat of arms, inflamed him by the words of love and fire associated with the Rajput lady. "Fight, fight to the bitter end," she said; "If a victor, all glory to you and happiness to myself; if a victim, I would follow as a faithful companion should." The last clash of arms then took place. Each steel was worthy of the other, and each fell struck by the other; but, as fate would have it, Sadu to rise no more, while his rival had a mere swoon.

Korum Devi saw the end with unflinching resignation. It was God's will that she should sacrifice everything at the altar of love. She bowed to the inevitable. Her beautiful face, a radiant vision of youth and charms, took the lines of contentment! Life had been too swift for her. She had hardly passed from the virgin to the wife; and now she passed from the wife to the widow! Unfathomable unhappiness was depicted on her countenance. That one dream of happiness which she had hoped to make of life as the partner of her lord was shattered by the hard stroke of fate. But she would deceive fate. She would settle the heavy score against it in the only way in which the Rajput bride would do. She would cast off the load placed on her young shoulders by following her husband! "Calling for a sword, with one arm she dismembered the other, desiring it might be conveyed to the father of her lord,—'tell him such was his daughter.' The other she commanded to be struck off, and given, with her marriage jewels thereon, to the bard of the Mohils. The pile was prepared on the

field of battle; and taking her lord in her embrace, she gave herself up to the devouring flames. The dissevered limbs were disposed of as commanded; the old Rao of Poogul caused the one to be burnt, and a tank was excavated on the spot, which is still called after the heroine, *the lake of Korumdevi*."

The aftermath of the battle was equally tragical. The Sankla clan which had placed 350 men in the brunt of the engagement, was practically exterminated; and the wounded Megraj left the field with his body poxed with wounds and with a bare following of 25 men. Irinkowal had four of his brothers hurt; his own wounds opened afresh after six months, and he paid the sacrifice. Costly indeed was the revenge he took for retrieving his shame, and the price included his own life!

And yet the tragedy was not sufficient to bring about a relapse of the parties to sobriety. The fathers of the lovers took up the quarrel of their sons; and the forces of Raningdeva and Chonda were for many a month at each other's heel causing slaughter and misery. Raningdeva of Pugal carried destruction into the lands of the Sankla Megraj, and moistened the sandhills of Loone, as Tod says, with the blood of 300 of his kin and clan. The Chonda of Mundore was equally determined, and sheathed his sword only after passing it through the heart of Raningdeva. Two sons of Raning did not hesitate to commit apostasy for the sake of avenging their father. Going to Sultan Khizr Khan (1414-21) who was then come to Multan they turned Muslims, obtained a force of Tatars, and attacked the town of Nagore which Chonda had recently acquired. Just at this stage Prince Keelun, the third son of the Raja of Jaisalmir, advised the assailants to add strategem to violence. The Bhatti princess was thereupon offered in marriage to the Rahtor Chonda, and a covered nuptial cortege of fifty chariots poured a set of stout warriors instead of the handsome bride and bridesmaids before the walls of Nagore. Chonda was taken unawares and slain, and Nagore was in the hands of the apostate brothers of Pugal.

The combatants were by this time in a mood to shake hands. Each side had vindicated its honour, and there was no need for shedding more blood. Peace was concluded. Nagore was handed back to the Rahtor, Pugal was taken over by the sovereign power of Jaisalmir, and the apostate princes settled as the ancestors of the caste of Muslim Bhattis. The peace was cemented by a combined attack on the Tatars who had been brought into the scene, and friend and foe found consolation in common triumph against the followers of Islam.

Stolen Smiles

Irish Policeman : Didn't you know you must go round me?

Motorist : Sorry. Didn't know you were there.

Irish Policeman : It's all right. But in future go round me whether I am there or not.

* * *

The club bore had been holding forth as usual, and after discussing politics, golf, income-tax and motor cars, he had worked round to insomnia.

".....and d'you know, old boy," he said, "I just can't sleep at nights?"

"That's bad," said one of his unwilling audience, stifling a yawn, "but have you ever tried talking to yourself?"

* * *

The Headmaster answered the telephone, and a voice said. "My boy is ill and will not be able to attend school today."

Headmaster : "Oh! I am sorry. Who is speaking?"

Voice : "My father, Sir."

* * *

"Your doctor's out here with a flat tire."

"Diagnose the case as flatulency of the perimeter and charge him accordingly," ordered the garage man. "That's the way he does."

* * *

"Here comes the parade. Where's Aunty?"

"She's upstairs, waving her hair."

"Goodness, can't we afford a flag?"

* * *

"Daddy!" exclaimed the little boy.

"One more question, then," sighed the tired father. "Only one."

"How far is it," inquired the tot, "between to and fro?"

* * *

A couple of rival, but friendly, shop-keepers were talking things over. "When does your opening sale close?" asked the first.

"When your closing sale opens," replied the second.

* * *

"Ticket to Luton for the missus, please."

"First or third?"

"Well, she's the second, if you must know."

Book Reviews

Provincial Autonomy—By K. T. Shah. Vora and Co., Publishers, 8 Round Building, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay. Price Rs. 1—8—0.

A Professor of Administration reviewing a book on the new Indian constitution observed that just as the new constitution created a market for Ministers, it also created a market for books on the subject. This certainly cannot be said of the book under review. Prof. K. T. Shah has been known as a virile writer on Indian Economic and Political problems and a book by him, particularly, on a subject like 'Provincial Autonomy under the new constitution', will be welcomed by scholars and statesmen, legislators and laymen.

'Provincial Autonomy' is issued under the auspices of the National Publications Society which has for its Editorial Board, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Acharya Narendra Dev and Prof. K. T. Shah. The book being the first in the series issued by the society it will be well to indicate the general aim of the society. It is set out in the Preface to this book, thus:

"The central and ultimate aim of the society is to strive for a social system in this country which would have all the means of producing, distributing and exchanging material wealth socialised. To accomplish this objective, the society seeks to educate public opinion by means of these monographs so that, if and when the desired goal is reached, it would be reached by peaceful, non-violent means; and would at the same time be more substantial and deep-rooted than social innovations born of revolutions usually are". The organisers of the society hope to publish an analytical, comparative, and critical study of the principal administrative Institutions and other Organisations affecting the public life of this country within not more than four years. In order to educate public opinion regarding the suitability of the social organisation and ideals propounded in the publications of the society, each monograph is intended to be translated into the principal Indian languages.

The monograph under review claims to be an analytical study of the system of Provincial Autonomy said to be introduced by the Act of 1935. It is not a purely academic, nor a juristic study of the new constitution. 'It is an attempt at explaining the mechanism of the new constitution and the hidden springs of its working'.

The book which covers nearly 450 pages is divided into eight chapters. In tracing the evolution of Indian Provinces in the first chapter the author says "The Provinces constituted from time to time lack cultural unity, geographic solidarity or historic continuity. Every one of them owes, as it exists today, its position to considerations of political necessity or administrative expediency." Chapter II gives a general view of 'Provincial Government' under the new constitution while chapters III, IV and V describe the Provincial Executive, the Governor, the Ministry and the Services. The following quotation from page 136 will show that Prof. Shah is not inclined in favour of the Congress Party accepting ministerial offices. He says: "It seems on a consideration of all the relevant factors, that the Congress Party in the several provinces accepting ministerial responsibility, even when it commands an absolute and substantial majority in the Legislature, will, under the constitution as it stands, invite more embarrassment, disappointment and failure for itself, its ideals and programmes, than accomplish any real good in the government of the province, or the welfare of its people." Chapters VI and VII deal with 'Provincial Legislature' and 'Provincial Finance' respectively and the last chapter, Chapter VIII is devoted to a description of 'Judicial Administration.'

The arrangement of matter could have been better but that does not detract from the value of the book. It is critical and learned. The style is vigorous throughout. We have read the book with great profit and look forward to its companion volume on 'Federal Structure.'

Jatadharan and other stories.—By K. S. Venkataramani, Swetaranya Ashrama, Mylapore, Madras. Price Re. 1 as. 8.

Here is a collection of short stories by K. S. Venkataramani, the well-known South Indian literary scholar, whose labours in literature have resulted in the production of a series of books during the last twenty years. The stories collected in this edition were written and published between 1915 and 1925, and before publication in book form, they have been revised by the author.

Most of these stories relate to the India that is changing under British rule, and they are leaves from the lives of a class of modernised Hindus, generally Brahmins, occasionally non-Brahmins who are presented as specimens to the reader, with the events that shape them in social and official life, under the complex circumstances of the present time. The scene of most of these stories is laid in some rural tract of Tanjore, the district with which the author is most familiar, and now and again, the scene may shift for a while to the metropolis of the Presidency.

A trial school often figures in these stories quaintly suggesting one solution of the rural problems of India, as possibly pictured by the author. The Hindu Brahmin husband and wife figure often in these stories, and in most of them, the wife appears as the brain and conscience of the husband, leaving no moment's rest to him and suggesting to him shrewdly the solutions of the grave problems in domestic economy that arise. The pictures of the modernised Hindu Brahmin's home that are presented herein, seem to be overdrawn, and the woman seems to suffer more than the man under the author's portraiture. The narrative of events moves too slow, and it is due to the author's constant pauses to make general reflections of a philosophical nature.

The author's diction belongs to a class of literary form in which it appears best in exposition, next in description and last in narration. I personally value the author's expository productions as the highest works from his pen, and look upon his stories as the least. This is not to say that his stories are not successes. I also feel that with the author's diction, we must associate the idea that words are a power in and for themselves; nevertheless, his words delight with their charm more than they raise with their power.

Sketches of our society appearing in the guise of stories are more difficult for us to do in the English language than for the native of England. A man tells a story best in his own mother-tongue. Most stories written in the English language by Indian scholars must fall behind the stories written by the native Englishman; it is no disparagement to us that we cannot produce as good stories in their language. The excellences of Venkataramani's style consist in his lyricism on account of which his prose makes much music in the ear. But its field is not story telling especially in the present age.

A.

Phaladeepika.—By Mantreswara, in Devanagari: Translation in English by Panditabhushana V. Subramania Sastri, B. A., Assistant Secretary to the Government of Mysore, (Retired.), V. P. Soobiah & Sons, Bangalore, Price Rs. 4—8 only.

This is a work on astrology dealing with the result side of planetary combinations. Sloka 3 in Adhyaya I assumes that with reference to the birth point of time, the Lagna Rasi and its Sputa i. e. the number of degrees and minutes it has traversed in the horizon is calculated and fixed with the aid of yantras and ganita karanas. Similarly the position and sputas of the nine planets. So it does not purport to teach astrological calculations.

That does not, however, detract from the importance of the work as an illuminating guide to the study of astrology in an essential aspect which is its predictive side. Indeed, comparing the palmyra records of individual birth in a Hindu household written shortly after the Jata karma samskara and the slokas in Phala Deepika, it becomes doubtlessly clear to one that the latter is the source of predictive practice which is in vogue in South India.

Adopting one of the standards of Western criticism—comparison and contrast—we may say that Mantreswara was much indebted to his knowledge of astrology to Varahamihira of Brihat Jathaka fame. The Upakrama and Upasamhara slokas and the way in which the students' mind is prepared to receive a complete idea as to how to deal with a life from birth to death with the intermediate stages where there are developments, enjoyment and decay may be quoted as an authority for this proposition, although the arrangement of the Adhyayas does not correspond with the development of a life from the first vikara Jayate through all interim vikaras (*Asthi—Vardhate—Viparinamath—Apaksheeyate*) to death (*Nasyathi*) as in Brihat Jathaka. But the very second sloka in the first Adhyaya says that Phala Deepika is a summary of the works of Atri and Parasara and others; whereas Varahamihira works out a synthesis of various astrological authors who preceded him.

We are not competent to record an answer to the question whether Phala Deepika is an advance on Brihat Jathaka and marks a forward stage in the evolution of astrological discovery and thought. But it is interesting to find herein much light thrown on Rahu and Ketu, on Gulika or Mandi and on the influence of planetary transits—rare features absent in the synthetical work of Varahamihira. Gochara Phala is, of course, transitory; still combined with a standing influence of planets cast at the time of birth it means a great deal and may enable a thinking student to predict even the daily happenings to man.

Astrology is a subject difficult to learn and to teach; more so to remember if the variety of combinations and their results is regarded. Sloka 2 in the first Adhyaya details the graded indebtedness of Mantreswara. That shows the degree of earnestness, the magnitude of effort and the intensity of thought one ought to bestow on the subject in order to master it. Therein is also seen the way in which Hindu culture was transmitted, received and nurtured. Well, we have lost that system of education and we rue the day on which an alien educational system and educational content were superimposed on our minds. The misfit from and the tinsel glamour of the West no longer attracts: there is a re-growth now-a-days, 'from the seed of the race'

which is never scorched. When hoary Sanskrit works which supply the bed-rock of our culture are unearthed, translated and broadcast, we have evidence of and a contribution to this re-growth, although renaissance efflorescence can be visible only in original works.

Anyhow from the stand-point of contribution, we feel extremely grateful to Pandit Subrahmanya Sastri. He has rendered a very easy translation of the original Sanskrit slokas; given almost a literal word by word meaning strung into a coherent prose order. He has also brought in to aid other original works—such as Jathakabharana Hara-Ratna and Swarachintamani for interpretation, which vouches for the immense pain he has taken in order to make one have a correct and complete idea on the subject. And the subject is tasty,—we wish we had more explanations and a commentary as well, with a less skippy translation we notice in some places.

M. R. N.

Machine Room Hints.—By G. C. Natarajan, Superintendent, Govt. Printing, Central Provinces. Pages 152—Price Rs. 2.

Within the short compass of 150 Pages the author has set forth the varied difficulties the Machine Room assistants are daily experiencing, and from his own wide experience of about 30 years in the trade, he has suggested the remedies to overcome the difficulties. The book is divided into six parts,—General, Machinery, Ink, Rollers, Paper and Miscellaneous—each section of which will be equally interesting both to one already in the trade and the novice. The book really supplies a long felt want in that it gives very concise, but exhaustive notes on practically everything in Printing. The printing and get up of the book leaves nothing to be desired.

An Atlas of Indian History.—by E. W. Green, B. A. (Oxon). Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price Rs. 2.

This is a work which one likes to look through; and this is saying a good deal with regard to an atlas. After looking through many of the earlier atlases we have often pictured India as a collection of whimsical pieces of land which remain adhering to each other for some time and all on a sudden fall into a different arrangement. But the work under review has been eminently successful, due mainly to the clever system of colouring adopted and the lucid, comprehensive notes under each map to impress on the reader the continuity of history. Another commendable feature noticeable is that India has been depicted in her relative

positions with the other parts of the World, which have gone to influence her history. The Editor has also taken care to bring out the influence of India's physical features on the course of her history. We have no hesitation in saying that the Editor has more than achieved the aim set forth in the Preface—"To indicate the extent and importance of India's external relations and emphasise the fact that India has never been an isolated country but 'a link in a great chain of countries' ". We would very much like to see the book prescribed for School use.

Who's Who in Madras, 1937. By T. M. Satchit. Published by the Pearl Press, Cochin. Price Rs. 5.

The editor and the publishers of this reference book have to be congratulated for the neat get up and printing of the publication. The editor has used great discrimination in his sketches of the personages. But, it cannot be said that all the persons referred to are distinguished, or that the work exhausts the list of distinguished persons in the presidency. It is invidious to cite instances. Nor can it be claimed that all that ought to be said about the distinguished personages or princes have also been said. We will cite but one instance. In the sketch given of H. H. The Maharaja of Travancore, it is stated:—"He is the first ruler of the State to cross the seas which in itself is an index of his progressive spirit." But surprisingly enough no mention is made of the famous Temple Entry Proclamation.

We may also point out that this work has a very limited use. It would have been better if a more comprehensive Directory is undertaken and "Who is Who" is made only a section of the same.

The book also contains fine photographs of several distinguished personages, princes, zamindars and noblemen of the presidency.



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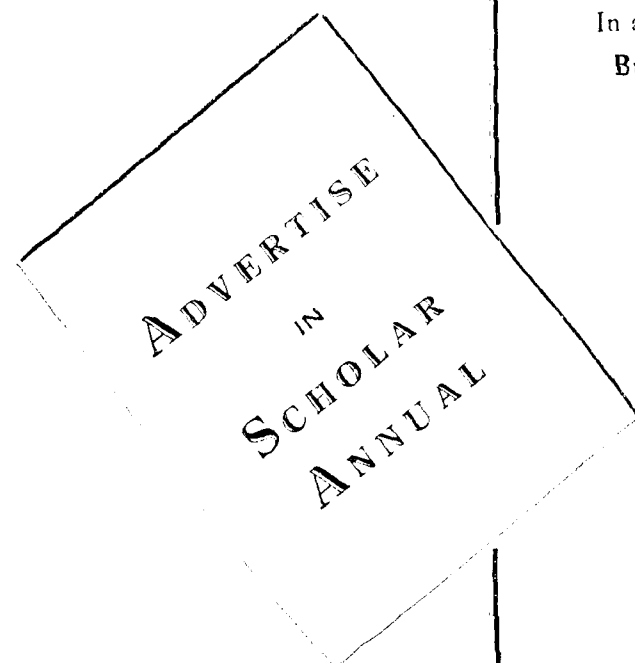
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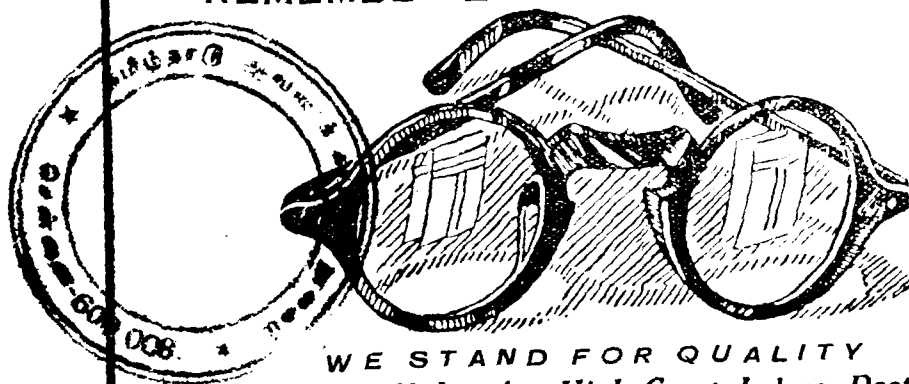
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SEPTEMBER 1937

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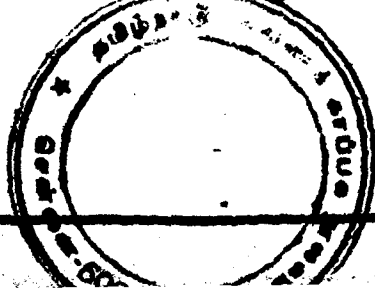
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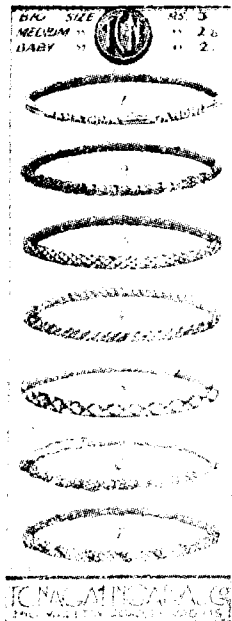
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VCL. XII

SEPTEMBER 1937

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Essence

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH



HE essential nature of people is fundamentally good. The first time this realization was fortified in me was during an experiment long ago with the extrusion of the subtle body.

My friend, a physician, had put to sleep a certain G., and, drawing out his subtle body, ordered him to send it into a house where he had never been before. By means of following his subtle body, the sleeper pointed out a series of characteristic details. Then he was directed to rise up to a certain floor of the house and to enter a certain door. The sleeping man outlined the details of the hallway, saying that there was before him a door. Again he was directed to go further and to tell what he saw. He described the room and said that a man was seated at a table reading. Then he was directed:

"Approach and frighten him."

Silence followed.

"I direct you to go near him and frighten him."

Again silence, and then, in a timid voice —

"I cannot."

"Explain why you cannot."

"Impossible, he has a weak heart."

"Then do not frighten him, but as much as you can without harm, make your influence felt. What do you see?"

"He has turned and lit a second lamp."

"If it is not dangerous, increase your influence. What do you see?"

"He jumped up and went into the adjoining room where a woman is sitting."

At the conclusion of the experiment, we telephoned our acquaintance, and without telling him about the matter, indirectly led him to relate his sensations. He said:

"Today I had a strange experience. A little while ago I was seated with a book, and suddenly I felt some inexplicable presence. I am ashamed to tell you that this sensation was so sharp in its effect, that I had a desire for more light. Nevertheless the feeling became so strong that I went to tell my wife about it and to sit with her."

Apart from the experiment itself, which so clearly demonstrates the causes of many of our sensations, one detail had in it for me personally an unforgettable significance. In earthly circumstances the man would not take account of whether some one had a weak heart. He would frighten, abuse, cause him evil, without considering any such thing. But the subtle body, that about which the Apostle Paul speaks so clearly, in its essence is inclined towards good. As you see, before carrying out the order to frighten there was manifested the consideration of sensing the condition of the heart. The essence of good whispered here that it would be dangerous to do harm to an already weak heart.

One such experiment, in the most ordinary everyday circumstances, already leads one beyond the boundaries of the bodily-limited. There resulted not only the extrusion of the subtle body, but a remarkable testing of the good of the essential nature. How much dark burden must

weight down the luminous subtle essence, for people to reach such misanthropy as they do. Again, as St. Anthony has said: "Hell is ignorance." Of course the whole dark burden is primarily from ignorance. In such a situation, how needful are good thoughts, which with their unseen wings touch the oppressed beclouded forehead.

When, in their ignorance, people say: "Why these concentrations of thought, why these hermits withdrawing from the world? Why, they are egoists and they think only of their own salvation"; there is a great mistake in such a judgement. If even in the most ordinary experiment we could convince ourselves of the good and noble essence of the subtle body, if we saw that a thought of good transcended all commands, usually so unquestioned in such cases, then so needful are these thoughts of good. What simple yet touching solicitude is told in the simple reply about the weak heart. And right now there are not a few weak hearts, and who has the right to overburden them? Right now there are many mortally smitten hearts which could no longer hold up under a careless impact. And this will be murder just as precisely as killing with a dagger, bullet, or poison. Does not poison penetrate into the heart through an attack of malice? What an enormous number of murders, actual, intentional, malicious in their prolongation, takes places outside the reach of any courts or penalties! To poison a man is inadmissible, to strangle a man is inadmissible; this is right. But then why is it possible to gnaw and tear the heart of a man? Surely if people would even sometimes, though briefly, reflect in the morning hours about something good, apart from their own selfish interests, this would be a great offering to the world.

Of course ignorant cynics will probably sneer, considering that in any case this thought is nothing more than a blade of grass in the wind. Any cynicism about thought, about the spirit, about intangible possibilities, will be a clear example of the grossest ignorance. When these ignorant ones, grinning maliciously, say: "Whither should we, of small culture, plunge into an ocean of thoughts",—

this will be said not at all in humility or timidity, but will be the expression of the ugliest arrogance.

* * * *

Often people dream in secret of encountering something, as they say in popular language, supernatural. Precisely as if in the greatness of nature there can be the natural, and as an antithesis, the supernatural. Of course, this ordinary expression, found in popular usage, does not lead to a true cognition. But the root of the matter is this, that as soon as people have chanced to come in contact with even the beginning of such an unusual manifestation, they have fallen into such unrestrained heart palpitation, that the manifestation stopped short. It was suspended for the very same reason as in the case of the experiment related above. It has been clearly established that the uncultivated heart and the inexperienced consciousness cannot endure anything loftier than their trivial routine.

Very often certain inexplicable heart palpitations are spoken about. People attribute them to the category of sex, or to inordinate work, or to some other excesses. But among these manifestations not a few cases would be found, when some beautiful wings have already touched someone expectant or unexpectant, yet he at the first proximity to them suffered a mortal trembling. This too will so often be from the incompatible distinction between earthly language and the Heavenly tongue.

So much good and compassion is contained in the simple consideration about the weak heart. If people, even in their everyday life would admit to themselves more often this humane thought about a neighbour's pain, about over-fatigue and weakness of his heart; then surely in this way they would become in many cases more humane.

* * * *

Manifestations of the dead have been recounted in all sorts of narratives. They are entirely beyond question. Among them it is undoubtedly true that many times, though with a highly needful goal in view, departed relatives and friends could not tell them their good news solely because

of that same animal terror on the part of those to whom they appeared. Cases are known, when, desiring to save a person from peril, departed ones have had to undertake a whole series of gradual approaches in order to free the person first of all from fear. Precisely fear so often prevents receiving the best news.

These manifestations, such good news and wishes to help have been written about so much, that it is impossible to go into an enumeration of the individual episodes. Beginning with theological and on through many philosophical, historical, and poetic narratives, it is everywhere affirmed that there is no death as such, and that the proximity of the worlds can be sensed even amid everyday life. All this is past doubting. But malice and hatred, which have so taken possession of humanity in our time, make it imperative to recall once more that the essential nature of man is good, and that everything evil and hideously harmful will be first of all an additional effect of ignorance.

The very dark ones, those creatures which have fallen very low, exert their influence first of all on the ignorant. Their favourite expedient is intimidation in many ways. They try so hard to obscure and to lower the consciousness of their victim, that he feels himself isolated, alone, and finally, he can see his fortune only in communion with the dark ones. And these likewise try to deprive the victim of all true joys, imposing upon him all the shameful surrogates of self-indulgence.

Man wishes to forget himself. Instead of wishing it possible to reflect more clearly and to take up arms in the spiritual battle, he is compelled to forget himself. In the delirious desire of forgetfulness, it is easier to take possession of him and make him an obedient instrument, cajoling him into ignorance. Whereas, only the thought of good which lies in the foundation can impel one to a thirst for knowledge. And then man does not lose a day or hour in order to learn, to make better, and to make beautiful everything possible. In this process, thought of good will be also a thought of beauty.

—————

The Link between the Past and the Present

BY R. MAHADEVAN B. A. (Hons.)

“**T**HE biological function of mind”, says McDougall, “is to bring the past to bear upon present action, guiding it in anticipation of the future”. This influence of our past upon our present experience is exerted through the medium of the modifications of mental structure induced by that past experience. Such enduring modifications or developments are the links between past and present experiences. This phenomenon is what is ordinarily known as “memory”.

Memory is an undefinable psychical experience common only to human beings. In our lives, ranging from faint recognitions to pleasant or painful reminiscences of our early days, memory plays its part and we also see or experience some sort of change in the internal organism which conditions our present activity. Objective evidence of memory at work can be obtained by observing animal behaviour.

An animal is confronted with a new problem, for instance, a maze or a latched cage. After various futile attempts, the animal solves the problem. On subsequent occasions, if similar problems are met with, the solutions are more easily and in lesser time, arrived at, by the animal. Here is an instance of learning by experience. It makes us infer that some change in the animal's organization has taken place and that this change has been retained to facilitate its solving of similar problems on subsequent occasions. Experience and learning are retained. This evidence of retention of changed organization underlying improved capacity may be taken as the objective evidence of memory taken in the broadest sense of the term. But in the case of animals such instances are not cases of memory but are the results of physiological changes which give a

sense of familiarity. All sense impressions which evoke the same reaction are signs of the same object to the animal.

As to whether memory is a physical or psychical function, there is difference of opinion among psychologists and philosophers. William James of America opines that memory is purely a physical function which can be physiologically explained. Bergson, the French savant, and McDougall consider the nature of memory to be purely a spiritual one.

Experiments conducted with the aid of nonsense-syllables by Ebbinghaus and Professor G. E. Miller made them believe that memory is physical and as such can be improved. Nonsense-syllables are meaningless combination of letters such as mon, Tek, Zud, Luz etc, which are introduced to give equal facilities to all subjects under experiment in spite of the differences in their intellectual capabilities. Experiments on learning and relearning such words show, that memory can be improved. The financial success and the abundance of testimonials displayed by the numerous commercial agencies which undertake to improve the “memories” of their clients testify to the wide diffusion of this belief and afford a certain presumption in its favour. But we must carefully distinguish three factors which are commonly lumped together under the head of “memory”. They are (1) “the power of ‘committing to memory’ (2) the retaining of the traces which facilitate ‘reproduction’ and (3) the capacity for “reproducing” by the aid of these traces”. The first of these functions can be much improved by judicious practice. With some difficulty the third also may be improved. But as regards retention we cannot be sure of its being improved.

The physiological theory asserts that memory and association are a matter of the formation and persistence of paths of low resistance in the brain. Sensations evoke reflexes and conditioned reflexes. Two reflex arcs are combined by association which makes a path of low resistance in the forest of synapses resulting in a more complex

arc. Here there is a mistaken assumption that habit and memory are identical functions.

Bergson rightly distinguishes between habit and true memory. Habit is of the body, and memory of the mind. "The past survives under two distinct forms: first in motor mechanisms; secondly in independent recollections.... The memory of a lesson remembered in the sense of learned by heart has all the marks of a habit....; the memory of each successive reading has none of the marks of a habit...; of these two memories one is pure memory, the other is habit interpreted by memory." ("Matiere et Memoire", Chap. II.). The physiological theory of paths of low resistance in the nervous system formed and modified by repetition is true only of the nature of habit. Learning and retention of nonsense-syllables can be explained by this theory. Since they are meaningless and taken as a unity, the learning here is mechanical, pertaining to habit. When reproducing these, the flow is easily obstructed at the least effort of consciousness. Here mental activity is superfluous. The row of syllables is not a series or succession of ideas. Mere repetition makes it roll itself off your tongue without deliberation on your part. This is only a motor habit or a 'secondary automatic process'. But true memory can be brought in when you can remember, while the habit-action proceeds, any one of the readings through the repetition of which you have learned a particular row of nonsense syllables.

To create a motor habit repetition under uniform conditions and practice is necessary. But sometimes some interesting scene or striking passage is taken up into us as if our minds have taken snapshots. One solitary experience is enough to impress itself on us. In ordinary life we see such sensory memory is of more importance than motor memory. Physiology cannot explain factors of sensory memory. Further we do not find any high positive correlation between a memory task and a habit task in the same person under experiment. But on the other hand we find a high positive correlation between two habit-tasks and also between two memory-tasks, while a low or negative

correlation between habit-tasks and memory-tasks. These only prove Bergson's theory that memory and habit are not identical.

The relationship existing between soul and body should be grasped to understand the subject of memory. Matter is not, as Descartes would have it, alien to us, nor does it reside in the mind itself as Berkeley put it. "Matter", says Bergson, "in our view, is an aggregate of 'images'". Image is a thing which is more than the idealists' "representation" and the mechanists' "thing". This universe is an aggregate of images. Among the many images the brain is also one. The body is but a centre of action. When a particular image like the brain functions some change takes place in the outer world through my body, which is the centre of action. Each perception involves memory and memory in its turn needs a perception to stir it into activity. Our body occupies a centre, receives impressions and reacts upon the environment. Such impressions received are either stored up in true memory for independent recollection or in our body in motor mechanisms.

Such is the nature of the two forms of memory, one of the nature of habit and the other of true memory. True memory is independent of time and is akin to an intuition. The habit-memory of the body acts the past experience in the present. True-memory records every moment of duration and is voluntary. It is this which also interprets the motor memory.

When we see a man for the first time, the first-seeing is called perception. On a later occasion the sense of familiarity which his presence evokes in us is known as recognition. Every perception involves a motor movement of which recognition is conscious. In recognition we are concerned with the identity of the present with the past.

With the Hindu psychologists, Bergson recognizes psychic centres of audition, vision etc. corresponding to physical ones. So he denies the fact that the auditory and other images are being stored up in the brain as the mechanists would have it. But Pathology finds people whose

auditory organ is quite fit but who cannot retain or reproduce the first images. If the associationistic theories are correct, words which mean similar things must bring into consciousness all images stored up; which have the same meaning. This is not to be found in practical life. These show that memory is a unique factor independent of Motor habits.

Memory is of the past. Perception is of the present where I am to act now and here, the 'present' is in its essence sensory-motor. There is no unit of time to indicate any moment which is my 'present'. When I say 'this is' even while I am saying; 'this is' becomes 'this was'. And I also think of the future, for the mind, the 'Present' is the perception of the 'Past'. My 'Present' is active involving motor actions. But memory is not of my body. Memory can evoke sensations as in the case of recognition but then it becomes perception and ceases to be a memory. Pure memory is latent and unconscious.

If the memories are of the past and can be present, in present action, we may be tempted to ask wherein do they reside till they are called upon to aid action. The Mechanists would have it that memories are stored up in the brain. But the brain along with the universe is always in a state of becoming. We cannot safely deposit memories in matter. The past is still continuing. It has not ceased to exist. It may no longer be useful. Consciousness is therefore able to illumine the past. Consciousness which illumines the past brings in pure memory, and links it with the present, that is, the motor-memory and produces action.

The promptitude with which one summons his past to the help of the present, determines one's true personality. To have a good memory is to have a well-organized mind. Pure memory assisted by consciousness creates a well-balanced mind. Mere motor memory makes one impulsive like the animals. Memory is a spirit and not a manifestation of matter. Memory is the remembrance of an absent object and its usefulness lies in the manner and alacrity with which it is brought forth to bear upon present action.

Taxila : A Great Indian University

Sri. V. T. LAKSHMI, M. A. L. T., M. R. A. S.



NDEED, many are the ancient cultural civilizations that have left their indubitable marks on the immortal pages of history. But, the glory of the civilization of Central America, Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria are just memories of the past, while the grandeur of the civilization of China was successfully superseded by Serindia. But, of all countries, India alone—it is universally admitted—has survived the rude shocks and ravages of time, military exploits and political disturbances; and she has preserved and even propagated to the world her inimitable cultural heritage, thus earning the enviable place of being the cultural mistress of the ancient and modern world. Needless it is to say that as regards ancient Indian cultural institutions Indian literature, science and art were by far eloquent, which were only handed over to posterity in the form of a sound system of Education.

In the Vedic Age, several references are made in the Rig Veda to the formation of Brahmanic or Vedic Schools, where Vedas were taught by hoary sages to a select number of pupils, who eagerly sought them. In due course, various types of priestly or spiritual schools were established to propagate several special sciences and arts. Usually, these schools were housed in the Teacher-Sages' hermitages. But, as days passed, the students increased in number and the necessity was keenly felt for the establishment of many educational institutions, preferably secular and moral in character. In "Lalitha Vistara", we are told of the formation of such institutions for teaching the three R's and moral stories to the young. Further, a very remarkable achievement of ancient India in the post-Vedic and Buddhist ages was the organisation of higher education in a few of the prominent centres of India. The earliest and the most famous institutions of the kind were those of Benares and Taxila, which were the educational

havens for people of all parts of the world, from at least the Buddhist Age. The one place which acquired great reputation, not only for its mastery over a special branch of knowledge—medicine—, but also for its general, ideal instruction, perfect discipline and homely training was the University of Taxila.

Taxila was one of the great north Indian cities, the foundation of which could go back to a very remote age. The name of the city was Takshasila, (in Sanskrit), or Takasila or Takhasila, (in Pali), which the Greek and Roman writers transcribed as Taxila. It is now in a state of ruins, long forgotten and neglected; but, thanks to General Cunningham's endeavours and explorations, in 1863, the locality of Taxila could be fixed and identified with the ruins or remains, which are situated near Sarai-Kala, a junction on the Railway, twenty miles north-west of Rawalpindi. The valley in which they lie is very prosperous, well-watered by a navigable river, protected by a chain of hills, near an ancient trade route. In the words of Sir John Marshall: "The strength of its natural defences and the fertility of the soil and a good supply of water account for the importance of the city in the early times".

Notwithstanding the power and wealth of Taxila, in ancient days, the information that is available about its history now is very meagre, drawn mostly from the ancient traditions, literary accounts of foreign writers, based upon the information from coins and rare inscriptions in and near the place.

There are many references to Takshasila in Sanskrit literature of various periods. In the Ramayana, (Vangavasi Edition—Uttarakandam—Chapter XIV), Bharata, Sri Rama's brother is said to have built two cities, Takkhasila and Puskalavata, and appointed his sons, Takkha and Puskala, to be their rulers respectively. The cities were described as very prosperous, as much as their citizens were pious. There is another reference in the same Kanda of Ramayana that Takkhasila was a centre of learning and that people from different parts of the country resorted to the Institution of Education, there, to specialise

in Law (Vyavahara). The 88th Chapter of Vayupurana refers to Takkhasila, the capital of Takka, a beautiful city—(Ramyapuri). Brihatsamhita mentions Takkhasila as the most famous city, implying thereby that it was doubtless a centre of ancient education and culture. Further, in Mahabharata, it is recorded that King Janamejaya conquered it. It also declares the men of Taxila to be matchless and unrivalled in discussions and debates in educational and cultural learning. Lastly, Kshemendra's "Aradanakalpala" says that Asoka's son, Kunala, was sent by Asoka to conquer Takkhasila, which was ruled by Kunjarakarna.

Taxila has been referred to, often, in Pali literature as well, as a great centre of learning and as an important University-centre in Ancient India. According to "Dhammapadatthakatha", Pasenadi, King of Kosala, was educated at the University of Taxila. From the Mahavagga, (Vinaya Pitaka), we learn that several princes from various kingdoms, within and without India, went to the University of Taxila for their complete education. "Dhammapadatthakatha" speaks of a student, who went to Taxila, all the way from Benares, to study the "Silpas" along with five hundred class-mates. In several places, in the Pali Jatakas, there are references to highly renowned teachers living at Taxila and to the various subjects taught there.

The writers of Greece, Rome and China have left behind valuable records of accounts of Taxila. Arrian refers to it as having been a great and flourishing city in the times of Alexander. Strabo comments upon its population. Plutarch dwells upon its fertile soil. Hiuen Tsang writes of its rich harvests and luxuriant vegetation. There are other foreign Buddhist works, which refer to the various arts and sciences, imparted at the University of Taxila, in the Buddhist Age.

Historical evidences are not absolutely wanting in confirming the greatness of the ancient history and prosperity of Taxila. In the fifth century B.C., Taxila was included in the Achaemenid Empire of Persia. An inscription in Aramic character, a relic of Persian influence at Taxila, was discovered in the 5th or 4th century. B.C. Taxila was

then a reputed University town, famous for the arts and sciences of the day. Alexander the Great received the submission of Ambhi of Taxila, in 326 B.C. From the Greek writers, we learn that the country was well governed. Polygamy and Sati were in vogue. Poor girls were sold at marriage-markets. The dead were exposed to vultures. After Alexander's death, Chandragupta incorporated Taxila into the Empire of Magadha. In the times of Bindusara, Taxila rebelled and threw off the Mauryan yoke. Asoka, however, subdued it and ruled there as Bindusara's Viceroy. That Kunhala, Asoka's son, was, for some time, Asoka's Viceroy at Taxila, a flourishing city, is testified to by the Pillar Edict VII. After Asoka's death, along with the other outlying provinces, Taxila asserted her independence, only to be conquered by the Bactrian Greeks. Their rule was, however, supplanted at Taxila by that of the Scythians or Sakas. It is supposed, by the way, that in 44 A.D. Apollonius of Tyana visited Taxila. Very soon, Taxila fell into the hands of Kujula Kadphises, between 50 and 60 A.D. In 400 A.D. Fahien visited the Buddhistic monuments at Taxila, but left no particulars about them. When Hiuen Tsang visited India, in the days of Harsha, he found it a dependency of Kashmir. The greatness of Taxila gradually passed off into the limbo of oblivion. Its downfall and gradual destruction was certainly the work of the incessant hordes of the barbarous Huns.

We have reasons to believe that the University of Taxila to which many Colleges were affiliated, however it might have been originated, was maintained by the voluntary and willing cooperation of the state and society. The King's bounteous donations and the occasional subscriptions of the local rich magnates and merchants, together with the collection of fees from the paid students of the University, defrayed the expenditure of the institution.

The University was a residential institution. The students lived there and studied various arts and sciences, under the able and paternal guidance of their efficient teachers. The close contact between the teachers and

students led to very desirable results. The healthy and laudable examples of teachers helped to mould the character of their pupils. An ideal and friendly relationship, a perfect discipline and cordial understanding grew between them. The teachers understood their pupils, sympathised with their weaknesses and tried to help them to rectify them. They were not blind to their pupils' merits, which were encouraged. While the pupils loved the teachers as their sympathetic guides and friends, they revered them as their preceptors. What a happy contrast to the present dismal want of a sympathetic understanding between our modern teachers and pupils!

The students of the Taxila University were of two classes: those who paid for their education and those who served their teachers and the institution, in some way or other, in day time, in lieu of payment of fees and received their lessons in the nights. Although we have not sufficient and definite evidence to say if lady-students were admitted into the University of Taxila, we may, however, presume, until the contrary is definitely discovered, that Taxila was a mixed University, in the light of existing evidences on hand that there were several Buddhist lady-scholars, like Dhammadinna, who rejected her husband's treasure and surpassed her husband in her knowledge of Buddhist doctrines and in solving numerous intricate problems; Sona and Kisa Gotami, who were profoundly educated and who abandoned the pleasures of the world and embraced the monastic life, "not as a relief from poverty and suffering; but as the Crown of self-sacrifice and selfless service." Will it be then too much to think that these ladies, skilful in debates, should have had the benefit of instruction and training of a good University like that of Taxila? Besides, we have definite authorities, according to Rev. Keay, about the existence of Buddhist nunneries, as great as monasteries, which did yeoman service to the cause of woman's education, in Ancient India.

The instruction that the University catered to its pupils, was an ideal one. It was characterised by a broad and catholic spirit of philanthropy. The system of education

gave scope for liberty of thought and action on the part of its students. It stimulated the students' original work and independent powers of discussion. It encouraged them to give free vent to their Muses in lyrical poetry and metaphysical speculation. It taught them their rights and duties. It curbed their vile ideas and vicious impulses. Corporal punishment was often used to correct the otherwise incorrigible erring. Individual attention was paid to the students' education,—physical, moral, mental and spiritual. In short, it prepared them not only for the organised social and political life in the world, but also for the spiritual evolution in progress, through eternity.

The University of Taxila, however, acquired special reputation for medical sciences, as the University of Benares was reputed for theology. The "Mahavayya" speaks of Jivaka, the renounced physician at the Court of Bimbisara, having been educated there in medicine and surgery. But the University did not neglect the imparting of other sciences and arts. Of the other subjects taught there, special mention should be made about the three Vedas—Sama, Rig and Yajur—and eighteen Vijjas, (branches of knowledge). According to Uttarakanda of Ramayana, (Vangavasi Edition), we learn that Law or Vyavahara, at the University of Taxila, was a specialised subject. We also learn that Bhimasena, King of Benares, learnt archery there. ("Sara-bhanga Jataka"). In the "Campeyya Jataka", it is said that a young man learnt "Alambanamantam" (art of charming snakes) at Taxila. According to the "Vrahachatta Jataka", a son of the King of Kosala learnt "N.dhi-Uddharanamantam", (art of discovering hidden treasures), at the University of Taxila. Thus, we have every reason to believe that the system of education, imparted at Taxila, comprised a comprehensive curriculum, including science of grammar, lexicography, fine arts, medicine, logic, philosophy, law and the study of "Jatakamala" (Stories of Lord Buddha in his previous births). In short, so much fame was gained by Taxila as a centre of learning that one of the writers, Panini, says that "Takshasila as the surname of a person denoted that his ancestors had lived at Taxila"

The teachers at the University were selfless monks, belonging to different castes, who were experts in the branches of knowledge and sciences, which they chose to specialise in. The fame of these highly renowned teachers spread far and wide not only for their unrivalled knowledge, but also for the perfect and practical training that they gave their pupils and foreign scholars, students and visitors flocked there. The "Cittasambhuta Jataka" tells us that the University was more or less an aristocratic institution, that was open to people belonging only to upper classes. Could the University of Taxila have been influenced by the then-existing scruples of the rigid caste-system? It is a matter for speculation and study. Though the University was staffed with missionaries of Buddhist learning, the dominating force in its scheme of education was social and ethical, while the spiritual element played only an incidental role.

Thus the University of Taxila was an ideal one. It imparted an education that lifted the savage to sage, the barbarous to the enlightened, the warring to the peaceful. And it gave such a training to its votaries that they were able to fill their places in life with credit to themselves and to the country to which they had the honour and privilege to belong.

A New Solution of the Problem of Unemployment.

BY DEWAN BAHADUR K. S. RAMASWAMY SASTRI



HERE are two ways of solving unemployment. There was a third way. That was the happiest way. It was to say that there was no unemployment at all. Any one who sees how the cinemas are full day after day, how the drink bill of India is mounting and how the cost of administration is soaring ever higher and higher will stand by that view and prove it. Nay, if we but look at the Madras Law College gate in the first week of July and see how a crowd of would-be entrants jostles and shouts and screams for entrance as if the Law College, like its distinguished compeer across the Esplanade, were a kind of Modern Cafe, we dare not say, even with bated breath and whispering humbleness, that the most suitable motto for the Law College is the writing at the entrance to the other place "All Hope Abandon ye who enter here". We find the same rush at the entrance to every College. Each college has now got an Admission Committee. Can you tell me why such committees are called admission committees? I remember how, in the days of my advocacy—for, I was an advocate once upon a time in the days of King Arthur and his Round Table minus Sir Galahad—Justice Sir James Daires roared out in his usual stentorian voice, when I moved for the admission of an appeal and for the stay of proceedings in the Lower Court, "This is not a court of admission but a court of rejection". In the same way the so-called Admission Committees are but Rejection Committees. Take the Medical College Committee for instance. What a crowd looks at it with besieging and beseeching eyes! The applicants thirst to know the insides of the waiting corpses. But the Committee is thirsting to know the outsides of the waiting boys. Are you a Brahmin? Are you a non-Brahmin? These are the pertinent and all-important questions for decision. I shall tell you more about Indian Education in its new phases later on.

I was telling you that the ancient and time-honoured method of solving unemployment by denying unemployment is no longer in vogue. The two new ways are actually solving it, and appointing a Commission or a Committee or a Special Officer to sit and incubate a Report. Whenever a child cries or is too bothersome and you have got to put it to sleep if you want to go to dances and dinners, you must give it a lollypop, a chocolate, an ice-fruit, or at least a rattle. That is the key to the Committee idea. Whenever the public sulks or kicks against the pricks, give it a Commission or a Committee or a Special Officer. It will smile and suck the chocolate or shake the rattle and eventually go to sleep.

There is yet another way of solving unemployment. But I am afraid to give it out lest some persons should misunderstand me and call me a misanthrope. I love the *genus homo* more than all my brothers and sisters do. A new suggestion is to electrocute the existing unemployed. But that is not mine. I suggest that they be hypnotised and put to sleep for life and that intensive and extensive birth-control be practised on a nation-wide scale so that no future candidates for unemployment may come into existence. I assure the Indian Nation—if there is one—that if that is done, there will be no more unemployment in this country.

The trouble is that in the case of this national malady, as in the case of other diseases afflicting humanity, we get historians, etiologists, prophets and what not but not a single healing physician. Even if he exists and is willing to come and treat the patient, the vendors of patent medicines crowd round the patient like unselfish relatives around a dying man's bed or like vultures around a dying lion. One man shouts: "Agricultural Colonies Scheme!" Another screams: "Back to the land". A third says: "Khaddar! Khaddar! Khaddar!" A fourth man says: "Raise the national dividend". Another says: "Let us have doles". And yet another says: "Unemployed Insurance". A bold spirit cries out: "Hunger-march! Demonstrate! Where is our flag?" To-day the unemployment flag is flying on the top of every house just as the Union Jack is flying on the top of the Collector's office and

the national tricolour flag is flying on the top of the Congress House. The Unemployment Flag is of unrelieved black and contains the figure of Oliver Twist asking for more and receiving less.

But stop! the healing physician has come. Do you not know who that is? Who can save the unemployed except the Prince of the Unemployed? It is my old friend Mr. Nesan. He has got the biggest heart (bigger than his body) and the subtlest brain and the quickest hand and the emptiest purse. He was born under the unluckiest star and

"Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Bengal billows roared".

He too tried for all jobs under the sun and the moon but in vain. He knows everything about all forms and degrees of unemployment and all the unemployed. I am sorry to see that His Excellency the Viceroy has not yet sent for him. I am sure that Mr. Nesan can give points even to President Roosevelt whose New Deal has become an Old Deal. Quite recently he was invited to Laputa and presided over a conference of Laputan Professors and has returned with the title G.C.I.E. (Grand Commander of Invention Experts).

Mr. Nesan came to my house yesterday. I plied him with coffee and compliments. I got up a congratulatory meeting and garlanded him and made him a peripatetic flower-show. I took him in procession along the Mount Road and the Marina. H. E. The Viceroy then sent for him and made him the Special Officer to report on the best solution of unemployment. Though education is not yet free and compulsory and universal, unemployment at least has risen to the proud position. Mr. Nesan's report is now ready. He showed it to me in confidence. Do you know that he is a Nutrition Expert as well? Of course every unemployed person is a Nutrition Expert in the sense of being an expert in swallowing nutrition. Mr. Nesan has long specialised in the fine art of subsisting on air and has suggested that if all the unemployed learn from him that finest of all fine arts, there would be an immediate and automatic and successful solution of the most baffling and universal problem of to-day.

Tales from Rajput History

BY V. RANGACHARYA, M. A.

RANA VIKRAMAJIT (A. D. 1532)



ANA Vikramajit, the brother and successor of Ratna, was a typical Rajput chief whose experiences were but struggles and storms born of the Rajput weaknesses of pride and lack of serenity or tolerance. "He was insolent, passionate and vindictive, and utterly regardless of that respect which his proud nobles rigidly exacted. Instead of appearing at their head, he passed his time amongst wrestlers and prizefighters, on whom and a multitude of *paeks* or footsoldiers he lavished those gifts and that approbation to which the aristocratic Rajput, the equestrian order of Rajasthan, arrogated exclusive right."

Nor was Vikramajit solely to blame. Fate made him its plaything by making even his well-intentioned reforms crimes in the eyes of his conservative countrymen. Vikramajit realised that he had stepped into an old and obsolete world in pinning his faith on the cavalry. He apparently realised that the Mughal arms, which were the first to be equipped with field guns, had owed their success to this. He must have also known the employment of European gunners, both in the field and against forts, by his valiant contemporary, Bahadur Shah of Gujarat. It was the fire of Rumi Khan, Babur's artillery-commander, whom Tod doubtfully regards a "Roumeliot or Syrian Christian", and Bahadur's Feringis, that had made the Rajput glory a vision of the past. Vikramajit seems to have thought that, so long as there was no defence against this superiority of his foes, the thunder of arms would continue to clash and rumble over the heads of his subjects and vassals. The bonds of dependency could be avoided only by the revelation to the Rajput that he could be roused to an efficient method of self-protection. And the only way to do it was by imitating the Muslims and depending more on the Plebian foot than the feudal horseman. In infantry rather than the

cavalry, did safety lie: hence Vikramajit's employment of the 'paeks'.

But to the proud Rajput clansmen all innovation was anathema. They had a contempt for the foot-soldiers, and they regarded the king's enterprise as part of that despicability of character which had made him a companion of wrestlers and prize-fighters. They could treasure the visions of the past only in association with the exploits of the knight-errant. They could not shut down the clamour of their prejudices, and be practical. They preferred to fall from their steeds rather than fight on foot with the plebian folk and the more contemptible users of 'those vile guns'.

The result was open rupture between the king and the nobility. Moderation and tact were needed to deal with the situation: but Vikramajit lacked them. He adopted a passionate and truculent mood. Nor could any other type of behaviour have been in harmony with his nature. His character lacked in the amiable quality of moderation and compromise. He was angry to be put out in the cold by his vassals, and he condemned them in a sulphurous manner.

The tension became too much to do good to either. The king's rule was denounced as tyranny. "The police were despised; the cattle carried off by the mountaineers from under the walls of Chetore; and when his cavaliers were ordered in pursuit, the Rana was tauntingly told to send his paeks."

And the storm of foreign invasion at once began to hang threatening overhead. Sultan Bahadur Shah of Gujarat remembered the disgrace of his predecessor Muzaffar Shah, and marched against Mewar. Joined by the troops of Mandu he reached the Bundi territory and pitched his camp at Loicha. Vikramajit, who had courage in his heart and strength in his cause, attacked him with characteristic intrepidity; but the odds were overwhelmingly against him. His footmen, mostly mercenaries, were discovered to be spineless and feeble; and his vassals and kinsmen preferred to desert him for the defence of Chitor and a posthumous infant, Udaya Singh by name, left by

Rana Sanga. Chitor possessed a spell irresistible and intensive, and all chiefs, friends and foes alike, took the burden of its defence with the courage and resources they could command. "The heir of Surajmul, of Bundi (1532-3) abandoned his new capital of Deola to pour out the few drops which yet circulated in his veins in defence of the abode of his fathers". The chief of Bundi himself came with 500 Haras. Sonigar Rao of Jalor, Devra Rao of Abu, and every other chief contributed his mite. Nor could there have been too many defenders at that crisis. The menace of Bahadur's artillery under the Engineer 'Labri Khan of Frengan' hung like a blight over the city; and as no Rajput could think of eating the humblepie and submitting, there could be none too many for the holocaust.

And indeed a holocaust it was,—artillery on one side and its victims on the other. With all his 500 men the chief of Bundi fell in a bastion which was mined by the Sultan; and their place was taken by Durga Rao, the Chondawat chiefs Sutto and Dudu, and their gallant men. Women did not lag behind; and the queen mother, Jawahar Bai, a Rahtor lady, rushed in a vigorous sally against the foe and perished like a veritable war-goddess. Her sister, Karnavati, the mother of the royal infant, took a more practical method to save her child and land. Years back she had sent the *Rakhi* or bracelet of brotherhood to Humayun, the Mughal emperor, then engaged in war in Western India. He was now far away in Bengal, and the Rajput queen, beset on every hand by enemies, wrung her hands in despair, and urged him to respect the call of honour and glory.

The *Rakhiband*, the most characteristic symbol of Rajput chivalry, has been described in undying language by Col. Tod: "The festival of the bracelet (*Rakhi*) is in spring, and whatever its origin, it is one of gallantry of the most delicate nature which is established between the fair sex and the cavaliers of Rajasthan. Though the bracelet may be sent by maidens, it is only on occasions of urgent necessity or danger. The Rajpoot dame bestows with the *Rakhi* the title of adopted brother. While its

acceptance secures to her all the protection of a *cavaliere servente*, scandal itself never suggests any other tie to his devotion. He may hazard his life in her cause, and yet never receive a smile in reward; for he cannot even see the fair object who, as brother of her adoption, has constituted him her defender. But there is a charm in the mystery of such connection, never endangered by close observation, and the loyal to the fair may well attach a value to the public recognition of being the *Rakhiband Bai*, the bracelet-bound brother, of a princess. The intrinsic value of such pledge is never looked to, nor is it requisite that it should be costly, though it varies with the means and rank of the donor, and may be of flock silk and spangles, or gold chains and gems. The acceptance of the pledge and its return is by the *Katchli* or corslet, of simple silk or satin, of gold brocade and pearls. In shape or application there is nothing similar in Europe, and as defending the most delicate part of the structure of the fair, it is peculiarly appropriate as an emblem of devotion." Tod refers to many romantic tales founded on the gift of the *Rakhi*, and proudly describes his own exploits as a *Rakhi* brother on a number of occasions, when he was able to restore ancient families from degradation to affluence. He received the bracelet from three queens of Udaipur, Bundi and Kotah, and from Chand Bai, the maiden sister of the Rana. He was similarly honoured by many ladies of the chieftains of rank, "with whom he interchanged letters. The sole article of 'barbaric pearl and gold' which he conveyed from a country where he was six years supreme, are these testimonies of friendly regard. Intrinsically of no great value, they were presented and accepted in the ancient spirit, and he retains them with a sentiment the more powerful because he can no longer render them any service*".

But Humayun could not immediately go to the rescue of Chitor from the foe. He had to cover a great distance, and his capacity was not equal to his inclination, though he, with characteristic sense of honour, tried his honest best to

do so. And in the meanwhile Bahadur Shah tore the fort stone from stone with such rapidity that the chiefs felt that they were quite undone. Beset by a foe who was venting a vindictive rancour, they appealed in despair to their tutelary goddess, the grim deity presiding over Chitor! But the goddess could be satisfied only by the offering of a crowned head, and that crowned head, Vikramajit, was far off. Indeed he had been disowned and deserted by the defenders. What was to be done? How was the dilemma to be solved? Suddenly from amidst the chiefs who were massed together in perplexing thought arose a voice, the voice of Bhagji, the son of Surajmul and prince of Devla. "Let the crown of Mewar be formally placed on my brow! Let the *Changi* symbol, the golden sun and the mark of the Sisodias, be carried before me for a moment, and let me offer my life in this unequal contest where man meets not man but the hellish machine! A royal sacrifice would then have been perpetrated to the satisfaction of the goddess, and if Chitor is not saved, at least her name and her glory will be".

No sooner was the proposal made than it was acted upon. Every preparation was made to launch a final attack, though everybody saw himself on the threshold of eternity. Udaya Singh, the infant son of Rana Sanga, was placed under the special charge of a faithful servant, Chuka Sen Dhundera. Preparations were made for a comprehensive *jauhar* wherein the ladies, women of speckless reputation as they were, could find refuge from capture. It was rather difficult to make an arrangement for the sacrifice; for most of the men had fallen, and the remaining few had to defend the now completely exposed gap into the fort. Still, "combustibles were quickly heaped up in reservoirs and magazines excavated in the rock, under which gunpowder was strewed. Karnavati, mother of the prince, and sister to the gallant Arjun Hara, led the procession of willing victims to the doom, and 13000 females were thus swept at once from the record of life."

In saffron robes the surviving men then rushed to meet the ranks of Bahadur who had now entered the fort,

and fell to a man. A peace of universal death brooded over the place; and Bahadur Shah was speechless at the tragedy he had been the cause of. The lodestar of his long military exploits was in his grasp; but he had lost all the triumphal arrays for which he had so long preyed on Rajasthan. Master of a place of death, he felt as if he had been dropped in an atmosphere strangely horrid, pathetic and unpleasant. By that day Chaitra-Suddha 12, Samvat 1586 (A. D. 1532—3) which saw him in possession of the mighty and historic fort, a sum-total of 32000 Rajputs had paid the toll.

So ended the second sack of Chitor. After all, the conqueror was not permitted to stay in the Mewar metropolis for more than a fortnight. The clap of the Mughal military clamour was near at hand. Humayun had fulfilled his pledge, and was hurrying to the spot,—to find himself, alas, that he was too late! He was not, however, slow to chastise the aggressor. Bahadur was compelled to retreat, Mandu was stormed, and Rana Vikramajit was girt with a sword in the captured citadel of his foe!

Vikramajit, had he been wise, would have looked about at the world with a more suave and tactful attitude; but he was incapable of it. The emotion of resentment which he nursed against his nobles hung like a blight over him. He shocked the council of chiefs with the violence of his behaviour, and once actually struck the venerable chief of Ajmer who had been his father's saviour in many a crisis. The pride of the nobles could endure no further; and taking leave of their traditional worship of monarchy, they thrust the crown of Chitor on a bastard prince, Banbir (1532—40); and the acclamations at the elevation of one drowned the cries attending the assassination of the other.

Side-Lights on Planetary Influences.

BY AGHORAM AIYER.



CERTAIN planetary combinations are considered to be the most favourable in astrology. I esteem very highly a combination of Mercury and Venus, but this combination conduces to the best results chiefly for one with Virgo as the ascendant, and secondarily for a native with Capricorn or Aquarius as the ascendant; for natives whose ascendant is any other sign, this combination does not augur so well. These planets being benefics, a combination of these in a quadrant sign helps a native very much better than in any other sign however well-placed. Benefics in quadrants also contribute to longevity. If Virgo is the ascendant, and Mercury and Venus are in combination in Gemini, receiving also the aspect of Jupiter, the planetary period of Venus ought to bring great affluence to the father, if the native is a child, and to himself and to the father, if he has grown up; if a Raja Yoga arises through Venus, affluence and other comforting conditions which may result from it come with a spontaneity and unexpectedness which is surprising because Venus has Nidhikarakathwam. I know of Mercury—Venus combinations for Capricorn and Aquarius ascendants, but they do much less good than this combination for Virgo-ascendant; for Capricorn the combination relates to the lordships of six and nine houses for Mercury and five and ten houses for Venus; nevertheless the combination ought to give Raja Yoga, and I know of a horoscope with this combination in the sixth house, which is its own house for Mercury and its friendly house for Venus, and the native went through the planetary period of Mercury first and is now going through that of Venus; but the Raja Yoga is clouded by financial unsoundness and transactional failures. I would put some high value on this combination for Taurus and Gemini ascendants also; particularly for Gemini, this combination is highly favourable and leads to Raja Yoga but Venus's lordship of the twelfth house, for this ascendant

clouds the Raja Yoga a great deal ; likewise, Venus's lordship of the sixth house for a Taurus ascendant ; for other ascendants, this combination is not of any high value, although, if the combination occurs in a quadrant sign, it should contribute to longevity.

Single planets by their lordships and favourable position shower great good on a native ; for a Capricorn and Aquarius ascendant, Venus alone can give Raja Yoga and all kinds of earthly good ; For Capricorn, Venus in the tenth house is a great deal more helpful than Venus in the fifth house, but for Aquarius Venus in the fourth house helps better than in the ninth house. An Aquarius native doing the period of Venus in the fourth house is simply pushed on to unusual good fortune, but nature never failing in her compensation prepares for the man, the period of moon, which will come a few years after, and for this native, the ten years period of the moon is ruin and destruction leaving not a trace of the original fortune. Mars alone gives Raja Yoga for Cancer and Leo ascendants. For the first it has the lordship of five and ten houses, and for the second, it has the lordship of four and nine houses ; for Leo ascendant I would prefer the location of this Mars in exaltation in the sixth house, to its location in its own houses of four or nine ; but for a Cancer ascendant I consider Mars in its own house of the tenth, the best placed.

Jupiter as a single planet can help a native to attain to Raja Yoga. It helps best a Scorpio-ascendant and without a combination it will not help any other ascendant : for a Scorpio-ascendant, it has the lordship of two and five houses and that is its best lordship. When it is placed in the tenth house, i. e. in Leo, and its planetary period occurs, the Raja Yoga so far as it relates to occupation is best and a great deal of earthly good is realised by the native. If, in the seventh house, the Raja Yoga is less, but his wife should bring a fortune to him ; in the fourth house, it may be much less than in the tenth house, but nevertheless it will bring a good Raja Yoga. If in the Ascendant, the Raja Yoga may be less than in the tenth house, but the influence of Jupiter on the native, when located in the

ascendant, protects the native right through life, which could not be posited of the Jupiter in the tenth house ; a quadrant relationship between Jupiter and moon gives rise to one of the highest Yogas, called Kesari Yoga, but a native with Scorpio-ascendant and Jupiter located in the ascendant, and a waxing moon, exalted in the seventh house, receiving the aspect of Jupiter ought to be the best Kesari Yoga, known to astrology.

The righteousness of a man with a Jupiter strong in the Scorpio-ascendant is of a truly exalting kind, and will undoubtedly outmatch that quality as it may develop in a native with Jupiter placed in any of the other quadrants ; but if the same Jupiter is exalted in the ninth house, as it should be for a Scorpio-ascendant, it will raise him in the scale of spiritual being, though he will be predominantly ritualistic. A native doing the planetary period of Jupiter with a Scorpio-ascendant and Jupiter placed strongly in the ascendant, ought to be able to accomplish more easily any programme in furtherance of his spiritual evolution or of the well-being of society, than if it was placed in any other quadrant. Digbala is an item of strength considered to be very good for planets, and Jupiter has Digbala only in the ascendant, and therefore a Jupiter like the one we have been considering, in the Scorpio-ascendant, is a tower of strength to the native ; Jupiter, as a single planet is the worst for the Capricorn-ascendant and its planetary period ought to be trying to a native ; but if placed in his own house of the third, its planetary period will promote the prosperity and good fortune, chiefly of his younger brothers and sisters, and in a lesser measure, help him also. Saturn as a single planet gives Raja Yoga for the Taurus-ascendant and the Libra-ascendant ; I have seen even a Saturn placed in the eighth house for a Libra-ascendant and exchanging houses with Venus in the fifth house pushing on enormously the good fortune of a native, though it took away his wife ; for a Libra-ascendant, I would prefer Saturn exalted in the ascendant, but for a Taurus-ascendant, I would prefer a Saturn in its own house of the tenth, and after it a Saturn exalted in the sixth house, and next a Saturn even

in the seventh house as against a Saturn in his own house of the ninth.

The planetary combinations of Saturn and Mars, and of Saturn and Venus are the most dreadful. About sixty years ago, Saturn and Mars and Dragon's head became combined in the sign of Aquarius. It was one of the most destructive combinations, and according to the house in which the combination occurred for each native, or according to the lordship of Saturn or Mars for each ascendant, this combination has brought some dreadful calamitous experience to each native. A certain inflamability of temper and an earthquake-like vehemence of manner is generally noticeable either in the native who has the combination or that relation to whom the lordship of Saturn or Mars points; this combination brings out also a great deal of hauteur, a violent fighting spirit and an aggressive character; more or less the same result should come with a Saturn and Mars in opposition aspects. I dread most a Saturn-Mars combination in the second house, and particularly occurring in the sign of Aries, for the native becomes a daring liar and his breach of faith will happen with regard to the man who gave him the most love.

But the combination of Saturn and Venus is a wretched one and keeps the native in a state of licentiousness and makes the sex-life of the man contemptible. The concupiscence that may result from this combination is disastrous; not merely is this combination ruinous, but even a full aspect between Venus and Saturn conduces to the same evil conditions, most so if Saturn is in Pisces and Venus is in Virgo. A man may have even Saturn exalted in the ninth house; generally, Saturn exalted in the ninth house tends to spiritualise a native; but if Venus from the third house aspects this Saturn, and the native does even the period of Saturn, his experiences far from being spiritual ought to be of a sensual nature; on the other hand, if Jupiter from the third house gives his full aspect to Saturn, he should have elevating spiritual experiences in the period of Saturn.

The Zamorin Raja K. C. Manavikraman Raja.

BY M. S. DEVASA IYER, B. A., B. L.

"The Zamorin was the most powerful and the most wealthy of the four kingdoms of Malabar, the most powerful on account of the many and brave Nayars, for it is known that the Nayars of the Zamorin have always been the most daring and resolute among all the Nayars of Malabar, and secondly, on account of the extensiveness of this kingdom, because its mile stone in the north border of the kingdom of Collatry and of the south reached the mouth of the river near Cranganore and in the east were placed against the mountains in the kingdom of Palacatchery and Mysore. The most wealthy on account of the extensive trade carried on by the Moores of the Zamorin with the Red sea Persia and Surat and especially their trade in that ancient and famous free commercial town of Calicut".

—Dutch Governor Moens.



HE extract given above enables the reader to visualise for himself the prowess and prosperity, the glory and grandeur of the Zamorin Rajas of Calicut who held their undisputed sway in Kerala during the period beginning with the 14th century and ending with the close of the 18th century A. D. The commercial greatness of the Malabar Coast attracted many foreigners from the West and the hospitality extended to them by the Zamorin Rajas and the enthusiastic encouragement afforded to trade contributed not a little to the importance of Calicut as a great commercial centre.

Tradition would have us believe that the Zamorin Rajas are the successors and representatives of the famous Perumal kings of Kerala and that the famous Cheraman Perumal, on the eve of his departure for Mecca as a staunch devotee of the Prophet, partitioned his kingdom among his relatives and gave a portion to his trusted Lieutenant Manavikraman Zamorin, together with his sword and turban, commanding him to rule in his stead. Research

scholars in the field of ancient history of Kerala still doubt whether there existed at all an individual as Cheraman Perumal. Their theory is that Cheraman Perumal is a generic term applicable to the whole line of Perumal kings of Kerala, that the fact of conversion to Islam is a myth and that it is not at all supported by proper and reliable historical evidence. Even granting for the sake of argument that such an individual existed the Hindus would never have deified the Cheraman Perumal as they have done at Thiruvanchikulam as a token of respect to him, if he had deserted the Hindu fold in favour of Islam. It stands to reason to believe that the Zamorins might have set up their independent principality owing allegiance to the Perumal line of Kings who had their Capital at Vanji or Thiruvanjikulam near Cranganore, which was in those days an important seaport and centre of trade in Western India. Subsequently by their strength, influence and organising capacity the Zamorin Rajas rose in importance accompanied by a continuous period of flourishing trade. And from this illustrious line of independent rulers of a prosperous country the present Zamorin Raja K. C. Manavikraman Raja popularly known as Kutti Ettan Thampuran, traces his noble descent.

The Royal family of the Zamorin Rajas has separated itself into three groups called the Kizhake Kovilagam at Kottakkal, South Malabar (the Eastern Palace), the Puthiya Kovilagam at Thiruvananthapuram, Calicut, (the New Palace) and the Padinhara Kovilagam at Manakave, Calicut (the Western Palace) and each group is possessed of large properties for their exclusive use and enjoyment. The eldest male member is entitled to be installed as the Zamorin Raja and the four successive junior members are placed next in rank each one enjoying special properties, perquisites and honours, the Zamorin having a conspicuous place amongst them. Ambadi Kovilagam the seat of seniority in the female line also has large properties at its disposal.

The Kizhaka Kovilagam has been specially blessed by the Almighty in respect to wealth, learning, health,

happiness and prosperity. It has the unique honour of having produced a notable band of Zamorins who have proved worthy of their illustrious ancestors and by the birth of Kutti Ettan Raja, it has added one more feather to its cap of glory. On the 4th of June 1860 Kutti Ettan saw the light of day under the very favourable auspices of the Moolam Star. Both from his maternal and paternal side he inherited a great spiritual intuition, moral elevation, mental outlook and intellectual attainments. His mother Kunji Thamburatti, a pious and generous lady, claimed direct descent from the famous Manorama Thamburatti who was well known for her learning, culture and piety. His father was Maruthur Manakkal Nambudiripad, whose character and capacity impressed every one of those with whom he came in contact.

Though a sickly boy Kutti Ettan found immense pleasure in intellectual pursuits. As was usual in those days along with other boys of the family he was also given Sanskrit tuition by the well known Sanskrit scholar Krishna Warriar, their family Guru. Because his health did not permit him to take part in any sort of physical activity Kutti Ettan devoted all his time and energy to his studies and before he was fifteen he secured for himself a very high proficiency in Sanskrit literature. Subsequently he began studying English under a private tutor for sometime and then came over to Calicut along with some other Thamburans of his age. Rao Sahib Ramanunni Valia Nayar of Kannambra belonging to one of the aristocratic Nayar families of South Malabar, took up the noble task of coaching up these young Thamburans for the Matriculation standard and he was not only their tutor but also their friend, philosopher and guide in all matters which concerned their welfare.

Kutti Ettan then proceeded to Madras to prosecute his studies. Soon after he came over to Calicut and joined the Kerala Vidyasala, (Zamorin's College) which had been started just then. After passing the F. A. examination he joined the Presidency College at Madras for his B. A. Course. He was not able to get a complete success in the

B. A. Examination as his ill-health forced him to leave Madras.

Imbued with the spirit of Eastern and Western cultures young Kutti Ettan could not naturally idle away his time. His mental agility, fertile imagination and fine emotions always stimulated him to some noble action. He now turned his attention to the affairs of the Kizhaka Kovilagam and from the year 1889 onwards he took a very keen interest in its management. Though young in years his practical wisdom, sound common sense, generous disposition and winning manners secured for him the hearty co-operation of all alike. During a period of forty eight years he has been able to manage a family consisting of nearly two hundred members and large number of tenants, to the satisfaction of all concerned, whilst some of the other Kovilagams of the Zamorin's family are still steeped in the mire of family litigations. The Kovilagam has to collect three to four lakhs of paras of paddy and other dues annually from the tenants and has to meet a land revenue of nearly Rs. 86,000 per year.

The Management of the family affairs alone was not sufficient to satisfy the energetic and enquiring mind of the young Kutti Ettan. English education and life outside Malabar has widened his outlook and has given a strong impetus to his public activities. At a time when the public in these parts could not even dream of public meetings and public opinions, at or about 1889 the energetic Thamburan by his enthusiasm organised the Kerala Mahajana Sabha. To propogate the ideas and ideals of the Sabha and to bring home to the public the utility of such organisations the necessity for a journal was keenly felt and he started the Malayalam paper "Manorama of Calicut" in memory of his talented and cultured great grand-mother Manorama Thamburatti. The organisation of the Kerala Jemmi Sabha and the work in connection with the same are other instances of the public activities of Kutti Ettan who has spared no pains in focussing public opinion in Malabar in such important matters as Permanent settlement of land, Land Revenue, Tenancy and Marumakathayam Acts.

Perhaps the reader will be surprised to hear that our Kutti Ettan Raja was a delegate to the tenth Indian National Congress held at Madras in 1894 and that he took part in its proceedings. Even forty years ago the Raja was a great enthusiast for the permanent settlement of land and he very strongly expressed his views from the Congress platform to the effect that the British Government was bound by the terms of the Proclamations of 1803 and 1805 under which a permanent settlement of land has already been granted to us. He did not stop here. He took an active part in the company of the late Rao Bahadur P. Ananthacharlu and others in leading a deputation before the Government in respect to this matter. At the time when the Tenancy and Marumakathayam Bills were on the Legislative anvil Raja went over to Madras in order to safeguard their vested interest. Even so late as 1936 when His Excellency Lord Erskine visited Malabar our Raja in an interview impressed upon His Excellency the supreme necessity for the reduction of the land revenue and the Raja has also submitted his memorandum before the special committee appointed for the purpose by the interim Ministry.

A scholar in himself being well versed in Sanskrit and English Literatures, the Raja is a patron of learning and centre of Hindu culture. He takes a personal interest in the spread of education and was himself a manager of the Zamorin's College of Calicut for a period of 8 years from 1881 to 1889 and he has discharged his onerous duties to the great satisfaction of all concerned. The Raja's High School of Kottakkal is a standing monument of his enthusiasm for the cause of education. He has the rare fortune of having come into personal contact with such illustrious sons of the country as the late Sir C. Sankaran Nair, Sir T. Muthuswamy Iyer, Sir T. Madhava Rao and the present President of the Central Assembly Sir Abdul Rahman Sahib.

The Raja is uniformly happy in the matter of his domestic life and is singularly fortunate in the choice of his lifelong partner in Srimathi Ammunni Amma of the well known Chengalath Tarwad, a noble lady who has always

actively co-operated with her Royal Partner in all his activities. His sons and daughters are well placed in life and one of them Mr. Govinda Menon after taking his B. A. Hons. course has proceeded to England for higher studies. One of his sons-in-law, his own nephew Rao Bahadur Manavedan Raja is a Collector. The Raja is a dutiful and affectionate son and took particular care to satisfy the wishes of his parents in matters temporal and spiritual.

With his intellectual, moral and emotional faculties unabated, with his rich and varied experience of men and things, with his practical wisdom and sound common sense, with his simple but elegant and dignified conduct, a profound Sanskrit Scholar and a semi-Graduate of the Madras University, a religious minded and highly cultured Raja K. C. Manavikraman Raja has become Zamorin of Calicut on the 7th September 1937, with his scrupulous observance of religious and Dharmic rites, amongst great pomp and rejoicings which are reminiscent of the good old days of their illustrious ancestors. The installation ceremony called "Ariyittu Vazhcha" which took place at Kottakkal had attracted large crowds of Hindus from various parts of Malabar. It had a special attraction this time since the present Zamorin had taken particular care to see that this ceremony is observed in strict accordance with the time honoured religious injunctions and without departing from the usual festivals, feastings and disbursements of presents by way of Dakshinas, clothes and other offerings to Vaidik Brahmins, Pandits, Chieftains, Tenants, dependents and others. The Nambudiri Brahmins of some of the aristocratic Illoms of Malabar as the Azhuvanchery Thamburakal, Poovulli and Desamangalam have got a very important part to play in the ceremony. Rich presents were given to Nambudiri Brahmins and nearly 30000 people of all castes and creeds have been sumptuously fed at a cost of nearly Rs. 30,000.

The Zamorin Raja is seventy eight young. Age has not in the least affected his ardour and enthusiasm for just and noble causes. He takes a very keen interest in

everything around him and is fully conversant with the upto-date developments in the public life of the country. His piety, charity and generosity are proverbial and he leads the life of a true Hindu full of faith in Him on High. To put it in the words of the famous English statesman Gladstone the Raja is always "inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling, not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we like, but an elevated and lofty destiny and that we are born not for ourselves alone but also for our kith and kin and for our kind and country".

The Goddess of wealth (Lakshmi) and the Goddess of learning (Saraswathi) have strangely enough showered their choicest blessing upon this Raja and he in his turn as their humble devotee utilises his wealth, power and influence for the sake of the poor and the needy and for the encouragement of learning and the learned by his conduct and example. May God bless him with strength and courage to carry out all his long cherished ideas and ideals in his new sphere of activity and make him a radiating centre and strong exponent of the eternal principles of our Sacred Hindu Culture and Dharmic Ideals.

St. Benignus and the Maiden.

By Rev. F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.

Thus spoke Benignus, "Could but Evil see
Its own ill-favour, it would ended be."
So when the Piast Mor its looks was shown,
Its lusts were finished—it had turned to stone.

From the Celtic.



T. PATRICK stood on a rock overlooking Clew bay at a place now called Lug-na-daemon. With his crozier he pointed imperiously to the deep dark water reddened on its surface by the fiery glow of a stormy sunset. "Depart ye, depart ye" his deep voice boomed "depart ye, snakes, serpents, toads, and all ye daemon crew, into the waters deep of lone Loch Clew. Erin is holy. Evil beasts, I say, into the Loch with ye, 'ere fades the day". His acolyte Benignus, a young boy but also a Saint, continually rang Saint Patrick's Mass hand-bell. And crawling, running, hopping, creeping, walking, flying the monsters plunged and sank as day was dying; as the night came all was over and done. St. Patrick handed his crozier to Benignus and the two Saints went to the Abbey of Mulrany. Nevertheless, the Piast Mor of Loch Derg had not got the summons of the holy bell, nor had he heard the command of the Irish apostle for he had buried himself sixty feet deep beside the Loch, as he foresaw what would happen and hid himself. Therefore, when St. Patrick departed to his eternal reward one monster remained in Holy Erin.

St. Benignus, now a young man, was walking beside the Loch one fine day. He held a psalter in his hand and joyously chanted as he walked. But somehow his happiness seemed out of tune with the whole of nature there lovely as it was; the very notes of his singing appeared to ring out of tune. The Saint after several attempts gave up

his singing and looked keenly about him. He listened too, and it seemed to him he felt rather than perceived that a sorrow was somewhere to the North. He strode toward the spot as quickly as he could, and listening with attentive ears now detected a soft but mournful sighing. Only one with exceptional good senses would have perceived the sorrowful sound. The Saint looked about him. Ah! there was a figure leaning against a tree and as he drew nearer he saw it was a girl who was bound fast to a fir. "Good morning, young lady" the Saint said "did ye intend to go swimming and entangle yourself in that rope?" "Worse than that, sir" the maiden answered and sighed more sorrowfully than before. "Dear! dear!" the Saint exclaimed "Maybe some bad fairies played a trick on ye". "Worse than that, sir" the maiden replied and wept. "Bless me" the Saint cried "then some robbers must have robbed ye; I see they took your clothes and all, and then tied ye up". "Worse than that, sir" the maiden replied, moaning. "Worse than that!" the Saint almost shouted "What in the name of goodness gracious did happen ye?" "Well sir" the maiden said and wrung her hands "It is my father and mother tied me up here". "The nasty ould villains" the Saint exclaimed indignantly. "What did they do that for? Was it their idea of a joke or just plain spite?" "Worse than that, sir" wept the maiden "If that was the case, someone would rescue me. But I am left here to save the whole nation of O'Neil from being eaten by a Piast Mor (great dragon); if a princess is given him he will spare the people. I came here of my own free will. My parents bound me to a tree, so he demands. He will devour me. Ah! here he comes!" "Well, the artful beast! and I and Patrick thought we banished this whole breed, seed and generation of them! I'll fix him!" said the Saint. "Thank Heaven" cried the maiden "Sir, you must be the great and holy St. Benignus, is it so?" "Well my name certainly is Benignus" the Saint answered, "and I was with the blessed Apostle Patrick, so by his merits and intercession I can help ye".

Benignus went down to meet the dragon. As it crawled up out of the Loch the Saint waved his hands and chanted :

Mirror, mirror, show oh show,
May black death his image know.
Let the dragon change to stone
And the might of Goodness own.

As he said this a huge mirror of burnished silver reflected back on the Piast its own devilish hideousness. It looked, it saw, it became rigid. It is a long black rock to this day, The mirror melted into a shining mist; the evil monster was helpless for evermore.

The King and Queen offered the hand of the lovely princess to the Saint. Some say he gladly accepted her, but refused half the kingdom, and he and she lived in a castle built by his miraculous power, with a large family of children, and were happy ever afterwards. Others say he only kissed her hand saying, "Lady by your sacrifice of yourself, freely offered, you are my sister. Go and for ever be joyful, as I am that. By my poor intercession you are safe".

Book Reviews

Strange Journey by Harindranath Chattopadhyaya
(Published by Bharatha Shakthi Nilayam, Pondichery.
Rs. 3.)

Reading through this collection of Mr. Chattopadhyaya's poems, I was assailed by the question, so often asked, yet not always satisfactorily answered, whether the first function of poetry is to *please* or to *teach*. There is poetry which pleases—by the felicity of its expression and the melody of its music and there is poetry which is at best "metred metaphysics" and which cannot be read without weariness and a sense of disappointment. Where we have poetry that both delights and teaches we should consider ourselves extremely lucky and peculiarly blessed.

I cannot say that many of the poems in this collection constitute that blessing. It is easy to have too much of what is loosely called "mysticism" in art, especially in poetry; and in the volume before us we have enough and to spare of this kind of stuff. For, although the foundations of the mystic attitude are always with us, and it is often difficult to get away from them, it requires something more than a mere facility for words (a great gift in itself, I admit) to make mysticism part of the natural atmosphere of poetry. Poetry that deliberately sets out to expound a "philosophy" of life must necessarily sacrifice some at least of that spontaneity which is the only justification for using verse as a vehicle for expression. After all, there are only two fundamental approaches to poetry; one through "sound", and the other through "sense"; but neither mere sound, however melodious, nor mere sense or "criticism of life" (a hackneyed but still a significant phrase) constitute poetry. Though it is not a fashion now to quote from Wordsworth's valuable *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*, I think there is much that Wordsworth wrote nearly a century and half ago that it will be useful for many of our modern spouters of verse to understand, and assimilate. His phrase "emotion recollected in tranquillity" is, to my mind, one of the greatest phrases in the sphere of poetical criticism as it embodies what is probably the the highest secret of the poetic art. How a great poet merges sense into sound, emotion into tranquillity, is not a matter that can be settled by argument or disquisition; it is one of the imponderable secrets of genius. The beauties of poetry are elusive—we possess them before we know what it is all about.....

Of course there are some beautiful things in the volume that reveal Mr. Chattopadhyaya's undoubtedly great gifts as a poetic artist. One of these is the opening poem. It is called *Shaper Shaped* and is one of those pieces where thought and expression are interwoven beautifully into an exquisite pattern of artistic creation :

In other days I used to be
A dreamer who would hurl
On every side an insolence
Of emerald and pearl ;
But now that I am kneeling
At the feet of the Supreme
I have ceased to be the dreamer
And have learned to be the dream.

And there is the lovely lyric *White Cloud*—a perfect little "vignette" containing such lines as

A single white cloud sails, a swan
Through a suspense of hush.

Caravan is another of the things in the book that one will not easily forget—with its atmosphere of wistful longing and loneliness :

Deserts of human weariness
Where the suns are blinding and hot
Covered slowly by pale and slender-throated
Camels of thought.....

The series called *The Spirit of the Deep* contains a couple of fine lyrics amidst much that is stereotyped and conventional.

I should also mention three other poems in which Mr. Chattopadhyaya seems to me to achieve keen beauty. They are *Song-Hush*; *Touchstone*; and *Drowse-Deeps*. The last deals with the familiar vedantic idea of the progress of the human soul from darkness to light, from ignorance to illumination, and from death to immortality. Its closing lines are some of the most beautiful in the volume :

Time and tide go gliding with a motion Inly-drawn
To some wide rhythm of Dawn ;
While the consciousness is like an ocean Morn and eve,
Full with a magic heave.....

Song-Hush echoes the same idea, but in a different manner ; and *Touchstone* impresses us with the tranquillity of its tone, the dignity and restraint of its mood, and breathes a fine atmosphere of rapt intensity and a passionate conviction of reality.

I wish we had more of such things in the volume ; but the difficulty with Mr. Chattopadhyaya is that he is not contented with being merely a poet, "a pipe for any wind to play upon." He is preoccupied with the deeper problems of the soul. This is in perfect keeping with the true Indian tradition, and is what makes Tagore the supreme "voice" of modern India. An absence of definiteness, a transcendent vagueness, and a sterile

symbolism—these are the inevitable defects of a certain type of mystic poetry. For example we cannot read Mr. Chattopadhyaya's *Bubbles* without an unpleasant feeling that we are side-tracked here into the dark mazes of poetical platitudes. It is at best a passionless exercise in verse. *Madman* is another example of utter poetical puerility. *Conqueror* is more bad prose than good poetry, one of those things which the poet should never have published. The last stanza of it is as follows :

Life has tried to break my life in vain
I have never truly cried defeat,
I have learned to find in every pain
A true tryst, O Love, wherein we meet.

Epilogue, which closes the volume, is perhaps the last word in mystical obscurity, and is made more obscure by an unnecessarily tedious assemblage of mixed metaphors and a complete indifference to simplicity.

Memories is another of these poems in which the innate dignity of the theme is spoiled by its being overloaded with a tedious symbolism. No poem in which the central idea has to be chased laboriously through a mass of intricate allegories and symbols can ever grip the soul. Even the sonnets in the volume suffer from the same defect with one or two bright exceptions.

Mr. Chattopadhyaya is undoubtedly a poet of great talent. His earlier poems gave great promise of poetic achievement with their fine insight into reality and the poet's brilliant mastery over a variety of poetic forms. A vigorous imagination, a heart that "watches and receives" and a vision that can see "into the life of things"—these are Mr. Chattopadhyaya's great merits as a poet ; but *Strange Journey* does not fulfil that promise. We miss here that masculinity of thought and expression which is an indispensable condition of all great poetry.

On the whole one wishes that the poet's journey had been a little more strange, and, what after all matters so much more than the strangeness of the journey, that the "journey's end" had brought us to a fuller satisfaction than this volume give us.

Madanapal.

Brahma Sutras. By Swami Vireswaranda, Advaita Ahrama, 4, Wellington Lane, Calcutta. Cr. 8vo. Pp. 512 + xiii Price Rs. 3.

Advaita, as propounded by Sri Sankara, believes in the truth that reality is one—Brahman ; the universe is non-actual and the finite is identical with the infinite. Phenomenon is a perverted representation of Brahman. Maya is responsible for this perversion. It is that which conditions the infinite into a personal God where Satya alone, of the three gunas, reigns supreme. It is how

Advaita satisfies humanity is suppressed longing for the infinite while at the same time conceding to a divine personification of goodness which can be loved and worshipped.

Mr. A. E. Gough is not entirely wrong when he describes the *Brahma Sutras* as "the minimum of the *memoria technica* and nearly unintelligible." Sage Vyasa, the systematizer and promulgator of all that is best in Hinduism, has, in these *Sutras*, set forth the essence of the doctrine contained in the *Upanishads*. Any expositor of these must catch the spirit underlying and evolve a system of thought which should admit of universal application and serve as a philosophy of life. Sri Sankara has succeeded in the attempt. The obscure nature of the *Sutras* combined with the desire of every system-maker to get the sanction of *Srutis*; interpreted the *Sutras* in different misleading ways. Swami Vireswarananda has done a great service to humanity by publishing this volume in English, so as to enable the ardent enquirer to find out the Truth.

The book under review contains the Text, word-for-word translation (a welcome innovation), English rendering and comments. The comments are brief and to the point. The Swami has achieved that which even Vyasa found difficult, in that he has combined clarity with brevity. It seems the Swami has, perhaps unconsciously, emulated the work of the great 18th century sage Sadasivendra Sarasvati. What he did to the Pundit in his *Brahma Sutra Vritti* the Swami has done to the English Public.

The Swamiji has set aright certain misconceptions about Sankara Vedanta set afloat by textual criticism of a spurious type. Dr. Thibaut says that the second Sutra describes only the *Isvara* or the conditioned Brahman and concludes that the enquiry is not worth the trouble. He takes objection to Brahman being defined as "That from which the World proceeds," etc., since the Brahman is *Sat Chitananda*. But the Swami naively points out that this is the "*Tatastha Lakshana*" meaning "that characteristic of a thing which is distinct from its nature and yet serves to make it known." By correctly translating "*Evampati*," in Ch. IV, iv, 7 as "Even if it be so" the Swami clears Sankara of ascribing to his truly released souls, qualities which clearly do not belong to them. Dr. Thibaut made this accusation, since he erroneously translated the word as "Thus also." These are but two instances of numerous such setting aright of false notions.

The introduction contains a comparative study of the *Bhashyas* of Sankara, Ramanuja and Nimbarka. The short note on *Adhyasa* or Superimposition enhances the value of the book. The Sanskrit of the transliterated words, if added, would have

been desirable. The get-up of the book satisfies Charles Lamb's desideratum of a volume." We are sure that this book is a most distinct acquisition to the philosophical literature.

R. Mahadévan.

My System of Physical Culture Treatment by Major P. K. Gupta, I. M. S. (Retd.) Price Rs. 12. Published by the Author, 8-4 A. Kirti Mitra Lane, Calcutta.

Though the system of physical culture treatment cannot be said to be unknown in India, that knowledge is getting more and more confined to the *Hata Yogis*, most of whom are recluses and whose knowledge therefore becomes practically useless to the outside world. It need hardly be said that mere book knowledge of *Yogic* practices is no good whatsoever. One of the chief difficulties in this matter is to properly study the anatomical subdivisions of the human body and its physiology as described by the ancient *Hata Yogis*, for in this respect even the *Ayurvedic* system of treatment which is commonly practised in India seems to bear no analogy to the former. Appreciating this, Major Gupta has based his work on modern anatomy, physiology and pathology as accepted by the West. He has fully utilised his experience as an athlete of 40 years and a qualified medical man of nearly 3 decades while dealing with the treatment of the several ailments by physical exercise and regulation of diet. The book is broadly divided into two halves. The first, the introductory portion deals with the aetiology of diseases and preventive or prophylactic treatment in general, and the central theme of the author herein is that the administration of the drugs is not the only process to remove the cause and symptoms, but other processes as regulation of diet, regulated physical exercise, massage, bath, etc. are applicable and useful. The second half deals with particular diseases and their treatment according to the author's above-indicated method. Several simple nature cures, very common and of such startling simplicity, are suggested that the book throughout is interesting even to the lay reader. The book contains numerous photographs illustrating the several kinds of massages, baths, exercises etc. advocated by the author. There are also several photographs of persons who are said to have been benefited by the author's treatment with their credentials as well. Indeed, this sumptuous volume, printed in art paper and very well got up, provides substantial fare to the earnest reader and will amply repay careful study. It is a book which one likes to keep on one's table for constant reference—which one doesn't make bold to lend!

Life of Gopal Krishna Gokhale. By The Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri. The Bangalore Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., Mysore Road, Bangalore City. Price Re. 1.

Most of us were for long expecting the Rt. Hon. Sastri to give to the world a detailed biography of Gokhale. He himself makes a reference to this (page 42). He pleads guilty to the charge that he had not performed this most necessary duty but tries to exculpate himself by offering the poor comfort that these lectures "may, God willing, form the foundation, if not for a full-blown biography, at least for another course of extended extension lectures" We would be glad to hear any number of lectures from Mr. Sastri, but we would at the same time insist, with the greatest possible respect, that he should, before it is too late, put forth the greater work, for who is there more qualified than himself to write about the great Gokhale? So much has been said not with a view to point out anything disparaging of this edited edition of three lectures wherein is summarised the remarkable events of a crowded life. Every page of this book shows that the subject is in the hands of a master artist. Mr. Sastri, with a fairness all his own, presents both sides of any action of his hero. In the comments he makes he keeps back expressions of his own admiration and veneration; but through a clever process of ratiocination makes his hearers instinctively feel that his master was right and his word was the last word on any given subject. Though the orator's persuasive eloquence leaves in the minds of his hearers that sense of righteousness in whatever Gokhale did, one cannot be so sanguine as Mr. Sastri seems to be, of the suitability of Gokhale's political methods for all time to come. But that is a difficult matter. We have to look to only so far as the book goes. We wish that all students and also leaders of public life study these lectures over and over again and see and realise what is meant by "the other side of the thing."

M. S. K.

The Permanent Settlement Vindicated. By Narendranath Sanyal. Published by the Author, 99, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta.

At a time when the folly of the Permanent Settlement is held as an axiomatic truth, the presentation of the case from the opposite party is quite welcome and such presentation, if clearly and powerfully done, might well serve to give tone and point to future discussions. This booklet, as the title indicates, is an attempt to vindicate Regulation 1 of 1793, and the subject being a much maligned one, deserves more than cursory notice.

The impression one gets after going through the work is that the seriousness with which the new ministries, pledged to the abolition of the Permanent Settlement, have set about their business of agrarian reform, has thrown the author into desperation. On a misconception, arising out of a defective deduction from hypotheses, the author has worked himself into a fury which courses through diverse fields until finally it descends with torrential force on the Socialist—and Socialism is the capitalist bull's red flag. The author firmly believes that "the very idea of taking any action to interfere with the Permanent Settlement or to get the Regulation No. 1 of 1793 repealed, would be the first steps to communism." Evidence of this misconception could be found in all the arguments brought forward by the author. By repeated mention the conviction grows—so that, by the time he gets to the end of the work, the reader is led to understand the author's contention as being that the repeal of the Permanent Settlement, ipso facto, sets Socialism on the throne. The clearing of this misinterpretation eases the whole situation and one is ready to keep company with the author to examine the other side of the picture in a dispassionate way.

Much irrelevant matter has been discussed during the argument, which only destroys the unity of the theme. The author, for instance, discusses the end of the State. While one agrees with the author in this matter, one fails to see any vital connection between this subject and the topic on hand. Likewise the author's reference to constituent assemblies which brings to his mind only that Babel of tongues—the French Constituent Assembly after the cataclysm of 1789.

So much has been said, not in disparagement of the author's attempt but because, like the author, we realise the seriousness of the question and the need for clear thought. The author rightly reminds us that the claims of the Zamindar also have to be considered before final decision on the question is arrived at.

A more careful arrangement of matter is needed to make the argument effective. Also, the printer's devils are too numerous for a booklet of about fifty pages, not to speak of the occasional lapses in the matter of style. We hope more attention would be paid to these aspects in the next edition.

S. V.

Macmillan's Story Books, Books V to VIII. Price As. 4 each.

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S. V.

Men of to-day Series Book ii, Leon Trotsky Book iii, Mahatma Gandhi. By H. R. Aiyer. Published by C. S. Raja and Co, Baroda. Price As 4. each.

These two small books, each of 46 pages deal respectively with the lives of two great living personalities of the world. The aim of both is the amelioration of the poor but to reach this goal they follow the two widely divergent paths of stormy revolution and non-violence. These two sketches give but some of the main incidents in the life of these great men, but hardly bring forth their ideals and aim in life.

So far as they go, they form matter for interesting reading for one who knows something before, about these men. But they are insufficient to make any impression on one who reads about them for the first time. The sketch of Trotsky does not at all tell us or even refer to, what the struggle is about in Russia, and so also, that of Gandhi makes but a passing reference to his philosophy of Ahimsa, Truth and Non-violence, and it makes no mention at all of his favourite items as the promotion of Khadar and removal of untouchability, and of what he is fighting for in India. Again, while a page is devoted to Gandhi's married life, and mention is made of even the incident that happened on the night of the death of his father nothing is said about his later vow of Brahmacharya, expiatory, fasts etc. As a book intended to be placed in the hands of the young children the incident could well have been omitted, for one is not sure what impression this will throw in their minds without the mention of that vow of supreme self control.

The books are written in direct readable style.

The Book World. Editor: S. Viswanathan, 368, Esplanade, Madras. Single copy As. 4. Annual Subscription Rs. 2—8—0.

This is a very useful addition to our periodicals. Nowadays, there is a spate of books published every day so that the discriminating reader has to wade through a hundred worthless books to get at the right one. He spends more time in selecting the right book than he does in reading it. This journal, by means of detailed reviews, proposes to "serve as a signpost to every book lover in the labyrinthine world of new books". The list of newly published books and forthcoming publications given at the end will be of immense use. We wish our contemporary a long life of useful service.

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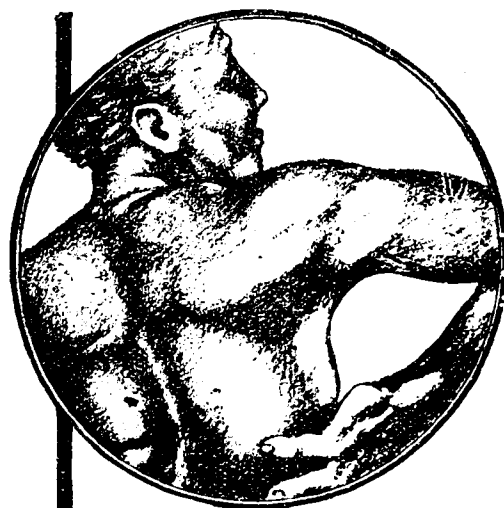
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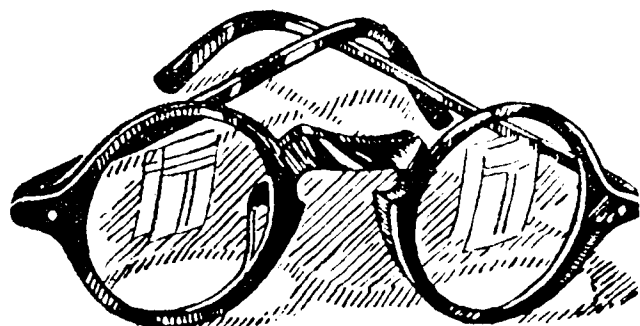
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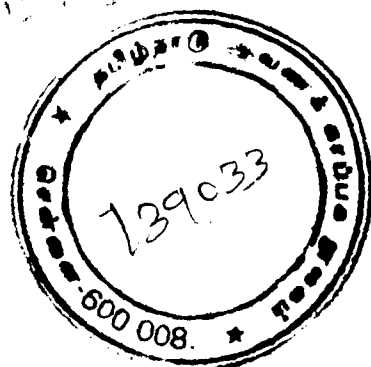
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