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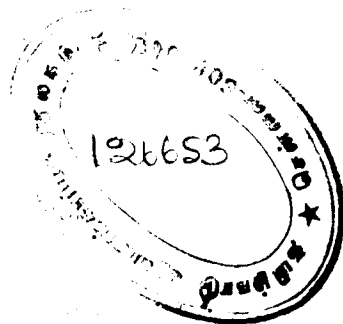
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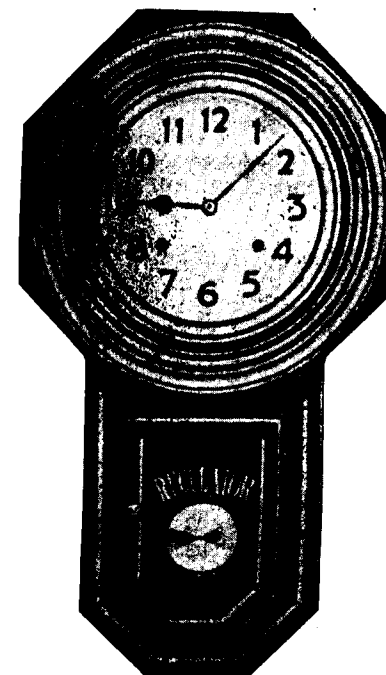


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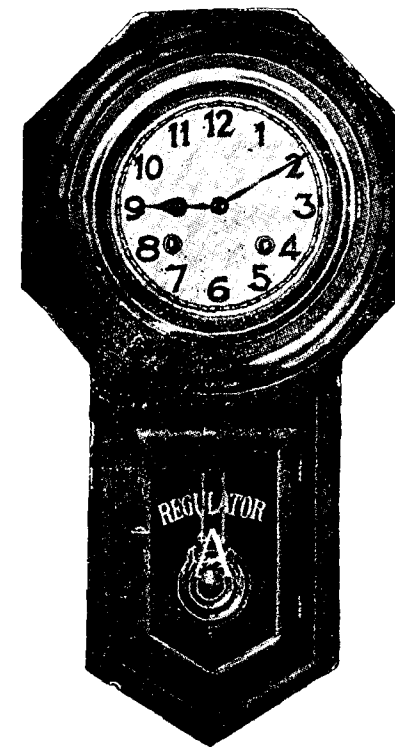
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ANNOUNCEMENT

THE
SCHOLAR ANNUAL, 1941

PUBLICATION IN OCTOBER

With September, THE SCHOLAR completes the sixteenth 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, poems and contributions in lighter vein.

The 1941 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.

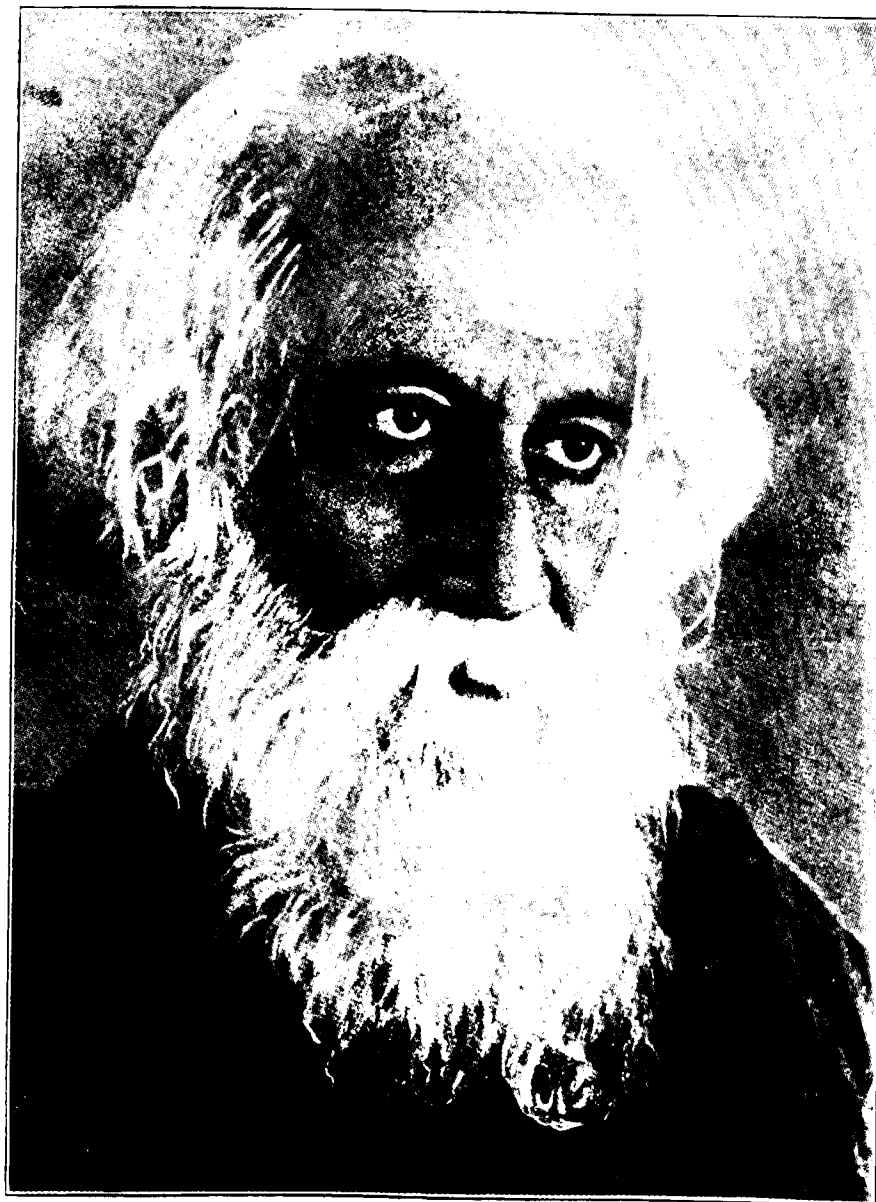
A single copy will cost annas twelve, but those who register their names in advance will get a concession of annas two a copy. This concession will be allowed till October 25. As usual, subscribers will get their Annual Copy free as also new subscribers who begin their period from the annual, i. e. from October 1941.

Therefore, register your name with

THE MANAGER,

THE SCHOLAR,

PALGHAT



Dr. Rabindranath Tagore.

The Scholar

Vol. XVII]

AUGUST 1941

[No. 11

Rossica

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

I have had opportunities to meet Russian writers of the last and present generation, and many of them were my close friends. Amongst them Maxim Gorky, Leonid Andreyev, Alexey Remizoff, Alexander Block were in specially close contact. I had also cordial meetings with Leo Tolstoy, Chekhov, Merejkovski and with Grigorovitch. I fully understand why India is interested in all these authors not only as representatives of world literature, but also feels drawn to their personalities. Fortunately Russian literature at present is spreading in translations in many languages widely all over the world and thus a correct understanding of the Russian people is reached. Up to recently even in so-called educated circles there were the wildest notions about this vast country. Let us not forget that in French literature there were descriptions of heroes of Russian stories, sitting in the shade of huge branchy 'klukva'—apparently the author did not know that 'klukva' are the berries of a tiny three-inch shrub. Let us further remember German stories about Cossacks eating children, candles and soap; that a samovar is carried on the head and that bears roam in the streets of Russian cities. All these absurdities are now vanishing with the spreading of the glorious Russian literature abroad.

When we add to the above mentioned Russian authors Destoyevsky, Turgenev, Nekrasov, Gogol and do not forget the great Russian poets Pushkin and Lermontov and include further the father of Russian poetry Derzhavin (end of XVIIIth Century) and Lomonosov, the scientist and writer of the middle of XVIIIth century, we have a fairly complete outline of the leaders of our literature. Of course I mention above the literature of last two centuries, but let us not forget that already since the XIIth century Russia had excellent literary gems like the famous "Discourse (Slove) on the Campaign of Igor", which just celebrated its 750th anniversary.

Derzhavin's famous Ode "To God" written 150 years ago is one of the best poems of the Russian language. This poem has been translated into scores of foreign languages. I cannot refrain from

quoting the first verse of this ode, because it so beautifully represents the spirit of the poet

O thou eternal One ! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide ;
Unchanged thru time's all-devastating flight ;
Thou only God ! There is no God beside !
Being above all being ! Mighty One !
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore ;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone ;
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er ;
Being whom we call God—and know no more !
In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but God ! For Thee
There is no weight nor measure ! none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries, Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark ;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high ;
E'en like past moments in eternity.
Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence ; Lord, in Thee
Eternity had its foundation ; all
Sprang forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin, all life, all beauty, Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create ;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shall be ! Glorious, Great,
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !
Thy chains the unmeasured Universe surrounds,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath,
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life with death !
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.
A million torches lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied thru the blue Abyss !
They own Thy power, accomplished Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss,
What shall we call them ? Pyres or crystal light,
A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright,
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?
But Thou to these art as the moon to night.

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Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
What am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Tho' multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought
Against Infinity! What am I, then—naught
Even to the eternal throne of Thy divinity,
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!
Thou art directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Tho' but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand
Close to realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land!
The chain of Being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit-Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a God!
Whence came I here, and how? So marvellously
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plentitude,
Filled me with an immortal Soul, to spring
Over the abyss of Death, and bade it wear
The garment of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond the little sphere,
Even to its source, to Thee, its author there.
O thought ineffable! O vision blest,
Though worthless our conception all of Thee
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence—Being, wise and good;
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore!
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.

When we speak of Theodore Destoyevsky he often is represented as a stern psychologist of suffering humanity. The very names of his works "Crime and Punishment", "The Idiot", "The House of Death" already seem to point in this direction. But let us not forget that

precisely Dostoyevsky proclaimed that 'Beauty will save the world'. Besides this, in his "An Author's Diary" he gave many prophetic provisions.

Ivan Turgenev gave an entire epopee of Russian country life and Dmitri Grigorovitch was one of the first to describe Russian peasantry. For me Grigorovitch is like the God-father of literature because he blessed me and introduced me into this domain. My first meeting with him dates 1897. The sufferings and aspirations of the Russian people are expressed also in the poetry of Nicholas Nekrasov, culminating in his poem: "Who can live happily and freely in Russia?"

Leo Tolstoy, more than any other Russian writer has been translated into many languages. His famous "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina"—let us not repeat the whole suite of his remarkable works—show that amidst moralizing writings he dreamt about a wonderful country, which would give a real happiness to the people.

Anton Chekhov, whom I now and then met in Moscow, was an unusually striking personality. Whereas he himself was extremely modest, his sweeping scope of writings covered the entire period of his time in Russia. In his sad smile at certain manifestations of life, he expressed his sensitiveness and love to his Motherland.

In 1934 the Nobel Committee intending to give a prize to Russian literature, had four candidates: Gorky, Merezhkovsky, Bunin and Remizoff. The committee decided in favour of Bunin. But public opinion was surprised that the palm was not bestowed upon Gorky or Merezhkovsky. As regards Remizoff, he is very highly revered in the circles of the intelligentsia because of his genuine old Russian style of writing.

Gorky worked at the same time as Leonid Andreyev, and they were often regarded as rivals although essentially they are quite different. Gorky was a psychologist of the masses, whereas Andreyev in his profound writings evinced the qualities of a prophet. Let us remember his "Man's Life," "King Bunker," "Red Laughter" and "Anathema".

We all remember and cherish that the recent Centenary Celebrations of Alexander Pushkin turned into a world event. On February 10th 1837 the greatest Russian poet died after receiving a fatal wound in a duel. The name of Pushkin is known all over the world. The sad centenary of his violent death was revered in the whole world by all true lovers of literature. Not only in the immense vastness of Russia, but in all countries there were held solemn celebrations, exhibitions were opened dedicated to the poet and many new editions of his famous works were published. In Russian and foreign theatres his immortal dramas were produced, in the musical interpretation of the best Russian composers.

The commemorative event resulted in a great Day of Russian, or rather world Culture. The immortal creations of Pushkin, equal to Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Balzac will for ever remain a vital inexhaustible source of spiritual enrichment of the present and future generations of humanity. "Eugen Onegin", "Poltava", "The Bronze Rider", "The Captain's Daughter", "Ruslan and Ludmila", "The Queen of Spades", and hundreds of other works of Pushkin will live as precious evidence of radiant thought, as expressions of the feelings of true noble inspiration.

Pushkin's poems, written over a hundred years ago move the hearts of mankind as deeply now, as they did at the time of his contemporaries. Only now has the glory of Pushkin become a truly universal glory. He has expressed the inner life of the country in unprecedented calling artistic images. For Pushkin, the poet, there were no geographical nor historical boundaries. Ancient Hellas, Rome, Italy, Spain, and the ancient and new East, all Slavonic thoughts, were reflected by him with the same deep comprehension.

No one has before or after Pushkin enriched Russian culture to such an extent as this greatest poet of his motherland. He was the true creator of the Russian literary language. He has conquered for Russian literature a place of honour in world classics. The poems, stories and essays of Pushkin prove the inexhaustible wealth of human expressions. Pushkin was the creator of a magnificent, flexible, expressive Russian literary language. He imbued Russian literature with the spirit of the people, he magnified the language with innumerable words taken from the very depths of folklore treasury. He introduced real poetical gems of national bards. Pushkin's contemporaries used to say about him that he was ever restless, that his spirit was rebellious and as such he died.

The great Russian critic Belinsky thus defined Pushkin's poetry: "What a style! Antique plasticity and stern simplicity were combined in him with the charming play of romantic rhythm. The entire acoustic wealth, the might of the Russian language, were revealed in him in extraordinary perfection; he is delicate, sweet, tender, like the murmur of the waves; he is rich as soil, brilliant as lightning, transparent and pure as a crystal, aromatic and fragrant as spring, strong and mighty as the sword in the hand of a hero. Should we want to describe the verse of Pushkin in one word, we would say that it is *par excellence*, a truly poetic, artful and artistic verse; and this would solve the mystery of the majestic pathos of the entire poetry of Pushkin."

Gorky, usually severe in his judgment, says of Pushkin: "Pushkin is for Russian literature, what Leonardo da Vinci was for European art. We have before us a great Russian national poet, the creator of poetical tales, which charm with their beauty and wit, the author of the first

realistic novel 'Eugen Onegin', the author of our best historical drama "Doria Godunov", a poet, who up to now is unsurpassed in the beauty of his verse and in the mighty expressions of emotions and thoughts, a poet—the father of the great Russian literature. In the person of Pushkin we have the example of a writer, who being imbued with impressions of life, was striving to reflect them in verse and prose with greatest truth, with utmost realism, and in this he succeeded as a real genius. His creations are a most valuable testimony of a clever, wise, truthful person about customs, habits and conceptions of a certain period—indeed they are the true records of Russian history by a genius."

As befits every great man, Pushkin suffered great injustice from his contemporaries. The great poet was exiled and for a long time there hang upon him the threat of evil suspicions. This cannot be avoided—without these torches of savages no great achievement is possible. Thanks to his all-containing heart, Pushkin joined all advanced movements, was a friend of free thought. We find him amongst the 'decabrists'. We see Pushkin as a mason and to this society belonged all the foremost thinkers of Russia. The poet was seeking everywhere for Truth and listening to the fairy tales of his old nurse, he was enchanted from his very childhood by the beauty of Russian folklore.

During the short span of his life 1899—1937 he, whilst studying historical chronicles, yet remained over in the defence of the new, carrying in his heart the vision of Russia's great future. When still in the Lyceum, Pushkin already astonished everyone with his sonorous verse and the great Derzhavin blessed him and foretold his glory. Seldom can one's heart embrace simultaneously both the East and West. Every reader in the Orient will understand Pushkin's "Ruslan and Ludmila", "The Captive of the Caucasus", or the "Fountain of Bakhchisarai", whereas "Eugen Onegin", "The Queen of Spades" or "Dubrovsky" will resound in the Western hearts.

"Boris Godunov", the drama, in which Pushkin with astounding depth unfolds the tragedy of a ruler, 'who has attained the highest power', attracts now the attention of the whole world. Recently "Boris Godunov" was staged in Berlin; in Praha—"Eugen Onegin"—thus in the most diverse and even contradictory audiences the splendour of Pushkin's creations calls forth equal admiration.

As we see, Pushkin simultaneously proceeded by all creative paths. During the twenty-seven years of his literary career, Pushkin became a great poet, a great prosaist, a great dramatist. In his works we have examples of all literary styles. Every new creation of Pushkin was not only a real *chef d'oeuvre* but became a new chapter in the history of

Russian literature. In his immeasurable artistic might, in his extraordinary multifacetedness, in his unusual alacrity of mind are expressed the potentiality and genius of the great nation, in which he was born. Let us remember his self-characteristic poems "Echo" and "The Prophet", which are significant as describing the view of the poet upon his mission in life. Let us not attempt to translate them into poetical verse, but try to render the poet's thought:

ECHO

Whether beasts roar in forests deep—
Whether the horn sounds, or thunder storm,
Whether a maiden sings on hillocks far—
To every voice
An echo in the empty air
Resounds at once.

Thou heedest to the thunder's roar,
The calls of storm and waves,
To shouts of shepherds
You an answer send,
But you get no response.....
This, poet, is your fate!

In the other poem "Prophet" a six-winged Seraphim appears on the crossroad to a wanderer and, touching his lips and ears, opens to him his prophetic vision. The tremours of heaven and mysteries of earth and sea are revealed to him. The Seraphim tears out his tongue and replaces it with the wisdom of the serpent; for his heart he substitutes a piece of glowing coal. The poem concludes as follows:

"Alone as lifeless corpse in deserts I remained,
And God's voice called:
Arise, though prophet, behold and hearken!
Be filled with my glory,
And, faring seas and distant lands,
By word the hearts of men thou set aflame!"

Thus the poet foresaw his glorious mission.

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Wings

A curve of Song,
An arc stretched tense,
A slender shaft for travelling through the immense
Unending long
Ways of the Wind, that join the Now and Hence.

A flash, a thought,
A thing of speed,
Swift as the wild notes from some windy reed,
Whereout is wrought
A wild and wandering music of no creed.

Over the sea,
With rhythmic power
That strikes and yields, with ease, from hour to hour,
In harmony
With calm and storm, day, night, and sun and shower.

O fine and far
Echo of Song !
Passing away beyond the distant throng,
The shifting bar
Of dancing waves, foam with the stars among.

At Equinox,
When seas are quiet,
With music surging through the changing light,
In phalanx flocks
The swallow, sowing shadow neath his flight.

So words are keen,
And arrowed swift,
They can cleave all the centuries, a gift
From wings unseen
Is in them when they hold the Eternal Drift.

What lofty deed
May make us build
Some shrine of Music, by the sea-winds filled
Through organ reed,
That with the swallows' coming shall be thrilled ?

Where wind harps sound,
And wild flutes blow
From breathings of the Seasons' to and fro,
On ancient ground,
Where the Great Dance was led out long ago.

Echo and Song
Be unto us,
That we listening to such giant harmony
May weave a long
And winged hymn to Sea-winds and the Sea.

—Barnett D. Conlan.

An Adventure in Religious Education

By C. S. TRILOKEKAR, M. A.,

Principal, Theosophical College, Madanapalle.

INVOCATION

O, Rishi Maitreya, the Teacher of Devas and of men,
Send Thy blessing we pray Thee,
On this our work of Theosophical education
Designed to uplift Thine ancient land
Thou who art the Lover of little children
The Protector of youths and maidens
The Saviour of the world.

—Annie Besant.



OUR experiment of applying the principles of Theosophy to education began in the year 1913, when Dr. Annie Besant founded the Theosophical Education Trust. The invocation above speaks of the inspiration behind it, while the past twenty-seven years tell us about the spreading of that influence in the field of education.

As early as 1898 Dr Besant realised the need for the study of religion in schools and colleges. With the help of such renowned Theosophists as Babu Gnanedranath Chakravarti, Babu Upendranath Basu, Babu Bhagavandas and others of Benares, she started the Intermediate classes of the Central Hindu College at Kashi. Thus was ushered in India, the new era of education wedded to religion.

Our High School at Madanapalle was the first in the Madras Presidency to receive this enlivening touch in the year 1913. The response from the students and the staff was distinctly hopeful, not that we had not our rubs and storms over the introduction of the first Hindu prayer in the School. It was not all smooth sailing. In the teachers' meeting the prayer was submitted to a close scrutiny and examination. It was analysed and dissected and the acid tests of Dwaitism, Vishishtadwaitism and Advaitism according to the prevailing sects, were rigidly applied. But as it happened, it passed through unscathed and escaped mutilation since it satisfied all shades of opinion. Then the problem arose, as to who would repeat the prayer. Only one student ventured to offer his services and he had to run the gauntlet of being dubbed with a nick-name. Whenever he was absent, it was a job to find a substitute for him. However the regular theoretical part of the teaching was comparatively easy since the Central Hindu College had already published its now famous Sanathana Dharma text books on Hindu religion and ethics. These supplied the urgent need.

A few years prior to this, Dr. Annie Besant had entertained a splendid, almost breath-taking idea of having an Indian university with

a charter directly from His Majesty the then King Emperor George V. She had issued an appeal for the establishment of such a university which would have been a centre of Hindu and Islamic cultures based on the spirit of Hinduism and of Islam. But this was not to be, because India was not then ready for such a venture. Such a combination if realised would have brought about a complete welding of the two great communities of our country. Her Central Hindu College at Benares had therefore to develop into the Benares Hindu University and the Muslim College at Aligarh into the Aligarh University.

A new field of activity now opened out before her which has a very bright future before it and may God bless it—not a very distant future. Believing as she did—nay knowing as she knew—for her belief was based on knowledge—that all religions are at their foundation one, and they are as it were so many branches of one great tree, under the shadow of which humanity may live in peace and bliss, she began her valuable work of compiling a series of text books on Universal religion. They were based on the comparative method of studying religion. Only the vital points, on which all religions agreed were stressed and thus helped to establish a unity of thought instead of bringing out and emphasizing superficial differences. Theosophical schools and colleges had necessarily to keep this idea as the background when religious instruction was introduced in them. It was therefore that when in the year 1915 the Theosophical College, which is a co-educational institution was started in Madanapalle, it naturally embodied this ideal which Mrs. Besant had in her mind. Ground was already prepared for that by Mr. J. Krishnamurti, by the publication of his book "Education as Service" in the year 1912. In the Foreword of that volume he writes: "Most of the recommendations apply I think, to all countries and to all religions, and are intended to sound the note of our common brotherhood, irrespective of religion or caste, race or colour. If the unity of life and the oneness of its purpose could be clearly taught to the young in schools, how much brighter would be our hopes for the future."

Education in religion would be dry, unfruitful, and devoid of profit if the true place of the teacher in education was not clearly recognised. Dr. Besant in her introduction to Mr. J. Krishnamurti's book "Education as Service" writes: "The position of the teacher must be raised to that which it used to occupy in India, so that to sit in the teachers' chair will be a badge of social honour. His work must be seen as belonging to the great Teaching Department¹ in the Government² of our world, and his relation with his pupils must be a copy of the relation between a Master³ and His pupils. Love, protective and elevating on the one side, must be met with love confiding and

1. Brahma Rishis who look after Religion and Education. Type Vyasa.
2. The great Brotherhood of Rishis who look after the world.
3. A Spiritual Teacher—A Perfect Being.

trustful on the other". Such a high conception of an ideal teacher can only be envisaged when education is inspired by religion.

Mr. J. Krishnamurti writing in the same book about the value of different subjects taught in a school or a college says: "First in importance come religion and morals and these must not be taught as subjects but must be made both the foundation and atmosphere of school life—for these are equally wanted by every boy, no matter what he is to do in later life". Again "the school day should always open with something of the nature of religious service striking the note of common purpose and a common life".

The morning dedication in the Theosophical College at Madanapalle, since its very inception in 1915, has therefore taken its cue from the foregoing recommendation. Each day is consecrated to the highest service possible, by an offering made by the followers of every faith in their historical sequential order, uniting in a common form of worship which closes with a national song sung together by all. The religious teaching is of a non-sectarian kind and therefore meets with the demands of the religious minded amongst the students of various denominations. The practice however of such a teaching is scrupulously left free to the individual as his own private concern. The most important reason for the necessity of religious instruction is the colossal ignorance of the young of all faiths in matters religious. The religion classes, like the secular ones, provide information and knowledge peculiar to this branch of study. The unity of teachings and practice is insisted on and thus religion becomes humanised and since it is based on love of all, it becomes a factor that binds.

As to the future of such an enterprise who can prophesy? When writers on education amongst themselves are not agreed on the final goal of education, we realise how difficult is the solution of the ultimate problem of education. But Mr. J. Krishnamurti, in an optimistic vein writes: "There are I am told, many organisations within the various nations of the world, intended to inspire the children with a love of their country and a desire to serve her and that is surely good; but I wonder when there will be an international organisation to give the children of all nations common ideals also, and a knowledge of the real foundation of right action, the brother-hood of man".

The Theosophical Society is one such international organisation and its ideal of human brotherhood has been before the world to be experimented upon, for the last more than half a century. It is a well-knit institution, on the vital working of which depends, I believe, the welfare of humanity. With it also is coupled the fact of real educational ideals. In different countries of the world such as England, America and Australia where there are Theosophical branches, education is inspired by the vision that Theosophy grants and the brotherhood of man as the goal of education is even recognised

by such a secular educational organisation as the new Fellowship in education. One, however, is never satisfied with mere theory. One eagerly looks forward to the time when it will be a regular practice with educationists to recognise it and work it out amongst the children that are entrusted to them. Then the world will begin to put on a more promising and cheerful aspect.

This is not an occasion to expatiate upon the basic principles of Theosophy and their application or otherwise to the problems of religion. Theosophy has much to say about real education and how it is to be achieved. The technique of education may differ from time to time subserving to the needs of the day. Theosophy however distinctly lays down a general principle which is applicable to all and for all time. It is nothing short of the consistent growth of an individual from life to life. Education will therefore mean more and more release of life, a fuller and completer living and an all round expression of the individual.

The introduction of religion in curricula of studies was shunned because religion was considered to be a potent factor for division amongst mankind, as it is even today. Scientific education will not touch it even with a pair of tongs. But this in no way militates against the value of religion in its contribution to the study of human nature and the evolution of man. Just as through the fog of ignorance based on the differences of caste, colour, sex or creed shines the pure light of the sun of common humanity, in the same measure the universal religion of humanity sheds its benign rays of hope for the future happiness of the children of God, of the orphan humanity. It is but bare truth that when human lips utter the names Ishwar, Alla, God, they appeal to Him Who is the father of all. If anywhere this is to be seen and if at any time such a magic is performed, one of such places is the every day morning assembly meeting of the Theosophical College and High School. One wishes that such a thing would be possible in all schools and colleges in India nay, throughout the world. It will then be but an earnest of the things to come in the future. And more so this should be possible in those countries where religion is cherished as a priceless gem in the cultural equipment of a people.

Thus in this our Silver Jubilee year, we cherish infinite hopes for this unique experiment of ours. And when this our adventure enters into its Golden Jubilee year, who knows that by that time, we would have made such an advance as to realise the truth of that crowning prayer of Dr. Besant, which we utter every day in the Besant Hall dedicated to her.

O, hidden Life vibrant in every atom;
O, hidden Light shining in every creature;
O, hidden Love embracing all in one-ness;
May each who feels himself as one with Thee
Know he is therefore one with every other.

—The Theosophical College Magazine—Silver Jubilee Number.

Legend of a Great Philosopher-Bishop

By THE REV. F. H. ALDHOUSE

PART I

DR. Brockley, Lord Bishop of Dalaradia, sat enthroned in the lovely Cathedral of St. Ivor in Clonmethan. A dignified and yet glamorous beauty of building, music and associations cast its spell upon him. But the stately service was just concluding. Standing up the Bishop gave his benediction to the kneeling congregation, canons and choristers.

His chaplain, the Revd. Donagh O'Brien, approached him deferentially as he later came out of the vestry. "There is quite a throng on the steps who wish to approach your Lordship. Will I tell the vergers and your footmen to keep them off till you get into the carriage?" he inquired. "Well, keep them back but don't disperse them" the Bishop answered "I often think of our blessed Lord's first sight when coming down from the Hill of Transfiguration being the demoniac child. The contrast from the quiet beauty of divine contemplation to all this hopeless crew of miserable, ignorant and erring creatures! Be sure, O'Brien, that they are not driven away. I shall signal to you to let those come to me whom I feel in my heart Heaven will assist me to help."

The Bishop came out and a clamour arose amongst his would-be clients. He made an almost imperceptible indication with his hand, and a shaking, ragged and dishevelled man was allowed through. "Gilhooley" the Bishop cried, "I remember you, my man, a bright promising boy and a fine young soldier. And what are you now? A scarecrow! And all because of that miserable drink! Why don't you be a real man and give it up? You're only about thirty but you look like a decrepit old wreck." The miserable object sobbed brokenly. "Ah, my lord" he said "sure, I want to and I can't. The will in me is weak and the thirst in me is strong. Ah, Right Rev. Father in God, help a wretched fella' that has no hope but in yourself. We know the demons are helpless if ye speak the word. Save me from them, father, I can't help me'self." "Do you mean you wish God to help you thro' my ministry?" the Bishop said, "and will you promise to co-operate with His divine grace if He gives it at my supplication?" "I sure do, father," the drunkard cried in a strong voice, very different from his former whining. "Good" Dr. Brockley answered, "now I

can help you." And laying both his hands on Gilhooley's head he looked fixedly in the bleared eyes for a few seconds. "You are freed" the Bishop said "pray that you fall no more into temptation". "I'm free, I'm free!" the ex-soldier shouted. And indeed he was: he never tested strong drink again, and re-entering the army rose to the rank of sergeant and died on the field of honour.

A woman got thro' next. She was young and good-looking but haggard and she had a very black eye. "Ah" the Bishop said "so you and Pat are up to your old games, what?" "Be 'gad, he is anyway, your lordship" the girl responded. "'Tis a great sport for himself. Bat and ball! He does be batting me, and I do be bawling. Will ye do something about it if ye plaze?" "I know you are a good girl. I warned you not to have anything to do with that blackguard, but I suppose you loved the wretch. Do you still love him, Sheila?" "Faith I do, your lordliness, I don't want ye to put phisroges (spells) on him, but could ye not do something or he'll break my poor heart". The Bishop took a small object out of his cassock pocket; it was a little heart made of cornelian. "When he starts to fight you next time, show him this. Don't fear, it won't do him any real harm. I don't like doing this" the bishop spoke solemnly "but God gives me foreknowledge sometimes. He might get hanged yet, and on your account my girl."

"Sure I showed the villain the heart when he was making for to strike me" she told a friend later "and he trembled and shook like a tree in the wind. 'O Lord, O Lord,' he cried 'the sacred Heart!' and he's like a lamb and not a tiger ever since."

Next a little girl of about twelve was allowed to approach. With unwashed paw she caught the Bishop's hand and kissed his ring. "O Grania, Grania" the Bishop remonstrated, "Grubby hands, dirty face, and dirty everywhere else I know. Water is cheap enough. With a bit of flannel and a little soap you'd be all clean and sweet, and your face is pretty enough to be kept well washed. What do you want of me?" "Ah, dear Lord" Grania moaned "It's not me, it's Ma, She's lying in bed, and the Dr. says dying. Ye can cure her with one word, dear lord". "Well, I'll give you a bottle of tar-water, my own brewing, with my blessing. With the help of Providence it will surely heal her. But will you take a good tubbing if I give it you?" "Sure I'll give ye leave for to scrub me yourself all over, and good and proper, if ye'll cure Ma" Grania said. "Your mother will do the scrubbing and she'll have a job," the Bishop promised. "She'll recover". And she did.

The Bishop turned to his carriage saying "Pray for yourselves, my friends, lead clean lives and have clean hearts. That is all I can

do to-day". And amid a whining chorus of prayers to Heaven and to himself he was driven back to his palace, where later liberal charity was distributed to the necessitous who had followed him there.

PART II

The Bishop was dead. And yet he was more alive than he had been since his young youth. As a man throws aside his cloak so had he abandoned the outer garment of dust. "I have now more plastic matter with which to work" he said. He had re-created his old apartments in Trinity College, Dublin. They interpenetrated the newer building, the graceful furniture of good Queen Anne's reign was all back in its old place. If you glanced out of the windows you saw Parliament Square as it was in the dear dead past. "Time is but a dimension of space" he had said, "and I have moved back a little in it". The Bishop continued an active ministry of good, unseen unless he wished otherwise, as of old.

* * * *

Robert Emmet stood with bare neck and the hangman placed the noose about it beneath the gallows. "Are ye ready, Mister?" he inquired. "There is a clergyman, a prelate I think, hurrying to the scaffold. Let us wait a moment." "I don't see no bloomin' bishop" the executioner said. None the less, being superstitious, he added "There ain't no sanguinary hurry. So ye can have just two minutes be St. Paul's Church clock. Maybe what ye see is someone from the other side wantin' to accompany ye on yer journey. Ah' I don't want to disoblige that kind of gentleman". "Good Lord, the Bishop of Dalaradia" Emmet cried. As he was talking to what looked like empty air the hangman hurriedly got away from him as far as the scaffold would permit. To himself he said "It's a sanguinary spirit's in it, or else he's gone balmy". To a sheriff who tried to hurry him. "The gentleman wants to say a ruddy last prayer before he gits the bump orf. An' pray he shall, ye unfeelin' ould crab".

The Bishop said to Emmet "My boy, I have come to prevent a great crime. All you have done is to love our land not wisely but too well". The Bishop flung his cloak about Emmet who at once vanished from the sight of the spectators, but was replaced in less than the flutter of an eyelid by a tavshe, an exact replica of the youth, which had instantly materialized from the waving in the air of an episcopal hand. In Emmet's voice the tavshe (doupleganger) said "Now, I am ready". And the executioner did what he had come to do.

Later in the Timeless room in T. C. D. Dr. Brockley spoke, "Yes, Robert, your action has brought Ireland nearer to the glorious day of its freedom, but score on score of years must pass first. You shall

enter Moy Elga, as you wished from childhood. From your home amongst the Shee your living eyes shall behold that day. God bless you, my son". And from that day till to-day the magician-Bishop helps Ireland in her spiritual life and her evolution as a nation.

[*Editor's Note.* The author tells me that the great Irish Philosopher-Bishop, who is but thinly disguised as Dr. Brockley in the above story, was—so the Irish believe—not only a learned philosopher and a devoted prelate but also a white magician. Whereas the Saxons look for learning and piety in their Saints the Celts look chiefly for miraculous power. No miracle, no Saint. Dr. B. is believed to be still timelessly existing in his old timeless rooms at Trinity College, Dublin, and from there to direct to some extent the policy of the College.]

The Physical Condition of the Planets*

By SIR JAMES JEANS, O. M., F. R. S.

AS the power of telescopes increases, the astronomical horizon for ever recedes, drawing many astronomical workers with it, but leaving a few to continue their labours in the older fields. I propose here to discuss some recent work in the oldest field of all—the planets.

The physical condition of a planet depends on many factors, the most important being its distance from the sun. For we have learned in recent years that each planet gives out just about as much light and heat as it receives from the sun, and no more. Thus the planets have but little heat of their own, and are hot only to the extent that they are warmed by the sun.

Yet distance from the sun is not everything. The earth and the moon are at the same distance from the sun, so that their average temperatures are approximately the same, but their physical conditions are widely different. The moon is a dead world in which we see mountains of volcanic rock rising from plains of lava and ash, while the earth teems with life. While the earth's temperature remains fairly steady through the alternations of day and night, that of the moon rushes from one extreme to the other. According to Pettit (1940) the moon's temperature can fall from 101°C. to -117°C. during an eclipse. The change of temperature is far more violent than anything we experience on earth because the moon cannot, like the earth, draw on heat stored in its soil or atmosphere. It has a surface which is probably composed of lava and ash, which are almost perfect non-conductors of heat, and it has no appreciable atmosphere—an inevitable consequence of the smallness of its mass. The earth is strong enough gravitationally to retain the molecules of its atmosphere, while the moon is not.

Bodies of intermediate mass may retain the heavier kinds of molecules, while the lighter escape. For each planet we can calculate which gases are debarred, by their lightness, from appearing in the planet's atmosphere, although to know which actually do appear we must have recourse to observation.

The light by which we see a planet is simply sunlight which has passed twice through the planet's atmosphere—once in going in and once in coming out. These journeys may produce absorption bands

* From a discourse delivered at the Royal Institution on March 25, 1941, taken from *Nature*.

in the spectrum of the light, and from there we can deduce the composition of the atmosphere, at least in part. There may also be some loss of light resulting from reflection at the planet's surfaces, for no substance reflects light perfectly. The proportion of light lost is different for different colours and by comparing the reflecting powers of the surface, colour by colour, with those of known terrestrial substances, it may be possible to identify the material of which the surface consists. Lyot has recently found that both the reflecting powers and the polarizing powers of the surfaces of Mercury, Mars and the moon are all identical with those of lava and pumice. Thus we can scarcely doubt that the surfaces of all these three bodies consist of the products of volcanic eruption in some form or other.

Let us now consider the various planets in turn, commencing with those nearest to the sun.

Mercury. Nearest to the sun and so hottest of all the planets is Mercury. Just as the moon always presents the same face to the earth, so Mercury always presents the same face to the sun. Thus on one hemisphere of Mercury there is perpetual day—and a very hot day—while on the other hemisphere it is always night—and probably a very cold night. At the point directly under the sun, where it is always noon, the temperature is found to be about 650°F. , a temperature at which lead and tin are both liquid.

It is still debatable whether Mercury possesses any considerable atmosphere or not. It is the least massive of all the planets, with only one twenty-second of the substance of the earth, and its power of retaining an atmosphere is small. Under present conditions it would retain oxygen and all heavier gases, but in the past, when it was presumably hotter even than now, all gases except the very heaviest may well have streamed off into space. On the whole its surface markings are so permanent and clear-cut as to suggest that no atmosphere in fact exists. Yet Schiaparelli noticed fifty years ago that some of the surface features were occasionally seen blurred, or even obscured, as though by some sort of cloud, and Antoniadi has recently (1929) confirmed and extended his observations. As the planet could not retain molecules of water vapour, and so must be completely arid, it has been suggested that the clouds may consist of particles of dust, possibly set free by falls of rock. Even so there must be some sort of atmosphere to save the dust particles from immediately falling back on to the surface of the planet.

Venus. After Mercury comes Venus, the slightly smaller twin sister of the earth. The small differences of size and mass do not produce any appreciable difference in the atmosphere retaining capacities of the two planets, and Venus, like the earth, can retain all gases, including hydrogen. Thus if we approach the problem merely in

terms of the present state of the planets, we might reasonably expect Venus to exhibit an atmosphere similar to that of the earth, although perhaps somewhat smaller in amount.

Actually the two atmospheres are found to be very different. Something of this difference is suggested by the general appearance of Venus, which presents only a continuous cloud like surface to our view. Gerasimovic has made a study of the brightness of this cloudy envelope and of the way in which it changes with the phases of the planet, and has shown (1937) that it cannot be gaseous but must consist of large scattering particles—probably products of condensation, like the ice crystals which form the cirrus clouds in our own atmosphere. We have no means of exploring whatever atmosphere there may be below this stratum of clouds, but the "upper atmosphere" above it can of course be examined spectroscopically.

Hydrogen, nitrogen and the inert monatomic gases cannot in any case be detected spectroscopically, but oxygen and most compounds can when present in reasonable amounts. A study of the upper atmosphere of Venus reveals no oxygen and no water vapour, but an abundance of carbon dioxide. This does not necessarily mean that there is no oxygen or water vapour at all, but it means there is very little. If all the oxygen in the earth's atmosphere were collected and spread out in a layer at atmospheric pressure, this layer would be considerably over a mile in thickness, while the carbon dioxide would form a similar layer only a very few feet thick; for the upper atmosphere of Venus, the corresponding thickness would be less than six feet of oxygen and more than two miles of carbon dioxide. In brief, carbon dioxide and oxygen change places. Further, St. John found that the total amount of water vapour in the upper atmosphere of Venus is certainly less than that above the highest clouds on earth.

Why should there be so great a difference in the atmosphere surrounding two such similar masses? And why in particular should the oxygen in the earth's atmosphere be free, while that in the atmosphere of Venus is combined with carbon?

As oxygen combines so eagerly with other substances, we might reasonably have expected to find but little free oxygen left in either atmosphere. It has often been suggested that the free oxygen in the earth's atmosphere may be a direct result of the vegetation on the earth's surface; that as this breaks up compounds of oxygen, carbon dioxide in particular, it sets oxygen free in the air. But this can scarcely be the whole story, since primitive life must have required, and found, some free oxygen when it first arrived on earth. Tamman has suggested (1924) that, while the earth was still hot and its solid crust not yet formed, a considerable amount of free oxygen would be produced by the thermal dissociation of water vapour. He calculated

that if the whole of the water, ice and snow at present on earth were restored to the temperatures of this epoch, there would be enough water molecules dissociated to provide all the free oxygen at present residing in the earth's atmosphere. The free hydrogen would not, as at present, be retained but would stream off into space. No doubt some of the free oxygen would in due course combine with the solidifying rock of the earth's crust, but vegetation would afterwards come into being to restore the balance. So long as we can postulate both water vapour and vegetation, there will be no great difficulty in accounting for the presence of free oxygen.

If so, there may be no free oxygen on Venus either because there is not enough vegetation or because there has not been enough water vapour.

As regards the first alternative, we may imagine life to have come to earth as the result of some unusual accident, some rare coincidence, or some special creation, if we prefer. If the corresponding event did not occur on Venus, the whole situation is explained; there is no oxygen, because there is no vegetation. Or it may be that Venus has never cooled down sufficiently for life to appear. There is enough carbon dioxide in the earth's atmosphere to exert a powerful blanketing effect, checking the outflow of radiation and so keeping the earth considerably warmer than it would otherwise be. The thousand-fold thicker layer on Venus must form a far more potent blanket, and estimates of the temperature of the lower atmosphere of Venus range from about 80°C to 130°C. Atmospheric pressure on Venus may well be somewhat less than on earth, so that any water that there may be there is likely to exist in the form of steam. If so, Venus must be highly unsuited to life now and must have been even more so in the remote past.

The other possibility, which has been urged by Wildt (1940), is that Venus has always been deficient in water. As Venus and the earth were almost certainly formed out of the same store of matter—the outer layers of the sun—they would probably start with equal amounts of water vapour. But at a later stage, the smaller mass and higher temperature of Venus may have permitted molecules of water vapour to escape from the atmosphere of Venus, while they were still retained by the earth. If so, any small amount of oxygen set free by thermal dissociation might well be seized by the solidifying rocks, and vegetation could not then come, since there would be insufficient oxygen for it to breathe.

There would also be insufficient oxygen or ozone to screen the atmosphere from the ultra-violet rays of the sun. Wildt accordingly imagines photochemical action occurring on an extensive scale, resulting first in the dissociation of carbon dioxide and whatever water

vapour there might be, and afterwards in the formation of formaldehyde (CH_2O) and free oxygen. The free oxygen would continue to combine with the rocks, but the formaldehyde might be expected to remain in the atmosphere. Wildt has accordingly examined Venus spectroscopically for formaldehyde but found none (1940). He states that dry formaldehyde is stable at temperatures higher than about 80°C ; at lower temperatures it polymerizes into a white solid of high but unknown molecular weight. Trautz and Ufer found that the injection of a small amount of water vapour into perfectly dry formaldehyde gas produced masses of dense white cloud. Wildt suggests that the clouds we see on Venus are similar, and so consist of solid particles of hydrates of formaldehyde polymers. According to Auerbach, polymerization into simple CH_2O molecules does not occur until the temperature exceeds 200°C , a fact which fully explains the failure of Wildt's spectroscopic search for formaldehyde. Wildt thinks it possible that Venus' atmosphere may be entirely depleted of water vapour and its surface covered with particles like those which form its clouds—a sort of formaldehyde snow.

In whatever way it may have originated, we can form a fairly accurate picture of the present state of Venus—a hot dry surface, devoid of vegetation and probably of all life such as we know on earth, surrounded by an atmosphere in which there floats a continuous layer of opaque clouds, which are probably similar in their physical, although not in their chemical, constitution to the cirrus clouds of our own atmosphere.

Mars. Crossing the earth's orbit, we come to planets which are colder than our own. Mars, which comes first, is not enormously colder, its average temperature being about -40°C . Actual temperatures are fairly widely spread about this average, those observed ranging from $+10^\circ\text{C}$. (summer afternoon on Martian equator) to -70°C . (polar regions in winter).

The fact that the temperatures are not more widely spread suggests that Mars must be surrounded by a very substantial atmosphere, and observation confirms that this is so. W. H. Wright of Lick Observatory photographed the planet in infra-red light, which penetrates any atmosphere there may be and so photographs the solid body of the planet, and also with ultra-violet light, which has very little penetrating power and so photographs the surface not of the planet but of its atmosphere. He found that the ultra-violet image was measurably larger than the infra-red image, and thus obtained clear proof that Mars has an atmosphere, which he estimated to be from 50 to 60 miles high.

We still know very little of the constitution of this atmosphere. Spectroscopic analysis so far finds no definite evidence of either

oxygen, carbon dioxide or water vapour. The rather insensitive test for water vapour merely shows that there cannot be a tenth as much water vapour per square yard as in our own atmosphere.

The two poles of Mars are surrounded by white areas, generally known as "polar ice caps", which diminish in size in warmer weather and disappear almost entirely in summer. They were so named from analogy with the ice-caps on our own planet, but their true nature is probably revealed by the photographs of W. H. Wright, already mentioned. The caps are found to show very clearly in ultra-violet light, but are almost invisible in infra-red light. The only possible inference would seem to be that the caps are merely atmospheric phenomena. They may well consist of clouds of small solid particles, like the clouds which cover the surface of Venus.

The want of oxygen and carbon dioxide in the atmosphere of Mars suggests that this planet also resembles Venus in not possessing vegetation of the kind we know on earth. There are, nevertheless, certain dark areas on the surface of the planet which vary unmistakably, both in colour and extent, as the seasons change. In the past these variations were frequently adduced as evidence of the presence of growing vegetation, but in the light of our present knowledge it seems more reasonable to assign meteorological causes to them—possibly the falling of rain on a desert of volcanic rock or ash.

Thus the general picture we form of Mars is that of a larger and colder moon, which because of its somewhat greater size and mass, has retained something of an atmosphere, and may still have rains, cloud and fog to vary its appearance.

The outer Planets. Mars is the last planet on which a solid surface can be seen. Apart from Pluto, about which we know almost nothing, all the planets beyond Mars are much more massive than the earth, and as they are also much colder we should expect them to retain deep atmospheres, as detailed studies make it clear they do.

Wildt estimates that the atmosphere of Jupiter has a depth of 6,000 miles, with an average density of 0.78. For Saturn the figures are 16,000 miles and 0.41, so that the atmosphere occupies more than four-fifths of the whole volume of the planet.

The greater part of both atmospheres will be at a pressure of more than a million terrestrial atmospheres. Under such pressures, no known substance remains gaseous, so that what we have called the "atmospheres" of these planets must mainly consist of solids and liquids. Also, under such pressures, most substances become denser than water; the principal exceptions are hydrogen, helium, methane (CH_4), ethane (C_2H_6) and ammonia (NH_3). The low density of the "atmospheres" of Jupiter and Saturn suggests that they must consist

largely of these substances. Hydrogen and helium, which it is not possible to detect by spectroscopic means, probably figure largely in both atmospheres, because they are abundant in the outer layers of the sun; both planets have ample gravitational power to retain them with ease, even at very high temperatures. The only substances which spectroscopic examination discloses are methane, which occurs in profusion, and ammonia, which is not found to occur in any great quantity. It is remarkable that these two gases account for absolutely the whole of the absorption of light absorbed in the atmospheres of Jupiter and Saturn. If other constituents are present, they are either in amounts too small to be observed or else, like hydrogen and helium, make no spectroscopic impression on light passing through them.

Still farther away from the sun come Uranus and Neptune, which prove to be merely colder miniatures of Jupiter and Saturn. The observed temperature of Jupiter is -138°C . and of Saturn -153°C .; the temperature of Uranus is certainly lower than -183°C . and that of Neptune probably lower still, perhaps about -210°C .

In their general structure the two planets are clearly similar to Jupiter and Saturn; the spectra of their atmospheres are also similar, both showing a great abundance of methane, although ammonia has not yet been detected—possibly the extreme cold has frozen it out.

We can now try to form a physical picture of the system of planets as a whole. Leaving out Pluto, because we know nothing about it and reserving Venus and the earth for later discussion, we see a sequence of planets—Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune—in which the physical conditions vary continuously as we pass along the sequence. We find heat giving place to cold, absolute aridity to an abundance of water or ice, while the atmospheres increase in depth and extent and hydrogen probably increases from nil to a large amount, existing in the form either of free hydrogen or of its compounds, especially methane.

The reason why the twin planets, Venus and the earth, do not altogether fit into this sequence is in part because they are more massive than their immediate neighbours Mercury and Mars, and so retain more atmosphere. After allowing for this, Venus fits into the sequence fairly well, but the earth still remains anomalous in having so much oxygen and water vapour in its atmosphere. This is probably a consequence of its clothing of vegetation; life has come to the earth and thrown it out of its place in the regular sequence.

Not long ago it used to be thought that the sun was continually cooling and the planets with it. What the earth now is, it used to be said, Mars must have been in the not very remote past and Venus will

be in the not very remote future. If the earth is the only planet on which life now exists, Mars may nevertheless be the planet of spent life and Venus the planet of life yet to come. Our recently acquired knowledge of stellar structure and stellar evolution requires a substantial modification of this view. The sun obtains its energy from subatomic re-arrangement of its substance, light elements combining to form heavy ones, but so long as the supply of light elements does not give out entirely, the effect of these chemical changes on the sun's mechanical structure and on its outpouring of energy is extremely slight. Thus Mars must have had its present chilly temperature since those remote days when it was still warmed by the heat it had brought from the sun, and Venus will retain its present heat until the sun's supply of light elements becomes used up and it collapses into a cooler and smaller "white dwarf". This being so, the idea that life can progress along the planetary sequence is probably illusory. The earth is the planet of life because it is at the right distance from the sun, but there is no justification for thinking either that life of the kind we know on earth once existed on Mars or that it will in due course appear on Venus; these planets are at the wrong distance from the sun.

The Krithsnapadi and its Author

By M. S. KRISHNA AIYAR

THE story goes that an erudite commentary for the whole of the Sri Bagavatha was written at a stretch, and that the stupendous task was accomplished by relying on memory only, the original work not being made available. Krithsnapadi is the name of this commentary and it is said to be very valuable and original in conception and in many respects superior to such other ones as the Sreedhareeya etc. The Krithsnapadi is known to many, but curiously enough it does not seem to have appeared in print as yet.

As is indicated by the title, the commentator explains the meaning of each word in the original, in crisp language and discusses the subject matter so perspicuously as to be followed by the reader without conscious effort. The gist of the original, often recondite, is vividly brought out in as few words as possible. The work displays the author's wide range of reading, remarkable intellectual penetration and pleasing power of expression.

The commentary on the Dasama-skanda opens with the following Sloka:—

यत्काल्यकदाक्षवीक्षणकव श्रद्धालवस्साधव-
स्यत्त्वा पुलकस्तवित्तधरणी गेहादिकं दूरतः ।
ग्रामात् काननमभ्युपेत्य विजितं भीमं तप कुर्वते
तस्मै स्वतप्तपुङ्गवाय हरये कुर्या नमस्त्यां सदा ॥

It may be gathered from this verse that the author was a great devotee, renunciant and *Tapaswi*.

The subject matter of the Skanda is thus introduced by the commentator:—

उक्ताः परातैः स्कन्धैरवताराः पराभनः ।
बासुदेवावतारोऽयं दशमेन प्रकाशयते ॥
अद्वयाया ह्यस नवति विविधं तस्य चेष्टितम् ।
गोकुले मधुरायां च द्वादशे चोत्थिते क्रमात् ॥
अद्वयायैस्तु चतुश्चत्वारिंशत्तैः व्रजे कृतम् ।
सप्तभिर्मधुरोन्मूर्तं द्वारकायां कृतं परैः ॥

Such pithy and quintessential verses preface the commentary on each Skanda and several of the Adhyayas. Another merit of the commentary is this that it enables one to find the correct readings of the text.

It is unfortunate that there are no authentic records to show as to who the author of the commentary was. It seems to be agreed that

the author was a Nambudiri Brahmin who became a great Jnani as to be surnamed "Athyasrami", that is, one who was above the rules of the four Asramas. Some opine that he lived at the time of Ravivarma Kulasekhara Perumal, that his name was Raghavananda, that he belonged to Kokkunnatha Illom in Perinchallur Village in North Malabar and that this Illom exists even to this day in Taliparamba near the famous Sri Krishna Temple of that place. There are others who say that he belonged to the present Alangad Amsam in the Ponnani Taluk in South Malabar and that he was known as Cherumukkil Athyasrami. It is added that he was a contemporary of Vilwamangalam Swamier.

The rest of what we have to say about the commentator is based on tradition alone, and it is interesting as showing how great a Jnani he was. He was in his time mocked at, as a heterodox wanderer. His community used to spite him and call him names. He was considered to be a *Nasthika*, for he was utterly oblivious to all rules of caste, and disregarded the conventional rules of untouchability and unapproachability. He was castigated, and every sort of accusation was trumped up against him. But he, as a true Jnani was indifferent to praise and blame.

One day Athyasrami was reclining on the lap of a Panchama woman in her despicable hut. Vilwamangal passing that way, saw, what to an orthodox mind would undoubtedly be a most abominable sight, the Nambudiri sleeping soundly on the lap of the untouchable woman. He was considerably vexed with shame, and so screening himself under his palm leaf umbrella, proceeded on.

Keeping himself in his reclining posture Athyasrami exclaimed:—
"Et tu, Brute!—well! Vilwamangal. You too want to avoid me!"

Vilwamangal turned back and it seemed to him that the Lord Narayana was having his quiet repose in the lovely embrace of Goddess Sri Baghavathi. The Swami astonished and entranced by super-vening Bakthi ran up to prostrate; but then, Athyasrami was only rolling on the lap of the Panchama woman again.

On one occasion when Vilwamangal went to Kurur Mana, he heard the lady of the house in her unclean period chanting Narayana Nama.

"Chanting Bhagavan Nama during the unclean period is inauspicious; why not be patient for three days?" queried the Swamy to the people there among whom Athyasrami also was present, and what was the reply? "Can Vilwamangal guarantee that death will not come during these three days?"

One day Athyasrami went to the Kudalloor Mana and asked for the copy of the Bagavatha that was there. The Nampudiripad refused

to give it as he thought it would be committing a sin to allow this Bohemian to read such a holy work as the Bagavatha. Athyasrami not being perturbed at all at the refusal and unmindful of the insult, called for a scroll of palm leaves and a scribbling nail, which were supplied. He sat on, and it is said wrote on his commentary the Krithsnapadi, completed it at a stretch, and went his way leaving the superb *Grantha* in the Mana. It is believed that the *Grantha* is still in this Mana.

Couldst Thou See

Thou meaning, couldst thou see,
Of all which dafteth thee ;
 So plain,
 It mocks thy pain.
Stone of the Law indeed,
Thine own self couldst thou read ;
 Thy bliss
 Within thee is.

Stoop, stoop ; for thou dost fear
The nettle's wrathful spear,
 So slight
 Art thou of might !
Rise ; for Heaven hath no frown
When thou to thee pluck'st down,
 Strong clod !
 The neck of God.

—Francis Thompson
in *Inner Culture*.

Tagore and Tolstoy.

(Diary Leaves).

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

“BY all means visit Tolstoy,” thundered the grey bearded Stasoff, Director, Slavonic Department of the St. Petersburg Public Library. This happened during my visit to him after graduating at the Academy of Fine Arts in 1897.

“I do not care much for academical diplomas and distinctions. But let the great writer of Russia recognize you as artist. That will be a real distinction. And no one will appreciate your *Messenger** better than Tolstoy. He will at once understand with a message your envoy is speeding. Don't delay, in two days I am going with Rimsky-Korsakoff† to Moscow. Come along with us. Elias (the sculptor Hinsburg) will also join us. Come along, come along!”

Thus we are together in the railway compartment. Stasoff, a septenarian, took the upper berth, grumbling that otherwise he cannot sleep. His long white beard was hanging down. A heated dispute starts with Rimsky-Korsakoff about his new opera. To a realist like Stasoff the entire epic of “Grad Kitej” does not appeal.

“Just wait, you have to discuss this matter with Tolstoy. He says that he does not understand music, but he weeps, when he hears it,” jokingly says Stasoff to Korsakoff.

At that time there was much talk about Tolstoy's *What is Art* and *My Belief*. All sorts of fables about Tolstoy and his life were whispered, as is usual around great men. Gossipers had a wide field for their imagination. They could not grasp how Count Tolstoy could plough the field or make shoes. Absurd anecdotes about Tolstoy's so called ‘godlessness’ were in circulation. These slanderers concealed the fact that a godless person could never have written the beautiful parable about the three hermits.

I regret that I do not have at hand the actual text of this narrative, but everyone who wishes to cognize the great personality of Tolstoy should know at least a short summary of it.

On an island there lived three old hermits. They were so simple that the only prayer which they used was: “We are three—You are Three—have mercy upon us!” And great miracles were manifested during this simple prayer. The local bishop came to hear about these

* *Messenger* is the name of Roerich's first painting, now in the Tretyakoff Gallery in Moscow

† Rimsky-Korsakoff—famous Russian composer of national operas.

hermits and this inadmissible prayer and decided to visit and to teach them the canonical prayers. He arrived on the island, told the hermits that their prayer was undignified and taught them many of the customary ones. Then the bishop left on a boat. And he sees that across the sea there follows the boat a radiant light. As this light approached, he discerned the three hermits who were holding their hands and were running upon the waves hastening to catch the boat. When they had approached, they asked the bishop: "We have forgotten the prayers you taught us and have hastened to ask you to repeat them." When the bishop saw this miracle, he said to the hermits: "Continue to live with your old prayer."

Could any godless person give such a remarkable image of hermits, who attained illumination in their simple prayer. Indeed to Tolstoy, the great seeker, everything basic and truthful was near to the heart

Everyone remembers also his *Fruits of Enlightenment*, which is full of sarcasm about ignorantly interpreted spiritistic seances. Certain people wished to see in this negative attitude of Tolstoy towards the entire metaphysical domain. But the great thinker only scourged ignorance.

In his epic *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina* and many other essays and parables, there has been manifested a wide comprehension of psychology in its highest sense. In the heat of argument Tolstoy may indeed have asserted that a simple folk dance for him is equal to the highest symphony. But when one had opportunity to witness how deeply Tolstoy was moved especially by symphonies, one understands perfectly well that in his paradoxes was contained something by far finer and broader than the public may have wished to see in its own interpretation. Tolstoy, the great teacher, before his very end, started out to the Optina Pustyn* and did not this spiritual act signify a remarkable apotheosis of his wonderful life!

Upon arrival in Moscow we went on the following morning to Tolstoy's home in Homovniki. Each of us brought something: Rimsky-Korsakoff his latest compositions, Hinsburg—a bronze statue of Tolstoy; Stasoff, some new books and I a photograph of my "Messenger".

Those who know the quiet side streets of ancient Moscow, the old residences divided from the street by a ward, and the special atmosphere of those historical dwellings—they will understand the whole unforgettable impression of those surroundings. There was fragrance of apples in the air, mixed with the aroma of libraries and old furniture. Everything was simple and yet refined. We were welcomed by Countess Sophia Andreevna, the wife of the great thinker. Stasoff took command of the conversation, and Tolstoy himself only joined later.

* Optina Pustyn is a well-known place of hermitage in Russia.

He appeared in his typical *tolstovka*,† quite in white and there remained for ever the first impression of his radiantly white appearance.

Only in great men can this simplicity be combined with majestic convincingness. I know that his definition 'majestic' would not please Tolstoy and he would probably have interrupted it with some harsh remark. But he was never against simplicity. Only such a gigantic philosophical and literary talent and unusually expanded consciousness can create that grandeur, which was expressed in the entire figure, gestures and sayings of Tolstoy. It was said that his face was a simple one. This is not so; he had a strong, typically Russian face. Old wise peasants and so-called old-believers who live far away from cities sometimes have such faces. Indeed the expression of such faces may be severe. But in them there is no mean irritation, but on the contrary there is expressed a mighty thought. India also knows such faces.

Tolstoy admired the work of Hinsburg, making some abrupt remarks to the point. Then my turn came and Stasoff had been quite right supposing that the *Messenger* was not only approved, but even called forth some remarkable comments. On my painting, a messenger is seen hastening in a boat to some ancient Slavonic settlement, carrying the important news that some tribes had attacked their neighbours. Tolstoy said: "Did you ever cross a swift river in a boat? You must aim higher than the desired destination or you will be carried downstream. So also in the domain of morality one should always steer much higher—life anyhow will carry one down! Let your Messenger aim very high—then he will attain!" Very often in life this advice of Tolstoy was remembered by me. Then Tolstoy dwelt on folk art, on certain paintings from peasant life as if wishing to direct my attention towards the people. "Know how to suffer with them"—was also one of Tolstoy's ordinances. Then we talked about music. Again there flashed some paradoxes, but behind them there was such a love for art such a searching for Truth and such a care for the people's education that all those disputes merged into a beautiful symphony of service to humanity. And from morning till evening there resounded an unforgettable *Tolstoviana*.

On the following morning, starting on our return journey, Stasoff said to me: "Now you have been bestowed with the true distinction of an artist!"

Amazing is the whole life of Tolstoy as great writer and greater teacher of light. Every event of his life increased the deep veneration of the people to him. And when his ex-communication from the Church took place, the undivided sympathy of the masses was with him.

Besides many published works of Tolstoy, there circulated everywhere in Russian society many banned essays and letters. The causes

† *tolstovka* is a kind of workman's over-shirt, which Tolstoy liked and usually wore.

and effects of Tolstoy's ex-communication were discussed in whispers, there were rumours about his private meetings with the Emperor. Also certain prophecies of Tolstoy were discussed—later these remarkable predictions were widely announced through the press. In these the prophetic writer already foresaw the great war and many other stirring events.

Every news about Tolstoy's saying was attentively received, as if above official authorities Tolstoy's mighty thought was dominating. Besides his thundering statements about non-resistance to evil, about pan-human love, about true education for all, there were also such touching descriptions, as for instance on the death of a tree. India would especially value these simple truthful words, which contained a deep thought about the life omnipresent. Through one of his feminine heroes Natasha, Tolstoy exclaims: "Yes, I was thinking, that we are hastening and think we are hastening home. But God only knows whereto we are going in this darkness. And perhaps we shall arrive and will find ourselves not in *Orradzoys* (estate) but in a fairy-tale kingdom. And then I thought

The sacred thought of a beautiful realm lived in Tolstoy's heart, when he followed the plough like the true ancient hero of the Russian epos Mikula Selianinovitch or when like Boehme he made shoes or when like the great Carpenter he stood at the bench, seeking contact with all phases of labour. Untiringly this sower cast in his precious seeds and they took firm root in the consciousness of the Russian people. Innumerable are in Russia the homes in the name of Tolstoy, Tolstoy museums, Tolstoy libraries and reading rooms. And can one imagine a more glorious end for Tolstoy than his departure to the Optina Pustyn and passing away on a small railway station! A significant end for a great traveller! This passing was beyond all imagination and Russia at the first moment could not even believe it. I remember how Elena Ivanovna* brought this news to me, repeating sorrowfully: "It is unbelievable, it is unbelievable. As if something basic, some part of Russia itself, has left us. As if an epoch is closed"

And now as I write these lines there suddenly appears a radiant rainbow across all purple and snowy ridges of the Himalayas, from the very earth to the very sky. A blessed sign from Heaven to Earth.

Again Elena Ivanovna brought news, but quite a different one. She often, through her great intuition, found in bookshops something new, needed and inspiring. Thus she brought Tagore's *Gitanjali* in translation of Baltrushaitis. These beautiful sonorous poems radiated like a rainbow and in the Russian translation of Baltrushaitis they sounded as a clarion call. Up to that time Rabindranath Tagore was

* Elena Ivanovna, Madame Helena Roerich.

not known in Russia in his entire scope; it was known that Tagore's name was acclaimed all over the world, but we, Russians, had no occasion to cognize the depth of the heart of this great poet.

Gitanjali came like a revelation. The poems were read at gatherings and at private at-homes. Only true talent could create such a precious mutual understanding. The quality of convincingness is mysterious. The foundation of Beauty is ineffable and every pure human heart rejoices at the reunion with Light. This realization of Beauty, this universal response of the soul was brought by Tagore. What may he be like? Where and how does this giant of thought and beautiful images dwell? The in-born love for the wisdom of the East finds its application in the touching, calling, persuasive chords of the poet. Now everyone at once became imbued with love for Tagore. It was evident how most contradictory people, the most irreconcilable psychologists were united by the call of the poet. As if under the beautiful dome of a Temple, or in the consonances of a majestic symphony, the inspiring song victoriously united all human hearts. Just as Tagore himself proclaims in his uplifting *What is Art*:

"In Art the person in us is sending its answer to the Supreme Person, who reveals himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless world of facts".

Everyone knows that Tagore does not belong to the earthly world of petty facts, but to the world of Truth and Beauty. And the persistent desire arose: "How and where to meet?" Will not fate bring about a meeting here, on this plane, with him who so powerfully called towards Beauty the Conqueror? Strangely, Providence transforms imperative dreams into reality. Indeed unforeseen are the paths. Life itself weaves the beautiful web as no human imagination can visualize it. Life is the best fairy-tale.

We dreamt of meeting Tagore and there he himself appears in my studio on Queen's Gate Terrace in London in 1920. Tagore had heard of my Russian paintings and wanted to meet me. And just at that time I was painting a Hindu series *Dreams of the East*. I remember the amazement of the poet at such a coincidence. We recall how beautifully he entered and how spiritual appearance impressed us. Verily the first impression is the true one.

At the Luncheon of the World Fellowship of Faiths in 1934 in New York Dr. Kedarnath Das Gupta recalled our first meeting with Tagore in the following words:—"This occasion had its beginning about fourteen years ago in London. At that time, I was one day at the home of Rabindranath Tagore, who said to me, 'To-day I am going to give you a very great treat'. I followed him and he took me to South Kensington to an apartment filled with superb canvases and paintings. And there were Nicholas Roerich and Mme. Roerich. As

Mme Roerich showed us the paintings, I thought of our beautiful ideal of the East: *prakriti* and *purusha*, man revealed through the woman. That visit has never been out of my mind."

Just as unforgettable remains for us this visit of Tagore with his inspiring talks on art, his letter about paintings also remains as a cherished memento. Then we met in America, where the poet lectured so convincingly about the immutable laws of beauty and about mutual human understanding. In the rush of the leviathan city, the words of Tagore sometimes sounded as paradoxical as the fairy tale realm of Tolstoy. The greater was the attainment of Tagore who untiringly travelled all over the world, with the imperative call about Beauty. The poet said in China: "Civilization expects the great culmination of the expression of its soul in beauty." One may quote at length from the books of Tagore, his prayers and ordinances for a better life, which are so easily carried out in the beautiful domain of the poet's heart.

Are these calls far from life? Are they but the dreams of a poet? By no means! This whole truth, in its entire essence is pre-ordained and realizable in earthly life. Ignoramuses will assert in vain that the worlds of Tagore and Tolstoy are utopian. This is thrice wrong! Is it an utopia that one should live beautifully? Is it an utopia that one should not kill and not destroy? Is it an utopia that one should learn to imbue one's surroundings with knowledge? These are not utopias but reality itself, as real as the fact that one should help wherever possible. If the light of Beauty would not penetrate at least through dimmed sparks into the earthly plane, life itself would be unbearable. What deep gratitude humanity should render to those giants of thought, who self-sacrificingly taught the eternal foundations of life! Without these laws of the Beautiful, life would turn into such bestiality and ugliness that every living breath would be choked.

Horrible is the curse of ugliness. Terrible is the persecution which throughout history tried to destroy true seeking and cognizance. When an ignoramus orders that every one should think according to his code, this is tantamount to the demand of nonsense and imbecility, for it is destruction. Majestic are the gifts of Tolstoy and Tagore to humanity. They are not selfish misers, but most generous donors, they give and give endlessly. Tagore's heart strives to spread real education. Santiniketan—this stronghold of enlightenment, is forever linked with a host of great names. So many artists and cultural leaders of India and many foreign co-workers participate in the ideals of Santiniketan.

The ploughland of Culture is not easy. People sometimes believe that the accomplishment of colossal historical events was always crowned with laurels. History sometimes records entire periods of

difficulty in but a few stingy words. Yet how many thorns were met on the way and how much priceless energy was expended in order to lay the steps of human achievement despite all obstacles, enmity and ignorance. The more joyful is it to witness how esteemed are the harvests of Tagore's sowing. In Tagore we see a wonderful synthesis of the thinker, the poet, the bard, the artist and the teacher of life. From the depths of ages we heard that such co-ordination of happy manifestations is possible. But when it takes place before our very eyes, here on our *terra dolorosa*, against all attacks of chaos, then such attainments verily open for us new vistas. The human hearts become filled with gratitude when witnessing such glorious deeds. The giants of thoughts are not in need of such gratitude. But it is necessary for space, as building material for a more radiant future.

One cannot name any sphere of Culture to which Tagore is indifferent. With everything education, creative and constructive, Tagore will not only sympathise but he will find forceful helping suggestion. It is but natural that Rabindranath Tagore responded cordially to the pact for the protection of the world's cultural treasures. Whose soul could vibrate with greater ardour for the safeguarding of the fruits of creativeness than Tagore's? But he knows the difficulty of the present moment. He feels what malice and hatred hover above the world at present. Not from newspapers but through his wise heart he comprehends what danger to peaceful labour threatens during the present Armageddon. Tagore does not conceal these dangers. As always he speaks daringly of questions of peace and education. One can imagine how ignorance is hissing somewhere at his call for peace.

The last letter I received from him recently sorrowfully defines the present world situation:—"My dear Friend,—The problem of peace is today the most serious concern with humanity and our efforts seem so insignificant and futile before the onrush of a new barbarism, that is sweeping over the west with an accelerating momentum. The ugly manifestations of naked militarism on all sides forebode an evil future and I almost lose faith in civilization itself. And yet we cannot give up our efforts, for that would only hasten the end."

The heart of the great poet is filled with grief at the current confusion. The thinker knows that every worker of culture should valiantly defend his post and self-sacrificingly stand up for the treasures of the world. And in this self-sacrifice is also manifested the sign of Tolstoy's service to humanity. As Tolstoy was never a politician so also Tagore stands adamant as the mighty teacher of life.

One cannot name anyone who with such convincingness combines modernism with the ordinances of ancient wisdom. Such a synthesis to the majority of people seems even irreconcilable. Even the esteemed philosophers often state their forbidding 'or'—'or'. As

if life is not of one source and as if the cosmical laws are not immutable. Even the most ancient ordainment proclaimed through the *Rig Vedas*: "Truth is one—men call it by various names." I often had occasion to hear how even educated people said that it is old-fashioned to quote Confucius or the Vedas. They suspected a certain lack of progress, when some one studied ancient wisdom. Only now science in the person of some advanced research workers begins to reaffirm the value of knowledge that has reached us from the depths of antiquity. In Tagore such wisdom is inborn and his deep understanding of modern literature and science gives that equilibrium, that golden path, that to the majority seemed an utopia. But this attainment is right in front of us, one has but to admit it in full attentiveness and goodwill.

On the seventieth anniversary of Tagore's birth-day we wrote: "*Vijaya Tagore!*" Difficult is such a victory, but the more precious is it to admire the radiant hero in the service of humanity.

To the superficial outside observer Tolstoy and Tagore may seem different. Some people, who like to revel in contradictions, will no doubt try to apply their wit also in this case in order to separate. But if we shall analyze both the thinkers benevolently and without prejudice, we shall but regret that there exist no portraits of Tolstoy and Tagore taken together—in a hearty talk, in deep wisdom and in the desire to bring good to humanity. On the occasion of Tagore's seventieth birthday we rejoiced to see Tagore's portrait in the Latvian newspaper *Segodnia*. The renowned poet of Latvia, Rudzitis has beautifully characterized the great Tagore in a monograph, and now from Praha Prof. V. Bulgakoff sends me a beautiful postcard of Tolstoy and himself, taken in 1910 in Yasnaya Poliana. And again the great images of Tagore and Tolstoy rise before me in their great service to humanity. Together on one picture I would like to see these two giants of thought.

Deep homage to Tagore and Tolstoy!

Tagore—World Citizen

IN this mad world of ours, it has been given only to a very few to be loved and mourned by all. Tagore was one such. In his death, India has lost one of her greatest sons who shed lustre on her name and the world, one of her foremost citizens. Poet, artist, philosopher and humanitarian, he belonged to all the world and his will be an honoured name in a sensible history of the world—a history, in other words, of the adventures and growth of the human mind and not the sickening story of the quarrels and follies of a few kings and warriors.

Rabindranath Tagore was born in Calcutta on May 7, 1861, to a father who sang:

O spiritual guide of the Universe,
Thou art without form:
Yet that I have conceived Thine image in the act of meditation;
That I have ignored Thine inexpressibility by words of praise;
That I have set at naught Thy omnipresence by making pilgrimages
and in other ways—
For these three transgressions committed through confusion of
spirit,

O Almighty God, I implore Thy forgiveness.

Art, in its varied forms, had been a gift of the family for generations and Rabindranath's brothers were talented artists. In their midst blossomed the genius that was to spread its perfume the world over. His grandfather was known as Prince Dwaraknath for his wealth and thus Rabindranath was free from the menace of poverty which has been the bane of many a genius in our unhappy country. The heat of poverty has dried up many springs of genius and the proverbial wolf at the door has blocked all the secret doors of the mind. "Give us, O Lord, our daily bread" is a cry that rings across their whole career and life's canvas, for them, is filled with the sole adventure of breadwinning. But Tagore was free. To borrow his own phrase, the voice of the Angel of Leisure rose above the din of the clamour and scramble, saying "Rejoice". And rejoice he did. He created beauty as few others did. His poems and songs which are on the lips of every Bengali peasant, are the spontaneous outpouring of a joyous mind, filled with the joy of life.

The conquests of Tagore's muse constitute a farflung empire, sprawling across many a region of disputed sovereignty. Science, art, religion, mysticism are all there, but philosophy, taking its stand on the totality of human experience, sets the pattern of Government. To any discerning student, the most striking feature of Tagore's works

will be his synthetic vision which weaves poetry, art, science and religion into an exquisite fabric. His works bring to us a fresh breeze from realms in which the Indian mind roamed thousands of years ago to produce its unexcelled travellogues—the Upanishads. They recapture to us the spirit of the Rishis whose vision, more penetrative than X-rays, delved into the heart of things and led them to proclaim "*Ekam Sat vipra bahudha vadanti*". Tagore's works are at once a cross-section of modern Indian thought and a glorious continuation and amplification of ancient Indian culture. And in his protest against the menace of mechanisation, he represents India's reaction to the technological civilisation which has now drawn us to the edge of a precipice.

Besides his literary and artistic creations, Tagore has left us another legacy—the Visvabharati at Santiniketan. He was a pathfinder in many directions but in none so immediately fruitful as in education—the drawing out and integral cultivation of man's faculties that leads to his self-transcendence. The international university stands as a monument of its creator's internationalism.

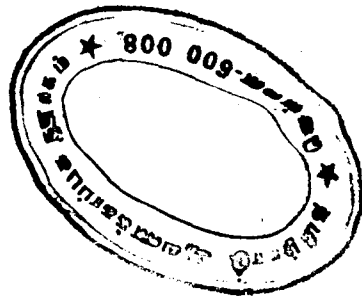
We have studiously avoided particular reference to any of his works, for it is not possible to single out any one of them as the best. But, having set out the father's prayer as the background, we cannot but draw attention to one sublime thought of the son which pervades all his works and actions with a strange power:

Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that Thou art truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind;

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart, knowing that Thou hast Thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart;

And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is Thy power gives me strength to act.

Tagore was born four years after India's first effort at independence. It was not given to him to sing her song of liberation. But the nation that gave birth to a universal man shall not long be a prison. There is no place for prisons in the land he strove to build; 'for in it, freedom is of the essence.'




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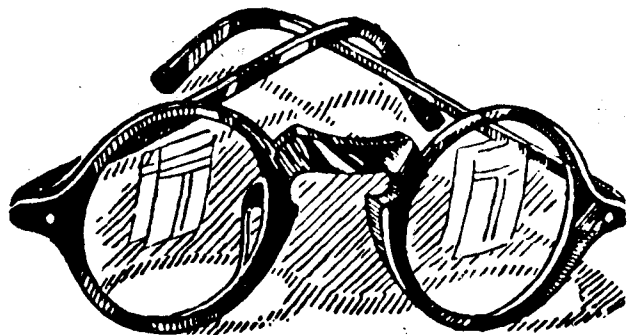
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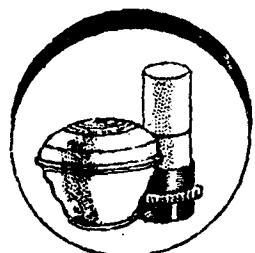
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