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CHINGLEPUT S. I.

VOL
VII

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9-10

THE ONLY MONTHLY FOR
HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS.

JUNE—JULY,

1952.

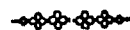
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THE STUDENT

The only English Monthly devoted exclusively to
the interests of HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS



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All literary contributions, books for review, Newspapers or Magazines, sent in exchange etc., should be addressed to *The Editor, The STUDENT, Chingleput, S. I. Ry.* Articles and communications intended for publication in any issue should, as far as possible, reach the Editor not later than the 20th of the previous month. The Editor solicits contributions on all subjects of interest to High School Students. Stamps should accompany the MS., if the writer wishes it returned, in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. *We regret it is not possible for us to make payment for accepted contributions as the work we do is "a labour of love."*

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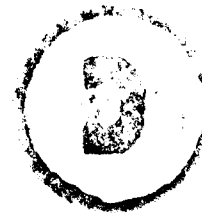
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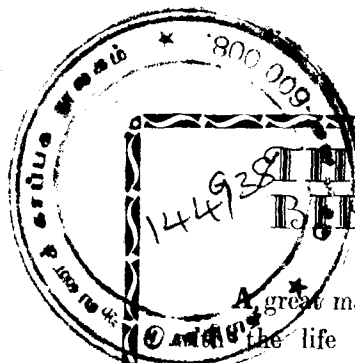
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CONTRIBUTIONS

received so far from Students and Teachers have been exhausted: Headmasters, Teachers and Students are requested to send in their contributions to reach the editor before the close of each month for publication in the issue by the next month.



THE HOLY MOTHER BIRTH CENTENARY AN APPEAL.

A great many people all over the world are well acquainted with the life and teachings of Sri Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda. But a majority of these do not know much about Sri Sarada Devi. Her simple and unostentatious life, lived mostly in cloistered seclusion, and remarkable for its depth and universality of outlook, has many valuable lessons for humanity.

Betrothed to Sri Ramakrishna as a young girl of 5, she grew up all by herself in her quiet village home. When she was about 14 years old, Sri Ramakrishna came to his native village to recoup his health. He then called Sri Sarada Devi to his side, and taught her many useful and precious things, both secular and spiritual. This brief contact left an unforgettable impression on her mind.

Except for this meeting, they lived apart as if they were utter strangers. For Sri Ramakrishna was then engaged in a long and strenuous spiritual discipline, and was all the time absorbed in divine ecstasy, completely forgetful of the world and its concerns.

In the year 1873 when Sri Sarada Devi was 19 years old, rumours reached her ears that Sri Ramakrishna had gone mad. She felt sorely distressed, and at once decided that it was her paramount duty to be by the side of the Master and serve him in his hour of need. Unmindful of the toils and difficulties, she walked on foot all the distance of about 60 miles from Jayrambati to Dakshineswar.

The Subsequent life-story reads like a super-miracle. She found Sri Ramakrishna always in a God-intoxicated state of mind. Yet when he met her, he admitted her claims upon him as his wife, but pointed out that his mind was wholly given to God. Sri Sarada Devi was in no way behind the Master in her spiritual hankering. She readily renounced all vulgar pleasures of the family life. She only wanted to partake of his exalted spiritual attainments. She thus became his first and foremost disciple, and during the 13 years of sadhana under the Master, she attained to such summits of spiritual realization that she was spontaneously venerated as the Holy Mother in the Order of Sri Ramakrishna.

After the passing away of the Master, for nearly 34 years she ministered to the spiritual needs of thousands of sincere seekers of God. She lived her quiet life, far from the madding crowd, but was always full of sympathy for the struggling souls caught in the meshes of worldliness.

All those who had the rare privilege of coming in contact with her felt that she was an embodiment of grace, purity and simplicity. Her readiness to help all without distinction of caste, creed or colour, even regardless of their merits, was most striking. Her simple words went home to the hearts of the listeners and gave them complete satisfaction.

A story of this unique life is bound to help in popularizing the noble and lofty ideals of womanhood of our motherland gathered through the ages. This precious heritage needs to be placed prominently before our rising generation, which is in imminent danger of losing its national moorings.

It will be, therefore, in the fitness of things that we celebrate her Birth Centenary which falls in 1953 in a befitting manner. To give a start to such a worthy cause the authorities of the Ramakrishna Math at Belur have formed an Executive Committee with Swami Madhavananda, General Secretary of the Ramakrishna Math and Mission, as its Chairman.

The Centenary Celebration Committee is now engaged in the task of preparing an authoritative and exhaustive account of Sri Sarada Devi's life and teachings. The publication of 'The Great Women of India' dealing with their lives and contributions in various spheres of life and different epochs of our history is also under preparation.

In addition to the above two publications, the Committee has sponsored the following plan for celebration:

1. The Birth Centenary should be observed during the period between December, 1953 and December, 1954.
2. An Album containing the pictures of the Holy Mother in as many postures as possible as also the important places associated with her memory should be published.

3. Steps should be taken for the collection and preservation of articles used by the Holy Mother as well as her letters.

4. Pilgrimage to Jayrambati, Kamarpukur, and other important places associated with the memory of the Holy Mother should be organised.

5. An arrangement should be made for putting tablets at important places associated with the memory of the Holy Mother.

6. An Essay Competition on the life of the Holy Mother should be organised for students.

7. Ladies' Meetings in different places, particularly in Women's Institutions should be organised to discuss the life and teachings of the Holy Mother.

The Committee has purchased the house at a price of Rs. 2,300/- at Jayrambati where the Holy Mother spent the major part of her rural life. Efforts should also be made for the repair and proper maintenance of this house and other dwelling places associated with her memory.

The Committee has decided that all contributors of Rs. 20/- and above to the Central Celebration Fund will be enrolled as General Members of the Committee.

It is estimated that more than a lakh of rupees will be necessary for the successful implementation of this plan of celebration. We appeal, therefore, to all who believe in the advancement of womanhood and the worship of motherhood to contribute their mite for such an worthy cause.

All contributions may be sent to The Secretary, The Holy Mother Birth Centenary, P. O. Belur Math, Dt. Howrah, West Bengal.

Swami Avinashananda

Secretary

THE HOLY MOTHER BIRTH CENTENARY

THE STUDENT

Pu. T. E. V. Sarma: - Managing Editor

AS LONG AS I LIVE, SO LONG DO I LEARN : : : SRI RAMAKRISHNA.

Vol. VII

JUNE — JULY 1952.

Nos. 9 & 10.

A PRAYER

O Lord, with the passing of every day the duration of life is seen to shorten, and youth to decay. The days that are gone do never come back; Time verily is the devourer of the World. Fortune is as fickle and short-lived as ripples on the surface of water; While life is momentary like the flash of lightning. Therefore, O Thou Refuge of all, do Thou even now protect me who seek refuge in Thee.

From the Puranas.

 Moral Stories: No. 1

POAIYA MOSHIYAR—THE BOY POET.

BY SRI K. S. MANAVALA AYYANGAR, B. A., B. T.,

Headmaster, Board Middle School, Chithathur.

(Continued from page 185 April issue)

V. The King Pandya and the Poet.

The poet left the place to Madura. But he never knew that entrusting the coins with Koothal was like entrusting safely the tamarinds with the rats. After a week's journey he reached Madura. There he bathed in the river Vaigai and entered the golden city. The poet indulged himself in seeing the beautiful city. The sun went down and the evening came.

The King Vananga Mudi Pandya started for the temple of Chokalinga Nather. The poet followed him. Inside the temple, the poet stood by the side of the King and sang a song in praise of God exhibiting both his poetic talents and devotion. The king being moved by it asked him his whereabouts. The poet told the king his story and expressed to him his idea of establishing a fourth Sangam. Then the King said "O poet, your idea of establishing a fourth Sangam is really good. But where are we to get the poets of good talents. Even if we get them how am I to know that you possess the talents to manage the same."

Poaiya Moshiyar smiled at his words and said "O King, if you doubt my talents and ability you can examine me." The King then replied that if the statues of the poets that were there accepted him by their nodding he had the least objection for the proposal on hand. Then Poaiya Moshiyar agreed to satisfy him as he desired. He went near them and requested them to accept him as one of the poets of their talents and ability. The statues to the King's amazement nodded their

heads together. The king was dumb for a time. Then he prostrated before the poet and requested him to pardon him for having examined him.

Then the poet and the king came to the tank 'Gold lotus'. The King said, "O Poet this is the tank where the Sanga plank was floating once and it is said that it has gone down. So may I request you to kindly make the plank float as before here." The poet to satisfy the King sang a song. Suddenly the plank floated for a time and disappeared.

The king from that time onwards had a special affection and reverence to the poet and had him in his Court and never liked to leave him even a minute.

VI. Thanjai Vanan and the Poet.

The King had a chief minister Thanjai Vanan by name. He had a special affection to the poet for he himself was a learned man. Is it not true that the learned will love the learned and the birds of the same feather will flock together? The poet was very much pleased with the courtesies shown to him and wrote a book Aynthinaai Kovai in Thanjai Vanan's name. No book can excel this one in style and beauty save Thirukovai written by Saint Manikavachakar as dictated by God Nataraja. Thanjai Vanan roused by the sense of duty mingled with reverence and affection towards the poet gave him countless gold coins. The poet stayed with him for some months and took leave of him and made his journey towards his native place.

VII. Thirumurugaperuman and the Poet.

The poet placed the presents given by the King and the minister in a cloth and tied it into a bundle and proceeded on his journey. At this juncture the God Thirumurugaperuman of Thiruparankunram wished to hear a song from him. So he took the form of a hunter. Would it be difficult for the son-in-law of a hunter to take the form of a hunter? He

met the poet on the way and asking him to stop began to plunder him. The poet was very much afraid and he was taken aback. His heart beat quickly. His body shook with fear and he stood perplexed. The poet was ready to part with his riches than to lose his life. The hunter never left him. He asked him to sing some verses describing the desert which he was then crossing. The poet sang a verse. The hunter rejecting it as incorrect, sang a verse himself which not only excelled the poet's verse but attracted his attention. Admiring at his skill the poet advised the hunter to leave the bad practice of plundering. The hunter never paid heed to his advice but uttering Shadakshara in his ear disappeared.

VIII. Ingratitude of Koothal.

Every thing that occurred on the way in the desert appeared to him like a dream. Then he proceeded on his journey and reached *Thirukanapair* on the fourth day evening. Finishing his evening rites he went to the house of Koothal with whom he had entrusted his coins.

The song of the poet brought them wealth, health and beauty. So there stood a beautiful palace in the place of a hut, rich food took the place of Kanji and there was a watchman ready with his watchful eyes to guard their house. The sudden rise of wealth and beauty made them blind and they forgot everything about the poet.

The poet never expected this and went to their house and requested the watchman to inform the inmates of his arrival. Koothal and others refused to admit the poet and give him shelter and sent angry words.

Ingratitude more strong than traitor's arms overtook him. The poet cursed them, and his words never failed. It had the immediate effect. They at once lost their sights and repented for their behaviour. But the repentance was too late.

"God and the Doctor we alike adore
But only when in danger, not before
The danger o'er, both are alike requited
God is forgotten and the doctor slighted."

IX. The Poet and the Minister Cheenakathi.

The poet left that place to Kandiyur where his friends Cheenakathi resided. He was the Minister of the Chola King. He gave a welcome to his friend Poaiya Moshiyar. At his request the poet stayed with him for a time.

One day the poet was sleeping in a cot inside his friend's bedroom. His friend Cheenakathi went out for free air. Then his wife came to that room, mistook the poet to be her husband and took her bed by his side. The poet was in sound sleep. The Minister who returned after a few minutes saw this and with the least murmur laid himself in the middle of them. The poet rose up early in the morning and was taken aback by the scene and repented for his action done unknowingly. Truth was out and the Minister consoled the poet. Such was the friendship of the Minister and the poet.

Years passed by and the Minister died suddenly of some disease. The poet felt sorry for the loss of his worthy friend and wept like a baby. As it was the custom, the wife after obtaining permission from the king was ready for Sati. The poet too wished to be with his friend on the pyre. The King objected to it and at last allowed him provided that the pyre gave him a seat. The poet sang heart-rending affectionate verses requesting his friend to move. The dead corpse moved and the poet entered Heaven with his friend, leaving the truth "This life has no pleasure nobler than friendship" behind him.

The people praised the affection of the poet and the Minister to each other and cursed the king for having given the poet permission to enter the pyre. The king consoled the people by explaining to them the truth that 'None can overcome destiny and the God's will be done.'

SOME QUALITIES-GOOD & BAD.

By Srimath Swami Sivananda, Rishikesh, Himalayas.

1. Endurance

(Titiksha)

Endurance is the state of enduring or bearing. It is a suffering patiently without sinking or yielding to the pressure, without resistance.

Endurance is the capacity or power to endure without opposition. It is ability to suffer pain, distress, hardship or any very prolonged stress without succumbing or murmuring or complaining, lamenting or repining. It is patient fortitude. It is the ability to bear and continue in spite of destructive forces.

To endure is to bear with strain and resistance with conscious power. To brook is quietly to put up with provocation or insult.

He who endures conquers. Through endurance, will power and patience are developed. Through endurance evils and difficulties are overcome.

Your strength often increases in proportion to the obstacles imposed upon you. Endure them bravely.

Difficulties and troubles, adversities and calamities have often built the character of men.

The palm-tree grows best beneath a ponderous weight, and even so the character of man.

The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it. Skilful pilots become famous from storms and tempests.

Through endurance you exhibit your divine grandeur and make alliance with God.

2. Fickleness

Fickleness is unsteadiness of the mind. It is inconstancy or irresoluteness.

A fickle mind oscillates and changes every second. It is never steady. It ever wanders.

A fickle-minded man now promises and breaks his promises the next second. You cannot rely on him.

A fickle memory is bad, a fickle course or conduct is worse; but a fickle heart and purpose is worst of all.

A fickle-minded man is unduly changeable in feeling, judgment or purpose. He is wavering, inconstant and capricious.

A fickle-minded man is like the restless sea or the restless monkey.

A fickle-minded man is irresolute, shifting, vacillating, and whimsical.

A fickle-minded man always fails in any attempt. Success is unknown to him. He weeps and regrets.

A fickle-minded man has a wavering disposition. He is unsteady in opinion or purpose.

Constancy, decision, determination, firmness, fixedness, immutability, resoluteness, steadfastness, steadiness are the opposites of fickleness.

Fickleness is due to too much Rajas or passion. Annihilate Rajas by increasing Sattwa or purity or harmony. Take Sattvic food. Practise Japa, Kirtan, concentration, Tratak or gazing, Pranayama. Study sacred scriptures. Fickleness will take to its heels. Steadiness alone will prevail.

3. Earnestness

Earnestness is the state of being earnest. It is enthusiasm tempered by reason.

An earnest man is determined. He is eager to obtain. He is intent, sincere and serious. He shows strong desire. He is ardent in the pursuit of an object. He gives his whole heart to the work on hand.

Do you wish to master any science or accomplishment? Then give yourself to it. Be sincere and earnest. You will attain sanguine success.

For more than mere talents, enthusiasm and earnestness in work carry the day.

It will be found everywhere that the men who have attained success in business or anything have been the men who have been earnestly given themselves to it.

An earnest man finds means. He creates means.

Earnestness strengthens weakness, braves dangers, overcomes pain, sustains hope, lightens difficulties, lessens the sense of weariness in overcoming them, gives endurance.

A man may be the cleverest of men; he may be brilliant. But, without earnestness no one is ever great or does really great things.

You cannot be earnest above anything which does not naturally and strongly engage your thoughts.

Earnestness is the devotion of all the faculties. It gives patience. It is the cause of patience. It gives zeal and enthusiasm.

Earnestness is the best source of mental power. It gives intellect.

There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, sincere, earnestness.

An earnest man is serious in purpose. He is zealous and determined especially in matters of moral and religious import, spirit and speech.

There must be a great and earnest soul behind a great cause.

When a man is earnest in his speech, attempt and action, we say: "Rama's speech is earnest speech; Krishna's attempt is earnest endeavour. Siva is an earnest doctor."

4. Prejudice

Prejudice is judgment or opinion formed beforehand or without due examination of the facts or reasons that are essential to a just and impartial determination. It is unreasonable prepossession for or against anything. It is bias.

The destructive qualities of prejudice can be removed by goodwill.

Prejudice shuts out the truth and often leads to ruinous error.

Prejudice is a mist which dims your vision and obscures the good and glorious objects.

Prejudiced persons never speak well, but also never think well of those whom they dislike.

Prejudice is the child of ignorance. It is a great obstacle to progress.

When the judgment is weak, the prejudice is strong.

A prejudice is grounded often on feeling, fancy, associations, etc. A prejudice is always unfavourable.

5. Talebearing

Talebearing is the act of maliciously telling tales or giving information. It is the act of spreading scandal.

A tale-bearer circulates idle and injurious tales with a view to making mischief. He is a scandal-monger, a meddling informer.

Do not go up and down as a tale-bearer among your people. Where there is no tale-bearer, all quarrels stop.

Tale-bearing is despicable. A tale-bearer is condemned by all.

Why do you meddle in the affairs of others unnecessarily? Abandon tale-bearing. Mind your business. You can save time. Spend your time profitably in prayer, Japa, Kirtan, meditation and study of religious books. You will attain eternal peace.



STUDENTS' AIM AND CHARACTER.

BY SRI V. K. KUPPUSWAMY IYENGAR.

Dear Students!

I wish to ask you one thing and tell you something. What is your aim in life? Perhaps you may briefly say that it is to learn the state language, get some appointment and earn money which is life, comfort, influence and everything. It is true, but not exactly the chief one. You know it is admitted by all learned historians that India, your blessed Mother Land, was, even thousands of years ago, advanced in civilisation, when almost all the other countries were in their primitive stage. So, it is your boon to have born in a land of ancient glory to play your own good part "whether vanquished or victorious in the amphitheatre of life."

I hope there is scarcely any among you who has not witnessed the swelling theatres in crowded towns. There you would have admired the artificial scenes, songs, gestures and mimics. You must know that "observation is good, and accurate observation is better." This world itself is an unimaginably huge theatrical hall, with natural scenery of mountains, meadows, landscapes, jungles, forests, all large and small, of rivers narrow and wide, of oceans deep and fathomless—all worked out by the untiring mighty hand of the Lord of the Universe. There the songs are to the gaiter or harmoniums of organs. But here none can excel the lonely, careless, sweet voice of the larks, cuckoos, minas, partridges, jays and the black-birds in pairs. There you might have seen a number of dazzling electric lights at the mercy of the current so long it runs without break. But here you have innumerable, tiny-looking, twinkling lamps with a cooling Moon-power-light in their midst to add brilliance to their splendour. There the hall is too small to provide for more than a scene

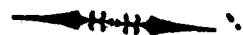
at a time. But here the space is unlimited, scenes are too many to look at, in each of the three-wide divisions of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. There the stage-manager could send only a few actors trained for the purpose. But here the omniparous and omnipotent Creator incessantly sends out thousands of actors who "walk with 4 legs in the morning, 2 legs in the noon and 3 legs in the evening." There the part of each actor is previously assigned: But here it is left to each, as if to his or her own discretion, to choose according to the willingness, industry and capability to cultivate and qualify, actuated by his or her own *Karma*. Now you will see it is in this way you have come to existence and have to select your part with a high ideal in life.

You should think that you are all, though tender now but likely to grow strong, props to your nation, under the impartial care of the ever-watchful Father, ready to help a son who cares to help himself. It is said that "Child is father of the man." If you are destined to become great, it will be discernible to acute observers even when you are young. So if you wish to gain the knowledge of great men, you must read their works and learn in their spirit lowly and reverently with a pure heart to remember what you learn. You must be a modest boy of simple habits and manners. It is said that Field-Marshal Sir John French was loved by all for his unassuming and kindly manners. The really great and clever men are often the most humble and considerate. You should understand your own defects and endeavour to do your best to correct them. You will apply yourself with great diligence to your study and win distinction among your fellows by realizing that success is the reward of hard work and adequate preparation. You should try to win among your fellows a reputation as an industrious boy. Too much unnecessary talks are abhorrent and disgusting. Waste of lungs is waste of energy. You should always be cool,

collected and thoughtful. You should think before you speak. Your thoughts should be noble, sentiments high and words weighty. You might have heard that silence is golden. Lord Kitchner was known as "Silent Kitchner." Addison, the most lucid, reputed and ancient author, was famous for his taciturnity. You should be respectful and obedient to your parents, teachers and elders, affable to your fellow students, regardful to your neighbours, mild and kind to your subordinates and dependents. You should be lovely to all good men and awful to the bad. You should not rest content with the lowest ambition of getting a pass in the class examination, but should aspire to the efficiency in the subjects taught. Before you quit the school for the active pursuits of life, you should try to maintain the reputation of the school at which you were taught.

You should remember that not only your character but the character of all your fellow students is in your hands so that every one acquainted with you may take pride to imitate your character. You should care more for your character than for anything else. You should make it a point to be always truthful, honest and obliging. You should never allow evil thoughts to enter into your mind and slang words to come to your tongue. It is character which makes a man complete, and perpetuates his name. Rama has been deified for his exemplary character, irrespective of the tradition that he was incarnation of Vishnu. What was it that brought on the total eradication of Ravana with all his kith and kin? It was his bad character. Every one of you should walk through the path of life warily, diligently and honestly and never forget the wise saying,

"The straight line is the shortest road".



THE VALUE OF THE STUDY OF ANCIENT HISTORY

BY SRI G. D. SHAH, AHMEDABAD.

History is the methodical report of ages; it is philosophy taught by example. Ancient history is the mother of mediæval and modern history. The study from the very basis is the soundest, hence ancient history must be studied before the mediæval and the modern history. Ancient history forms the first steps of the ladder which taking us through the mediæval times brings us to the present era. It is of course unwise to hop up haphazardly at any period and begin our march on the ladder of history to reach the modern times. The study of history must necessarily be systematical. A thorough student of history must study the history of the Chinese Empire, the Egyptian Empire, the Arabian Empire, the Babylonian Empire and the Roman Empire before he studies the History of India.

History repeats itself. What took place in the bronze age will in one or the other form take place in the iron age. It is true—'What hath been may be. For politicians the study of the past characters is essential. Oscar Wilde has justly said "To realize the nineteenth century one must realize every century that has preceded it, and that has contributed to its making." He who cares to know what will be must first consider what has been.

A famous writer has said "Books are to mankind what memory is to an individual." It will be as true to say "History is to mankind what memory is to an individual." Just as memory is an essential part of an individual so also history is all in all of humanity. What a creature is man without memory? and what humanity without history? A country without annals is a country without life. What is the use of life if that life dies away and perishes leaving no trace behind.

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History of the civilized world is indeed a little more than the register of crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind; luckily the ancient history has more of modes of life and society than these. The modes of life and society have come down to us, of course with several changes from those of the past ages and hence it makes a very interesting reading to go down to the very basis of our society.



SAFE BUSINESS RULES

BY O. M. G.

Business men, during business hours, attend to business matters only.

Social calls are welcome to the social circle.

Make your business known in a few words without loss of time.

Let your dealings with a stranger be most carefully considered and tried friendship duly appreciated.

A mean act will soon recoil, and a man of honour will be esteemed.

Leave 'tricks of trade' to unprincipled people. Treat all with respect, confide in few, wrong no man.

Be never afraid to say no, and always prompt to acknowledge and rectify a wrong.

Leave nothing for to-morrow that can be done today.

Because a friend is polite do not think that his time is valueless.

Have a place for everything and see everything is in its place.

To preserve long friendship, keep a short credit.

The way to get credit is to be punctual.

Trust no man's appearances they are often deceptive and assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit.

Rogues generally dress well.

The rich are generally plain men.

Be well satisfied before you give a credit that those to whom you give it are men to be trusted.

Attend to your own business and not to your neighbours.

THE DEVOTEE OF CHITRAGUPTA

BY SRI K. KRISHNAMACHARYA, B. A. L. T.

Simhavikrama was a robber living in the island of Simhala. About the end of his life, he thought of his past sins and was terribly afraid of the hell in store for him. He thought of appealing to Brahma, Vishnu, or Siva, for protection; but on a second reflection he apprehended that they might not be easily brought round to forgive all his sins. He therefore pitched upon Chitragupta, the clerk of Yama, as the right God who could save him, if not from his sins, at least from the inevitable death, by indefinitely postponing it.

Now Chitragupta was pleased to have a devotee in Simhavikrama. But before he could grant him his prayer, he wanted to test his sincerity in his devotion. One day, he went to his house, in the guise of a Brahmana. Simhavikrama welcomed the guest, and treated him with the utmost respect. In the course of a conversation, the Brahmana tried to dissuade him from his devotion to a minor God like Chitragupta. But Simhavikrama was firm, and requested the guest not to disturb his devotional activities. After some more tests, in one of which he demanded of him the blood of his wife, Chitragupta was satisfied that his devotee was not fraudulent.

One day he appeared before him in his real form and said, "My son! I am pleased with your Tapas; ask of me what boons you want." Simhavikrama was beside himself with joy. He was glad that his prayers were heard. So, joining

his palms in the act of salutation, and bending his head in deep humility, he prayed, "Gracious God! grant me that I should never die at all." Chitrugupta was astounded at the request, and pleaded inability to grant such a prayer. He said that the boon asked for was beyond his powers, since no one could recall the part of a life already spent, nor could any one lengthen a prescribed life by a fraction of a second. But he was not without hopes, in another way. So addressing his devotee, he said, "But there is one way which can help you to postpone death, for a considerable time. Beyond the seas, in an Ashrama of his own, there is a Kshatriya sage, Siva himself has granted that the part of the Ashrama, beyond a certain river there, shall not be under the sway of Yama. I shall take you there, and you can easily defy death."

Simhavikrama was pleased with the offer, and was instantly removed to the Ashrama. A thousand years of life was spent, and Simhavikrama did not get tired of it; but he was calculating on another thousand. In the meanwhile, Yama was enraged that a mere mortal should thus defy his sway. He thought of several allurements, and finally hit upon one. A bewitching damsel was created, and made to loiter in the woods, on this side of the river. Simhavikrama saw her, and at once fell in love with her. He forgot himself and crossed the border; alas, he was caught in the loose knot of the black rope of Yama's servants, and was mercilessly dragged into the presence of the Lord of Death!

Turning to his clerk Chitrugupta, Yama commanded, "Read the life of this sinner. How many years of hell has he to his credit?" Chitrugupta turned over the pages of his life and submitted, "My Lord! he was my devotee for a time, and during that period, he led an austere life. All his sins were washed away in this act of piety. He has, therefore, no years of hell to his credit. And his place is only in Heaven."

JUNE—JULY, 1952

Then Yama had but to direct him to Heaven. Simhavikrama felt satisfied that his favourite God did not betray him, even though he could not grant what all he desired of him.

OUR MARCH SONG.

Up we march with sprightly steps,
and throbbing thrilling hearts,
Led by God and Crown and Country,
singing songs of nobler parts;
Singing songs of Barath Land,
and songs of brotherhood,
Proud with 'jays' and 'hays' we round,
in jolly, jingling mood.
Down we wind 'left, right, left, right,'
and up we climb with beats,
Down we heedless glide in glee,
with hundred, wondrous feats;
Cares and scars we cast to winds,
our thoughts are pure and light,
Sure we know that God is up,
and all on earth is right.
May we sing of golden deeds,
and think of noblest men!
May we glow the globe with love,
the steadfast flame from Heav'n!
May we cling to life so sweet,
and full of symphony
May we ring the bells of balmy peace,
and harmony.

S. Rama Iyer.

OUR CHILDHOOD

1. Our younger days, our merrier days,
Were light as fair, and free of flaws;
With lesser tasks and more of plays,
They reeled and rolled—hep, hep, hurrahs.
2. No cruel cares confused our brains,
Or scratched and screwed our cheeks chubby;
No thoughts and dreams, no plans and strains,
To mar our sleep and lullaby.
3. We knew no castes, we knew no creeds,
We knew but how to live and love;
We heard and talked of worthy deeds,
The whys and hows we cast above.
4. Thus nearer God and heaven we stayed,
And earth, around, was Eden fine;
We, gathering fruits and blossoms, played
‘The priest and devotees thronged, at shrine’.

S. Rama Iyer.

OUR MOTHER INDIA

By Sri Abdul Kareem Khan B.A., Teacher, Penukonda.

Patriotism is a virtue which every one should possess. Respect for parents, reverence for teacher, regard for elders and love towards one's country and countrymen are the very basis of a virtuous person.

So an Englishman is a pride to the people of England; and they never get tired to repeat that they belong to a great nation. They dedicate their lives to the country and we find in them true patriotism.

Similarly Indians should be proud of their sacred mother country — an ancient country which is noted for its hospitality and generosity. It is a land with rich resources and abundant wealth. “India occupies a fairly respectable

position in the matter of minerals”. India stands second in the production of manganese in the world and she occupies a monopoly position in respect of mica. We get iron of superior quality and a number of coal mines in India. In addition to this, there are hidden treasures in the earth, which if explored will enhance the resources and status of this country.

India is an agricultural country with 83% of its people as agriculturists. 20% of land consists of forests which in turn brings about rain, gives shelter to wild animals, makes available herbs and timber etc. India contributes 53% of the animal wealth to the world. She can be rightly proud of her snow-capped Himalayas, the never ceasing river Ganges and the great Vindhya.

Can there be any other construction than the world reputed Taj — the monument of love. The natural scenery of Kashmir is a special feature of attraction while the caves of Ellora and Ajanta are the sources of inspiration.

Our homeland is blessed with abundant population. It has been the homeland of many tribes and the mother country of many religions. In the whole world there is hardly any parallel to India. She had a glorious past and has a bright future. When England and the first-rate powers of today were in utter darkness, where people were living nomadic life, Indians had established kingdoms and were leading a peaceful life. Can any country of the world show an illustrious example as that of Harappa and Mahan-jadaro? Democracy and republic, the system of voting, election of representatives, debate in assemblies are not new to India. She has experimented with every form of government.

The democratic procedure of Buddhist Sanghas, the republic of Sakyas, the Confederacy of Mallas, and Lichavies are some of the proofs to show that democracy is not a new gift to Bharat. The foreign invaders and travellers stand witness to the past glory of this country of ours.

We have plenty of men, material, motive power, and money markets and machines in India. But to make ourselves comfortable and live an orderly life is within our hands. It should be the citizens who should implement the true spirit of democracy, and democracy means the Government of the people, by the people and for the people. Students are the citizens of tomorrow and therefore they must be trained well and their character should be moulded in order to make them the worthy citizens of a worthy country. Constructive works like growing more food to solve the food deficiency, rooting out illiteracy and eradicating the beggar problem should be in the uppermost minds of the statesmen. It is the duty of one and all to make the Country a welfare state, and make the country flow with milk and honey. Then only we can be the true citizens of India and we can boast as the illustrious sons of a sacred country and members of a powerful nation.

To make one's country great, there is one way and that is every one doing his legitimate duty sincerely. A student should mind his work, a teacher his duty and a citizen his responsibility. It should not be forgotten that rights always associate with responsibilities. Lord Tennyson has rightly said 'That the path of duty is the way to glory'.

We should be fond of being Indians and prove worthy of it. Let us uphold the dignity and honour of this great country and let us resolve to serve the country in our own capacity with renewed vigour and enthusiasm.

By loving and serving the people really we are serving God for 'service to humanity is service to God' and God loves those who love His creation'.

MORAL POEMS.

BY PROF. B. PATTABHIRAMAIYYA, M. A., L. T.

The Divine Throne.

Cowherd boys at play.

A group of cowherds chanced to play
Where once the city of Ujjain lay.
The grassy mounds of the neighbourhood
Marked where the city once had stood.

The Boy-Judge.

One lad got up a grass-grown mound,
And, sitting, cast grave looks around,
And said, 'I'll now as judge preside,
And cases justly will decide.'

His wisdom and Justice.

His friends about mock-cases brought,
And wondered at the Judge's thought,
His findings were so wise and just,
That all in him had the fullest trust.
Not lads alone but grown folks too
Came there in numbers not a few.

The Divine Throne of Vikramaditya.

The news of this boy-judge's fame
The King o' the land he heard, and came
To the grass-grown mound; and guessed somehow
A magic seat lay down below.
He bade his men dig up the mound.
And, Lo! beneath it there was found
A throne divine, well known belong
To Vikramaditya, famed in song
For wise and just and gracious reign
In the glorious city of Ujjain,

Twelve winged forms and a slab of stone
Together made up this wondrous throne,

The King's attempts to ascend it.

The king he made the thing his own.
And fixed a day to mount the throne,
With pompous train approached the seat,
But one o' the figures stepped out to greet :
'Ere hoping on this throne to sit,
'Do judge,' said he, 'if thou art fit.
Hast thou not coveted things not thine ?'
The king said 'Yes the sin is mine.'
'Go' said the figure, 'fast and pray'
He spread his wings and flew away.
The King made trials week by week,
Each time a winged figure would speak,
And tell the eager king to halt,
And prove to him some hidden fault,
And bid him pray for days on end,
If again he hoped the throne to ascend.
Excepting one, the bearing things
Flew all away on soaring wings,
At last the slab was clean bereft
Of all but one which still was left.
Yet once again, this time the last,
The monarch, after a seven days' fast,
Came there his only chance to try ;
Prevented, asked the reason why
He, though a King had tried in vain
To sit, where sat a foolish swain.
The last support, about to fly,
Said thus to the monarch in reply :

Moral.

An innocent child can surely gain
God's gifts, which Kings may seek in vain.

GREAT MEN OF INDIA.

PANDIT ISHWAR CHANDER VIDYASAGAR.

BY SRI. S. C. UPADHYAYA, STUDENT, NADIAD.

Dear Readers,

You are reading the life-sketch of the greatest Indian Scholar, that India has ever seen. He was a literary character, a social reformer, and a great educationist. His unostentatious love for the country throbbod through every fibre of his frame. He was a philanthropist of a very high type and a man of clear conscience. He had self-respect and he was admired by everyone. He was a man of an exemplary character. His heart was full upto the brim with the milk of human kindness, which flowed out towards everyone. He was born in 1820 in a poor but a high class Brahmin family. The village of his birth is in Bengal. His grandfather was physically as well as mentally vigorous. Vidyasagar had inherited these qualities from his father. His father, Thakurdas Banerjee was energetic, independent, industrious and very honest. His mother Bhagawat Devi was a charitable and sincere lady.

Boyhood.

From his very boyhood Ishwar Chandra was extraordinarily intelligent, active, energetic and somewhat mischievous. No sooner did he complete his fifth year than he was sent to a Patasala under the careful guidance of a tutor. Vidyasagar from his boyhood was of a funny playful and merry nature. He was somewhat wayward, but as he grew in age, his waywardness took the form of resoluteness which shines out most in his character. His Patasala career was very brilliant. Nature had endowed him with a strong body, a powerful mind and inquisitiveness. He was simple in his dress. He had strong memory power. It is said of him that he learnt English digits by looking at the mile stones, while he was travelling with his father.

College Career.

At the age of nine, on the 1st June 1829 he joined the Sanskrit College. After a study of Vyakarna for three years (standing first at every examination) he began to study Sanskrit Literature as prescribed by the curriculum. At the age of thirteen he mastered many standard works in Sanskrit Literature. After four years, he passed the hard examination of Law, obtaining a first class certificate. Then in two years, he gained a sound knowledge of the six principle systems of Hindu Philosophy. In these nine years of college career, he was awarded many prizes and scholarships.

Government Service.

In 1841 he entered Government service. He was appointed to the high post of 'the head Pandit', in Fort William College on a salary of Rs. 50 per month. He studied English at that time with the help of one of his friends. Five years later, he was the Assistant Secretary in the Fort William Sanskrit College. There he introduced many reforms. After his appointment in the College, discipline, order and purity reigned supreme. He then resigned and again joined the same college in 1849 as the Head Writer on a salary of Rs. 80 per month. Then he was professor of Sanskrit Literature and also the Inspector of Schools in Bengal. In 1858, he resigned preferring self-respect to worldly prospects. The Lieutenant Governor of Bengal invited him to his house and requested him to enter into service again, but Vidyasagar was resolute.

An educational and social reformer.

He was a prose writer even greater than Babu Akshyakumar. He created a new era. He with Babu Akshyakumar, is responsible for the turn the Bangali Prose has taken in so many years that have elapsed after his death. Before we consider what

he wrote that has immortalised Vidyasagar's name in the realm of Bengali prose, let us consider and examine the *qualities* that have given popularity and distinction to his writings. His style is vigorous, graceful, lucid and chaste proving that even a poor Bengali can express the most elevated thoughts and the most sublime sentiments in an easy and graceful manner.

His works are many. Of course most of them are translations, but they are written in a very easy, refined and classical style. His works are very popular and some of them were used as text-books in some schools. His excellent style reflects his very heart and it is a model to those who aspire to write good Bengali. He founded many girls' schools and furthered the progress of female education in Bengal to a great extent. He espoused the cause of the unfortunate widows. At that time a terrible famine visited Bengal and Vidyasagar stretched his helping hand to the poor sufferers. His great object was to ameliorate the condition of his countrymen and to achieve that object he gave away all the wealth that he had amassed and lived the life of a practical sage. It would take pages, if I were to describe his good deeds here, so I have given a mere outline of them.

In February of 1891, he repaired to Chandranagore to live a retired life. One month before, some pain had taken root in his side, which baffled the power of the best medical aid given to him. On the 29th July he passed away from us 'amidst a thousand wail'. In his honour, a statue was raised in the premises of the College, "but", says a person, "he has raised in our hearts a mounment more enduring than that of brass or marble".



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1.6.52. 7.6.19.

SONGS OF JOY.

D. KRISHNAYYA, Teacher, High School, Hindupur.

[Page 62 S. S. L. C. Text 1953—a running summary]

Oh My Soul! Let you sing aloud the Songs of joy. Sing such songs which a pappy bird sings in the early spring and under the arch of a lovely rainbow.

Let you not think of Death in your young days. You should never fear that fearful tyrant. Let you not fear Death even in your old age and even when he is near.

Let you not attempt to gain riches which only greedy fellows desire. They also remain ever poor as they always think of those who are richer than themselves.

Let you always try to be content with what you have. It does not matter how poor your treasure is. We are rich or poor by what we enjoy and not by what we have.

Let me be filled with sweet thoughts of my own. Let me not think of others. I value only that which is in my mind and not on my body or others.

Oh happy soul! Let you sing the songs of joy. Let you sing such songs which the brook sings in the wood (forest) having received the flood from heaven all night long.



NEWS & NOTES

The Poet M. P. of Delhi.

Sri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, the celebrated Indian Poet is a member of the Indian Parliament, and he sometimes expresses his ideas **in verse** during debates. On 30th June when the subject of Food and Agriculture was debated in Parliament the poet member expressed his ideas in verse as follows :—

Money spent on waterways is soaring like a rocket,
It does not irrigate the fields but irrigates the pocket.

Karaikal Ammayar Temple.

The Hindus of French Indo-China have remitted Rs. 4,500 to the "Karaikal Ammayar Temple" of Karaikal through Sri Appa Pillai, Mayor of Neravy Karaikal Settlement. The French India Government have also donated Rs. 5,000 to this temple. This temple is very popular in the South, and is dedicated to Karaikal "Ammayar"—one of the 64 "Nayanmars" (Saints) of South India.

14-Ft. Fish caught off Calicut.

It is reported from Tikkody in North Malabar that a huge 'Makara' fish said to belong to the whale class was caught on July 3 off Meladi coast.

It was 14 feet long and weighed 640 lb. It was cut up and sold for Rs. 168. Ten men, it is said, were employed to carry its head to the marketing place.

Thief punished himself!

A thief entered an oil shop in the bazaar in Pollachi. As he was collecting things of value, the people in the neighbourhood woke up and surrounded the shop.

Cornered from all directions, he chose the only way of escape — he hanged himself with a piece of rope.

Customs detain gift to Nehruji!

A gift parcel for Prime Minister Nehru is lying with the Customs authorities in Bombay to be cleared on payment of duty.

It was sent by a friend of Nehruji from Cairo and contains 200 best Egyptian cigarettes.

A woman journalist arriving from Cairo at the Santa Cruz airport carried the parcel last week with her to be handed over to the Prime Minister. She declared it on the declaration form.

The Customs officer at the airport promptly asked her to pay the usual duty on such articles. As she had not the requisite Indian currency, the parcel was retained by the authorities.

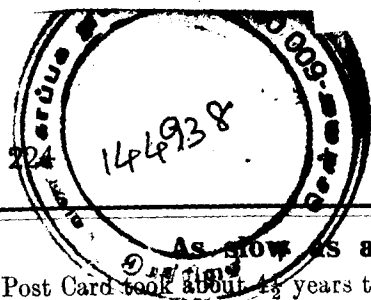
"I never knew," she said, "that even a small gift to the Prime Minister of India was not exempt from duty."

THE STUDENT

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**As slow as a Tortoise!**

A Post Card took about 43 years to travel a distance of three miles in Bombay City.

Posted at Girgaum on August 25, 1947, the letter reached the addressee in Fort Area on 9th April 1952.

The letter carried an acknowledgement of a manuscript sent to a journal by a research fellow of the Bombay University.

All-Aluminium House.

An all-aluminium house, costing the equivalent of Rs. 2,500, is the latest attraction to the houseless Singaporeans.

Weighing a bare 850 lbs. It is packed into a modest case, to be erected by a team of four within two days. Known as "Kingston House," it has been tested to withstand the strongest of Sumatran storms.

Adopted in Kingston, the Jamaican capital for the recent typhoon victims, the house keeps cool inside due to the high reflectivity of aluminium. Based on the principle of "skin stress," it has a guaranteed life of 50 years.

Among the 38 types available, the smallest Kingston house has two 10' x 12' rooms, a minimum ceiling height of 10 feet and two verandahs 25 feet long. With no wooden parts, it is white-ant and fireproof.

127-year old Man.

A man claiming to be 127 years old--perhaps one of the oldest citizens of India--has been admitted into a hospital in Bombay City for treatment.

Sabjadali Shah, a woodcutter by profession, was brought to the city from his home in Igatpuri by his brother's great-grandson for treatment of enlarged glands.

Doctors who are attending on Sabjadali Shah said although he entered his age as 127, there was no proof. But at the same time they were not inclined to disbelieve the age.

Sabjadali said when he first visited Bombay as a youngman of 20 about 107 years ago the city was not more than two square miles and the present Fort area was truly a fort. He worked for some time as a labourer when the first railway line was laid in 1850 between Bombay and Thana. He also saw East India Company soldiers march through Igatpuri during their campaign against Central Indian States in the thirties and forties of the last century. He has seen five or six generations live and die in his home town.

The secret of his longevity, Sabjadali said was in his simple life. He ate no solid food but took only pure milk and soups. He never drank or smoked. A century ago he said, a chicken cost half anna to one anna, and a goat about a Rupee.

REGD. NO. M., 5660.

THE STUDENT VII : 9-10.

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