

1297



THE SCHOLAR

Vol. XIV.

No. 8

424

MAY 1939

CONTENTS

- | | |
|---|-----|
| 1. The Test | |
| <i>By Nicholas Roerich</i> | 361 |
| 2. The Outlook for Art | |
| <i>By P. V. Aghoram Iyer</i> | 365 |
| 3. Modern English Poetry as a Guide to Indian Poets | |
| <i>By Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswamy Sastry</i> | 370 |
| 4. Nicholas Roerich | |
| <i>By Barnett D. Conlan</i> | 374 |
| 5. The Land of the Mid-night Sun (Poem) | |
| <i>By Jehangir R. P. Mody</i> | 380 |
| 6. Ars Magica | |
| <i>By F. H. Aldhouse</i> | 381 |
| 7. Mantra Yoga | |
| <i>By Sri Swami Sivananda</i> | 384 |
| 8. Truth as Expressed in Poetry | |
| <i>By V. A. Suryanarayana, B. A.</i> | 386 |
| 9. The Picture | |
| <i>By Purasu Balakrishnan</i> | 390 |
| 10. Love's Last Demand | |
| <i>By R. Ramakrishnan, M.A., L.T.</i> | 392 |
| 11. Reviews | 401 |

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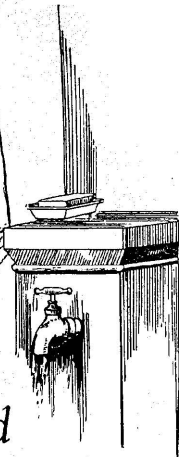
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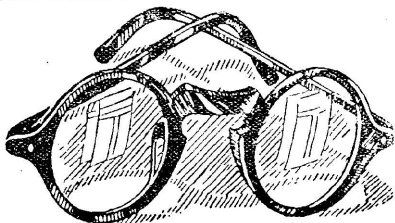
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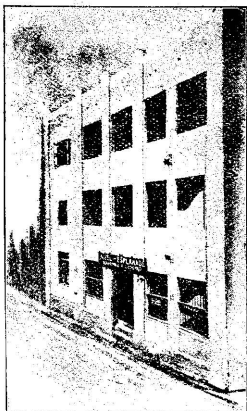
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THE SCHOLAR

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The Test.

By NICHOLAS ROERICH



YOU ask how one may reconcile one's consciousness with the idea of endless testings and how to acquire that vigor of spirit which enables one to accept such a systematic realization day by day.

Testings, however, are inevitable in everyday life, and even inanimate objects undergo testing. Houses are frequently overlooked by the architect or engineer. A ship has to be overhauled every time it leaves port. A machine has to be frequently inspected to prevent accidents. These examples would seem to suggest that man's spiritual condition should also be kept under constant supervision. His physical condition is noted by the doctor. Many people have their family doctors who continually study their condition and keep an eye on them, not only when they are ill. It is very important for the doctor to be able to discern ailing symptoms beforehand so that he can prevent infection by prophylactic measures.

"As in heaven, so on earth." As in the body, so in the spirit. The analogy of infection and reaction is a very close one, for just as a feeble and exhausted body is subject to infection so is an unsteady spirit subject to dangerous attacks.

The body may, by good luck, avoid contagion, but the effect on the spirit of invisible and inscrutable factors is much more complicated.

Any coarse food such as meat lays one open to invisible attacks. Every word of abuse is a gateway for the evil ones, and every form of treachery an invitation.

If the conduits of good are immeasurable, the dark conduits, although limited, are yet very extensive.

We do not try to shout from one country to another but radio waves can convey our speeches.

And it is the same in the spiritual realm where an invisible radio calls, attracts and broadcasts its commands.

He who has plunged into evil will shudder at such benign warnings, but if he has established in himself a concession for evil then he will open up a field of action for the dark forces.

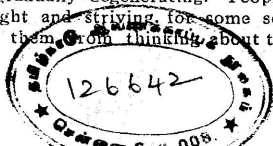
Thought and will are active every instant, and there is hardly a moment when man remains inactive. Some imagine that when they are motionless and silent or repeating a prayer, nothing is really happening. In the spiritual world, however, all sorts of important actions are taking place, and a sensitive apparatus would probably show a continual palpitation of the spirit. It would be seen how the spirit, in its essence, is always striving higher but darkness and heaviness are ever striving to drag it down.

The unchanging movement of the spirit goes on amidst all our daily activities and trivial routine and, in this way, the spirit is ever being tested.

It is said "All worlds are constantly being tested" and we may consider every part of the world down to the smallest particle to be in a constant process of testing.

There can be nothing burdensome to the consciousness in such continual testing. It is said that our planet was exposed this year to a great danger narrowly escaping on May 26 a collision with a gigantic meteor. The danger, however, was practically ignored by the world at large. Although there is scarcely a moment in life when we are not exposed to danger, none the less, people continue to act, work, grieve and rejoice just the same.

In the July number of the Twentieth Century our friend Jagadisvarananda sketches an outline of the contemporary world. He shows that modern life is largely taken up with distractions and that these are gradually degenerating. People are abandoning conscious thought and striving for some sort of narcotic which will relieve them from thinking about the fundamental questions of life.



Where the desire is for pleasures and for gold, there are natural and special testings.

If such coarse pursuits as money and pleasure easily tyrannise over the human consciousness, nevertheless, these, likewise, are subjected to testings.

Where coarseness and foul language agitate a man the needle of the spiritual apparatus is particularly wavering.

There are many who do not care to admit that they are undergoing testing which they consider to be a sort of tyranny. And yet testing is nothing more than the application of one's spirit to the measure of truth.

If the spirit itself indicates a lower impulse, this can hardly be taken as a compulsion, for we should remember that the spirit always indicates with absolute precision the measure to which it responds at a given moment. It has often been said that everyone is his own judge and makes his own destiny. Hierarchy has also been spoken about together with the spirit of constructiveness.

Self testings occur naturally to everybody. The normal-minded man knows what amount of food he requires, but he who is addicted to gluttony ignores it and, in this way, injures himself.

A healthy organism insensibly carries out the most complicated tasks, but if the balance be disturbed he will be warned through the senses.

It is the same with the testings of the spirit, and all who have not relegated spiritual activity into the darkness know and recognize the call of the heart.

The man will be warned provided he listen to such admonition. The heart murmurs but it is not everyone who hears its urgent call.

In a certain degree of ignorance man can even become hardened to the call. He may even do violence to his heart and this is one of the causes for many forms of heart disease.

By spiritual impulsions people can also injure those near them whose radiations are akin. If man has no right to harm his own nature, if any form of suicide is to be condemned, then the killing of others by a malignant consciousness must also be condemned.

If there is the so called deadly eye, there is also the acute will, and many pernicious ocular arrows are, in this way, being sent into space.

52

Knowing this we will not despair but reinforce the shield and create a new source of courage and vigour. Let us not be afraid but fond of such testings, for we shall be strengthened by them. Obstacles are blessed, and even more blessed the testings which temper the strongest blade.

To grow to love anything means that we take it into our consciousness, and to love a concept means that we shall transform and apply it to life.

If any one sees a person drooping with terror in the face of testing, let him invigorate him with the joyful consciousness of a newly tested shield.

It has been said " I shall receive all arrows in my shield, but I shall despatch only one ". Everything is tested, all worlds are undergoing testing. This is not a system of terror, but a broadening of consciousness, a fountain of vigour, a successful advance.

The Outlook for Art

By P. V. AGHORAM IYER



THE advancement of science has made possible the production of certain types of machine for the popularisation of art. The radio and the gramophone have made music popular. Like other time-saving and distance-shortening apparatuses of science, they render to man some service in bringing music for his amusement and superficial recreation to his very door. To the extent to which they have popularised music, they have destroyed the individual uniqueness of every work of art which belongs to a genius in music. In an age like ours where mass effects on a large scale are sought to be produced, the loud-speaker and the microphone carry the voice of the speaker to long ranges, and tens of thousands of people can gather and hear him through the loud-speaker. But the natural beauty of his voice is not caught by any one in the audience into whose ears is thundering the loud-speaker reproduction of the speaker's voice. The art of the speaker, if he has it, is lost to his audience to-day, but they can hear him and know what he has said. Before the loud-speaker apparatus was available, the best of speakers trained their voices and they attained the power to reach vast and tumultuous audiences through their natural voices. This is an essentially practical age, (practical understood largely in an economic sense) and we have to serve utilitarian ends. Very few have the leisure or the facility to live above considerations of utility. It looks as though the machine which is the product of scientific equipment will dominate life in the future and destroy art wholly.

Art which is creative work is free from monotony. A creative artist does not stereotype his works of art ; but a well-equipped machine which catches that art and reproduces it stereotypes it. The actor who is a genius in playing certain heroic parts on the stage does not do the same character in the same manner always. It receives the impress of his personality with its varied phases, on different occasions, and we get a truer estimate of him as an artist by seeing him act on the stage on more than one occasion than by seeing him filmed in a talkie. The production of the talkie has brought about degeneracy in the dramatic art. The standard of dramatic culture has visibly gone down, but in its present form it is becoming popular and tends to be universal. Its very popularity requires that it should cater to the wants of the common people, and leave the cultured classes alone. What

I have said regarding the dramatic art applies to music, painting and other arts. The machine has made possible the reprints of original works of painting. They go over from country to country and are hung in the walls of most drawing rooms; the beauty of the original work is not in the reproduction. While its industrialisation popularises it and improves the material fortune of the painter, it unconsciously diminishes the intensity of his creative activity.

These different aspects of popularisation of art through the machine really amount to a socialisation of it, and from that point of view, it is reasonable to welcome it. Art could in an ancient age be the real concern only of the Royal house-hold and the aristocrat; no other could patronise art. The true artist, however humble his origin, soon attracted the attention of sovereigns and nobles, and his genius was dedicated to their leisure, service and joy. The artist should reasonably expect to produce for the eye and the ear of such great personages. That age of patronage is gone. What he produces now is meant for the common people. An unconscious lowering of the standard of aesthetic creation and culture results from it. Secondly, leisure seems to have gone out of life. The competitive struggle for the wherewithal of life has destroyed leisure. Most people have become nervous wrecks and fit subjects for the able healer. The idea of utility is holding sovereign sway in the mind. It is very difficult to go after the true, the good and the beautiful. In this environment where nothing is valuable unless it is useful, the pursuit of the true, the good and the beautiful is not carried on with that delicacy which it calls for.

In the pre-industrialised era of history, there was an assured place for individual creativeness in art; the single individual genius flourished and left his impress on his age and succeeding ages; he became the nucleus of an institution, the founder of a school. At the present time, the school or the institution seems to precede the genius. The individual artist, if he is to become the original creator of any enduring work, has to find his platform in a well-developed institution. In other words, organisation and regimentation of activity have come to stay even in the field of art, and the best of art creation is hereafter to be expected through the activities of institutions. Public support by appreciation and augmentation of material means is more easily attracted now by an institution than by the most highly evolved artist.

It is wrong to think that art has come to the end of its creativeness, and that the only possible services that could be done for it in future are in the direction of preservation. Its preservation is a necessity. The international arrangements that

have come into existence for its preservation are very valuable and designed to save one aspect of civilization from decay through vandalism or neglect or otherwise. But the themes of art have not become exhausted. Art like life must explore fresh fields and pastures new. Nor need its themes be confined to contemporary life. The whole field of the past of mankind recorded in history can afford themes to the artist. In our own country, mythological sources have long afforded motifs for the artist. In the ancient Hellenic civilization, their myths and legends regarding their Gods and Goddesses were the raw material for the artist; we have subsequently travelled from God to man. Man's actions and the motives of his actions, his thoughts and feelings, in his individual and larger concerns of life, in crises and on common occasions, have been comprehended by the artist, and he has portrayed them in marble, stone, and colour. The artist has reached the true sense of the beautiful about difficult situations by looking deeper and more closely than the mere form. But the artist need not content himself with portraying man's struggles and travails which make him miserable through his folly and ignorance. Pathos is a delicate sentiment of the human heart, and makes for the moral beauty of life. Suffering and tragedy bring out the pathos of a human situation. The portrayal of such suffering touches the tender chords in our hearts and humanises us better. But history is teeming with records of men and women who have not shrunk from suffering for a great principle, rather have endured it heroically and often cheerfully accepted it. These records relate to the crowning experiences in the ethical life of mankind. Sir Philip Sydney, dying on the battlefield, preferring to pass on the water brought to him to a stricken soldier in the neighbourhood to quench the latter's thirst is one of the remarkable themes for an artist. Socrates refusing to bribe Crito the jailer for his freedom, and dying in the gaol of the slow paralysing effects of Hemlock poison is another great theme. Hundreds of such themes wait to be explored and immortalised by the artist's genius. Culture is breaking nationalist bounds to-day a great deal. The ends of the earth are drawn together. Cultured classes everywhere are increasingly realising that Humanity is at bottom one big family. The whole field of human history therefore is available for the artist of every land. On a cultural basis art should prove a great universaliser and unifier.

Man's aesthetic interest in nature has likewise new avenues for exploration. Science tends to mechanise life and nature, it is true. It dissolves the charm of nature, by exploiting its utility. The astronomer observes the stars at infinite distance and makes calculations which widen the bounds of human knowledge for

practical ends. But the artist is not deprived of the freedom to extract the loveliness and beauty from objects of nature, by the correspondence he finds in nature to the conception he has of the beautiful. By the aid of science, impenetrable regions in nature have become capable of exploitation, and they should afford themes for the artist as well.

In various periods in human history, art has tried to carve out an independent place for itself, and claim superiority over the other major activities of life. The feud between religion, science and art is well-known. The cry of "art for art's sake" has been heard several times. Even a great genuine artist like Robert Louis Stevenson stood for it. In most cases, it was due to overwhelming didacticism in art. There is an element of truth in the saying that art is no conscious teacher of morals. The function of art is primarily to please by awakening in us the sense of beauty. But it would be equally wrong to encourage "art for art's sake" in the sense that the artist may be quite out of touch with life, and may be content to live in his own mind-built palace of art; nor should it be encouraged in the sense that men who love works of art may give up their quest even of the true and the good to the exclusive pursuit of the sense of the beautiful. When the artist pursues it in and for itself, he does not express the noblest and the highest conception of the beautiful, because the really beautiful is not divorced from the true and the good. The True, the Good, and the Beautiful are the three crowning peaks in the Himalaya of human experience. Without something great in human experience, man does not get beyond the stage of the plains.

Every artist is not a Michael Angelo nor has every thinker or ethical man a great art sense like Vivekananda or Tagore. These are composite geniuses, and their works forcefully appeal to the sense of the true, the good and the beautiful in us. But I have not rejected works of art even where I found a divorce between the true and the good, and the beautiful. I love the excellent art of a work like *De profundis* though the author had done cruel violence to the sense of the true and the good. I will not adopt my sense of the true and good from his conduct or opinion, but I will not shut my eyes or understanding to beholding whatever is beautiful in it. Only, I would wish for the alliance of the three higher values of life. I am not satisfied with burning incense before the God of beauty. I want also to burn it before the God of virtue. Art to have a message for all time must appeal to the eternal and permanent in man. Our appreciation of values in regard to the three-fold universal sense of the true, the good and beautiful is changing with time. Our culture in

these directions is getting deeper and more comprehensive. The things that men will produce in future as expressions of their sense of the true, the good and the beautiful must rank as new creations.

Woman's importance in the various spheres of life is steadily rising. The scope of her work is expanding and she is likely to play newer roles in future. It is true that occasionally, strange, undesirable developments of the woman's movement, which tend to unsex her and drive peace from the home, take place. But we must not omit to observe the remarkable growth that is taking place otherwise. She has sympathy and imagination. It is not too much to say that under altered conditions she will herself become an original creator of great works of art or a true inspirer of such creation.

Art's message has not yet been fully delivered. Its mechanisation and industrialisation in the present time has led to its cheapening, its popularity, and partly its vulgarity or commonplace. It serves as the means of amusement and enjoyment on a low level. In a higher state of development where its excellences are sought after by men who have in large measure some of the good things of life, it may be a source of enjoyment, but the level of enjoyment, instead of being low, may be high and dignified. The owner of a very magnificent work of art who has paid a fancy price for it may not awaken to the true beauty thereof. It may be a casual beholder whose brain is better than his purse that extracts true enjoyment from it. But enjoyment of a work of art, high or low, as the case may be, is not all. More than the enjoyment is the education into a sense of the beautiful, allied with a sense of the true and the good, which great art gives us—and not until it is done is its message delivered.

Modern English Poetry as a Guide to Indian Poets

By DEWAN BAHADUR K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI.



CONTEMPORARY poetry has many moods and many voices, and it is hence difficult to assay the task of presenting its trends and tendencies. It cannot be said that the present age is an age of faith and creativeness. Faith is at a low ebb all over the world, and creativeness is overborne by the insurgent universal critical spirit. But the raw material of poetry is as abundant as ever, and hence the finer spirits of the age have not been wanting in experiencing and expressing the surge of poetry in their hearts. Poetry is the imaginative realization and communication of the deepest ideas of the age. The age of wonder is as interwoven with the present as it was with the past.

The modern age is preeminently the age of science and democracy and liberty and individualism. All these powerful forces have naturally affected the poetry of to-day. Even in Tennyson we see the dawn of scientific influence. Even earlier, we feel in Wordsworth the dawn of democracy. From the time of Byron, we see the dawn of liberty and individualism. All these forces have become more powerful and intensified in our days. All true poets share in the spiritual life of their times in an abundant measure. It has been well said: "Science has destroyed many illusions, but it has fostered many faiths". Walt Whitman is the modern democratic poet *par excellence*. The under-dog is no longer whipped but is sitting on the throne. In his long poem "The New World", Witter Bynner says:

"To share all beauty as the interchanging dust,
To be akin and kind and to entrust
All men to one another for their good,
Is to have heard and understood,
And carried to the common enemy
In you and me
The ultimatum of democracy".

Masefield sings the poignant agonies and triumphant affirmations of the spirit of the common man. He says:

"Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.

Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and
the cold-

Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tale be told.

Amen ! "

In this industrial age, poets have turned their eyes from exclusive attention to stars and flower and sing also the manifold achievements of the modern man in combined grandeur and ugliness. In this age of nationalism and patriotism, we find a surge of patriotic passion in modern poetry. The Great War did not bring out any supreme poem. But it certainly brought out some fine poetry.

" There is but one task for all-

For each one life to give.

Who stands if freedom fall ?

Who dies if England live ? " (Rudyard Kipling)

Masefield sings of those who

" Died (uncouthly most) in foreign lands

For some idea but dimly understood

Of an English city never built by hands

Which love of England prompted and made good ".

Equally high-souled is Joyce Kilmer's sonnet on *The Dead*. The sestet in it runs thus :

" Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love and Pain.

Honour has come back as a king, to earth,

And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;

And Nobleness walks in our ways again ;

And we have come into our heritage."

All this does not mean that the subjects of perennial poetic interest—nature, love, religion—are ignored by the modern poets, though in these realms of feeling their accents are not so wonderful as those of the masters of old. Even in regard to these themes the modern spirit bends them to its will. To-day man regards Nature as his mother. He feels himself to be a part of the life of Nature.

" Fall, rain ; into the dust I go with you,
Pierce the remaining snows with subtle fire,
Warming the frozen roots with soft desire,
Dreams of ascending leaves and flowers new.

I am no longer body,—I am blood

Seeking for some new loveliness of shape ;

Dark loveliness that dreams of new escape,

The sun-surrender of unclosing bud " . (Conrad Aiken's
April Rain.)

" I am a part of all you see
 In nature ; part of all you feel ;
 I am the impact of the bee
 Upon the blossom ; in the tree
 I am the sap,—that shall reveal
 The leaf, the bloom,—that flows and flutes
 Up from the darkness through its roots."

(Madison Cawein.)

Love also has to-day a similar extension and spaciousness.

" I am in love with all unveiled faces.
 I seek the wonder at the heart of men ;
 I would go up to the far-seeing places.
 While youth is ours, turn toward me for a space,
 The marvel of your rapture-lighted face ! " (A. D. Ficke)

Nay, science which has annihilated time and space to a large extent, has brought human beings into greater interdependence and deeper sympathy, though it has also intensified the clashes of peoples and increased the scope for world-domination. It has even given to the modern concept of God the added grace of the idea of infinite immanence. Bliss Carman sings of the

" Lord of the world's elation,
 Thou breath of things unseen ! "

Joyce Kilmer feels and sings the grandeur of God's poems as written in creation.

" I think that I shall never see
 A poem lovely as a tree.
 A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
 Against the earth's sweet flowing breast ;
 A tree that looks at God all day
 And lifts her leafy arms to pray ;

.....
 Poems are made by fools like me,
 But only God can make a tree. "

In respect of poetic form also, modern English poetry is full of fine achievement. Towards the end of the last century the freedom of thought revelled in free verse. To-day there is a movement towards the older values in poetic form side by side with an attempt at the sublimation of such values. Rhyme and rhythm, imagery and imagination, symbolism and spirituality persist but are commingled in new ways though not with that consummate simplicity and spontaneity which shone in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" and the equally spacious times of great Victoria,

Thus modern English poetry shows us Indian poets that we should fill ourselves with the spirit of the modern age while filling ourselves with the spirit of India. We should take the modern spirit to our bosom. Rabindranath Tagore has been a pathfinder in this respect. The whole domain of modern knowledge should be our sovereignty. A recent poet — W. R. Benet — says: "A poet should swallow a cyclopaedia and then after that the dictionary.....Get interested in everything and stay interested." Let us liberate our rhythms and images and give wings to our imagination. Let the spirit of all poems and all songs surge through our hearts. Let us not merely think of the lotus and the moon. Nature has infinite riches unappropriated yet. Man has got unexplored faculties and unsung blisses and agonies. The infinite God is calling out to us to enjoy His glory in ways as yet unknown and untasted and unsung. *Tat Tejo Viddhi Mamakam* says Lord Shri Krishna. Let us realize all this in an abundant measure and let our surge of emotion force its own way out. Let us have faith in ourselves and pride in our work and joy in our artistry. Let us, while being perpetually creative, be unsparing critics of ourselves. Let us read the great master poets of India — Valmiki and Vyasa, Kalidasa and Bhavabhuti, Kambar and Pothanna, Tulsidas and Tagore. Let us read also the master poets of the West and especially of the modern age. Let us never forget our true vocation and our true delight, for, as the modern poet Edwin Markham says: "The poet comes to behold and to express the hidden loveliness of the world, to point out the ideal that is ever seeking to push through the husk of things and to reveal the inner spiritual reality. *So all of life is material for his seeing eye and his thinking heart, as he makes the wonderful familiar and makes the familiar wonderful.*"

Nicholas Roerich

By BARNETT. D. CONLAN.

(Continued from our previous issue.)



ROERICH has been called a great Theosophical painter, I believe, but this is somewhat misleading. Most of the theosophical paintings I have seen go off into smoke, whereas Roerich's pictures stand foursquare on the most solid foundations.

Roerich is, first of all, a great painter, after which he may be many things. He may even take an interest in the best type of theosophical literature, but I do not see any need to fix a label on him.

The more one studies Art and comes to understand it, the more one realizes that the great things in it are due, not so much to some particular period, school or sect, but to some great and independent personality.

Roerich, then, is architectural and structural like Cezanne, but after the manner of some Mongolian Cezanne.

His 'Maitreya on the Road' is a good instance of this quality. Built up of rocky planes and mountain masses, it satisfies the eye by its solidity and intricate arabesques and the beauty of the distant snow peaks is not to be forgotten.

It reminds one of Eschylus. In struggling with the texts of Eschylus I have often perceived what one gets from this picture—a sense of rugged grandeur expressed through forms of an architectural solidity. I refer here to the language itself rather than to the ideas, to the peculiar substance of these Greek phrases which stand out like rough blocks of marble with that strange primitive appeal which we find in the very earliest monuments of China.

Roerich, by his innate genius for all that is mythic and pre-historic, by what one might call his 'chthonic' power, his sense of the mountain, seems to me to approach nearer than any other painter to the greatest of all the poets.

How foolish then are those who are ready to judge such work after a passing glance.

There would seem to be some mysterious link between certain artists and poets which Time and Space are powerless to change.

This giant statue of Maitreya is, after all, a form of Prometheus, of Prometheus the Victorious, whom the prophetic Eschylus foresaw so many centuries ago.

And who knows if those ethereal hymns and amazing choruses which Shelley wrote for his Promatheus were not inspired by the coming of Maitreya?

That Shelley knew nothing of the prophecies relating to Maitreya only shows how deeply he was inspired. Nothing could be worthier of so sublime an event as these great choral hymns, and, in Shelley's poem, as in the world of today, we find Asia waiting!

The pure luminous colours of Shelley's poetry are not often met with even in literature. We shall find it, however, in Turner and in Roerich whose work, as we have seen, ranges from the rugged grandeur of Eschylus to the etherial qualities in Shelley.

His painting of the two great Chinese philosophers Lao-tzu and Confucius is an example of this colouring. One has only to glance at the resplendent region through which Confucius is passing to recognize the landscape of Shelley's Prometheus.

It is the landscape of the higher regions of the mind and that rare type of luminous beauty which is accessible perhaps only to the divine mind of a Shelley, a Turner or a Roerich.

Neither of these paintings displays the massive character of the 'Maitreya of the Road' but they possess remarkable colouring and a peculiar treatment of the subject which, today, is of particular interest.

In the Confucius there is no particular anecdote, no definite action to draw off the attention from the aesthetic qualities of the picture.

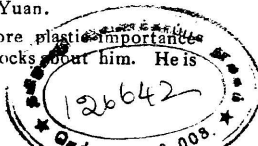
We can, if we like, consider that the white pony is a very precious sort of animal who will lead his master safely along the difficult road of perfection, but then we are starting off like those learned treatises on Dante's work to spoil the Art.

The painter, I think, instinctively refrained from anything symbolical or theatrical, any easy or inartistic way of holding the attention. It is all pure art and one can admire its beauty as one admires a Persian painting.

The style is Chinese rather than Western, the near ridges being outlined in the fashion of Wang Wei, the far away peaks reminiscent perhaps of the manner of Ma Yuan.

Confucius himself has, perhaps, no more plastic importance in the picture than the ancient cedars or rocks about him. He is

72
m. 2, 12625-12626



part of the texture, of the colour scheme in which he retains his natural proportions.

This, of course, is very Chinese, for the artist in China never had our strange notion that man is centre of the Universe.

The Greeks and Christian philosophers of the Middle Ages are possibly responsible for this conventional view, which, after all, is untrue to the nature of things.

One has but to walk through a gallery of our historic Great, where military heroes with crimson uniforms and scarlet faces threaten the humble mountain ranges with their butchering tools to understand where the difference lies.

When Cezanne painted a portrait he seems to have given the same attention to a door handle as he did to an eye-brow; the whole surface was of equal value to him.

In this picture Roerich has done something of the same sort. There is a kind of similarity between the two painters, in so far as both show the Chinese attitude to life which is not centred around the human personality but recognizes a sort of latent consciousness, a cosmic consciousness, in all things.

Cezanne's saying that "the artist is the means by which nature becomes self-conscious" alone suffices to show what a great artist he really was.

His idea that the emotion of a work of art must emanate like perfume from its essential form, rather than from any associated idea, has tremendous consequences and constitutes one of the very greatest discoveries in Western art.

It may not be new since it recalls the strange bronzes of the Chou dynasty but Cezanne's scientific and technical method of approach, so peculiarly European, is new.

The more one reflects on such a vision and its implications, the more one realizes how all merely illustrational art must eventually come to be ranked with photography.

When I first came to Paris, just before the war, I found myself, by chance, in the studio of one of the most successful portrait painters, along with some disciples of Cezanne. This distinguished artist thought fit to let us have his opinion of Cezanne. He carefully explained that the latter did not know how to draw, much less paint: that he had always been a failure and, in fact, a sort of charlatan.

After this he gave a glance round his palatial studio filled with the effigies of celebrated people, to show how important his opinion really was.

The Cezanne enthusiasts explained to me afterwards that the portraits we had seen were just rubbish; as a matter of fact they were facsimile productions with a slight twist to give the illusion of style. Of course they had a great success.

In a fashionable world where people put on evening dress to absorb cocktails and listen to the worst sort of jazz, this sort of distinguished vulgarity will probably always succeed.

The only way out of such a preposterous state of things is, as Roerich indicates, through Culture.

Roerich's picture of Confucius produces its complex of emotions in a way, difficult to define, but somewhat after the manner of Cezanne.

Our impression is derived exclusively from the beauty of the picture. There is a sense of perfection, of perfect beauty, but there is no ready made symbolism, no dramatic incident to take the place of art.

The quiet beauty of the work has something mysterious, for if we study it carefully it will come to suggest the passage of a great spirit.

In the other picture where Lao-tzu appears riding on his faithful beast there is still less to arouse our interest. Even the ox, turning its head indolently about, is not really going anywhere.

The whole scheme is very Taoist, inasmuch as nothing is going on, in the Western sense, and I think that the painter may have given us here not a symbol but an expression of Lao-tzu's difficult doctrine of inaction.

If so, he did it unintentionally, by inspiration.

It is pure art and not limited to any particular signification. We could perhaps interpret the picture in a half symbolical way; we could suppose that the avenue of bamboos represents a series of gothic arches and is, in fact, the porch of some natural Cathedral. All this would begin to hint at Lao-tzu's deep sayings about nature, and eventually lead us to some definite statement with all its limitations.

Roerich has too free a conception of things to paint a symbol or a meaning.

He may have gone deeply into the thought of Lao-tzu and Confucius, but he is too genuine an artist to give us an intellectual symbol of these things.

He is himself, perhaps, a sort of modern Confucius or Lao-tzu and he sees much of what these great thinkers saw, in his own way and through his own art.

By a rare coincidence, I gather from the dates on these pictures that I must have been discussing the philosophy of Confucius and Lao-tzu with a group of Chinese students about the time Roerich was painting them.

The discussion which took place under a cherry tree lasted on and off for a month or more and I can remember no definite conclusion or statement, but only an all-pervading impression, what one might call a climate of opinion, which left one with the feeling that Confucius and Lao-tzu had been evoked rather than explained.

Something of the sort occurs in Roerich's art. It does not illustrate, it does not express itself in symbols nor does it treat the subject as matter of dramatic interest, but rather radiates a complex impression of fine form and colour which conveys the subject to us in a way we did not anticipate. In other words its technique is Chinese.

Those who are under the impression, probably from reproductions, that Roerich's art borders on illustration, take a very shallow view. No art could be more esthetic.

The subject never monopolises the attention or over-shadows the plastic qualities ; on the contrary, in a great proportion the subject is almost negligible.

A great deal has been written about Roerich's position as a Teacher and Leader and Creator of World Peace. His efforts in these directions are unique and worthy of the attention they receive. I prefer, however, to put the accent on Art.

I believe that if half the world were to take a very great dislike to politics and superfluous factory life, and a very great liking for Art, Life everywhere would be brighter and better.

It is significant that Roerich himself, in almost all his writings and messages, always puts the emphasis on Art.

In everything he objects to mere theory and abstraction and insists on creation, realization — that is on Art, in the widest sense of the word.

"We can often see that the real teaching of life is transformed by rhetoric into abstraction and intangible cloudiness for the appeasing of the weak will. To make this artificially created abstraction a reality is the next task of Culture."

From this we see what a real and practical sense Roerich attaches to the terms Art and Culture. There is much in his attitude to Art which reminds us of Goethe.

Goethe displayed the artist's synthetic sense of life in almost everything he wrote and said, so that if we compare his works with those of other critics and philosophers, we shall discover all the difference between the living and the artificial.

Goethe, however, lived in a world of Culture, before Culture had been replaced by Civilization, so that what he said and thought came naturally and in harmony with his surroundings.

Roerich is living in a world which has got beyond the stage of Civilization and arrived at a state of Mechanization. Everything today is founded on numbers and machinery. Political power is based on the greatest possible number of votes, which is the greatest possible amount of ignorance. Art, Literature, Music, and Scientific productions, on their selling power, which in the case of cheap literature degenerates still further into crime.

It is obvious that only a general world wide movement in the direction of Culture can redress such a situation.

It is very significant that Roerich is conducting his efforts on behalf of such a movement from the Himalayas.

Here his environment like that of Goethe's, is, more or less, in harmony with his inner aspirations and he finds the power and inspiration to undertake what no one in our large mechanized commercial centres might have attempted.

The Himalayas constitute that part of the world which towers up beyond all our narrow prejudices of race, religion, languages and customs, and, because of this, it would seem to favour a broader and more universal style both in thought and in Art.

The poets of Ancient India seemed well aware of this when they said that a million ages of the gods would not exhaust all the spiritual treasures of the Himalayas.

Roerich's outlook on all the movements of today is absolutely above prejudice, and one would no more think of fixing a political, religious, philosophic or artistic label to him than to the Earth itself.

In this he is a Master of the Mountains.

(To be continued.)

The Land of the Mid-night Sun

In the land of interminable snow,
Dwells seal-skin-clothed Eskimo !
In tents of skins he summer spends,
But when the mid-night sunlight ends,
He builds a house of snow and ice
To pass the winter !—A strange device !

In a sea of snow, no plants can grow !
No flowers can bloom on an icy floe !
The seal and walrus trapped o'ernight,
Give food to bless their appetite !
By an oil-lamp's heat, they cook their food,
For the price of gold is the price of wood !

No cars, no railways, there you see,
But sledges move with impunity !
No traffic laws th'Eskimo knows,
For everywhere the kayak goes !
No lighting time, no license fee,
Nothing to worry and nothing to see !

Their arrows and their harpoons keen,
Provide them with the walrus' skin.
They hunt or sleep, no worries they know,
In this land of interminable snow !
They are free from foibles of our age,
Their life is told in a single page !

Jehangir R. P. Mod y.

Ars Magica

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

Preface.

As one, the senses five agree.
Beyond them is Reality.
Behind creation's veil is He.
Magic the curtain draws aside.
What its embroidered foldings hide
By inner vision is described.

Bishop Brockley's system of the postulates of magic is:—

(a) Behind all phenomena, small and great, majestic or grotesque, is *personality*.

(b) Personality is a veil, behind it is the Supreme Being.

(c) Magic rests on the fact that every part affects every other part. Matter is but a property of mind. If you can reach mind with mind you are a Magus—that is, a master of Ars Magica.

Ars Magica.

The Bishop of Cloyne held two schools in the Palace every Sunday. The first which was before the service in the cathedral was for all the choir. He called it the School of the Singers. It was what one would call a Sunday School now-a-days. The second, in the afternoon, which was only for a few specially selected boys, but which all eagerly aspired to join, was called the School of the Prophets. In it a knowledge of the Inner Side of Things was with due reserve and proper care imparted. The Bishop said "It will lift the curtain a little. If any boy proves really perceptive we will lift it higher, but I have found little of that capacity so far". On a blackboard in Dr. Brockley's study was inscribed:—

Sator.

Arepo.

Tenet.

Opera.

Rotas.

It was in five different chalk colours. The Bishop was explaining the meaning,* and how these words can be read up and down, backward and forward, and that in addition to the meaning of the Latin it had an esoteric significance.

"Young gentlemen, we will resume our studies on this day week. But before we depart, if there is any question any one

* This is monkish Latin, the words mean Sower with a plough, Holds, Works, wheels.

would like to ask, now is the time. Well Terence? what is your difficulty?" Terence Mahony, or Terry to his friends, was a corpulent youth with a child's round face, good-natured and freckled. He had a remarkable falsetto voice. "Only this, my lord, you were explaining about the Leshy just now. You said that there were seven of them—Chetverg, Utornix, Subbota, Pyatinka, Nedelka, Sereda, and Pandelis. You said they are the personality of the seven days of the week. Now what I want you to tell me is: How can a day have a personality?"

"You other boys can go. It will take some time to answer Terry Mahony's very reasonable inquiry. Good afternoon, boys" the Bishop responded. The lads with envious glances at Terry wished Dr. Brockley a courteous good-bye.

"A *persona* is a mask, hypostasis in Greek; it is something which covers the Reality, the Self of lives. There is really only one day, an ever varying day-and-night. It has seven masks for its seven-fold existence. It exists, and therefore lives, though its life is as far removed from our confused and violent self-expression of self as it is possible to conceive. I know, Terry, you have learned one lesson necessary to all investigators—the rule of silence, courage, obedience, without which no real knowledge can be imparted. If you will come to me on Wednesday next at noon, when the choir school will be in recess, I can demonstrate to you that days *do* have a Personality; or to put it more accurately, the perpetual Day has. Good-bye now."

Wednesday came and at noon came the aspirant. "Take my hand, and don't let go whatever you do." This Terry did. With his free hand the Bishop made a rapid gesture and sang to a musical note "*Mutabor*". The room, the place, the city twitched and vanished. They were standing on a white path between a grassy plane on either side which stretched to a blue horizon.

"You seem a little dazed, my lad. Pull yourself together. This is Mispec Moor. We will meet Mother Sereda, who presides over Wednesday, directly. So together we go." A building rather like a Roman temple, but small and entirely built of materials of divers blue colours, seemed to come towards them, rather than they to approach it. And suddenly two girls also dressed in blue, and each holding a hunting spear in her hand, confronted them and barred their way. The first, black-haired but with bright blue eyes, putting her spear at the present, cried "Halt, who goes there?" "A friend" the Bishop answered, "Halt, friend and give the password". "Emenhetan" was the reply. "Pass friend, all's well."

Further on their advance the other girl with black eyes and fair hair interposed. This time the Bishop's response was "A ab

hur hus." On to the house. As they entered an old rather feeble woman dressed in blue, and having a magnificent sapphire set about with turquoise and lazulite on her heart, came to meet them. "What is the word of the day?" she asked. "Wennofree." And Sereda, for it was she, curtseyed low before the Bishop. "Welcome, Monsignore, and you too, dearie" she said.

"Sing her your little song, Terence" the Bishop requested. "You did not know it meant anything particular when you learnt it some time ago, the song about Wednesday". Terry did so. In the song Wednesday is praised as "the blue heavenly day, in which no evil memory lay. Midway it stands 'mid other days, blessed be its hours, and it we praise". As he sang the aged lady beat time with her thin hand, and her old eyes twinkled. She was evidently greatly pleased. And Terry wondered that one of the ruling powers could be so feeble and childish. When he finished the song Sereda said "That was an excellent song, dearie, so true, so pretty. Can I reward you, dearie? There is nothing here you could take away, for it would vanish when you leave Mispes Moor".

"Just tell the lad what you are, Mother" the Bishop requested. Another twitch and house, Mispes Moor, Sereda, all were gone, and a great face, crowned and immortally youthful, seemed to dominate the very heaven. "I am *Natura naturans*" it said, "days, spaces, things, substances, all are One Thing. I am That seen from a thousand angles by myriad eyes. All things change, I remain. I am old, I am young, I am your own real Self, O boy, the spirit of your spirit".

Terry closed his eyes in awe, and when he opened them he was in the Bishop's study holding Dr. Brockley's hand. "You have seen Truth, but in terms of your own fantasy", the Bishop told him. "Will you venture further in your search for the Real? There is much to learn". Terry kissed the episcopal ring, "O let me go the Path with you, Lord" he begged. "Yes, my son", the Bishop agreed "and remember, behind the most simple, august or common thing stands Nature, the Holy; and behind Nature, He who inhabiteth Eternity. Magic when true simply withdraws a veil."

Mantra Yoga

By SRI SWAMI SIVANANDA



MANTRA Yoga is an exact science. That by the *Manana* (constant thinking or reflection) of which one is released from the round of births and deaths is MANTRA. That is called *Mantra* by the meditation (*Manana*) on which the individual soul (*Jivatma*) attains freedom from sin, enjoyment of heaven and liberation. *Mantra* is so called because it is achieved by mental process. 'Man' comes from the word 'Manana' or thinking; and 'Tra' comes from 'Trana' or liberation from the bondage of *Samsara* or the phenomenal world.

A *Mantra* is Divinity. It is Divine Power or *Daivi Shakti* manifesting in a sound body. The *Mantra* itself is *Devata* (deity). The aspirant should try his level best to realise his unity with the *Mantra* of the divinity and to the extent he does so, the *Mantra Shakti* power, supplements his worship-power (*Sadhan Shakti*). Just as a flame is strengthened by winds, so also the aspirant's individual *Shakti* is strengthened by *Mantra Shakti*, and then the individual *Shakti* joins with the *Mantra Shakti* to make it more powerful.

A *Mantra* accelerates, generates, creative force. Spiritual life needs harmony in all parts of our being in our physical, vital and mental plane. The whole being must be in perfect ease and tune. Then only the spiritual truth can be realised. A *Mantra* produces harmony and removes all discords and disharmony. A *Mantra* has the power of releasing the cosmic and Supra-cosmic consciousness. It bestows on the *Sadhak* (aspirant) illumination, freedom, supreme peace and eternal bliss and immortality. A *Mantra*, when constantly repeated, awakens consciousness (*Chit* or *Chaitanya*). Consciousness or *Chaitanya* is latent in a *Mantra*.

Every *Mantra* has the following six things. It has got a *Rishi* who had Self-realisation for the first time through this *Mantra* and who gave the *Mantra* to others. It has a metre also. There is a particular *Devata* or presiding deity of the *Mantra*. It has got a *Bija* or seed. It has *Kialkam* (pillar).

The *Japa* of a *Mantra* can bring the practitioner realisation of his highest goal though he has no knowledge of the meaning of the *Mantra*. It will take a little more time. There is an indescribable power or *Achintya Shakti* in *Mantras*. If you repeat the *Mantra* with concentration on its meaning, you will attain God-consciousness quickly.

Mantras can be repeated verbally, semi-verbally humming and mental by (*Vaikhari Upansu or Manasic*). *Manasic* or mental repetition is most powerful. The repetition of a *Mantra* removes the dirt of the mind such as lust, anger, greed, etc. Just as the mirror acquires the power of reflection when the dirt covering it is removed, so also the mind from which the impurities have been removed acquires the capacity to reflect the highest spiritual truth. Just as the soap cleanses the cloth of its impurities, so also the *Mantra* cleanses the mind of its impurities. *Mantra* is a mental soap. Just as the fire cleanses the gold of its impurities, so also *Mantra* cleanses the mind of its impurities.

Even a little recitation of a *Mantra* with *Sraddha* (faith), *Bhav* (feeling) and concentration of the meaning with one-pointed mind, destroys all the impurities of the mind. You should utter the *Mantra* regularly everyday in the morning and evening, in a sitting, erect posture. You can repeat the *Mantra* mentally during the course of the day also. The recital of a *Mantra* destroys your sins and brings ever-lasting peace, infinite bliss, prosperity and immortality. There is not the least doubt of this.

The mind is purified by constant *Japa* and worship. It is filled with good and pure thoughts. Repetition of *Mantra* (*Japa*) and worship strengthens the good *Samskaras*. "As a man thinks, that he becomes". This is a psychological law. The mind of a man who trains himself in thinking good, holy thoughts, develops a tendency to think good thoughts. When the mind thinks of the Image of the Lord during *Japa* and worship, the mental substance actually assumes the form of the Image. The impression of the object is left in the mind. This is called *Samskara*.

When the act is repeated very often, the *Samskaras* gain strength by repetition and a tendency or habit is formed in the mind. It is the *Mantra* that leads to the realisation of one's own *Ishta Devata* (deity). *Ishta Devata* and the *Mantra* are one and the same thing. He who entertains thoughts of Divinity becomes transformed actually into the Divinity himself by constant thinking and meditation. His *Bhav* or disposition is purified or divinised. The meditator and the meditated, the worshipper and the worshipped, the thinker and the thought, become one and the same. This is *Samadhi*. The fruit of worship or *Upasana* or doing *Japa* of a *Mantra* is to attain *Samadhi* or God-consciousness.

HARI OM TAT SAT !

Om Santi ! Santi !! Santi !!!

Truth as Expressed in Poetry

By V. A. SURYANARAYANA, B. A.

"In Interiore Hominis Habitas Veritas"



RUTH dwelleth in the inner man. As Browning says :
" Truth is within ourselves, it takes no rise from
outward things ". Truth is that in which the world
lives, moves and has its being. It is Existence—Knowledge—Bliss
Absolute. In the words of Tennyson it is that God which ever
lives and loves, one God, one element and one far off event to
which the whole world moves. As Swami Vivekananda, the
apostle of Vedanta philosophy puts it : " Truth is one mass,
devoid of form, name and colour, timeless, devoid of past and
future, spaceless, devoid of all, where rests hushed all speech of
negation being voiceless ". Truth is ever present with us though
it is not given to all to recognise its awesome presence always.
Tennyson, like a true seer, declares the proximity of Truth in
the following lines :

Speak to Him, then, for He hears
and spirit to spirit can meet ;
Closer is He than breathing
and nearer than hands or feet.

The truth of poetry is so nearly akin to the truth of philosophy that poetry has been termed elementary philosophy and the meeting point of the East and the West is nowhere more clearly manifest than in these illustrious lines of Tennyson in his
" Higher Pantheism " :—

The Sun, the moon, the stars,
the seas, the hills and the plains,
Are not these O Soul ! the vision
of Him who reigns,
Is not the vision He ? Though He
be not that which He seems ?
Dreams are true while they last
and do not we live in dreams ?

The great heights of truth have been attained in the poetry of the immortal bard Rabindranath Tagore, in his revelation of the glory of the poet of poets in his master-piece "*The Gitanjali*". His yearning for union with God is expressed in the sublimest form of poetical utterance.

Let all my songs gather together their
diverse strains into a single current
And flow to a sea of silence in
one salutation to Thee.

The end and aim of all poetry is an imitation of and the nearest approach to Truth. As William Watson says:—

Forget not brother singer, that tho' prose
Can never be too truthful, nor too wise,
Song is not truth, nor wisdom but the rose
Upon Truth's lips the light in wisdom's eyes.

The truth in poetry is an effusion from the poet's soul, and we can trace back its affluence to the faculty of Imagination, which ultimately resolves and dissolves in the Oceanic consciousness of God. It blooms like the lotus in the sight of the Sun and loses its all. Tennyson's monumental poem "In Memoriam" contains a good many passages wherein the poet lets fall the skirts of 'Self' and reemerges in the general soul.

The acme of poetic attainment is to be seen in what is called mysticism, which is a state of the mind in which the subject imagines that he perceives or divines unknown and inexplicable relations amongst various phenomena, discerns in things, hints at mysteries, and regards them as symbols by which a darker power seeks to unveil or at least to indicate, all sorts of marvels which the poet endeavours to guess though generally in vain. Shelley's Skylark "serves a sublime example of this conscious union with Truth through Poetry. This mysterious experience of Truth is to be found in the writings of Robert Browning, Keats and Wordsworth in their profound philosophy of life.

Wordsworth's poetry is the best example in English Literature of the revelation of Truth through external Nature. His teaching was something original; something which came direct to him, a revelation of the unseen through natural objects, whereby he was granted power to see into the life of things. His panpsychism, the notion that nature is animated throughout, is clearly recognised by him when he says:—

With bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of being spread
O'er all that moves and all that
Seemeth still.

To him even the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that lie too deep for tears. The truth in his poetry is an agreement between the internal and external order of things. This is manifest in his illustrious lines in his "Ode to Duty".

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong
And the most ancient heavens through
Thee are fresh and strong.

According to Keats, the apostle of beauty, Beauty is Truth and Truth Beauty. Here is a bold statement that is at once the antithesis and complement of Philosophic truth. True it is, that

as established by Plato, beauty is of divine origin. But the shell is not to be confounded with the nut. Truth is above beauty and to identify truth with beauty is a mere hallucination of the imagination. Beauty is but skin-deep and to equate it with Truth is an insult to the Divinity within. Truth is the unaffected seer within whereas beauty is the outer reflection and the mere sensuous imagery of the inner divine effulgence and is subject to change. Beauty is the body of the inner Soul of Truth. It is to truth what expression is to impression. Poetry or poetic excellence is a mere glimpse of or at best a peep at Truth and is but an ante-chamber to the inner shrine of Truth. Beauty cannot be Truth as much as Poetry cannot be Truth. There is a perception of truth in the mind of the poet where he reaches the heights of transcendentalism by soaring aloft on the wings of imagination into the ethereal regions of eternal bliss. But that perception is not a permanent experience of truth, for, with the end of inspiration the perception fades and the vision gradually vanishes.

To Shelley, the angel of love, Love is the highest moral law, and poetry is a divine art. According to him, a man to be greatly good, must imagine immensely and comprehensively. The pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. Poetry deals with both pleasure and pain. Human life is a moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm and a strife. How truly does the poet say:—

We look before and after
And pine for what is not
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is wrought
Our sweetest songs are those
that tell us of the saddest thoughts.

And how pathetic and natural is his invocation to misery.

Clasp me till our hearts be grown
Like two lovers into one,
Till this Dreadful transport may
Like a vapour fade away
In the sleep that lasts always.

To Wordsworth life is a perpetual joy. Here is another truth which says:—

Serene will be our days and bright
And happy will our nature be
When love is an unerring right.

To Browning Love is the only reality. He proclaims the eternity and ultimate reality of Love (the source of inspiration) involving both personal union and distinction between subject and object. This forms the burden of his poetry, which is the most virile and forceful of modern English poetry. According to him, love is real victory in life, for life with all its yield of joy and woe is just our chance of, the prize of learning love, how

love might be, hath been indeed, and is. He gives his philosophy of love in his illustrious couplet, which forms the cream of his creed and the quintessence of his cult :—

So let us say, not since we know we love,

But rather since we love, we know enough.

Poetry presents apparent pictures of unapparent realities. It affirms the ultimate Divinity of man as in Goethe's lines :

Let me tell you, what is man's vocation

There was no world! 'tis my creation

It was I who raised the sun from out the sea

The Moon began her course with me

Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world and makes familiar objects as if they were not familiar. The truth of Poetry is essentially different from the truth of fact. The duty of the poet is to tell lies skilfully : he must learn the art of fiction and the secret of poetry lies in this art of feigning. By artistic treatment things incredible in real life wear an air of probability. The poet paints in harmonious words the picture of the unreal in sensuous imagery. He interprets the reality of things in such a way to men that they cannot but accept it as a reality. It is, however, a mystery, how true choice of words and rhythm can produce such a wonderful effect.

It may be asserted that no man was ever yet a great poet without being also a profound philosopher. "For, poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions and emotions and language." Poetry is a more philosophical and higher thing than history and hence nearer to philosophy. It tends to express the universal not as in itself but as seen through sensuous imagery. "Blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude" has in it a philosophy that must be appreciated. Poetry records both the greatness of the universe and the littleness of man.

There is an evolution of truth in poetry which presupposes an involution in the Poet's mind. Aristotle required of the poet an involution of the universal in the individual. The poet seizes and reproduces a concrete fact, but transfigures it so that the higher truth, the idea of the universal, shines through it. Imagination is a priceless faculty with which we can measure the universe as Shelley did. But even the highest imaginative poetry, the most fragrant flower of poetic inspiration is but a resting place on the way side (*Mantapa*) on the road to the temple of Truth. True it is, we cannot understand the universe but we can enjoy it. As Wordsworth finely puts it. "The poet is content to enjoy the things which others might or might not understand." Peace and glory be unto all seekers of Truth.

The Picture

By PURASU BALAKRISHNAN.

(Translated by the author from his original Tamil Story.)

I



MY brother said to me, "It is very necessary for us to study Western Art so as to benefit what we can from it. We can then make ours grow again in diverse forms".

At that time he was in his teens and I, who was his elder, had already made a name for myself as an artist.

I replied, "You may go to the West, if you like. But you must first study all you can at home, all the wonders of art and sculpture at Ajanta, Ellora, Mahabalipuram, and Madura. When you have finished these, you can go to the West."

"Why?" he asked me, rather dispirited. "Why not study these after I've returned from the West? I can then understand them even better."

"I thought," I replied, "that you must first make sure of your ground, lest you should be carried off your feet. You can study Ajanta and the rest again, if you like, after your return".

Little did I imagine at that time that he was shortly to be one of the foremost painters of the day.

II

It is a privilege to be able to recall, in a personal way, the early promptings of a creative spirit, and to associate with its later achievements the daily trivial happenings of the earlier years.

My mind goes back to the days of our childhood, which were as yet undisturbed by dreams of art or achievement. Vividly I recall those days when we drank deep at the fountain-head of Sanskrit Poetry, Valmiki. Vividly, and with a dream-like rapturous beauty, dearer after death, comes to my mind the face of our playmate, Kalyani.

Looking back on those days, I realize that my brother had the spirit of the artist to a greater degree than I had. Before a thing of Beauty, art, literature, everything fades into insignificance. Why was I, then in those days, so blind and deaf towards Kalyani? I had not realized that she was not a woman but dream—a dream of Beauty. I had not experienced an artist's feeling or a poet's rapture. It was but natural that I, who had

not the vision to see this dream, should have progressed no further in my art. I was engrossed in unreal things, while my brother realized a living dream. Now as I think of her, only idle yearnings rise in my heart, and everything in the world appears sadly beautiful to me.

III

I shall not attempt to describe in detail the sorrowful event which befell us later in our lives. It is beyond my power to recapture it. I shall only state what happened.....At the age of eighteen Kalyani died of typhoid.

After this my brother, acting on my advice, studied Ajanta and the other art-caves and temples deeply, so as to wrest from their ancient universal secrets, and then set sail for Europe.

A year after these events happened, the Ajanta Prize was instituted. My brother sent his contribution to the Ajanta Exhibition from Paris.

This picture which fetched him the prize, was named, "The Cloud-Messenger". The theme was Kalidasa's immortal poem. As one looked at the picture, one's eyes rested on the creeper-like figure of the nymph, clad in a lovely green *saree*, sitting on a dais in the foreground, forgetful of herself. Her *veena*, which had slipped from her hands, lay discarded on the ground. She herself was looking with love-laden eyes at the *sarika* bird in front of her, as though she would ask of it, "Dost thou remember our lord who was ever kind to thee?" Around her were the *asoka*-crowned beauties of the demi-god world. Behind her was the cloud, the love-messenger whom her husband had sent her, hanging low down, as though anxious to tell her the gladsome news. But what struck me in the picture was that the *yaksha*-woman represented there was none other than Kalyani. And I reflected sadly how life had written another story underneath the picture.

As I look at the picture, it appears to me that the welcome cloud-messenger, high up there, hovering at a distance over the nymph's head, is but pretending to have come from the erring *yaksha* in Rama's Hills to his love-lorn bride in Alaka. I think that it is really come from my brother in Paris to his fair One in Madras, across the lands and over the seas. I fancy that it is come from his gentle spirit on the earth, to the soul of his departed dear One in Heaven, bearing her his last tribute of love. I know too that it is neither Ajanta nor Ellora nor Mahabalipuram nor Madura, nor even Kalidasa's poem, which has inspired the art of my brother. In truth what has inspired him is the vision of his fair One, his heavenly bride, Kalyani, shining like a star in his mind, and shedding the tender light of love upon his picture.

Love's Last Demand.

By R. RAMAKRISHNAN, M. A., L. T.



THE statistics regarding the operations of the Lord of Death in the city of Dharnapur afforded an interesting and a bewildering study. More people died there on Saturdays and Sundays than on the other days of the week. Dharnapur possessed a lovely Last Home. The Last Home was the name that a local poet gave to the city's graveyard. It was lovely indeed—with its electric lights, its fashionable resting-places for the corpses, its radio sets, and its fragrant garden near by—; and diseased persons flocked to Dharnapur to breathe their last there, and became eligible for a warm corner in the Last Home. The Home was manned by a Registrar, two firemen and three pitmakers. They were municipal employees, but they said that their profession was the noblest, as their mission had associations with Rudra, the Destroying God, Rudra who dwelt amidst funeral pyres. The Last Home was practically deserted for five days in the week, but on Saturdays and Sundays it was very busy.

You might wonder why the Lord of Death was making week-end visits to Dharnapur, why, instead of spreading his gory business over the entire week, he was reaping his harvest on but two days in the week. You might perhaps conclude that Death had his own time-table and assignment of work. No. The reason for the uncommon situation in Dharnapur was not any whim or programme of Yama. It was not due to any ordering of Destiny. The factor responsible for it was Dr. Naran, the reputed Life-saver of Dharnapur.

Dr. Naran was a young genius, an arch-fighter against disease, a crusader against early, untimely mortality. Sure, he could not confer immortality on you, but he could release you from *akala mṛityu*, and put off your exit from earthly life. He could not create life, but he could save created life from premature decay. Dharnapur was in consequence an asylum for the unfortunate many who were marked as Death's victims ere they had attained maturity. Dr. Naran's Nursing Home was always crowded.

Death must surely have been exasperated at seeing the super-human powers of Dr. Naran. Dr. Naran could prolong life. A failing heart he could revive; stopping breath he could revitalise; withering flowers he could reblossom. Very often invisible Death and visible Naran had a tug of war, and the Doctor rarely lost the game.

It was a habit with Dr. Naran to be out of Dharnapur every Saturday and Sunday. No reasons however weighty, no business however urgent, no prospect of income however alluring,—no factor on earth could stop him from his weekly outing. Millionaires in distress, patients in agony, wild weather, domestic inconveniences,—nothing mattered to him when Saturday dawned. And during his two days' absence, Death played havoc, and on Saturday and Sunday endless processions wended their way to Dharnapur's Last Home.

Friends and colleagues remonstrated with Dr. Naran. It was professional unmorality, they argued, for a doctor to be away from his patients for two days. But Dr. Naran always answered, "On this condition alone do I take patients. I shall serve them for five days in the week, but for two days I cannot stay with them. During my absence my assistants will look after them. It is open to patients to go to other doctors. I do not go about seeking patients."

"And where do you go every week-end?" the friends would ask.

This question brought forth a smile and silence by way of answer. At 5 A. M. on Saturday Dr. Naran's car dashed through the brightening streets of Dharnapur, and on Monday morning it invariably returned home.

Dr. Naran had a wife, not a mere wife, but an indispensable something. She was Haimavati, a poet's daughter. Haimavati had the grace of a Goddess. One was reminded on seeing her of innocent childhood, of the chaste worshipfulness of radiant solemnity, of the quiet, intense fullness of the star-lit sky on the night of the new moon.

Haimavati one day asked him, as they stood at the edge of the blue water in the garden tank, and as the leaves rustled in answer to the message brought by the western wind from the depths of the oceans, "Dearest! where do you go every week?"

And Dr. Naran replied, "On a pilgrimage, Haima. I go on a pilgrimage unto a shrine, in fulfilment of a vow."

II

On the grassy slopes of a brown, sun-tanned hillock which formed an imposing background to the lovely, palm-girt village of Mushapuri stood a white house, the abode of Ranjini Devi. Except for the attendants and servants, of whom there was a large number, Ranjini Devi was the sole occupant of the house. She seldom came out of her home except when, on rare occasions, she took a boat and rowed down the blue river that flowed encircling the hillock, or when, in pursuit of her pet antelope, she

ran up and down the hillock, her jewels jingling a musical note. Often, in the stillness of nights, the sweet strains of melody she produced on her *veena* were carried by the southern breeze to the village below, calming many a weeping child, consoling many a bruised heart.

Ranjini Devi was a woman of divine beauty, a star of unsurpassed brilliance. And she was the beloved of Dr. Naran, the Life-saver of Dharnapur and the husband of Haimavati.

The story of the coming together of Naran and Ranjini had much of the romantic in it, much of the strange and the uncommon, much of the unbelievable yet possible, much of the sweet chance that imparts to the dreary prosaicness of earthly life a touch of relieving poetry. Naran, when quite young, had been married to Haimavati. But during a railway journey Naran became acquainted with Ranjini, and the acquaintance had deepened into sincere and ardent love on the part of both. Ranjini and Naran happened to be the sole occupants of the compartment for the greater part of the journey. Ranjini was reading aloud scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*, and seemed very visibly moved by the events of the play. Naran who too was a keen student of Shakespeare was involuntarily drawn into conversation with her. And as the train flew past green fields shining in the silvery moonlight, and a cool breeze was deepening the softness of a wintry night, Naran and Ranjini conversed about a world of things. Something in the depths of either's soul was stirred. They felt an age-long kinship between them, and in the sacred solemnity of a silent night, they celebrated the marriage of their true minds without rites and ceremony—the sky and the wind, pensive moonshine and meditative immensity being their mute witnesses. Just before the train reached the destination, Naran queried Ranjini about her home and ancestry. He learnt that she was an orphan and a student at college. She was a free boarder in a Poor Home. In a few months she would graduate, but as regards what she would do after taking her degree she had no plans. "I never plan", she said, "I just fling myself on the waves of chance and the wings of time."

Naran visited her frequently later, and spent delightful hours with her, hours when reason feasted and the soul flowed. In a short time, so vital a part of the other had either become that when Naran set up practice in Dharnapur and Haimavati joined him, he made Ranjini live in Mushapuri at a distance of a hundred miles and paid her week-end visits, visits which to him were more of a pilgrimage than excursions in fulfilment of the demands of clandestine love. He did not love Haimavati less, but Ranjini more.

On a Saturday morning Ranjini, as usual, was awaiting the arrival of her Naran. There was a pale beauty in her face, and a weariness in her limbs and to the observant eye it was clear she was enceinte. It was a cold morning—mornings were always cold in Mushapuri—and every Saturday morning for the past ten years had found Ranjini on the doorsteps of her white house expecting Naran. Naran came at the right time—not to have come would mean chaos for both,—kissed Ranjini's antelope and led Ranjini in.

"I find it hard to be away from you, dearest," Ranjini said, after break-fast was over,—"harder than ever before. The five days of your absence are days of agony for me. I think I must insist on my following you to Dharnapur this time. Why should I be kept away from you, as if I touch but the fringe of your being?"

"Ranji! you have been repeating this request times without number, putting me to the unpleasant necessity of saying 'nay' to you. I have told you that taking you to Dharnapur will lead to complications. You know my wife, Haimavati, is yet unaware of my relations with you. If she comes to know of the thing, her heart may break. No woman can ever bear the thought of her husband's attentions being divided between her and another. Woman demands man in his entirety," answered Naran.

"What you say is logically convincing, perhaps it is sound psychology too," spoke Ranjini, "but my womanly intuition makes me feel otherwise. My desire to meet Haimavati is growing stronger. Though I may appear to be her rival to your love, something tells me she will treat me as a sister. But you refuse to take me to her."

"Ranji! You know what Haimavati is to me. If you are the apple of my eye, she is half my soul. She is perfection's image, the acme of womanliness. And yet I fear that if I take you to her, her womanishness may assert itself, and jealousy may reign in a peaceful home," replied Naran.

"Perhaps you are right, dearest," said Ranjini, "but yet I feel that there are depths in a woman's soul which no man can ever fathom, subtleties of character which no man can ever comprehend. There is a fear in me that I may not survive the delivery. And yet I grieve not to quit life. I have had my joy on earth,—I who might have perished as an uncared-for orphan. I love to live over again those golden days when a kind destiny drew me to you. I love to dream of that night in the train when the Bard of Avon united us in literary kinship, of the moonlit evenings in the Madras beach when I sang to you and the

waves kept time, of that morning in the garden when I said that I was yours for ever and you smilingly accepted me and said that though our union might lack the approval of conventionality and apparent all-rightness of an orthodox marriage, our union would still be true and whole and have in it something of wild joy, and the bliss of daring disregard of man-made bonds, of the many hours in this hillock home when you cheered me with stories and engulfed me in delight by the outpourings of your great intellect, of those immortal moments here when together we have watched the buds blossom and the crescent moon emerge and together felt the undying beauty in things and the immanence of God."

Naran was silent for a while and then said, "Our union has been a poem full of lyrical excellence, a boon of increasing blessedness. What a desert would I have been in, but for that night when I first met you! As regards your fear of death, that fear is baseless. Pregnancy is a normal function of women and there is no cause for alarm about it. As usual I shall continue to be with you during the week-end. The nurses will look after you. I expect the delivery in a month's time, but if you need my presence at any time during the period I usually spend at Dharnapur, send a wire to me and I shall rush to you."

III

On Wednesday morning when Dr. Naran was attending to some delicate surgical operations, an urgent telegram was handed to him. It was a message from Mushapuri. Ranjini Devi had wired saying that she was getting ill and feared the worst. She had begged the privilege of Naran's continued presence with her during the days preceding and succeeding her delivery. "Loneliness is agonising to me now. I yearn for the warmth of loving human company" she had added. Naran read through the telegram, and like a mad man rushed to his garage. No one could guess the reason for his rapid exit from the hall. His chief assistant, Mulraj, ran after him. "Mulraj! I shall be away for an indefinite time. Do what you can with the patients!" shouted Naran as his car left the garage. Haimavati came there at the moment; Naran waved to her, saying, "on my pilgrimage, Haima!" and, in less than a minute his car had disappeared.

It was a cold morning. It had rained heavily the previous night, and the sky was still dark with clouds. The roads were still deserted except for a grazing cow or a passing farmer, and through the rain-washed distance flew Dr. Naran's car like the fancy of a poet in its flight towards Beauty. Dr. Naran's hands mechanically worked the steering wheel, his mind was steeped in thought. Only once in his long journey was the process of his

thought disturbed by a closed car that came roaring behind him and dashed past his own car at lightning speed. "Seems to have been summoned more urgently than I!" exclaimed Dr. Naran.

Naran reached Mushapuri and ran into the white house on the hillock, calling, "Ranji! Ranji!!" A servant came out and told him, "Devi is now closeted with a visitor. She desires you to await her call."

"And who is this visitor?" asked Naran, "I do not think this house has ever received a visitor till now!"

"Half an hour ago a lady came here and wanted to see Devi" answered the servant, "we do not know who she is or where she comes from."

Naran waited wondering. "Perhaps a woman of the village has come to see Ranji" he thought.

Ten minutes after, Naran was called into Ranji's room. She was lying on her bed, she looked weak, but her face was bright.

"Ranji! for the first time, you made me wait at your closed door, like a suppliant for favour," said Naran.

"Awaited pleasures and delayed boons are sweeter, beloved. But, a sister of mine has come home, and I was speaking with her when you came," Said Ranjini.

"Sister! you never told me you had a sister!" spoke Naran.

"Not quite a sister, but a cousin of mine. I had no occasion to tell you of her. It is so kind of her to have searched me out and to have paid a visit to me. We have not seen or heard from each other for quite a decade" answered Ranjini.

"I trust she will stay on for some time," said Naran, "the presence of a relation is such a welcome thing now, when your delivery is fast approaching."

"Yes, she has kindly agreed to stay on till I am delivered. But you may never see her. She has been staying in Northern India for a long time, and has become a *Gosha* lady. I am glad she came to see me, for more than ever I foresee I shall not survive my delivery," spoke Ranjini.

"Tut! Tut!!" remonstrated Naran, "the same old story! I shall re-enact the *puranic* story of *Savitri*, and shall reclaim you from the very clutches of Yama!" said Naran.

* * * *

Six days later, Ranjini Devi gave birth to a daughter. And the next day she was on her deathbed. Not all the powers of Naran could save her now.

Naran was sitting beside Ranjini supporting her head on his lap. Drops of despair were glistening in his eyes. All was

silence in the house. Only the rivulet murmured below, and the wind hissed above, and a distant solitary cow called to its young. Ranjini opened her eyes and spoke in a low, broken voice. "Beloved ! I am dying. But I shall not pass into nothingness. I am merging into infinity. It is so sweet—this release from the bonds of the flesh, this escape into a vast beyond. Our love was not earthy, was not physical, and it shall survive bodily separation. And you shall ever remember me in our daughter. She is my parting gift to you. But, for the present, my cousin will take the baby with her and in time restore her to you. I have tasted beauty in life, and light in love. I lived in song and merriment, and I shall die in smile and in softness.....Oh ! Beloved ! death is so warm, adieu !"

Early next morning the maid-servant brought word that Ranjini's cousin had left with the baby. Naran stayed in Mushapuri for a week to dispose of the house and its belongings. And then he took eternal leave of the hillock on whose bosom he had spent gloriuous hours.

IV

On the afternoon of Naran's return to Dharnapur after an indefinite, unaccounted-for absence, Haimavati was serving him tea. Naran was serene, and Haimavati silent. The radio was sending out delicious music which went unappreciated. A baby's wailing disturbed the solemnity of the tea-room.

"Are you having visitors, Haima ?" asked Naran, "I hear a baby in the inner apartments. I shall sip my tea, alone. You may go, if you like."

"There are no visitors in the home, dearest, though it is true a baby wails. It is strange you do not know our baby's voice" answered Haimavati.

"Our baby ? I never knew you were with child. Haima !" said Naran, "you cannot hoodwink a doctor."

"A doctor is not all-knowing, dearest," answered Haimavati, "and many things in women elude his attention."

"You speak a riddle, Haima" said Naran.

"No riddle whatever, beloved !" replied Haimavati, "your baby is ever yours, and Ranjini's baby is mine too. Simple logic, therefore, makes the baby *ours*."

Naran sat aghast. There was silence for a while. "And how did Ranjini's baby come to you ?" he asked in tones that quivered, in a voice that revealed relief and expressed bewilderment.

"I was with her when the baby was born, and it was with her consent that I took the baby home," replied Haimavati.

"She told me that her one unfulfilled wish, that of seeing me, was also fulfilled. I am the *gosha* cousin".

"And so you are the cousin!" said Naran, "and Ranjini and you played a little drama, keeping me utterly in the dark!" Naran seemed lost in thought.

"Why did you never speak to me of Ranjini? That was an error for which there is no expiation" began Haimavati.

"For the simple reason that no woman ever likes the idea of another woman sharing her husband's affections," spoke Naran, slowly. "Had you known my relations with Ranjini, the peace in our home would have been disturbed. Prudence made me keep the whole affair a secret from you."

"And thereby you deluded yourself," began Haimavati in a voice full of fervour, "you imagined I never knew the affair. You believed that we women are born to be jealous creatures and nothing more. And you exhibited an ignorance of my comprehension of you. Believe me, my dear, woman can probe into the innermost secrets of man's heart by sheer intuition, by mere womanly keenness of perception. And when the world thought that in your week-ends you went out to health resorts for quiet rest, I knew a woman was drawing you to her. Do not ask me how I knew it. There is no why and how to every trait in woman's nature. I just knew another woman had possession of your soul. Of course, when you loved her you loved me none the less. That is because you are so noble, so good. You little understood your own heights of glory. But I knew that the woman who could charm you must be a woman of a thousand graces. I could picture her. The more I pictured her, the more I grew to be a sister unto her. My love for her grew, though we had not met. And since love is so potent, I knew she would love me in return too. Of course, by a little innocent malpractice, I saw her letters to you. When you would be away for two days every week, how, do you think, did I spend my time? I opened your study, went through all your correspondence with Ranjini and felt happy that you were happy in her company. I knew Ranjini was with child. I knew her premonitions of death. I prayed for her. And at the last moments I was with her. I saw her wire to you which in your hurry you had thrown on the floor; I engaged a taxi and reached Mushapuri in advance of you. For a week I stayed with Ranjini, unseen by you, and returned home after Ranjini passed away. You were blessed in Ranjini, the Goddess who came into your life like a benediction from heaven. You could have brought her to Dharnapur, and we two would have lived like sisters dedicated to a common ideal. You did me

a wrong when you feared I would grow jealous. If love is perfect, as I claim mine for you is, it can have no place for jealousy. I could never be the source of jealousy, nor Ranjini its target. I am too gentle and Ranjini was far too fair of soul for it all. Love's last demand is self-denial, and I would have denied myself to the uttermost to make Ranjini your sole possessor, though as a matter of fact Ranjini was not of such stuff as to banish me. We were sisters in the realm of the spirit, and could well have lived as sisters at home finding in you our united fulfilment. But let us not worry over the past. All is well that ends well. It was a grace that Ranjini died in such profusion of peace and calm. She died with the utter abandon of a tongue of flame passing quietly into the invisibility of the *akasa*. And let us cherish her memory in the little baby she has left as her heritage to us ! ”

Haimavati rang a bell, and a maid brought in the baby.

“ Let us name the child Haima—Ranjini ! ” spoke Naran in words full of emotion, “ and in bringing her up to ripeness shall our *shraddha* to Ranjini be performed. And as for you, Haima ! till now I adored you as an invaluable treasure of mine. But from now you are to me the embodiment of that Goodness of whose essence God has made woman and in the surrender to whose influence alone we, men, can find our life's fruition. The inner soul of woman is divinity, divinity that ever saves, ever purifies, ever ennobles. May man make the Worship of Woman his religion ! ”

A holy air pervaded the chamber. And from the adjacent garden came into the room a gentle gust of jasmine fragrance as an offering from Mother Nature to the divinity that Naran saw in Woman.

Reviews.

By S. Vaidyanathan.

Srimad Valmiki Ramayana, Volume 1 (Bala Kanda) (ശ്രീമദ്വാല്മീകീരാമായണം ബാലകാണ്ഡം) — Text with Malayalam Translation by Sri G. S. Srinivasa Iyer, B.A., L. T. Published by Messrs. R. Subrahmanya Vadhyar & Sons, Kalpathi, Palghat Pp. 32 + cc + 606-Royal Octavo—Cloth-bound.

This is a very valuable publication and fulfils a distinct want. It contains the famous epic with Malayalam translation, word for word. The meanings are so arranged in columns that, read on continuously, they give the meaning of the verses in prose order. Thus, while it has its academic value for the scholar, it can be enjoyed by those also who do not know Sanskrit. The language of the prose order is, at times, archaic; but this is quite in keeping with the epic style and the language in general keeps up a high level of purity. There are also valuable notes on certain significant verses. Besides the text, there is a valuable introduction running to 32 pages. The text itself is arranged in the order in which the epic was sung by the twins Kusa and Lava in 32 days in the presence of Sri Ramachandra. There are also about 25 extra topics (with verses and translation) such as *Ramayana mahatmya*, *Puja krama* etc. On the whole, we do not remember to have seen an edition of the epic in Malayalam so informative, so faithful and yet so lucid and, what is no less important, so splendidly printed and got up. The translator has undertaken a laborious, exacting task in which, we are happy to say, he has succeeded beyond expectations. The publishers deserve the thanks of the Malayalee public for the signal service of making accessible to them an easy, still serious rendering of the illustrious epic. The edition is worth more than the Rs. 6 at which it is priced.

We may also mention, incidentally, the courage of Sri M. N. Ramaswamy Iyer with whose aid, we understand, the publication is effected. It requires courage and philanthropy of a more than ordinary type to venture on a publication of this type, which verges on perilousness, at a time when financiers are in a panic. We wish him all success in his noble enterprise.

The other *Kandas* are eagerly awaited.

The Gita : A Critique By P. Narasimham, M. A., L. T. Prof. of Philosophy, Madras Educational Service (Retd). Price Rs. 2-8-0.

The Gita has been for centuries an inspiring gospel of life for the spiritually inclined. Giant intellects found food for thought in its gospel and a vast literature has gathered about it. The Gita enjoys a rare popularity for its profundity of thought, and for a forceful presentation of a practical mode of life to any lay mind, it is almost unparalleled.

But Mr. Narasimham would have us believe that the world has been in the wrong in thus worshipping the Gita. To him, the Gita is a collection of verses by several hands, each anxious to find a place in the symposium and each giving forth its own philosophical views which, consequently, has made the verses haphazard in arrangement and ill co-ordinated. Sequence

of ideas has suffered very much because of this, and there are even contradictions. The context in which the message is said to have been delivered is ridiculous.

It is beyond the scope of a short review to answer every point Mr. Narasimham raises. But we venture to say that he has not got at the spirit of the Gita at all. He confesses that, according to him, Arjuna's problem has not been solved. Arjuna meant *Dharma* in one way. The Lord,—if, indeed, it was He who spoke—discoursed on *Dharma* in quite a different meaning. So the discourse, apart from its other defects, was completely beside the point! Is not the conclusion irresistible that the Gita is the work of many hands anxious to propound their own philosophical tenets?

The argument is plausible. But the achievement of the Gita is that it did convince Arjuna and made him fight. Mr. Narasimham may be skeptic about it or may even argue that, if it did, it was a Machiavellian victory for the Lord. But we have long felt that the Gita has effected the harmonization of Arjuna's *Dharma* and the Lord's. Crises are inevitable in man's life. And when there are conflicts between one's duty and one's sentiments, sentiment must give way. It is true that sentiment is as much God-given as the conception of duty. But in such a conflict, we must, for humanity's welfare and maintenance—*Lokasangraha*—understand the Divine purpose and fall in line with it. Yielding to sentiment means yielding to a rapacious giant; yielding to duty is mastery over self and liberation.

We confess to a worship of the Gita along with thousands upon thousands of students of Hinduism, both Indian and foreign. Mr. Narasimham, it seems to us, has missed *the thing* that the Gita teaches.

Hind Swaraj by M. K. Gandhi. Published by the Navajivan Press, Ahmedabad. Price As. 4 (Revised edition).

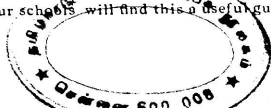
Quite naturally, the Navajivan Press has had to publish again this significant book which we reviewed some time back in these pages. This new edition contains an article by Mahadev Desai (already published in the *Harijan*) regarding the Special Hind Swaraj Number of the Aryan Path which also we had occasion to review in this journal. M. D. answers some points raised by the contributors of the Aryan Path and further elucidates Gandhiji's mind. It is a sign of healthy progress in the public mind that this republication was felt necessary.

Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi (കുറുവാൻ ശ്രീ രമണമഹർഷി) by Sri E. Appunni. Published by Sri Niranjanananda Swami, Sarvadhikari, Sri Ramanasramam, Thiruvannamalai, Price Rs. 1—8—0.

This is a Malayalam translation of the book "Self Realization" by Sri B. V. N. Swami which gives the history of the saint Sri Ramana Maharshi. The translator has also made use of other books and has added on his own experiences, thus making the book more informative and instructive. The life of the saint is very interesting and stimulating and the Malayalam rendering is, in general, good and very simple. The book is illustrated and neatly got up.

First English Course (Grammar and composition) by Armando Menezes, M. A., and V. D. Salgoankar, M. A., LL. B. Published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Price Rs. 1—8—0.

This is a refreshing addition to the vast number of books on English Grammar. It attempts to combine composition along with Grammar, thus aiming at a co-ordination of theory and practice. The attempt is fairly successful. Our schools will find this a useful guide.



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