The Scholar

AUGUST 1938

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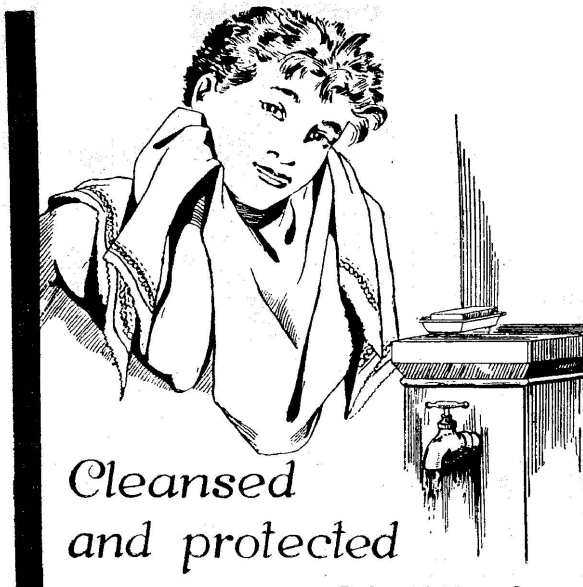

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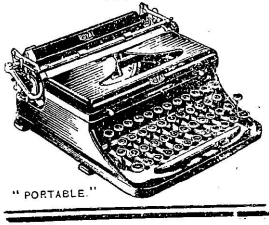
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Gateways to the Future

(Diary Leaves.)

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

ET us inscribe on the Shields of Cultural Educational Institutions the Covenants, ancient yet forever alive, because in them must be affirmed the unity of all creative forces leading to advancement. Let us say:

"Art unifies humanity. Art is one and Indivisible. Art has many branches but its root is unique. Art is the banner of the coming synthesis. Art is for all. Each one senses the truth of beauty. To all must be opened the gates of the "sacred source". The light of art illuminates countless hearts with new love. At first this feeling comes unconsciously, but later it purifies the whole human consciousness. And how many youthful hearts are seeking something true and beautiful. Then give this to them. Give art to the people where it belongs. Not only must museums be adorned, and theaters, schools, libraries, station buildings and hospitals, but prisons also should be beautiful. Then it will no longer be a prison."

"There have been forthcoming before humanity events of cosmic magnitude. Mankind has already understood that what is taking place is not accidental. The time has drawn near for creation of culture of the spirit. Before our eyes has occurred a reappraisal of values. Amid heaps of depreciated currencies, humanity has discovered a treasure of world significance. The values of great art

pass triumphantly through all the storms of earthly perturbations. Even "earthly" people have understood the effective significance of beauty. And when we affirm: Love, Beauty and Action, we know that we are pronouncing the formula of an international language. This formula which now belongs to the museum and the stage must enter into everyday life. The sign of beauty opens all the "sacred gates". Under the sign of beauty we go forward joyfully. By beauty we conquer. By beauty we pray. By beauty we are unified. And now let us pronounce these words not on the snowy summits but in the bustle of the city. And, sensing the path of truth, we meet the future with a smile."

Precisely, only by unity, altruism and just affirmation of true values is it possible to build in good, in the betterment of life. Many primary concepts have become obscured in usage. People utter the word Museum, and remain far from the thought that Museum is the Museion, in Greek the House of the Muses. The dwelling of the Muses is manifested first of all as a symbol of Unification. In the classical World the concept of the Muses was not at all something abstract, on the contrary, in it was affirmed the living fundamentals of creativeness everywhere — on the Earth, in our dense world. Thus long ago, from the most remote ages have been affirmed the bases of unity. All human examples clearly speak about the fact that in union is strength, in goodwill and co-operation. The Swiss lion steadfastly guards the Shield with the inscription "In Unity is Strength".

When we think about the construction of the school of United Arts, with all the organizations formed in connection with it, we have in view precisely a living work. Any abstractness, any obscureness and groundlessness must not enter into the plan of construction. Obscureness is not for the structure. Light is needful for the structure in order to have in clear rays the possibility of discovering durable and beautiful materials. Each task must be well grounded. Its goal must first of all be clear to the creative worker himself. If the toiler knows that each action of his will be

useful to humanity, then his forces are greatly increased and take the form of the most convincing expression. Work is always beautiful. The more intelligently directed it is, the more its quality rises and creates still more the general welfare. In toil is benefaction.

Each school is an enlightening preparation for vital labor. The more a school equips its students in the field selected by him, the more vital it will be, the more beloved it will become. Instead of a cold formal graduation from the school, the student will remain forever its friend, its faithful coworker. The basis of schools is a matter truly sacred. The pre-eminence of the Spirit is established amid true fundamentals, freed from prejudices. There, then, where arises steadfastly the primacy of the Spirit in all its great reality, there will spring up the best blossoms of regeneration and there will be affirmed hearths illuminated by the Inextinguishable Light of Knowledge.

The school prepares for life. The school cannot give only specialized subjects, not affirming the consciousness of the pupil. Therefore the school must be equipped with all kinds of useful appliances, selected objects of creativeness, thoughtfully compared libraries and even cooperatives. The last circumstance is enormously important in realization of the contemporary general social order. From the youthful years it is easier to accept the conditions of rational exchange; it is easier not to sink into self-interest; into concealment and egoism. The school cooperative society is established naturally. Children and youth love it when to them is intrusted serious labour, and therefore according to each one's abilities must be widely opened the gates of future attainments. The principle of collaboration, of cooperation, can be vitally applied also in the structure of the school buildings themselves, these Museia of all the Muses. Can there be hostelries attached to the school buildings? Assuredly. It is even desirable that people who have gathered together for the good tasks of Culture should have between themselves possible greater communion. And if newly approaching people should wish to find themselves in such cooperations, this must only

be welcomed. He who unites himself to Culture must inevitably receive one or another of its gifts. In such a manner, the school building will be not only a direct source of light for youth but also will be made a wide disseminator of knowledge for all who wish to draw near. Of course eternal learning is ageless. The acquisition of knowledge is infinite and in this is eternal beauty.

All must be vital and therefore must stand firm in a compact relationship. For this, all calculations of educational structures must be made with the utmost preciseness. If all cities are full of countless profitable houses this means the construction even in the worldly sense is recognized as being profitable and correct. Even if without cultural functions, the houses are built only through a desire for enrichment, then indeed through accurate computation likewise will be profitable such enlightening structures, along with dwellings, schools, Museums, libraries and cooperatives. Not upon great knowledge, but upon engineering-financing computation depend the correlation of the parts of such unifyings. All examples of our present time speak about the fact that profitable houses exist, publishing houses thrive, cooperatives flourish, means for museum and school are to be found, galleries exist for the sale of artistic productions, lecturers receive fees, and there even exist rental libraries which pay their own way. We ourselves in our age have been assured, how the matter of artistic postcards alone, in the space of the briefest period of time yielded enormous incomes. We have seen the beautiful results of exhibitions. We have known how a school, by the payments of a part of its pupils, was able to give free instruction to six hundred indigent ones. We have seen how cooperatives have flourished within a very brief period. We can testify how the self-activity of useful institutions not only supported themselves but also made possible a wide-spread contribution to philanthropy. Culture cannot be something groundless, abstract. If Culture is the effect of the best accumulations of knowledge, if it is affirmation of the Primacy of the

Spirit, if it is a striving for beauty, then it will be an affirmation also of all correct calculations—constructions.

Any feeling of selfish gain is already not culture, yet earnings and payment for work is a legitimate right, a right based on life, on knowledge, on the worth of the individual. Conventional values will always fluctuate. It is uncertain what metal will be recognized as being the most precious. But the value of spiritually creative labor throughout the history of mankind has remained a stable and universal treasure. Whole countries live by means of these treasures. All revolutions, in the long run, merely confirm these values; people invite honored guests to these feasts of Culture. Entire ministries are instituted in the name of these immutable values. People sensibly try to preserve and care for such universal memorials of Culture. The Red Cross cares for health, but there will be a Sign which guards Culture! It will be a League of Culture!

It is urgently needful that steadfast beacons of Culture rise up amid world agitations and perplexities. If someone thinks there are already enough Schools and all kinds of Educational Institutions, he is mistaken. If there were enough enlightenment, humanity would not stand on the threshold of terrible dissolutions and destructions. All have seen enough dark ruins. Every newspaper speaks about destructions and increasing misfortunes. It was long ago said that at the base of all terror and destruction lies ignorance. For that very reason the bringing in of increased Enlightenment is the most immediate duty of humanity. Peace through Culture. And who then does not aspire in his heart for peace, for the possibility of peaceful and creative labor, for transforming life into a Garden of Beauty?

And again, no garden will blossom and be fragrant, if there be not vigilant supervision over it. The earth must be made better, the best dates for sowing must be chosen, the best seeds selected and the best day of harvesting calculated. Accurate computations should be insisted upon. The engineer, the builder knows these calculations in order

that the foundations of towers conform to their summits. The human heart knows also another unfailing fundamental. It knows that public opinion must in every way be sympathetic towards cultural structures. If philanthropy is manifested as a sacred obligation of people, the more so is enlightenment, as the basis of healthy generations of all earthly evolution, manifested as the nearest and most sacred duty of every inhabitant of the Earth. Culture is not the share of the wealthy, Culture is the property of all the people. Each one in his own measure and his own good will can and must resolutely bring his seed into the common granary. Cooperation as the basis of existence is manifested also as mutual aid. If one section suffers from disorganization, then the others come to its assistance.

Culture does not produce slander and malice. Evil is the coarsest form of ignorance. Evil like darkness must be dispelled. The inflow of Light already disperses darkness. Each cooperation in the name of Light by its very existence already opposes the chaos of darkness. The workers of Culture must in justice see to it that no one of those united to the work of Enlightenment should suffer. Sympathetically and heartily they must stretch forth to each other the hand of true assistance. Yet again this will be no abstract goodwill; each cooperative foresees the possibility and necessity for such assistance.

We have always stood for the social principle. In my stay in Russia, accepting the leadership of an extensive Educational Institution, I first of all applied as a condition the establishment of a Council of Professors, intrusted with the right of making decisions. A general matter must be solved in common. Likewise every financial problem found itself in the hands of a particular Committee composed of experienced financial experts. In addition, a very strict Auditing Committee was in control of all accounts. Seventeen years of work merely confirmed the fact that the social principle must lie at the base of a common task. Very recently I have happened to meet in different countries our former students. I find that in

their opinion and recollection their past experience is heartily esteemed.

We also had a publishing house; there were exhibitions, lectures and discourses; there were many workshops where the children of local factory workers received the fundamentals of their future work. There was also a medical section. There were discussions and conferences dealing with various questions of Art and Pedagogy. There was a Museum—I shall always remember the enlightened director-founder D. V. Grigorovitch. Do you remember his tales of popular life? He also brought this love for the people within the walls of the Storehouse of Art, inspiring the accessibility and the wholesomeness of the sources of beauty. It is something to be remembered.

Thus, thinking about construction, we equip ourselves with an unbreakable spirit. We write upon the Shield words which we shall never disavow. We shall look upon coworkers, upon students, upon all those uniting themselves, as upon the nearest workers and friends. We shall not be distressed by difficulties, for without difficulties there is no attainment. And we shall always steadfastly remember that all labors must be truly useful to humanity. Therefore the quality of these labors must be lofty. Likewise lofty must be the mutual heart quality, for inseparable are heart and Culture."

The Problem of Unstored Rice

By A. SREENIVASAN, M. A., D. Sc., A. I. C.,
and
V. SUBRAHMANYAN, D. Sc., F. I. C.,
(*Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore*)

IT is well known that freshly harvested rice is not fit for consumption and should be stored for some time before usage. Experience has shown that stored rice cooks better, yields less gruel and digests more easily than the unstored product. Old rice also sells at a higher price and is, besides, more popular.

The problem of storage is of general interest, for most grain and tuber crops need a preliminary period of storage before they can be safely consumed. Thus, wheat is said to acquire "strength" on storage and is unsuitable for milling and bread-making before being "conditioned". Ragi is valued as a food more when stored for some time during which period it is said to improve considerably. Fresh potato, in spite of its agreeable flavour and pleasant taste, is known to cause digestive disorders due, it is said, to high concentrations of certain salts and should therefore be kept aside for some time after harvest.

Swelling of rice on cooking. The most conspicuous feature of well-stored rice is its capacity for swelling on cooking with water. New rice imbibes very little water and cooks to a squashy consistency. On storing, the rice develops a greater capacity for imbibing water. The individual cooked grains increase in bulk and stand out separately. This quality improves on further standing until at last the grain is able to take up four to five times its own volume of water. Subsequent storage does not make any appreciable difference to the swelling capacity of the grain. Recent scientific work has shown that the measurement of swelling is one of the most elegant methods of determining the extent of storage changes in rice.

Unstored rice causes digestive disorders. Consumption of unstored rice causes certain digestive disturbances,

the extent of trouble varying with the variety and sometimes with the individual. Very little is known about the precise nature of the changes undergone by the grain during storage : only recently, some scientific work is being directed towards the elucidation of the correct explanation for this ; to devise methods for hastening storage changes and rendering freshly harvested rice as suitable for human consumption as rice stored for the necessary period.

Because unstored rice causes digestive disorders, it was naturally first thought that it contains a poison or otherwise harmful material which disappears during storage. Although rice is known to contain a substance of an alkaloidal nature, its presence in such small traces precludes the possibility of its being potent enough to cause any acute suffering.

The symptoms attending the consumption of unstored rice are essentially ones of poor digestion. One feels heavy shortly after eating such rice and sometimes complains of stomach pain and occasionally, of diarrhoea. These only suggest that unstored rice is slow to digest ; that a part of it passes into the smaller intestines and colon and being acted there by the putrefactive bacteria, causes fermentation followed by the usual symptoms of diarrhoea.

The reason is not far to seek. Although new rice is really more cooked than the stored grain, the digestive juices do nevertheless find it difficult to attack it with the same facility as the latter. Cooked unstored rice being lumpy and held together by the adhering gruel, presents less reactive surface to the action of the ferments.

A similar phenomenon has been observed when the rice is cooked to different extents and placed in contact with certain molds. When the individual grains stand apart, the mold threads penetrate them easily and convert them into sugar and other products. When the rice is otherwise rendered squashy, the mold penetrates only partially, leaving the hard central portions unattacked.

It is not known why unstored rice cooks always to a paste. It is possible that one at least of the factors responsible for this is the presence in the grain immediately after

harvest, of an enzyme capable of "liquefying" starch. This enzyme becomes dormant and inactive when the grain is stored for some time.

A further observation which is of some practical significance in connection with the ill effects of unstored rice is that it is generally eaten in larger quantities. This is due to the fact that it occupies much less volume than cooked stored rice so that a proportionately larger quantity is eaten before the consumer gets the desired sense of satisfaction.

Changes that take place during storage. Apart from the inactivation of the starch-splitting ferment, it appears that the stored rice itself undergoes certain types of changes. It has been suggested that the absorption of water and consequent swelling takes place through certain small capillaries in the grain and that these capillaries widen during storage, thus allowing of greater imbibition of water. According to another explanation, the starch of the grain is assumed to become progressively more complex during storage by a process of slow dehydration.

It is not certain whether the storage changes have any bearing on the life of the grain. The paddy of course does continue to live and respire during storage. But it must be remembered that storage changes are most rapid in properly closed pits or cisterns which are packed full with paddy. There is practically no air in such systems and hence the respiration changes will have to stop after a while. The continuance of the storage changes even under such conditions would suggest that respiration is not entirely responsible for the attendant physico-chemical transformations.

Conditions favouring storage changes. While the mechanism of storage changes is still a matter for debate, a great deal of useful experience has been gathered with regard to the methods of storage and means of hastening the same. Thus, as already mentioned, the storage changes take place most rapidly in closed containers well insulated with adequate plastering against loss of heat by radiation. Increased temperature, up to a point, favours

storage changes. On the other hand, a lowered temperature causes distinct retardation. Paddy kept in cold storage does not improve in cooking quality even after an year. Air is not necessary for storage change; indeed, excess of it definitely retards the transformations. The influence of moisture is not clear.

Short duration varieties need longer periods of storage than long duration ones. A few varieties like GEB. 24 (Nellore Samba) become fit for consumption almost immediately after harvest. Paddy harvested in the warm and dry months requires considerably less time for storage than that obtained during cold and wet weather. Harvesting practices essentially affect the extent of storage changes necessary and hence, the time of storage is only a relative feature which is not entirely dependent on the variety involved.

Although storage by itself involves very little expense, yet neither the producer nor the consumer will like to have the rice on hand for such a long period as it now requires. Quickening of the related changes is highly desirable as it will then facilitate rapid turn-over and even save some interest on capital invested. It will be of some practical interest therefore to devise some improved methods of storage.

It has been found with wheat that addition of minute quantities of certain oxygenated compounds quickly converts freshly harvested wheat into the "strong" condition which is obtained only after long storage. It is highly worthwhile to carry out similar studies on the use of chemical accelerators for hastening storage changes in rice.

One method by which freshly harvested rice can be made fit for consumption is by parboiling. The significance of this is still not clear. The changes attendant on storage and parboiling are not apparently the same, and yet the result is more or less similar. There is great need for further systematic work in this direction.

Ruskin and Modern India

By DEWAN BAHADUR K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI.

I. RUSKIN, THE MAN.

RUSKIN loved all lovely things, and had and gave lovely thoughts about them. He had a deep reverence for his parents. His marriage was unhappy and it was annulled. He devoted himself to the study of art and of life—a task which he loved truly and well. That is why his rare gifts shone out so well, though they had their own limitations. A he was the only son of his parents and as his father left him a large fortune, he was fortunately free " from the eternal want of pence which ever vexes the souls of men ". From his boyhood he had to read two or three chapters of the Bible to his mother and the grand music of the holy book passed into his style. His *Prieterita* lets us have a glimpse into the blossoming of his childhood and boyhood. He won the Newdigate verse prize but did not turn to poetry again. His was a genuine, lovable, and charming personality. It has been well said that " his countenance was eminently *spiritual*, — winning, magnetic, radiant ". Frederick Harrison says :

" He was the mirror of courtesy, with an indescribable charm of spontaneous lovingness..... I can only say that, in personal intercourse, I have never known him, in full health, betrayed into a harsh word, or an ungracious phrase, or an unkind judgement, or a trace of egotism ."

Ruskin had thus his own share of the joys and sorrows of human life. He says :

" I never betrayed a trust — never wilfully did an unkind thing — and never, in little or large matters, depreciated another that I might raise myself. I believe I once had affections as warm as most people ; but partly from evil chance, and partly from foolish misplacing of them they have got tumbled down and broken to pieces .....I have no friendships and no loves..... My pleasures are in seeing, thinking, reading, and making people happy (if I can consistently with my own comfort). And I *take* those pleasures ".

Even this slight touch of hedonism vanished in his later life when his mind was on fire with the wrongs of the poor. In a humourous letter to Browning he says :

"The truth is that my own proper business is not that of writing.....For my own pleasure I should be collecting stones and mosses, drying and ticketing them—reading scientific books—walking all day long in summer—going to plays, and what not, in winter—never writing nor saying a word—rejoicing tranquilly or intensely in pictures, in music, in pleasant faces, in kind friends."

He felt keenly that the world would not and did not and could not understand him, and his message. He says in a letter which was written in 1861: "I've had my heart broken, ages ago, when I was a boy—then mended, cracked, beaten in, kicked about old corridors, and finally I think, flattened fairly out". He says in another letter written in 1863: "I am still very unwell and tormented between the longing for rest and for lovely life."

II. RUSKIN AS THE PROPHET OF MODERN ART

When he set out to justify the great painter Turner, he was only twenty three years of age. The great work *Modern Painters* was the result of that endeavour. He enunciated the great principles of Truth and Fidelity as the fundamental principle of art and he decried the artist's attempt to cast "the shade of himself on all that he sees". But Fidelity is not mere imitation, because if it were so the photographer would be the best artist. The true artist must select, combine, interpret and recreate. Art must be life-like without being like life.

By that time Ruskin had not seen the best examples of the art of Italy which is the home of the highest Western art in the realms of painting and architecture and sculpture. After he saw them his artistic vision widened and deepened. In his *Seven Lamps of Architecture* he said that the seven lamps were Truth, Beauty, Power, Sacrifice, Obedience, Labour and Memory. An architect should decorate construction rather than construct decoration. He showed also how man's artistic work depends on the happy life of the workman and he taught that art is the expression of man's joy in work. He excelled in the philosophy and ethics of art. His *Stones of Venice* is another great work by him. Thus he excelled equally in his interpretation of both painting and architecture. In his *Crown*

of Wild Olive he says: "The book I called the *Seven Lamps* was to show that certain right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture had been produced."

III. RUSKIN'S SOCIALISTIC GOSPEL.

He found that in spite of his life-work the ordinary man did not care for the meaning and value of art. He therefore set about his new task of spiritualising the Philistine. This explains his absorption in political economy and sociology in his later life. He uttered a great truth in his ever-memorable sentence that "life without industry is guilt and industry without art is brutality." He attacked violently the political economy of his day and wrote contemptuously about "the modern *soi-disant* science of political economy, based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection!" He says that modern Political Economy "is in reality nothing more than the investigation of some accidental phenomena of modern commercial operations." He says further: "*There is no wealth but Life* — Life including all its powers of love, of joy, of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings." He is no doubt extreme in his views and does not heed the unchallengeable lessons of economic science. But he is right in so far as he urges that we should never divorce Political Economy from the philosophy of human righteousness and human happiness. To-day many of the things for which he fiercely fought such as national education, old age pensions, living wage and housing schemes for the working classes etc.— have been accepted as inevitable and have been accomplished. He urged that the wages of labour should be a fixed amount and should not vary as the result of fierce competition. The political economists told him that the laws of demand and supply were laws of nature and could not and should not be controlled by human endeavour. He replied: "Precisely in the same sense.....the waters of the world go where they are required. Where the land falls the water flows.....

But the disposition and the administration...can be altered by human forethought." The fact is that if we can and must dam rivers and distribute its waters according to our sense of right, we can train and guide the so-called irresistible flow of the flood of the Law of Supply and Demand. Political Economy was made for man and not man for Political Economy. Ruskin was of opinion that modern commerce is the unholy art of making a few rich by keeping the many as poor as possible. Modern humanity is suffering from a hallucination when it says that because of the existence of a few multimillionaires the nation has attained a high level of true prosperity. Ruskin says in prophetic tones: "Consider where, even supposing it guiltless, luxury could be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world.....the cruellest man living could not sit at his feast, unless he sat blindfolded." In the very first letters in *Fers Clavigera*—that amazing, heterogeneous, powerful, passionate and prophetic work—

"For my own part I will put up with this state of things, passively not an hour longer. I am not an unselfish person, nor an Evangelical one; I have no particular pleasure in doing good; neither do I dislike doing it so much as to expect to be rewarded for it in another world. But I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like.....because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, where I know it not which no imagination can interpret too bitterly."

A philistine critic once asked him why, if he attacked all manufactures, he made use of paper and printing for publishing his books. Ruskin replied in a devastating way:

"My statement is that things which have to do the work of iron should be made of iron, and things which have to do the work of wood; should be made of wood but that (for instance) hearts should not be made of iron, nor heads of wood...and this last statement you may wisely consider when next it enters into yours to ask questions".

Ruskin had a bitter dislike for "the reckless luxury, the deforming mechanism, and the squalid misery of modern cities." He said in the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*: "An architect should live as little in cities as a painter." His last years were spent in slum clearance

and in welfare work for the poor. On this work he spent away the fortune of £ 200,000 which he inherited from his father, and but for the profits derived from his works he would have lived in his old age as a pauper! He felt that the fortune had come from the cheerless labours of the many and must go back to them to increase their sense of beauty and of Joy in life.....Mr. A. C. Benson says well:

"And here one begins to see a hint of the true genius of the man, in his power not of sorrowing mildly and ineffectively over evils that he could not mend, but in his power of tormenting himself over the troubles of others, his determination to sacrifice himself and his fame to mending what he could, his resolution to use his power and his position to make plain the bitter truth, and to summon all true and brave and compassionate spirits to join him in a desperate crusade against the evils and miseries of the world."

The last of Ruskin's tilts at the windmills was his founding of the Guild of St. George, which was to own property for the benefit of all its members. Its underlying idea was Socialism and its creed was that capital should be owned in common. Every member was to work for his living and to contribute a little of his income to the fund of the Guild. The fund was to buy land for the members to cultivate, to own property in common, to replace machinery by manual labour, to substitute steam by wind and water power for mills and factories, to give proper wages to workmen, and to refine their tastes and give them the pleasures of art and recreation. He contributed to the Guild £ 7000 being a tithe of his fortune while the other contributions all told came to £ 236! The scheme failed. Coleridge's Pantisocracy never came into being! What if such dreams fail? They fail because the instruments are weak and worthless though the inspiring prophet is a genius—nay an angel. Or probably they fail because of the genius and the angel! The land bought for the Guild was worthless, and the bailiff of the Guild ate up all the profits! A prophet should distribute seed paddy rather than set up as a farmer himself. The drudgery of farming will bore him and his innocence will lead to failure and loss!

IV. RUSKIN'S VALUE TO MODERN INDIA

India is to-day in the grip of Modernity and being weaker, poorer and gentler than nineteenth century England, is in need of the aid of strong and fearless idealist. Her arts are on the decline and even her artistic vision is in danger. Her poverty is on the increase and modern civilization threatens to take the bread from her mouth as surely as it threatens to take the joy from her soul. It is fortunate that at this juncture Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi stand by her side to save her from the many dangers by which she is beset. Tagore is not only a supreme interpreter of art but is also a supreme artist. Mahatma Gandhi is not merely a socialistic dreamer or experimenter but a true and tried statesman who can launch grandiose and successful schemes on a nation-wide scale. It seems to me that they have to learn much from Ruskin and apply it with a healing touch to cure the many maladies of modern India. At least their chosen disciples can do and bring their labours to finer fruition.

We have little or nothing to learn from the west in regard to the meaning and value of Art or in the realms of the various fine arts. The Indian aestheticians have seen the vital principle of the aesthetic life and given to the world the concepts of *Ananda* and *Rasa* and *Dhwani*. India's achievements in architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, music and dance are unique. But we have yet to learn well the notes of directness, of simplicity, of brevity, of verisimilitude. In the deepavali of our Art, Ruskin's Seven Lamps are needed and will add to the variety and illumination of our aesthetic achievement.

Even more necessary than to ride abroad in search of Dulcinia is to tilt at the windmills of our social and economic life. The effort may seem Quixotic but in real life the Quixotes of to-day become King Arthurs of to-morrow. Frederic Harrison says about Ruskin's knight-errantry in this direction : "The task of St. George was to slay the dragon of industrialism ; to deliver the people from all the moral and physical abominations of city life,

and plant them again on the soil of an England purified from steam, from filth, and from destitution." In the same spirit Mahatma Gandhi is tilting at huge machinery. He preaches the gospel of a simple rural life. He inveighs against the use of drugs. He insists on handspinning, and hand-weaving. He has succeeded in some of his measures and movements unlike Ruskin who failed outright. But I have shown above how Ruskin's failures led to the uplift of the labouring classes in many directions. Let us learn from those failures to avoid failures ourselves. But let us saturate ourselves with his wonderful spirit and gird our loins and trim our lamps and go forward. Let us never forget his gospel that "there is no wealth but life." He was always admonishing the world that its aim should be "not greater wealth but simpler pleasure." Let us always remember the wise words of Harrison about Ruskin :

"There are some failures more beautiful and more useful to mankind than a thousand triumphs. It is impossible to weigh the value or to judge the legitimacy of a hopeless but heroic sacrifice..... In things social and religious it is the fervour of belief, the loathing of falsehood, the abandonment of every self-interest, and even of every prudential motive, which tells in the end. Magnanimity owes no account of its acts to Prudence. No, nor to common sense."

Nicholas Roerich

A Master of the Mountains

BY BARNETT. D. CONLAN

(Continued from our previous issue.)

IN laying the foundations of Culture, in founding spiritual centres throughout the world Roerich is making an unprecedented effort to raise the level of thought in every nation. For profound reasons he has come to realize that no political and social system based on the old qualities of thought can save things now.

Such an undertaking is so much more arduous than anything hitherto attempted, that, at first sight, it must appear to many as well nigh impossible.

That Roerich has already started on the task, however, suggests that it is possible, since everything hitherto undertaken by him has succeeded.

Moreover, he is not working merely through intellectual channels, but by spiritual power, and for one who possesses spiritual power there are a thousand gifted with intellectual power.

Now Roerich possesses spiritual power of a very high quality. Why this should be is not easy to say. Like genius, lofty spiritual power defies all definition or explanation, in short, it cannot be labelled or limited, being from the Infinite.

One of the reasons I am inclined to suggest is that all his life—and perhaps in previous lives—he has always been in a state of high war, of untiring effort.

He has been fighting all his life. Fighting against ignorance and misunderstanding; striving every moment to create great Art; forging his way past all sort of opposition to build up spiritual strongholds for the general welfare; proclaiming vital things in prose and verse; travelling everywhere to enlighten the best minds in twenty five countries, fighting his way, for profound spiritual reasons, through the impassable precipices and dangerous deserts of

unknown Asia, and now, straining all his energies, he is striving to found spiritual centres throughout the world.

In all this he has shown himself to be the Ideal Warrior, for parallel with this unprecedented activity there are evidences of remarkable spiritual efforts.

His Banner of Peace, then, should have an unusual and particular signification.

If there are any who are inclined to think that Roerich's idea of Peace is synonymous with slackness, ease and repose, they have only to turn to his writings.

There they will be told that: 'The hope of ease, in all times, forced the people to forget the higher.'

'Repose is nothing but an invention of the hordes of darkness'.

They will hear of 'higher energies'; 'predestined victories'; 'untiring vigilance'; of 'fortresses of thought', and they will be told that if they are exhausted they should begin again and again'.

In short, the most warlike language imaginable.

From all this one might infer that Roerich has the capacity of a great general, that he is far more warlike, in the best sense, the constructive sense, than the average military captain, and that he is not likely, when unnecessary, to destroy a fly.

His Banner of Peace, is therefore, a symbol of intense activity of the highest order and in this differs from those hoisted by our more urban and sedentary politicians.

It is a pity, perhaps that the distinction cannot be made. It might help to clear the air. Were it not for the general misunderstanding which might ensue, it could far more appropriately be named 'The Banner of High War'.

All Roerich's efforts and activities have come to show that only a powerful crusade waged from a higher spiritual plane can hope to bring about permanent peace and unity.

Hitherto the Peace movements of the world have been directed largely by politicians and financiers who, for the most part, are connected with the material aspects of life.

Financial and political ambitions are generally to be found at the root of most wars and upheavals, so that they can hardly be expected to eliminate them.

Despite all that is said and believed to the contrary, all the world problems of today derive from deeper causes than questions of finance, politics or economics.

The Churches have faild to renew themselves and have fallen to the level of charitable organisations whose business it is to distribute the material things of life.

Moreover they have been taken in tow by the Financiers who rule the world, so that much of their spiritual independence has gone.

Otherwise, one might say that all the problems of today reduce themselves in the last resort to a religious problem.

As things are we shall have to call it a spiritual problem.

It is very doubtful now if any political or economical organising of the nations can save the world from disruption.

Only some world-wide change from a material to a spiritual goal can show the way out.

Disintegration, separation, and disruption are characteristic of Matter, just as Unity is in the nature of Spirit.

No fresh grouping or organising of the material side of life upon the circumference is likely to improve matters.

We have to rise above, towards the Centre where we shall find that heightened sense of unity or spiritual power which can overcome the destructive tendencies around us.

All the great religious and spiritual teachings of the past have concerned themselves with the conversion of the lower to the higher man. They have shown that it is only the higher spirit in a man that can accomplish this and no power outside of him.

Science will some day, perhaps, prove to us that all spirituality, all higher power is derived fron great tension, great inner activity at the service of pure motive.

Just as the brutal and ignorant elements in a man can be gradually educated into something higher — something

more potential, so the dark and destructive forces that break out into war can be guided to that higher plane which might logically be called High War, a state of intense spirituality alone capable of finally transmuting the Powers of Discord.

However sincere many of our statesmen and politicans may be in their desire for Peace they have not that fiery spirituality, that high victorious concentration, which is able to raise the world to a higher level.

Were they to attempt to do so they would find themselves in the position of a man who wished to raise himself by the hair!

Such a change can only be brought about by those living on a higher plane.

This naturally brings us to the threshold of Hierarchy, to the question of Higher Beings.

It is impossible to deny the existence of Higher Beings because it is not possible to do away with the idea of Infinity, anything less than Infinity seems impossible, and so with the question of Higher Beings.

All the great religions were founded by Higher Beings. In Asia alone, the gods, rishis, buddhas or enlightened Ones, can be counted by thousands.

In the West we have had a multitude of Saints, Heroes, Leaders, great Artists, who must certainly have drawn their inspiration from a higher level than that of our average humanity.

It has been generally taught or supposed that the 'pagan' Greeks cultivated above all their bodily and intellectual powers and cared little about the existence of a spiritual realm.

We have only to study Aeschylus carefully to see that he lived far more in such regions than Shakespeare, for example, and so tremendous was his spiritual influence that, thousands of years later, when Wagner arose to build up his great Music Dramas, it was Aeschylus who inspired him with half his grandeur.

At Marathon, the Greek army beheld an apparition of Theseus, in full armour, fighting in forefront of the

battle, and there are many historians who hold that this vision played a large part in deciding the victory.

Just before the great naval fight at Salamis all the Greeks prayed to their gods and heroes to assist them and despatched a ship to Aegina to bring back the spirit of Ajax and the heroes of former ages.

So soon as the ship touched harbour the Greeks knew that the great warrior was in their midst, and without further hesitations they attacked and defeated one of the greatest armies known to History.

The modern mind, so sceptical of what is spiritual, so sure in all things of its scientific superiority, will have a tendency to dismiss this in a few words: 'superstition,' 'autosuggestion.'

It is well worth remarking, however that with this sort of language the Greeks would have been practically wiped out of existence!

The modern attitude to the Invisible, then, is anything but powerful, and it is one which is doomed to disappear.

Built upon the limitations of 19th century science, to-day it finds its very foundations going, in fact almost gone.

The modern scientist knows that Matter, in the accepted sense of the term, does not exist, and that it is perhaps a sort of spiritual blindness.

He knows for scientific reasons, that the very earth beneath him is by no means real, that the table upon which he is writing is only an illusion, and that the whole material scheme of things, including his own body, is no ultimate reality, but only an appearance.

In short he has arrived at the belief held many thousand years before by those Higher Beings of Ancient India —the Arhats, the Rishis and Buddhas, that the whole material Universe is but an appearance and that the only thing ultimately real and lasting is Spirit.

Should he employ such terms as Dynamism, Subtle Energies, or Radio-Activity, rather than spirit, it is all the more interesting.

If this transcendent vision of the man of science has not yet penetrated the general consciousness it is because such a change will only be brought about gradually. It will be done in great part by Art, because, as Roerich has so well put it,—"Art is for all, art is for the people".

Through his own Art and inspiration Roerich has arrived at very much the same point of vantage as that of Ancient India, and present day Science, for he has also come to recognize the world of Spirit which is the substratum of this world of appearance.

It is this close contact with the Spiritual World which, despite these times of discord and darkness, has given him the energy to step forward as a leader and issue his call to arms on behalf of Culture.

He realises that we are at the advent of another Salamis—and Salamis is a Symbol, this Greek victory being really a victory of Spirit over Matter.

A small body of men armed with an intense spiritual activity routed an overwhelming army of brute force by sheer fire of enthusiasm, and the fire once kindly produced—Athens, the Parthenon, Pheidias, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and in short, a great part of that wonderful Hellenic Culture.

Today the situation is, if anything, more difficult. The enemy is not advancing from any one point on the horizon, but is in our midst.

The enemy is a State of Mind, and the wars, revolutions, upheavals and crimes which surround us are only the effects of this state.

It might be difficult to discover any one cause for modern Materialism, since its origins are multiple, but all those of the 19th century whose religion was written in their ledgers and whose motto was — Time is Money — did, of course, their very best to create it.

Modern Materialism is the antithesis of all that is meant by the word 'Culture', so that in calling all the advanced spirits of the world to rally round the 'Banner of Culture', Roerich has found the solution.

It is a solution which is the result of deep inspiration and due to a flash of inspiration rather than to any process of reasoning.

Only Culture can deal with the causes which cause all the evil of our time, without wasting energy on the effects.

There has been a general depreciation in the value of words so that a 'saint' has come to signify almost the opposite of its original meaning.

Saints like St. Bernard and St. Thomas Aquinas, however, possessed a spiritual energy which it would be difficult to parallel today. They travelled all over Europe at a time when travelling was a danger and hardship. They built schools and convents, educated the nations, and by their supreme energy, directed and guided the men of war and state, and with all this found time to compose immense metaphysical treatises on the scale of Aristotle.

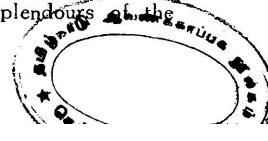
They were in a state of High War fighting against darkness and barbarianism and fighting with an energy which for quality and continuity surpassed even that of men of war. They were spiritual warriors.

Roerich has much of this untiring energy, for his power is not merely intellectual but spiritual, dynamic, irradiating. He also is a crusader.

He belongs naturally to that family of higher beings who, irrespective of all distinctions of race, class, or academic honours, are guiding and inspiring the world at large towards a more luminous way of life.

In India—which is still the world's great spiritual reservoir—there are signs that man is again beginning to rise towards a higher plane of consciousness.

Such marvellous spiritual energies as Ramakrishna, Vivekananda, Gandhi, Ramana Maharshi and Aurobindo Ghose, such great poets and scientists as Tagore and Jagadis Bose show that a spiritual renaissance has already started, and that India is once again beginning on new and scientific lines to recreate the spiritual splendours of the past.



That Roerich, from his high station in the Himalayas, should aspire to change the thought current of the world, may seem natural, then, to many out there, but very doubtful of course to most of us over here.

And yet, there are many signs that he is likely to succeed and that Culture will conquer.

In the first place there is the warning of what happened to Confucius; and then, it is not so much the case of one man wishing to change the tendency of all against their will, as of the Voice of Humanity itself calling from the crest of the wave, as to the direction of the waters!

The Irish poet, W. B. Yeats, whose strange and half Mathematical insight into the nature of things almost borders on that of Ancient Tibet, says: 'As I read the world, the sudden revelation of future changes is not from visible history but from its anti-self. Every objective energy intensifies a counter energy the other gyre turning inward, in exact measure with the outward whirl'.

In this be so, then centuries of Materialism must have generated a corresponding power of spirituality, so that there is reason to suppose that we are approaching some immense springtime of the spirit which no power on earth will be able to resit."

In this case, the movements of the future will be on the side of Roerich, a fact which he already seems to anticipate when he writes: "There is no one nation or class with us but the entire multitude of human beings, because in the last analysis it is the human heart which is open to the beauty of creativeness.

And what may seem impossible to many at the moment, might in the end prove to be the inevitable.

(To be continued)

Tales from Indian History

Poet Lilasuka

By Prof. V. RANGACHARYA, M. A.

ONE of the extraordinary personalities in Indian literary history whom the lapse of time has not obscured, is the well-known Krishna Lilasuka, the author of the *Krishnakarnamrta*. The spell of his name can be realised from the fact that almost every province of India claims him as its son. The Tamil land, Malabar, Benares, Bengal, Orissa, and the Andhra region hail the traditional connection with him as something of which they have reason to be proud. The poetic and ascetic soul of India adores him as one who loved crazily but came to live nobly; as one who was first a mass of vile devilry, but became later on a singularly sweet and supreme radiator of the air of devotion and resignation. A criminal who was the manifestation of all evil, he transformed himself, as the result of his tragic experiences, into a saint who has been remembered for centuries with affection. His career is such that one can easily and unforgettably vision it as a picture before one's very eyes; for it affords a thrill of hope to even the most abandoned sinner. In his voice bestial vulgarity sees the hope of redemption and in his colourful life a noble mission. A traveller in the road to immortality in a manner peculiarly and essentially Indian he has a story which palpitates, in spite of its age, with modernity.

It has been mentioned that Lilasuka is claimed by the different parts and peoples of India. The reference to the Tamil country is rather vague, and has no other proof than a semi-mythical affirmative in Gada's *Sampradayakula-dipika*. This work says that Vilvamangala, by which Lilasuka was known before his reformation, was only the re-incarnation of Madhavanala of Kasi and of Bilhana the poet, and the previous incarnation of the later Jayadeva, the author of the *Gitagovinda*; that he was the disciple of the Vaishnavite teacher Vishnuswami; and that in his

different births he ennobled the Tamil land, Benares and Orissa. Chronologically, and otherwise this story is a shallow of sand, and its obscurity hardly shows a patch of historical credibility.

The tradition of the connection with Malabar has a more sound basis, though even here the confusion is not entirely manageable. Vilvamangal is said to have been the son of a Damodara who belonged to Muktisctala which has been identified with Mukkuttalai on the banks of the Bharati. His mother's name was Nili, and he had for his teacher an Isanadeva, who, if he was the same as the Isanabhutideva who wrote the several *Satakas* on Padmanabha (the God of Trivandram), Rama and Krishna and the two treatises of the *Bharatasankshepa* and the *Ramayanamrta*, had distinctly concentrated the devotion of his heart on Vishnu. Vilvamangala was a devotee of Mrtyunjaya, the Lord of Svetaranya or Dakshinakailasa; but it was the charm of Krishna that had the grip on his heart which had an infinite amplitude of space for divine yearning. Tradition tells us that the very mention of Krishna made his nerves vibrate deliciously; that his songs on Krishna were impregnated with such scent of sincerity that he often fell into self-forgetful ecstasy; and that, on such occasions, the Lord of his heart Himself uttered verses of praise on his servant, which are not forgotten to-day. One thing is certain,—worldly life weighed heavily on Vilvamangal's spirits, and he became an ascetic. And tradition records that he founded the Naduvil Math at Trichur, which is even to-day a great stronghold of Nambudri Vedic learning. More than one head of this monastery has gone by the name of Vilvamangala; and indeed, according to one version it is a generic name for the head of that institution. If the Naduvil Matha was not actually presided over by Lilasukha it was at all events saturated with admiration for him, and its heads have come to call themselves after him.

To the common religious enthusiast, however, the Malabar tradition is practically unknown. The glare of historic publicity has connected the saint with other areas. The best-known of the local associations is that connecting

him with the celebrated Puri or Jagannath, though other versions like the saint's life on the Krishna region and the foundation of the Amaresvera Matha are not unknown in the Telugu land. The Jagannath story is to the effect that Bilvamangal was so called because he had the *bilva*, sacred to Siva, in his house. The son of an opulent merchant, educated, talented, innocent, and sweet in disposition, Bilvamangal was an ideally happy young man who found the greatest happiness in the pious life of the householder. The ripples of his young and talented wife's laughter were the only things he knew besides the sacred books; and life seemed to be nothing but a continuous psalmody—till fate threw him into the meshes of a courtesan's wiles. Coming across the beautiful and brilliant Chintamani, he fell headlong into a limitless passion. Everything inside him changed, and he became the direct opposite of what he had been. His sensations to the call of right and duty became blunted, and every moment of his thought was in the clouds of degrading sensuousness. The company of Chintamani robbed him of everything noble in him, and he worked himself into a half-dazed and imbecile state of mind. His sweet wife and home were forgotten, his resources wasted, and all the charms of innocent married life were forgotten. As for Chintamani, she was not all carnal bestiality. Not lacking in spiritual yearnings and impulses, she soon came to mingle with her love to Bilvamangal a desire to awaken him to his real excellence. Her slim body did not resist in his arms; but her face usually darkened to see him so completely lost to shame and decency. She meant to be a tie to him in name only; her heart raced with the noble agitation to save him, though he knew it not.

Matters soon reached a crisis. On a particular day when Chintamani had, in consequence of its sacredness to her father's memory, no room for romance, Bilvamangal was made doubly anxious for the safety of the woman whose yoke of love had enslaved him, by the foul weather. It rained cats and dogs; the world seemed to approach its end owing to the furious war of the elements. A fierce thunderstorm uprooted the trees and shook the buildings.

At such a time of nature's anger Bilvamangal deserted his sweet and doting wife and his dying father, breaking the heart of both, and braved the elements to go to his sweetheart whose safety he feared. Reaching the swollen freshes of the river he found it no easy task to cross it. He presently got the support of a floating corpse and swam across the floods, and reached his sweetheart's home. That lady had turned her heart to stone that day owing to her father's memory. All mundane thought was shut out of it. But Bilvamangal cared not. His passion deafened his ears to all words of piety or protestation, and his disappointment only made his passionate blood come surging into his face. He hardly realised that such a fire of life was hurtful. All he knew was that his heart was breaking, and that he longed to be by her side.

Resorting to the house, he saw it closed. Entrance was denied to him ; but he saw a rope hanging down from the balcony of his lover's room. He eagerly snatched it and, with its aid, scaled up the wall. The rope was too soft and warm to the touch. It was also slippery and seemed to hiss ; but Bilvamangal had no other frown than that of concentration between his brows. His face screwed itself against the chill wind, his hands closed in strong grip on the rope, and he hoped to surprise his lover in a moment. But, lo! there was a crash! The rope emitted blood and poison ; the deluded adventurer fell down in a crash.

The noise attracted Chintamani. She came out and was surprised to see her lover. She could not believe her own eyes, she had hardly expected him, and she brought him to his senses.

"Sweet-heart", said she, "how did you come here ? Did I not send word that this is a sacred day and that I could not see you ".

"Yes, yes, my love ! But how could I obey such a cruel behest ? Chintamani, do you realise that you are killing me ?"

"How ? I kill you !"

"Aye ! To condemn me to exile from your company even for a day is a sentence of death on me. Without you

the world becomes God-forsaken, my heart becomes blistered, and I cannot live. Could you not realise that all my world of life and joy is centred in those seductive and thrilling eyes? You are culpably ignorant of your power, or of your heartlessness".

Chintamani was at once seized with unendurable pain and pity. She could hardly believe that man could have fallen so low, could have so abased himself as to actually wallow in the mire of lust! She was about to rile him for his folly when she noticed what he had not observed in the intensity of his feeling—that his arms and body were smeared with blood. All at once she asked:

"What is this, my lord? Your arms and chest are covered with blood?"

Bilvamangal then had a look at his own body and was surprised.

"I don't know, my love! All I know is that, as your doors were closed, I mounted up to your balcony by a rope which was hanging from it."

"A rope! How could a rope have come there? You are prattling". All at once a sudden thought struck her, and she said "Wait! I shall see". And just going out of the room she saw on the spot where Bilvamangal had raised himself up, the remains of a long dead blood-laden serpent!

In an expression of indescribable horror and gloom she observed:

"Look here, my lord; You have ascended to this room not by a rope but a serpent! What a horror! How deluding and imbecile is this all-devouring passion for a human body, a store of flesh and filth bound to rot and putrify in a few days! Ah, how low you have fallen! It pains me indeed to see you thus. Where is your wisdom, your learning, your self-control?"

"Chintamani, how unjust you are to your own powers! Look! What else have I dared to do for your sake to-day! The river was in full flood. And what do you think I did

to hasten to you? I had a regular corpse to keep me afloat across the river as I spanned it".

His delusion kept him going, and his enthusiasm seemed to him to liven things up. But to Chintamani the news shocked her. The blood forsook her cheeks, and she could not bear. With anguish and reproach she accompanied Bilvamangal to the river and was struck dumb by the sight she met there. The corpse with which Bilvamangal had crossed over to her was his own wife's.

With a burning flush in his cheeks and a leaden weight in his throat, he saw that his beloved wife, so innocent, so lovely and so yielding, had chosen to retreat from the miseries he had heaped on her by the supreme sacrifice she was capable of. Again and again he felt a stab of unendurable pain at the memory of his atrocious conduct, at the strange perversity of a fate which made the dead body of the innocent victim of his persecution the means of his vile, incredible infatuation. His heart stretched out to her with a sudden longing; and agitation rent him to pieces when he remembered the hundred ways in which she had lavished her sweetness on him in the midst of insult, unhappiness and despair. He recalled every bit of his old happy life with her — every little word he had with her, every little caress he had bestowed on her! Oh! What a richly-endowed queen of his house she had been! And he had killed her!

While this new grief lay heavy like a stone on his heart, Bilvamangal felt it doubly on account of the knife-stabs he received from Chintamani's words. All unaware of the havoc in his heart made by his repentance, she observed:

"How ignoble, my lord, you have been, how unworthy, unmanly and cruel! With gifts capable of bringing immortality, you have chosen the little things of this all-too short, illusory life! How ardently I should like to see your rich and intensive nature dedicated to the service of the Lord of Brindavan!"

Bilvamangal was cut to the quick by the reproach in her voice, but life had become an aching misery to him, and

his face was now set hard enough to throw it up. "Yes, you are right," he said with a new finality in his voice, "I have erred sadly, and I shall do as you desire. You are no longer my mistress, you are my teacher; and I who have sold myself to the flesh and the devil, shall take the saffron robes to spend my life in prayer, and in service to the Lord and Man."

Thus it was that Bilvamangal received from his teacher Soma the *Krishna-taraka-mantra* and the hermit title of Lilasuka; and he who had been an arch-devil blazed into amazing popularity as a teacher of man and servant of God. The pallid face and divine wisdom of the suave hermit carried seductive consolation to many an anguished soul; and an ardent flock of devoted servants waited for the words which fell from his lips, and faithfully recorded them. In the maturity of his erudition Lilasuka did not ignore the more prosaic and secular of literary acquisitions. Recent discoveries have revealed the fact that he has left a number of grammatical and philosophical treatises. He has left an erudite commentary on Bhoja's grammatical treatise, the *Saraswatikanthabharana;* and in his *Gopikabhisheka* of eight cantos, which has been supplemented by his pupil Durgaprasada Yati with four additional cantos, he has elucidated Panini's *Magnum Opus*. A host of other works, philosophic and devotional, Saivite and Vaishnavite, have been recently brought to light. They include *Stutis* or panegyrics on Ganapati, Rama, Krishna, Karkotaka, etc; philosophic treatises like the *Purushakara* which has been quoted by Vidyaranya; and miscellaneous pieces like the *Tribhuvanasubhaga*, the *Visvadiksha-stuti*, the *Sumangalastotra*, the *Kramadipika*, the *Sankara-hrdayangana*, and the *Kalavadha*. But the seductive and intoxicating voice of Lilasuka's gospel was reserved for his words and works on Sri Krishna. A beatific smile wreathed his lips whenever he spoke of Krishna's exploits, and the sparkle in his eyes charmed and captivated even the sceptical when he dilated on the youthful pranks, the tender romance, and the deep philosophy of the Lord. A torrent of inspiration swept over his heart and brain as he visioned the swarm of pictures associated

with ancient Brindavan. The world of Radha and Gopis was singularly alive to his bhakti-inspired eye; and he practically lived their life. In his *Brindavanastuti* he has left a charming and melodious pen-portrait of the *Rasakrida*, and in his *Krishnacharita*, *Krishnabalakrida* and *Adhinavakaustubhamala* he has portrayed the Lord in the alluring tones of emotional ecstasy. But the *magnum opus* of the poet-saint is the *Krishnakarnamrta*, wherein a veritable riot of colourful and fascinating pictures of Krishna is drawn. As a lyric it is unrivalled for its beauty of thought and language. Its music has thrilled lovers of art for centuries. The danseuse and songster have found in it an inexhaustible theme for their gesture and their voice. No poem has been utilized so much for histrionic purpose. For centuries it has been the only poem of Lilasuka known to the world of Pandits and householders; but it is no wonder that it has exercised a magnetic power. The Lord Krishna of the *Karnamrta* sways everybody to his wishes: He ceases to be the dream of despairing aspirants; He becomes a real consoler and uplifter of humanity, a real mover of souls to spiritual ecstasy.*

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* Lilasuka has been attributed by some scholars to the ninth century; by others to the eleventh century; and by still others to the fourteenth or fifteenth century. But the eleventh century has been usually taken to be his most plausible date.

Knight Errant

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

[*Author's Note.* This story in Gaelic is regarded as our finest Fairy story owing to rhythmic prose. I have tried to reproduce a few of the plays on words. In the story *An Gossoon Sheoge* (The Fairy Boy) published in the May issue of this magazine, we had a boy going to Moy Elga. In this story a boy comes to earth from there.]

OY Elga and the human world interpenetrate each other. What is imperfect here is perfect there. The sorrow, the disharmony, the callous cruelty of our life find their opposites in the tearless existence of Clann Shee (the Fairy Folk).

It was dark in the world of men. In Moy Elga a cloudless sun shone down on a vale that glittered also with its own light. The trees were unbent by storm, no branch had ever grown crooked or been broken by wind or hand. Not only did they show the Spring glory of unspoiled green, but the Autumn tints as well. And those shadings of the sunset were not of fading foliage but of leaves full of sap and vigour. In dappled splendour sunbeams and shadows danced their saraband together. The dale was canopied with rainbows. Not only those which shewed the seven gleaming lights man knows, for many reflected only the one colour, green, violet, red, or the others. Butterflies and glowing flying creatures our eyes have never seen played in joy and without fear. There was a soft, sweet, soothing singing of happy birds. And every flower of all the seasons grew at once in Fairyland. If anyone listened as well as looked at the perfect scented blossoms he would hear each of them sing in dulcet ditty its own story of Eternal Life and perfect self-expression. And the bewitching breezes, perfumed and caressing, swept past echoing a magic tune.

In the centre of the dale stood two huge Druid stones, bearing potent spells in ogham, characters carved by the Dunshee magicians. Above and shading them was an

ancient but immortal hazel tree. The quiet rustling of its leaves spoke mysteries and oracles. For often in it, it was known, that the divine spirit of Angus Oge, God of Clann Shee, abode. Now beneath the shade of the holy tree, and encompassed by the spell of the druid cromlech, seated side by side on thrones of gold, lazulite, emerald, ruby and amber, sat the King and Queen of Fairyland, Ardree (High King) Finvara the sovereign lord, Morreega (High Queen) Mave the supreme lady. Around their thrones, at about the centre of a circle, the-dance-that-is-never-done swept, a wonder of beauty, grace, and rapture. The outer circle went sinster, the inner dexter, the inmost sometimes swung to the right, sometimes to the left. The music was as when the morning stars sing together—it was ecstasy. It was perfect love in all-harmonious sound. It was that Beauty which is a joy for ever.

At the very climax of that Bliss, suddenly, the sunlight paled, a distortion seemed to have fallen on everything for the perfection was gone. A sad wind moaned as it smote the trees and bent the flowers; borne in the wind came a song so full of tears that the Shee who can shed none quailed at the mournful music, and the Dance swayed and made as if it would end. This was the lament:—

We drag a heavy chain
Its links are grief and pain.
The hawk strikes down the dove.
And cold death slayeth love.
Alas! that we can see
That joy reigns endlessly,
Beholding Heaven we dwell
Fast-bound in hopeless hell.

Then the Dunshee monarch rose in majesty. Lifting his sceptre from which golden fire flashed in concentric circles of burning glory that restored the light and beauty temporarily eclipsed, he cried in vibrant tones which dominated the pensive sobbing of the dirge:—

Shadows vanish away
Night be whelmed in day
Fade evil life and cease.
Peace to our kingdom, Peace!

To his people he called "On with the dance. Let joy be unconfined. This incursion of the Land of the Sorrowful Shadow, which is conterminous with our own, sometimes happens. But this rod of power, my sceptre, can wave away the phantom invasion. On with the dance, my children." And the Dance circled in joy as heretofore, yet though the Ardree's face smiled there was a shadow beneath the smile.

Fairy harpers played a delightful and drowsy melody later about the High King. So gentle it was it soothed and calmed his heart and formed a melodious background to a talk he was having with the youngest of his pages.

"Yes, alana", the High King said, "the dark world of men lies about us though seldom, fortunately, are we conscious of it. One can sometimes make a pet of one of their children but that always means taking him or her into our own green land, otherwise they would be ruined; either growing like the others quickly or slowly or murdered after cruel persecution by those others because they do not change so. They are a perfectly hopeless and irreformable crew. They cried to Him Who is Light Allreaching for deliverance. He is Lu Lavada at midday. Boundless Light. At dawn He is Lu Lanav, Light the Child. At night Lu Clish, Light the conquering hero, who having won the battle of Day, lays down his arms and rests. He is the one and the Three. The Light child went down to the land of the Shadow. He became as they are that they might become as He is. They tortured Him to death, but by the victory of the darkness and the defeat of the sun. None the less a way was opened by which all who willed it could escape. How many do? a handful. How many go to Tir-fan-Tonn to Balor; a realm worse than their own? nine-tenths of them."

"Is it possible, sire," the boy Sophoron asked, "that it is really a hell? "This thought within your mind rehearse within a boundless universe is boundless better—boundless worse" he was answered.

"May I sing to you, sire" Sophoron asked. "Surely, my child" the Ardree agreed. A lyre was handed to the Fairy boy and this was his song :—

Do not our Druids surely say
To victory there is one way
Love that shall suffer all.

Which dies that it may live again
Drinking the cup of burning pain
Bearing whate'r befall.

I will renounce my happiness
That Sovereign Love I may possess
For I would be His slave.

Most gracious King, grant this to me
The Pathway of my destiny
To suffer and to save.

The Ardree rung his hands. "Dear and gentle child, I cannot refuse you if you insist, for you ask to walk the way of Light down into Darkness, that even if light be dimmed darkness may grow lucid. And Light is my Lord and your Lord. O stay, dear boy, with me, let those less loved and loving go the dark road." "If you love me gentle King, and yet let me go, you will share my questing. If I love I am so fitted."

King Finvara took his sword and touching the Dunshee lad on the shoulders, said "Rise, Sir Sophoron, Knight-errant, worthy son of Light. Walk the way of Angus and of Him who is Lord of Lords. Go down, win a kingdom."

So there are Fairy errant knights who help Light to that final victory when the shadows flee away and the Day-star arises in our hearts. And for the earth's dawning, when Light comes.

Current Comments

By AN OBSERVER.

Indian Women's Status: In a conference of the British Commonwealth League Sir Hari Singh Gour spoke emphatically on the steps to be taken for the improvement of the status of women in India. He opined that there should be a five-year plan and that this should be pressed on the Congress ministries. He advocated the investigation, by a special committee, of the disabilities of the Indian women under the public and private laws. He referred to the necessity of larger freedom for married girls, a divorce law, and larger employment of women in the professions. Lady Hartog moved a resolution dealing with Indian women in the administration. She noted that they had advanced politically to a larger extent than even English women. "If anyone had said ten years ago", she stated. "that in 1938 there would be in India between 50 and 60 women members of Provincial Legislatures all over the country; that there would be in one province a woman Cabinet Minister; and in two others, Parliamentary Secretaries of important departments; and in yet two more Deputy Speakers of Provincial Assemblies; and that there would be two women Deputy Presidents of Upper Houses and one woman allocated unopposed on the Central Legislative Assembly in Delhi; I do not think he would have been allowed to be at large. And yet today, that is the position." While the political status was much advanced in six out of eleven provinces, pointed out Lady Hartog, the girls' education was still low. A resolution congratulating the six governments of their breadth of mind and asking other provinces to follow their example was passed.

The Egg Dance of Bhopal: A writer (F. J. F.) draws attention to an art which prevailed in the nineties in the court of Bhopal and which has since been ignored even in the stage on account of its inherent difficulty. That is the egg-dance. The writer describes it in the *Times of India* in these terms:

"It was usually performed by a nautch girl dressed in the ordinary female costume of the people, which was a bodice and a very short saree which came down to the dancer's knees. On her head the dancer carried a wicker wheel of tolerably large diameter, placed in a perfectly horizontal position, the hub of the wheel, which was also of wicker, being fixed to the crown of her head. From the hub to the outer rim were bamboo spokes, and pieces of thread of equal length were attached to the spokes where they met the outer rim. At the extremity of each thread there was a slip knot which was kept in position by means of a glass bead.

The dancer advanced towards the spectators holding on her left arm a basket of eggs which she handed round the audience to prove they were real.

Having done this, the music commenced and the dancer began to gyrate with great rapidity on her toes. When the desired momentum was reached she seized an egg with a dexterous movement and inserted it into one of the slip knots. Then with a sharp movement the dancer jerked the egg to the full limit of the thread so as to tighten the loop around it.

By means of the centrifugal force created by her rapid gyrations, the thread holding the egg is stretched out so that the egg is in a straight line in prolongation of the bamboo spoke to which it is tied. One after another the eggs are put into the slip knots until eventually a rapidly gyrating horizontal aureole follows the dancer's gyrations."

The dance at this stage reached a critical moment. The dancer's movements were so frenzied that her features could hardly be distinguished. A single false step meant the clashing of the eggs against each other with considerable damage of a dirty 'messy' type! The dance came to an end with the dancer removing the eggs in the same manner as she had fixed them — a process even more delicate and skilful as the slightest departure from the exact moment of each operation of release from the removing circle and loops meant disaster. The writer says that he saw it repeated recently in the bazaar of Bhopal, and he has given an illustrated sketch of it. The art shows how diverse the Indian accomplishment is, and what singular forms it often takes.

Research Institutes for Dairying: Thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Irwanti Mansukhlal, whose husband left 20 lakhs for charities, the Bombay Government is going to establish a Research Institute which is to teach animal husbandry, dairying, agriculture, horticulture and rural health. The school is to impart instructions for a certificate in one year and a diploma in four years. It will conduct research work in the above subjects so that there will be practical betterment of agriculture and rural life. The Institute aims at better cultivation, better cattle-rearing, the improvement of milk and its products, and the marketing of them.

The generosity of another philanthropist, Seth Mungalal Geendka, who has donated six lakhs of rupees, has enabled the same government to plan the establishment of another institute for researches in animal genetics and nutrition, the evolution of good milk-producing cows being a primary aim. The two institutes are to be established at Anand in Kaira district. A thousand acres is to be acquired for the purpose, and Government is to transfer to them its cattle and dairying farms at Chharodi and Surat.

The Reform of the Village Police: A comprehensive scheme for the reform of the village police has been conceived by the Government of Orissa. A committee has been appointed to make recommendations regarding the following questions:—

(a) Whether any change is necessary in the existing principles or in the method of assessment of *chaukidari* tax;

(b) whether the incidence of the *chaukidari* tax can be made more equitable and what measures should be taken to avoid inequalities in the incidence;

(c) whether a uniform system of cash payment should be introduced and service lands where they exist resumed or vice versa;

(d) whether Zamindars of temporary and permanently settled estates have any responsibility in terms of their Sanads to maintain an establishment of *chaukidars* in the village or villages within their Zamindaries;

(e) whether the chaukidars can be made more responsible to the village community than they are at present;

(f) whether the chaukidars should be placed under the control of the Revenue Officers as in the case of Talayaris in South Orissa;

(g) whether the number of chaukidars could be reduced and their pay raised to the level of that of Talayaris in South Orissa;

(h) whether the presidents of Panchayats should be elected by vote, instead of being selected by the Sub-divisional Officers as at present;

(i) whether any change is necessary regarding the control and discipline of chaukidars and in their duties;

(j) whether the systems prevalent in the different parts of North Orissa could be unified and a uniform system of village police introduced; and

(k) what steps are to be taken to give effect to the recommendations, if accepted, and also their financial implications."

Polygamy. The institution of polygamy, the abolition of which is the aim of Mrs. Subbaroyan's Bill in the Central Legislative Assembly and of Mr. Seth Govindlal S. Motilal in the Council of State, has got the arguments of antiquity and history for its retention. The Rig-veda, the earliest literary work of the Aryan world, compares a person assailed by enemies to a husband troubled by his quarrelsome wives. In later times the smrtikartas sanctioned the marriage of more than one woman. One circumstance which made them approve of it was their cautious attitude in regard to adoption. The adoption of a son was not regarded as so meritorious as to have a son by a wife, and this prejudice, it can hardly be doubted, made the choice of more than one wife a necessity. The Smritis approved the custom under certain other circumstances as well. If a wife was issueless in spite of a conjugal life of ten years, or if she had a girl alone during a period of twelve years, or if the children were uniformly short-lived during a period of fifteen years, the husband could go in for another wife, provided he had the consent of the first. The earlier Smrti-writers condemned any other reason for polygamy. The growing inferiority of woman's status and the growing practice of infant-marriage led to the increase of the chances for the husband's dissatisfaction with his wife, and the later Smrti-writers had to allow polygamy for less rigid and equitable reasons. One can naturally contend that in an age

where adoption is common and not spiritually objected to, the institution of polygamy loses its only serious argument; and the hardships which it entails certainly require a legislative remedy on the lines suggested.

The Place of Art in Human Life. In his third University Extension Lecture Dr. J. H. Cousins referred to the welcome appreciation of the value of art-activity in India as a purifying and ennobling factor in the critical years of the nation's childhood and adolescence. India, he points out, is passing through an age of transition, and in such a period the elevating and disciplining influence of art on human character is indispensable. The impulse to the expression of feeling, which lies behind all creative art, points out Dr. Cousins, is dependent not on reason but the feeling-capacity. "Man does not satisfy his physical hunger because he *thinks* he is hungry, but because he *feels* so. When he feels inwardly, not merely physically, he is impelled either in words towards religious aspiration or outwards towards creative expression in the arts. When the feeling-impulse is of such quantity and quality as to impel him simultaneously in both directions the great artist appears." It was under such circumstances that Leonardo the painter, Wagner the musician, Shelley the poet, the Ajanta painter, the Ellora sculptor, and the architects of Mahabalipuram, Tanjore and Suchindram, arose to teach the humanity of the plains and valleys the possibility of the high peak of achievement. In his inimitable manner Dr. Cousins appealed to his hearers to organize life in such a way as to give the child the opportunity for releasing the creative faculty in it in the form of artistic expression.

The Foundations of World Peace. In a thoughtful address which Mr. J. C. Kumarappa recently delivered he traced the centralised and capitalistic method of production to the employment of the sword by sections of humanity against each other. The army and navy, he pointed out, are at the basis of all modern system of production in the west. Modern wars pre-suppose an unequal distribution of wealth. They do not favour an economy beneficial to the peasant, but are engineered by selfish capitalists at the expense of the human welfare. Patriotism and propaganda are cleverly manipulated by the financial magnate, and the educational system is correlated to this nefarious scheme. Production and distribution are centralised, raw materials are *commandeered*, transports adjusted to suit them, and Governments are made to employ the immense resources of the army, navy and the aeroplane to destroy men for the sake of the principle of 'the industrialised nation.' Mr. Kumarappa therefore rightly denounces this industrial centralisation. The people's money, he says,

should be spent on roads and fields and mills, and not on engines of destruction. Young men should non-cooperate with such a system of centralised production and foreign trade. Peace and good will among men should be the basis of a healthy economic system in which different sections of humanity would have free scope for happiness and development.

The Reform of Co-operative Societies. A Bill in the Bengal Legislative Assembly aims at the introduction of several measures to place the cooperative movement on a healthier and stronger basis. The net result of these provisions is to increase the official control over the societies. The Registrar is vested with some special powers. Certain classes of societies are allowed to float debentures, the principal and interest of which the Government proposes to guarantee. Government is to give financial assistance to the societies by granting loans or taking shares, or in any other form. The central financing Banks are to be morally strengthened by the Registrar's right to effect a compromise between a society and its creditors. Societies can devote a portion of their profits to the improvement of village education, sanitation and communications. The Registrar can exercise a strong control over the Executive Committees of the Societies and even dissolve them in case of incorrigibility. The distribution of profits should be only after their realisation. Societies should be equitable in the distribution of loans, avoiding the over-financing or under-financing of individuals, and be prevented from undue lending to their office-bearers, from illegal loans, and from undue restrictions in lending. The Bill also provides for larger departmental supervision and guidance in respect of cases like recalcitrance or habitual default, with the right of appeal against the orders of the departmental officials. The officialisation of the movement is regretable; but it is difficult to see a more advisable policy in the light of the widespread corruption and inefficiency which clogs the movement.

Local Economic Planning. Speaking before the Salem Swadeshi Exhibition at Salem early in August Sir M. Visweswarayya enunciated a regular scheme of economic planning for the relief of poverty caused by the two evils of undue dependence on agriculture and low productivity. An all-India scheme would be advisable and necessary, said Sir Visweswarayya; but it was urgent that local steps should be taken earlier and on practicable lines. The cardinal fact in his scheme is that each village should be placed under a Village Council which would exercise all governmental functions except the police. Endowed with the power to guide the entire range of village activities, the Council should be able to infuse new life in production and mass welfare. The

village council should be helped and guided by a District Economic Council which would plan coordinatively for the whole district. This plan should be preceded by an economic survey of the occupations, industries, etc. which are capable of expansion and improvement. The village council should then be helped by the District Council to promote production in accordance with the agreed scheme, and to improve the lot of the village people in productive capacity and standard of life.

Mass Illiteracy. Dr. Syed Mahmud, the Education Minister in Bihar, has outlined a scheme for removing illiteracy among the masses. The campaign, in fact, began three months ago. It aims at supplementing the existing system of primary education with private and honorary agencies. The scheme has received the warm support of the public. Teachers of all grades, of colleges and schools, have come forward to help in the organisation of 'Literacy centres'. Muslims learn Hindi and teach Urdu, and Hindus learn Urdu and teach Hindi. Books are supplied freely. Even prisons have been brought into the orbit of this activity. In June there were 10000 centres, with 13000 volunteers and 167000 scholars. Dr. Syed Mahmud is desirous of pushing on the experiment with state aid in a systematic manner. He is both for the primary classes for the three R's and for continuation classes. Each Literacy centre is expected to turn out 100 literates in the year. Moderate payments will be made to teachers on the basis of results. Visual instruction and circulating libraries are to be provided for. News sheets are to be published by the Central and District Committees. It is hoped that in ten years illiteracy will be practically removed.

Book Reviews.

Local Autonomy. By G. F. F. Foulkes. Publishers—Messrs. G. A. Natesan and Co., Madras. 2 Volumes each Re. 1.

The Congress Ministry has been in office in Madras for a little more than a year now and during this short term of their tenure they have tried, as best they could, to tackle some of the vital needs of rural life. Prohibition and the Agriculturists' Debt Relief Act are two important pieces of legislation to their credit. These and other measures have brought some cheer and happiness to the poor peasant but a great deal more yet remains to be done before we could witness visible signs of rural prosperity. Liquidation of illiteracy, a thorough overhauling of the present system of education with a view to making it serve the vital needs of the country, revision of land revenue, proper medical relief with special reference to the problem of nutrition, a protected water supply, greater credit and marketing facilities for the agriculturists, revival and active encouragement of cottage industries,—these are but a few of the problems demanding solution so that Rurul India could come into its own.

The books under review call attention to these varied problems and offer valuable suggestions. With his large experience in the field of local self-government, Mr. Foulkes is well qualified to write about them and we trust that the suggestions made by him will receive the attention that they deserve at the hands of the Government. Volume I is devoted to a consideration of topics like Education, Health, the Co-operative Movement, Civil Justice and Rural Reconstruction. Since the publication of the Volume the Wood Abbot Report and the Wardha Scheme on Educational reorganisation have been out and the Wardha Scheme, if and when introduced on a large scale, is going to revolutionise the educational system of our country. As objection has been taken to the use of the term vernacular, we suggest that it be dropped, the term mother tongue be substituted in future editions of the book. Volume II is devoted to a detailed consideration of the problem of agriculture with special reference to South India. We have read the two volumes with great profit and strongly recommend them to others.

E. N. S.

Presence and other Poems. By K. Shivaramakrishnan. Published by Messrs. Arthur H. Stockwell Ltd., 29, Ludgate Hill, E. C. 4. Pp. 16. Price 1sh.

This neat little volume of poems is dedicated to Sri Aurobindo by one whose heart has been conquered by that great master. To the difficult art of Indo-Anglian poetry Mr. Shivaramakrishnan brings a keen eye for natural beauty, a ear for verbal melody, a cultivated taste which has acquainted itself with the best that has been written in English and the Indian languages, and a heart that is purified and ennobled by a sense of the living Presence of the Author of all beauty in the sightsand sound that surround us. As a lordly elephant he has taken his full pleasure in the tropic forests

and in the sweet-scented vales through which the Avon flows: he has read Shakespeare and Milton and has enjoyed Kalidasa.

In the title poem 'Presence', he sings how he has felt the Presence of God in forest glades, in flowery-meads, in bluest hills, in moon-lit spring nights and in dark winter nights. The half-sleeping cows

In flow'ry meads,
With reeds and weeds

the idle cow-herds by swelling streams, the sweetest odour of the whitest *Palas* and the creepers wedding trees suggest the groves of Brindaban and the Lord of Love whose charm leaf and flower and sky seem to breathe. 'Rage Divine' paints the glory of inspired song. On the weakling heart of man descends the might of the Fire sent down by 'the high Gods that grace Heaven's vast plains'. They flood the poet's heart with golden light and for the moment the inspired poet is only a reed through which the Gods play divine melodies Therefore, says the poet,

I glory in my song, and with delight
I hug them close and closer to my heart.
I feel my lips are blest that uttered words
The lord of universes breath'd through me.

Pieces of a like nature are 'The Gopis to Uddhava', the 'Riks', 'The Song of Divine Grace' from the Tamil of Ramalinga Swamigal, Stanzas from Narayana Bhatta, the hymn on Agni and that on creation. These are the outpourings of a sincere and deeply spiritual heart, a worthy offering at the feet of the Master. But the lines that reveal the true measure of Mr. Shivarama Krishnan's highly poetic mind are those addressed to his newly wed bride:

What time we went thrice round the sacred fire
Blithe-blazing, fed with fragrant offerings
Of Ghi libations, thou with the bashfulness
The nature brings to damsels newly-wed,
Half-willing like, gavest but two or three
Of thy most darling fingers, soft and slender,
Charming like fragile lotus filaments,
Reddish with pretty paint of scarlet juice.
Since when I took that gentle hand of thine,
All things I touch give forth a fragrance sweet.

Equally poetic is his 'Moonrise on the Cauvery Floods'. Mr. Krishnan has breathed in fully the loveliness of our ancient heritage as also the splendours of the land we live in. Mr. Krishnan is one from whose pen more and greater things can be expected.

A. C. Subramanyam.

A Manual of Hindu Astrology. By Dr. B. V. Raman, Bangalore. Published by the Author, Bettahalsoor, Bangalore. Price Rs. 4 or 8 sh.

This book is not a popular treatise on Astrology and is not likely to attract the lay reader. The average educated person of the present day, if he has an interest at all in Astrology, cares more for the predictive part thereof, than for its mathematical part which consists of very complicated calculations, enough to make his head giddy.

The work is a purely technical one, but written by the author with an eye for brevity and condensation. The progress of the subject through chapters 3 to 11 inclusive is interesting, and they constitute the purely

mathematical portions of the work. The first two chapters deal with preliminary matters and the last chapter gives us those details relating to the Shodasavargas which have got to be known about planets with reference to Horoscopes, to truly evaluate their favourable and unfavourable influences. There are a few tables given at the end of the book which should be of great use for reference in making the mathematical calculations required for astrology.

The usefulness of the book and the practical application of the several mathematical propositions and formulae set out in it, cannot be explored, without having for reference Raphael's Ephemeris, a reliable Hindu Almanac, Clarke's Logarithmic tables, and other mathematical guides to Astrology. A mastery of Sri Padi Paddhati is also a necessity.

If the author's aim was to popularise the mathematical portion of Astrology among a wide class of lay readers, the work would have had to be elaborated through plainer and less technical writing. As it is, its usefulness is restricted to a class of readers, none too numerous, whose interest in astrology is more intimate and enthusiastic and whose familiarity with the subject invites them to its more intricate parts.

That the author should have indicated with more definiteness whether the Western method of computing with the moveable Zodiac corresponding to the Sayana system in India or the Indian system of computing with the fixed Zodiac which is done by reducing the Sayana calculation to the Nirayana is a better and more accurate basis for making predictions, was reasonably to be looked for.

The book is too highly priced for the requirements of the Indian people and a cheap and popular edition would be very welcome.

A

'A Class Book of Elementary Mathematics for High Schools' Vol. I for Forms IV and V, published by Sri B. S. Yegnarama Ayyar, M.A., L.T., Tirthapati High School, Ambasamudram. Price Re. 1—8—0.

This is a welcome addition to the list of text books on the subject for the use of the High School pupils. The fundamental operations are clearly explained, and a large variety of examples well graded has been included under each chapter. The author's attempt at generalization of purely arithmetical problems leads pupils imperceptibly into algebraic forms, thus impressing on them that Algebra is but generlised Arithmetic.

Several chapters are set apart to give pupils a good grounding in the elementary portions of algebra. Very many pages are devoted for practical work and problems in geometry also.

The book is designed for the use of Forms IV and V only, yet it is a little voluminous, but the author could not help it as his ambition was to lay sure foundation in the High school pupils in all the three branches of Elementary Mathematics. He deserves congratulations on his success in the attempt.

The price of the first Vol. is put down at Re. 1/8, but it is hoped that with the publication of the second Vol., the price of a complete set will not be too high to preclude poorer pupils from the benefit of its use.

This book can be usefully adopted as a class text. N. R. P.

One Hundred Typical Essays. By K. C, Banerji, B. A. and N. G. Chatterji, B. Sc. Revised by Henry Martin, M. A. Published by Ram Narain Lal, Publisher and Bookseller, Allahabad. Price Re. 1.

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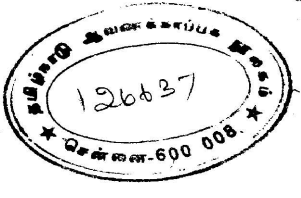

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