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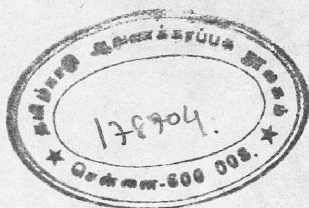
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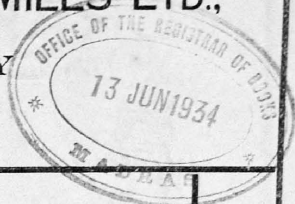
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VOL. IX

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No. 8

Sabarnati Ashram.*

5. THE LIVING REPRESENTATIVE



T is the easiest possible thing in the world to set forth on a piece of paper the highest ideal. But if there is no living representative of that ideal it is worthless." (Gandhiji, in a letter, 1933).

Can the ideal of the Ashram be attained? Has it a single living representative, or must we brush it aside as utopian, valueless? For this is a challenge we must face, if the Ashram ideal is to be laid before the world as a substitute for violence.

Satyagraha is essentially an Indian ideal. It is as old at least as the story of Harishchandra and the Puranic histories of Prahlad. It is to suffer all for Truth, bearing nought but active love for those who cause the suffering: seeing one Life in all, to that devoted wholly, knowing that it must prevail. Once we read the stories in those old books of ours, and our gaze attached itself to the miraculous in them. Then with a contemptuous sneer for our ancestor's credulity, being filled with the vanity of trousers, trains and the other trumperies the West call progress, we said "Ridiculous," and turned away. Yet it was an Indian of that foolish generation who had been chosen to make these tales a living power in our lives, a message of hope to all the world outside.

Whether we turn to his own thrilling story of his life, to the many biographies by admirers in every land, or to the cold

* See January, February, March and April issues for the earlier parts of the series.

narratives of hostile pressmen, -it is clear to all who read with unbiassed eyes that there is to-day at least one living representative of that ideal, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, (64), "farmer and weaver" by profession, better known to the public of the world as *Mahatmaji*, is indeed, has always been, a devoted follower of the Truth through Love.

Satyagraha, as known to the modern world, is his discovery; he loves it as a child. Used with brilliant success by him in Africa, it was transported in wartime to his Motherland. In local areas, and in those smaller causes which so often are an acid test, it was uniformly crowned with victory. Indeed, *Satyagraha* can never fail in a world ruled by Law Divine, for it is the essence of law-abidingness. A seeming failure is but postponement of success, through our failure to cling to purest *satya*; the true warrior of love is but inspired by such a failure to braver striving after purity, so that the cause of Truth may triumph soon.

The laws of love and perfect harmlessness made Gandhiji so sweetly reasonable to his opponents, that friend and foe alike have been confounded. Denounced as a fanatical agitator on the one side and as a fickle traitor on the other, it is remarkable how he has yet won the greatest name on Earth. By unexpected concessions he has disappointed those who thought that his uncompromising nature must play into their hands, and made the bluff and bluster of Imperialism strangely futile, if not a little foolish. Ever ready to yield in details, he is unbending where the principles are concerned, and in all his fights his one demand is but a "change of heart," a readiness to speak as man to man to plan the common good, away from all the childishness of prestige and rank.

His idea of statesmanship is based upon the *Gita*. As Sri Krishna tried to win the Kaurava hearts before the fight, and then fought bravely but without passion when the hour came, so Gandhiji has always longed for interviews and reconciliation and has never shown anger in his many conflicts with authority.

His constant bringing of what the world has viewed as purely spiritual matters into the political field has often embarrassed gravely all concerned, but to him "Politics without Religion is like a dead body," from which the spirit has fled away. His answer to outrageous tyranny is a penitential fast; the opponent first laughs, then becomes uneasy and alarmed, and finally not unoften yields to a pressure he cannot understand.

None has done more than Gandhiji to bring Muslim and Hindu to the common family of Indian Nationhood; none has

done more to cleanse away the old sin of untouchability that dividing, has so weakened Hinduism. None but he who truly incarnates the living soul of India could dare to fast as penance for its impurities. None but the living spirit of truth and love and tireless service and utter fearlessness could show such daring as to confess the sins of India before the world as though his own, and yet be known by all as utterly sincere. Another would be drowned in ridicule.

Who has done more than he to raise the self-respect of villagers and the honour of their humble work? Where in India has any taught as he that one who eats without sharing the labours of the poor has robbed them and lives in shame? Who has so endeared himself to countless millions who have never seen him, because he truly understands their need and shares their poverty? This love that binds him to the masses is his greatest power in the work, be it social, political, religious. Blind love it is; but love is God and, rightly guided, uses all His power; who can more truly guide it than this man who feels himself as truly one with all?

If any in the world to-day is rightly called World Teacher, it is he. For his message has spread everywhere a gleam of hope in the darkness that overspreads the sky of every land. The "war to end war" ended, as the wise foresaw, in a peace that ends all hope of peace. A bastard "nationalism" run mad, like a bolting horse, plunges the chariot of our civilisation towards the abyss once again. While dishonest politicians wrangle on security and disarmaments, they pile up weapons more and more at home. "No one wants war," we say, and make it inevitable by enthroning Selfishness and Greed where Righteousness should reign. That war is coming soon, all seem agreed; and all admit that if it comes, a miracle would hardly save our boasted European "Culture". Yet none can see how we can avoid it. The world is now in direst need and cries for its deliverer, as centuries ago when demons were oppressing the saints of God. Almost it seems as though the demons had returned to Earth, with Science tied to their chariot wheels.

The deliverer is here, and in our very midst, if we would hear him. When unrighteousness prevails, Sri Krishna Himself takes birth to save the world and to restore the Right. Millions have looked upon the Man of Sabarmati as a very Avatar, and millions worship him as such,—to his very great distress. Be that as it may, the times demand a message if the world is to be saved, and this man has brought a message full of richest gladdest hope. Through love, through self-suffering, through *satyagraha*, all injustice can be righted, if there be courage, discipline and faith!

Without worshipping the man, we may try to understand and live his message. For his life and efforts to attain the Truth would have but little meaning if we were blinded by his measure of success to the fact that he is very man, like us. What he has done is also in our reach ; we too may seek and find. By sharing in his work, we too shall save the world ; and if the peasants' ignorance be truth, how great our joy to work beside so great a Worker !

On whose whole life is Love and Truth personified, cannot but be the noblest, sweetest teacher. As *Guru*, he is revered by many thousands ; as friend, he is loved by all. Wise, intuitive, gentle, and yet strangely frank, it is a joy and privilege even to fight with him, as his opponents have often found ; even Ravan came to bliss through fighting with the Lord of Love. His boundless courage and unswerving faith in God's guidance amid the encircling gloom of all the little things in life, have lifted him beyond the reach of doubt or wavering. *Mahatma*, a mighty soul, he is indeed, though he may hate the name who gives all glory unto God.

Happy is India to welcome such a guest ! If she can truly live with him the ideal of the Sabarmati Ashram, which is the most ancient of ideals, she will herself become its living representative among the nations. Then she shall be, as is her right, the Teacher of her younger sisters and their spiritual growth.

The Education of the Future.

BY JAMES H. COUSINS, D. Lit.



THE problems of education, and the solutions of those problems, have been so elaborated by speakers and writers that the subject of education has come to appear a matter of enormous complexity. This, however, is far from the truth. Education is, like all the fundamental needs of humanity, essentially simple. It demands nothing more extraordinary than the provision of opportunity and materials whereby every child may develop its capacities to their fullest possibility. It demands also that the educated individual shall be put in useful and happy relationship with his and her environment.

This demand might at first sight be taken as referring merely to education in quantity. That would be a cardinal error. It was not the uneducated countries that brought about the war of 1914. It is the countries that have the largest quantity of education to-day that are preparing for "the next war". This does not mean, of course, that education should be abolished in order to attain peace. There is no escaping the process of education. Every activity has an educative effect. What is needed is the recognition of the universality of the educative process in life, and a wise arrangement whereby the expanding capacities of the student shall be influenced towards their finest expression.

This fine expression is not possible to-day, because the general aim of education is towards personal satisfaction instead of impersonal service; and in the matter of personal satisfaction the scales are weighted in favour of lower gratification instead of higher expression. Fineness is only attainable when the movement of life, individual or collective, is upwards and away from self.

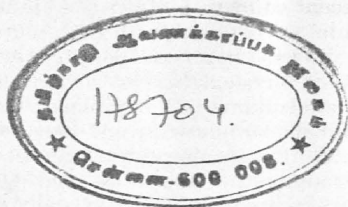
The whole problem of education rests on the view that is held by educational authorities as to the nature of the student and the purpose of the educated individual's life. If the student is viewed as an individual to be armed for perpetual struggle against other individuals, there is not much use in wasting time on education. The beasts of the jungle have a quicker and more effective method of mutual destruction. It is equally useless to educate children to be mere automata to obey the dictates of an external will. The reality of the matter lies, not between these extremes, but in their balanced interaction. The student is both a self-unit needing the liberation of its powers and a social-unit needing restraint in its actions.

The trouble about such terms as liberation and restraint is that they have been twisted out of their true significance by false usage. Liberation is generally regarded as the arbitrary expression of irresponsible self-will. Restraint is regarded as the arbitrary imposition of equally irresponsible other-will. But it is the restraints of life that produce definiteness and power, as the laws of science or of art enable the scientist and the artist to liberate their genius into greater knowledge or more beautiful expression. There can be no liberation without restraints, as there can be no flow of a river without its restraining banks; but not all restraints serve the needs of liberation. Both have to be understood, and adjusted to one another.

Education could bring the development of the self-unit and the social-unit together by being simultaneously cultural and vocational. Cultural education is self-education; vocational education is social-education. The two together—education bringing out the powers of the individual in constant contact with the life of the community—will, I venture to prophesy, be the education which the future will regard as true education. This does not mean the prostitution of culture to the mere fitting of the student for a job. On the contrary, it means the elevation of daily work to the level of cultural expression. When people of culture are also workers, or, conversely, when the workers are cultured people, the ugly problems of human relationships will disappear.

But education will be held from its full possibility of service to the highest interests of humanity until it makes provision for the development of the complete capacity-endowment of every child. At present education views the student as merely a self-conscious animal to be equipped with cunning for getting the better of his fellows. It serves the purposes of low thought and to some extent of physical fitness. Thinking and doing are, of course, essential elements in a complete education, and the education of the future will develop and elevate both its mental and physical aspects. But no one can think clearly or act efficiently unless thought and action are influenced by sensitiveness to all that is involved in the word beauty and by the lofty intention involved in the word holiness. The media for the development of beauty and holiness are art and religion. Art is the true medium of self-expression, since its impulses come from the centre of the individual's own nature. Religion is the medium of social-expression since its call is to the purification and elevation of individual attitude and conduct towards the Great Life and all that it includes. Through the arts the pent-up creative energies of the individual find release. Through religion the individual

impulses are directed towards the highest good of both the individual and the community. By art I mean something more vital than mere imitation; I mean full individual expression in forms that are both useful and beautiful. By religion I mean something deeper than unintelligible dogmas and mechanical observances; I mean the free response of the individual to the highest influences from the Great Life. These impulses and restraints, being natural, inevitable, and from within, will require no external compulsion. I am deeply convinced that the inclusion of creative expression through the arts, and of aspirational expression through religion, is the most fundamental need of education the world over. Without it, economical, political and other problems will never be satisfactorily solved, for their solution depends on the inclusiveness of the intention that is brought to bear on them, and there can be no inclusive intention while human beings are less than half developed through the omission of their highest and most essential capacities from their general education. With the inclusion of the arts and religion in the education of the future, humanity will at long last have the chance of becoming human.

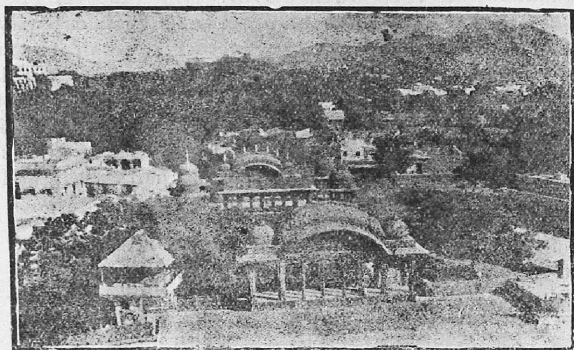


Ajmer the Ancient.

By A. KALYANARAMAN, M. A., F. C. S.



IN the life of a people the essence of what has been is the tincture of what will be. A nation which is not conscious of its past has no future. Nothing is more conducive to this consciousness than a visit to places of archeological importance which have crystallised in their aged walls and ruined battlements the story of our ancient heritage.



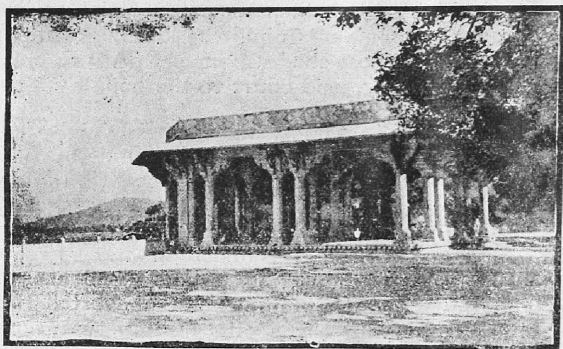
A Panoramic View of Ajmer from the Jain Temple.
In the background is the residency on a hill.

Of all the cities in Rajputana, that land of glamorous romance chivalry and hoary tradition, Ajmer is one of the oldest. The name is a corruption of "Ajai Meru," the stronghold of Ajaipal Chouhan who was King of Sambhar early in the 7th century A. D. and whose anniversary is still celebrated with eclat in the province. The descendants of Ajaipal had a chequered career, especially in their passages-at-arms with the "Turushkas" or Arabs who made incursions into Rajasthan from Sind. One of them, Simharaj (Circa 956 A.D.), actually bore the title of "Sultan Graha" or 'Captor of Sultans'. The obnoxious *mlechchas* of the West soon were followed by a more formidable menace from the North. Mahamud of Gazni attacked the Garh or fortress of Ajmer (1024 A. D.), but was wounded and forced to retire. The evil day was, however, only deferred, and the despised but tenacious Turushkas were again pounding at the gates of India led by Mohamud of Ghor. The task of meeting the invaders fell upon Prithviraj Chouhaun renowned in song and history

as the beau ideal of a Rajput lover, warrior and king. Twice the Ghoris were defeated and taken prisoner and twice were released by the proud and magnanimous Indian. The third time fortune deserted the Rajputs at the fateful field of Jhameswar and Prithviraj, betrayed by his allies and handicapped by the active enmity of father-in-law Jaichand of Kanauj, was taken prisoner and killed by the ungrateful and wily Musalman.

With Prithviraj the sun of Rajasthan suffered a permanent eclipse. Ajmer itself ceased to be the capital of a powerful empire and became a mere Subha. During the Moghul epoch, however, the city enjoyed much Royal patronage being frequently visited by the Emperor. Art and industry flourished and much care was lavished on the building, roads and gardens.

With the decline of Moghul power the Mahrattas placed hands on the city, violently laying in the dust the "panchranga" flag of Marwar which had begun to fly over the "Garh Beetli". In 1818 the city was ceded by the Mahrattas to the British, who promptly set up a local Government and established a Cantonment.



A "Baradari" at Ana Sagar.

Even the casual observer is struck by the great strategic importance of the city. Bishop Heber calls the place a second Gibraltar, although modern weapons of warfare like aeroplanes, tanks, and "Big Berthas" have robbed nature of her natural protections of much of their value. Towering above the city is the fortress, the Garh Beetli of the ballad singers, with its 14 bastions and massive walls, the ruins of which alone are a reminder of the deeds of valour and "derring-do" performed within its portals. There, is however, in the words of Byron "a power and magic in

the ruined battlement for which the palace of the present hour must yield its pomp". Nothing is left, in fact, of the lordly citadel from where the proud Ratlor flung defiance against the Moghul hosts, but the dismantled bastions and the splendid reservoirs within which precious water was stored.

The beauty of Ajmer is reflected in its lakes. The lovely Ana Sagar is easily one of the most picturesque sights in Rajputana. The lake was formed by an artificial dam 1100 feet long, of massive bricks faced with granite, thrown between two spurs of encircling hills by King Anaji. The lake has a further interest as being the source of the Luni River which pursues its course amidst the thirsty sands of Rajputana till it joins the sea near the Indus.

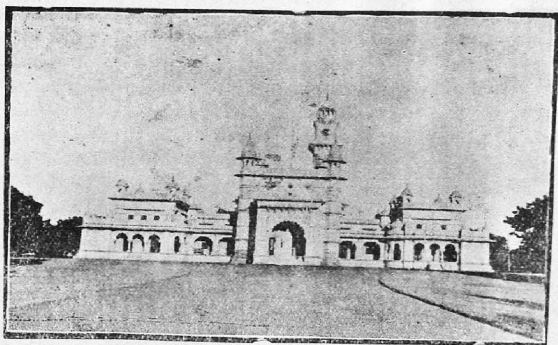
The Moghul rulers who had an eye for beauty and the where-withal to satisfy their craving for it greatly embellished the spot. Jehangir erected a summer palace which is now largely in ruins. Shah Jehan, the prince of builders, added a marble balustrade to the embankment and constructed those fine pavilions or baradar-ies of polished Jodhpur marble, elegant and delicately proportioned, most of which still gladden the eyes of the tourist. The Dowlat Bagh or garden, adjoining the Sagar, contains many venerable trees under whose shade Thomas Roe, the emissary of an unknown English King, paid court to the haughty Moghul.

Of all the buildings in Ajmer, the Adhai-Din-Ka-Jhonpra is perhaps unequalled in historical interest. Cunningham, a noted observer, opines that there is no monument in India which is more worthy of preservation. The building was originally a college house built by Visaldeva in 1150 A. D. A magnificent Saraswati temple once worthily rounded off the sacred cloisters humming with the life of industrious study. The early Afghan invaders who destroyed the temple and converted the college into a mosque put up from the spoils an imposing screen wall which is seen in the photograph. The wall consists of seven arches with structural characteristics which are distinctly Hindu, thus disproving the theory that ancient Indians knew nothing of the principle of the true arch.

The central arch leads to a vast pillared Hall, the columns of which are perhaps the oldest in India except those in cave temples. Like all early Hindu architecture their ornamentation is very complex, no two pillars being exactly alike. In elegance of design and mastery of execution these stone carvings compare with the best in India and elsewhere and constitute with the gracefully patterned ceiling a veritable poem in stone.

The Jhonpra is rich in epigraphical data. Here were found the stone tablets containing practically the whole of the play "Lalita Vighararaja Nataka" written by Somadeva in praise of King Vighararaja (12th century A. D.). The play depicts the woes of the Royal lover who after a great victory over "Hammira" (a confusion between the Aran Amirs of Sind and the hungry Afghans from the North) finally joins his inamorata. Other slabs unearthed at the Jhonpura contain portions of the drama "Harikeli Nataka" composed by the King who shows himself as much an adept in orthodox versifying as in making war and love.

A place of great importance to Musalmans all over India is the Durga (or tomb) of Kwaja Sahib, a Chisti fakir who came to India with the army of Shahabuddin Ghori. The tomb itself was built long after by Akbar, and Sha Jehan in his own lavish style, edified his soul by erecting a lofty dome and a Masjid in white marble. As we enter the gateway, we are confronted by two enormous copper boilers fitted into solid masonry, and capable of holding about 50 to 75 bags of rice. Distinguished visitors to the Durgh fill these cauldrons with rice, sugar, ghee and spices which mess is boiled overnight and distributed in the morning among the hungry Peer-Zadas, whose rapacious antics afford much pious amusement to the donor. Some of the fakirs are not above wrapping their naked bodies in rags and jumping bodily into the still hot vessel and waging a battle royal for every handful!



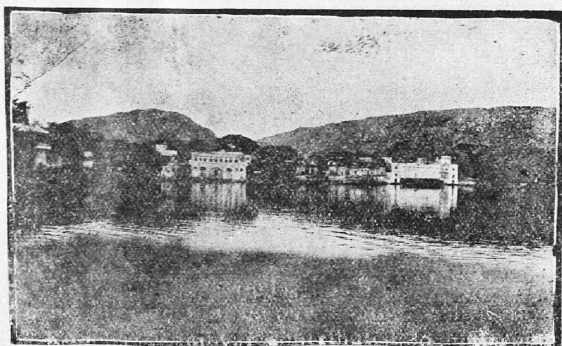
The Mayo College.

The interior of the tomb was built by Jahanara, the faithful daughter of Shah Jehan. The delicate carvings in the railings and the beautiful proportions of the Masjid will charm the visitor who has not yet seen the Moghul edifices of Agra and Delhi.

Akbar's fort, more familiarly known as the Magazine, lies in the heart of the city and well repays a visit. Although much of its glory is of the past and the lovely gardens where the Royal ladies took the air of an evening are now no more, the palace which Akbar built and where Jehangir interviewed Thomas Rao is still intact. If only the cold stones of this building, coloured with the hue of the setting sun, could tell their tale, what a story of love, intrigue and red passion will be unfolded !

Ajmer is par-excellance the city of princes—reason, the Mayo College (the "Eton of India"), where a youthful crowd of India's bluest blood woo the Muses. The College is a residential institution, the main building being a magnificent structure of untreated white stone, in which modern ideas have been grafted on the Indo-Saracenic base.

The Jain temple, built and endowed by the late Rai Bahadur Seth Moolchand, and now managed by his son is another landmark in the city not only because of its religious associations but also because of its outstanding architectural merit. Many lakhs of rupees have been spent on this imposing edifice, with its inner sanctuary-halls of polished marble surmounted by conical domes of red Jaipur stone fluted and carved in the conventional Jain style. The hall of mirrors housing the miniature city of Hastinapur (where Jaina Charya was born) is a curiosity which attracts a never-ending stream of visitors.



Reflections on Pushkar Lake. The buildings are the palaces of the Maharajahs of Gwalior Kotah.

Seven miles to the West of Ajmer, in a hill-studded valley lies the sacred lake of Pushkar whose sanctity is only equalled by its antiquity. The lake is mentioned in both the Sacred Epics,

and Buddhist inscriptions of the 2nd Century B. C. at Sanchi eulogise certain Pushkar benefactors.

The interesting legend as to the origin of Pushkar is well-known. Brahma desirous of performing Yagna threw down his sacred lotus to determine him a site for the ceremony. Pushkar was the chosen spot and the delighted Creator celebrated the "yaga" there in spite of a domestic contretemps which resulted in Savitri departing in a huff to a neighbouring hillock and which necessitated Brahma marrying in an extempore fashion Gayatri, a shepherd's daughter!

The pious Jathri is sure to find Pushkar a perpetual delight. Besides the temples of Brahma and Savitri (which have few counterparts in India) there are numerous edifices rich in sacerdotal importance, though most them have suffered cruelly from the ravages of the soldiers of Islam. Of special importance to South Indians are the two temples of Sree Ranganatha, one built in 1823 by Seth Pooranmal of Hyderabad and the other more recently by the Bangor family of Calcutta Marwaris. The former temple is in the usual upper India manner of building with inconspicuous gateways and with ornamental balustrades and "chattries". The new Rangji Mandir, however, is startling in its Dravidian in design and execution. The massive Gopuram will do credit to any South Indian temple, while the interior decorations are of the orthodox Tamilian type. At both the "Rangji" Mandirs the ministrants are Ayyangars from Kanchipuram, but not much love is presumably lost between them as they belong to the Tengalai and Vadagalai sects respectively!

The Thullal Kathagal in Malayalam Literature.

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



"HULLAL KATHA" is one of the many kinds of folk songs in Kerala and is something like the English Ballad. It is sung with appropriate *abhinaya* or action. In Malayalam this recitation and action are connoted by the expression *Thulluka*, which literally means "jumping up and down," but which in its context means the *Thullal* performance accompanied by the set paraphernalia. The name *Thullal* is applied to it because the *abhinaya* consists mostly of what may be styled the "jump dance".

Its technique resembles that of the *Kathakali*, but its equipments are not so elaborate as in the latter. Though in point of artistic excellence its place is behind that of the *Kathakali*, yet its mode of composition, presentation and action appeal more directly to the mass mind. Here the actor himself speaks out, while in the *Kathakali*, it is a dumb show wherein the actor's thoughts are exemplified by *Mudras* (signs shown by the fingers).

The *Thullal* has for its subject some Puranic episode and is in the nature of a monologue. The story is recited by a single actor to the accompaniment of *Maddalam* (a small drum resembling a *Mridangam* but a little bigger in size) and *Thalam* (period). As each verse is given out, it is repeated by another from behind, and so on it goes till the end of the story is come to, the main actor dancing all the while, and exhibiting considerable foot work and other *abhinaya*.

The actor's head is adorned with a high *Kiritam* (crown). The face is painted green with blood-shot eyes, and the chin and the cheek-bones are plastered with a thick paste of flour. The painting and plastering are in themselves exquisite works of art requiring great skill. A puffy coat, red in colour, is worn, and the chest is covered with a shield. Several kinds of beads are worn round the neck, and the arms are adorned with sparkling bracelets. The lower garments consist of a loose cloth made narrow at the top but broad at the toe, the ends of the cloth forming a circle. Over this are hung down from the waist several narrow strips of cloth of variegated colours sewn with lace and gold. Round the ankles are tied a string of *Selukais* or *kinkinis* (small bells). Thus the dress and other embellishments are almost the same as that of a *Kathakali* actor.

In recent times, but few of the exponents of this art are met with and even their number is fast declining, due to want of proper encouragement. The performances themselves are now seen only during some temple festivals in up-country parts and during congresses or conferences in urban areas, where they are exhibited as a relic of antiquarian art. Whatever might be the future of the "Thullal performances," the *Thullal Kathakal* themselves have a permanent place, and without them, the position of Malayalam literature would be something like that of the Elizabethan literature without the Shakesperean drama. What were primarily intended by the poet to be staged are now more read and enjoyed.

There are three kinds of *Thullals*, the *Oottan*, the *Sithankan*, and the *Parayan*, the distinction arising from the slightly different kinds of metre employed in them. In common parlance this distinction is not kept in view, and all the three kinds are known by the generic name of *Oottan Thullal*.

Kunjan Nambyar is the progenitor of the *Thullal Kathakal*, and he is also the father of modern Malayalam verse and style. Much of the early life, education and subsequent work of the poet is still shrouded in obscurity. What is so far certain is that he was born in a small village called Killikurissi Mangalam, a mile to the north of the present Lakkiti Railway Station in the Madras—Mangalore line, on or about the Kollam year 880—(1705 A. D.); and that he spent the major portion of his life as a dependent of the Rajahs of Chembakaseri (now comprised in the Travancore State) and the Maharajahs of Travancore.

The circumstances that led to the introduction of this new kind of poetry seem to be purely accidental. In Kerala there is another very old institution known as the *Chakkiyar Kuthu*. Here the actor—the *Chakkyar*—tells some epic story, but the story telling is interspersed with very humorous anecdotes and witticisms coined by the *Chakkyar* himself. He is said to have the privilege, in the course of narration, of criticising even the actions of the high dignitaries and of the rulers, and that to their very face. The *Chakkyar* is accompanied by a drummer. One day it so happened that our Kunjan Nambyar was engaged to do the drumming. As he was drumming, he seems to have dozed and spoiled the melody. The *Chakkyar* got terribly wild and reprimanded and insulted Nambyar publicly. Nambyar took this insult to heart and desired to wreak vengeance on the *Chakkyar*. That very night Nambyar composed the first *Thullal Katha*, *Kalyanasoughandhikam* in *Seethankan* metre and staged it the next day at a place close by, with the result that the *Chakkyar* had

thenceforward only an empty audience to face. But the loss to the *Chakkyar* turned out to be a great gain to Malayalam literature.

Nambyar is said to have composed more than a hundred *Thullals*, but it is only just over half of that number that have as yet been found and collected together. He has also to his credit several other works of great literary value, but it is on his *Thullals* that his reputation is built up.

The most remarkable feature about his poetry is, that so long ago as his period, he freed himself from the trammels of the Sanskritists. He looked round him, thought over what he saw and portrayed them in his inimitable style just as he saw them. He never cared for the Lotus, Moon or the *Chakravaki* bird. His description of men and things is remarkably characteristic. His diction is simple and elegant, and it is he who first wrote pure Malayalam and freed the language from its artificial Sanskrit atmosphere and Tamil tinge.

Another remarkable feature is the poet's equal felicity of expression, appropriateness of style and richness of imagination in portraying ordinary day-to-day matters with great fun and frolick, humour and ridicule, side by side with the abstruse thoughts of the Vedanta. This makes his works interesting both to the lay, unintelligent reader and the profoundest scholar.

This poet's world is circumscribed by the four corners of Kerala. He finds his characters in Kerala itself and does not wander about the Kailas, or the nether worlds, or the heavenly regions. His Devaloka, Pathalaloka, Hastinapura, or Kundinapura are all Kerala, and it is Kerala society that he has depicted everywhere. His works are a sure guide for those who want to write a detailed account of the social conditions of Kerala of his times. He brings to book every one, from the prince to the peasant, mercilessly exposes the faults of every community in Kerala, often holding them up to ridicule and properly complains of doctors, astrologers, magicians and oracles (*Velichapads*) and many other professional men, and even the Bhairagis that come to this part of the country from North India. But with all this he does not offend anyone, for his method of treatment is such that it infuses laughter even in the victims. Many other poets have subsequently tried to compose *Thullals*, but it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no one has approached anywhere near him.

Kunchan Nambyar contributed to Malayalam literature this new kind of *Thullal* poetry, and introduced a new purified Malayalam style. As an eminent poet, he has a place among the greatest poets of the world, and not merely among poets in Malayalam literature.

Swami Vivekananda in Benares.

BY SRI MAHENDRANATH DUTTA

[This is the second of a new series of articles compiled by Swami Jagadiswarananda from the original Bengali of Sri Mahendranath Dutta, the brother of the Swami, and is translated for the first time specially for *The Scholar*. "Swami Vivekananda in London" was another series from the Bengali memoirs of Mr. Dutta which appeared in *The Scholar* recently.—Ed.]

II



HE well-known patriot, Kelkar, was then putting up at Benares. One evening he came to see the Swami. The Swami was then unwell, so he was lying on a cot. Kelkar modestly entered his room and expressing due respects with folded hands to the Swami took his seat on the carpet spread on the floor. The talk which was conducted in English went on to various subjects, mainly the problems of India. The Swami got up and sat erect on the bed and spoke on social reform and on the political freedom of India. While conversing on the national degeneration of the country he was moved to tears and exclaimed in despair: "In the present state of our country death is better for us. We are suffering so much in every way that the country has been converted into an asylum or gaol, and we are no better than brutes. We have no food to eat, no cloth to wear and we are being exploited like imbeciles or slaves." The Swami's patriotism knew no bounds. He identified himself so much with India, that her miseries used to pinch and pain him like thorns.

Then he talked with Kelkar on politics. He opined that apish imitation of foreign politics on the part of Indians was fatal and dangerous. He pointed out to Kelkar very closely that everything should be done in India on the basis of religion alone. Even politics divorced from religion will take India away further from its destination, as religion was the soul or life-blood of India. The Swami had travelled on foot all over India from the Himalayas to the Cape Comorin and seen with his own eyes the sufferings of his countrymen. The hungry do not get food, the patient do not get diet and medicines, the poor have no clothes to put on, the illiterate have no chance for education: these things touched him to the quick. All his life he tried his level best to alleviate the miseries of his countrymen and to find out means and ways for the uplift. He formulated the definition of ideal sannyas for his followers as the salvation of his own soul by doing good to others. He introduced thus a new era in the monasticism of

modern Hinduism. That salvation is consequent on the well-being of others was his ideal of *sannyas*. Buddha too said that ideal of *Upasampada* or renunciation is "for the good of all, for the happiness of all". Christ too voiced the same thing when he enjoined his disciples to love their neighbours as as they loved God.

The Swami was a very powerful personality. His character was a rare combination of softness and hardness, *Jnana* and *Bhakti*. Once he said, "Radha's *prema* was milder, softer, more delicate than the bubbles of fresh milk." Once during a convalescence in Darjeeling he was going out for a morning walk to the hillside and was charmed at the heavenly beauty of the mountains. One Bhutiya woman was climbing a precipice with a heavy load on her back. Suddenly she stumbled, the load fell from her back and she received serious wounds on the ribs. At the sight of this, the Swami felt it so much that he could not move his legs and he stood petrified as though he himself had received the wounds on his own body. He took some time to recover from his painful mood.

They rightly say that a great man is one who can transfigure himself into various forms. Great men can visualise the form of an idea, whereas we, common people, cannot do so. Again, it is said: "A great man is the outcome of a revolution, fulfils the revolution and is the father of future ages." They are continuators of the past as well as innovators of the future. This we saw exemplified in Swami Vivekananda. He was the fore-runner of future Hinduism which will be greater than the past. One of the new ideas which he has contributed to modern Hinduism is to serve man as god. Worship of the *Daridranarayana* is a novel feature of renaissance Hinduism. Every kind of service, whether educational or philanthropic, social or national, may be included in this. *Seva* is *upasana*. To work is to worship. This *Seva* will purify the soul and will lead the aspirant eventually to the realisation of the Ultimate Truth. What were known to the ancients as *Ista* and *Purta* are known to us, moderns, as *Dharma* and *Karma*. But Vivekananda declared that *Dharma* is *Karma* and *Karma* is *Dharma*. Every movement of the body and the mind is an expression of Life Divine. The screen of *Karma* veils our spiritual nature. So we have to undo what we have done in our past incarnations. It is, as it were, untying a knot. *Karma yoga* that unites the mind in and through *Karma* purges the mind of all impurities when the sheen of self shines in full effulgence free from the cloud of *Karma*. The Swami used to say that whosoever can love anybody whole-heartedly, and serve him dispassionately will see God. Whatever you do, be that your

worship for the time being. This will lead you to whatever truth there is. Seva Dharma is Yuga Dharma. This doctrine of service will shake and shatter the accumulated morbidity of the nation and the individual. The whole nation is immersed in ignorance and inertness, dullness and depravity. The spirit of service alone will dynamise or energise them. This is the task which Vivekananda has left for posterity. The Indian nation is down in a torpor of slavery for centuries. Unless we throw off this torpor there is no salvation for us. That is why he exhorted the Indian youth to dynamic activity. We are unaware of our potential power, but when we shall plunge ourselves into activity, that power will come out and this unfoldment is easier when we try to uplift others physically, mentally or spiritually. This is Vivekananda's doctrine of service.

Three years before Swamiji's visit to Benares a Seva Samiti had been started by a handful of his lay disciples. They used to assemble together for meditation and study of the Swami's books. They were also doing some service to the poor. But the Swami's visit stabilised their attempt and put the Samiti on a sounder basis. He encouraged some of them to dedicate their lives entirely for this. This Samiti was then affiliated to the mission according to his suggestion and has since then developed into the biggest of its kind in India. It is the spirit and power of the Swami which goaded his disciples to do such wonderful work. He admonished them not to march in false colour. He warned them not to spend for themselves a penny collected for the poor. One of his disciples, who was mainly responsible for this Herculean work, followed his advice so literally that during the thirty years of his being a worker there as a monk of this Home of Service, he begged for his food and clothings. The whole Sevashram, with many wards, workers' quarters, temples and vast premises, is nothing but a form of the Swami's spirit of service.

A Bengali Brahmin Zamindar was then spending his last years in Benares. He made up his mind not to leave Benares till his death. He was well-versed in Sanskrit and had mastery over the scriptures. He was advanced in spiritual life also. He was slowly attracted to the Sevashram, and later on he patronised it by devoting most of his wealth and energy to it. He did not know English, but from the Bengali translations, he read much of the Swami's books. He was so much fascinated by the Swami's ideas that he became a staunch devotee of the Swami. When he was at Benares, he constantly visited the Swami. Once he said to us that he saw on the person of the Swami the reflection of the thoughts of Sri Ramakrishna. He said he had seen Sri Ramakrishna in and through Swamiji, and that both of them were the obverse and

reverse of the same coin. As he was an orthodox Pandit, his discipleship made a sensation in conservative circles. And in spite of fanaticism and obscurantism, he was slowly, but steadily, accepted in the orthodox society. He composed a Sanskrit poem in honour of the Swami and read it in a meeting. In that poem he compared the Swami to a great Yogi like Sukadeva and said that the Swami was infinitely greater than his public life. The Pandit derived much spiritual inspiration from the Swami. He disclosed to us once one of his dreams. He had a discussion with the Swami about the goal of Jnana and Bhakti. The Pandit could not at all understand the Swami's exposition that both finally lead to the same goal. In the dream he found himself meditating on the Divine Mother. But the Divine Figure got slowly transformed into that of the Swami. In spite of his attempts to recall his *Istamoorthi* he failed repeatedly. And then he had another vision as follows. He was in the midst of a band of monks and was dancing in the name of the Lord. During the *Sankirtana* his mind rose to the plane of Bhakti and there he experienced through his whole being the ultimate unity of devotion and wisdom. After this he used to respect the Swami as his Guru.

The Raja of Bhiringa near Lucknow was a very powerful man. He was well-up in Sanskrit and English. He promised that he would not cross the boundaries of the holy city of Benares where he had retired in old age. There he was living in his own temple garden near the Ganges in Benares, the Vatican City of Hindus. He took another vow not to come out of his garden and devoted the whole of his time in scriptural study and meditation. He was almost a Sannyasin and a true Sadhak. But hearing of the Swami's arrival in Benares he wanted to violate his vow and have a darsan of the Swami. He sent fruits and flowers as humble offerings to the Swami through another monk named Govindananda. Coming to know that the Rajah of Bhiringa was anxious to see him even by breaking his promise, he offered to go to him and asked him through Govindananda if he may. Accordingly the Swami accompanied by other spiritual brothers went to the Rajah. The Rajah who was educated, wealthy, public-spirited and a great philanthropist, bowed down to the Swami with prostrated salutations: "Swamiji, you are the lineal descendant of Buddha and Sankara and teach me the essence of Vedanta." The Swami had a long discussion with him about his future activities. The Rajah also promised to help the Swami financially in his work at Benares. When the Swami was taking leave the Rajah handed over a closed envelope which was opened after reaching the Swami's temporary lodge. It contained a cheque for Rs. 500 for his personal expenses. The Swami handed it over to

Swami Shivanand, his co-disciple and requested him to start a monastery in Benares for the monk-disciples of Sri Rama Krishna and a Math was accordingly established. What Rome is to the Christian Catholics, so is Benares to the Hindus, so the Swami desired greatly to have a math there. That math has now developed into a big monastery in which a large number of monks of the R. K. order reside for study and meditation. This R. K. Advaita Ashrama has been a centre of living spirituality and scriptural learning. It has a very good library with up-to-date collections of books specially on Religion and Philosophy, both Eastern and Western. Monks of different mission centres, after serving a period retire there for exclusive meditation and *swadhyaya*. There are some who pass their nights entirely in meditation and many have attained beatific visions here. The first precedent was created by Swami Shivananda who had founded the math. He introduced no work in the math, but kept it absolutely for the practice of spirituality. Swami Shivananda stayed there a number of years and lived on alms. He did not cross the boundaries of the math for many years and passed his days and nights in austere and intensive sadhana and penance. One day Kalidas Mitra, son of late Rai Pramadadas Mitra Bahadur M. A., came to see the Swami. The Swami greeted him very cordially as his father was his intimate friend. In itinerant days the Swami and his Gurubhratas used to put up with him in Benares. As it was winter he had warm-clothings on his person but he had round his waist a loin-cloth. The Swami sat on the floor with the guest and other brother-monks. The Swami had the power of reading others' minds at a glance, and when anybody used to come to him he would know intuitively their questions and answer them without being asked even. The questioners would be simply surprised and dumb-founded. Once in a London lecture he told his audience that he would reply to the respective questions if they simply noted them down on a piece of paper and kept them in their pocket. They were not to speak them out. Some of them did accordingly and the Swami began answering their questions one after another. He even told them how many rooms they had in their homes, what were the important things therein and the number of persons in their household. He gave such a minute description of their houses and their domestic affairs that they were stupified and implored the Swami to refrain from such fore-telling. All of them were Christians. Once he remarked to one of his disciples that he had eyes with which he could see beyond thousands of miles and told him what he had done while he was in America.

The Riddle of This World.

BY SHUDDHANANDA BHARATI

I



O the public that look with a regardful wonder as to what Sri Aurobindo, the ardent lover of humanity, the seer-poet, has been doing for the past two decades and a half in the tranquillity of his heavenly Yogashram at Pondicherry, the flash of a recent message of his contained in a new volume—*The Riddle of This World**—would throw ample light upon the marvellous *Truth-light* he has sought to bring (even like Bhagiratha of old who brought the Ganges) to divinise man and heavenise earth. This wonderful book, soaring as it does far above sterile, intellectual logomachy, is instinct with the trenchant voice of eternal verity and bristles with the joy and beauty of a dynamic, divinised existence. Its resonant note from the golden flute of the divine artist of golden dreams for humanity, pouring from the sublime height of supramental light and vision, is at once a direct, clean-cut, synthetic answer to the relentless sphinx—the problem of world's existence and divinised existence in the world. In seventeen piquant communications (tablets), the harmony of spiritual life in the physical reality is beautifully expounded.

The reality or unreality of the world has been a question of vital importance in all systems of philosophies, leading to endless discursions, most of them darting shafts upon this fair, poor, *Vasundara*, the most pitiless being the relentless dart of “*Jagan mitya*” and “*Kshanikavedana*” of the rigorous Mayavadi and the Buddhist schools. Some of them have felt it a wild goose chase to fathom the secrets of the *avyaktam*, the Proteus-like Maya. The rope (*rajju*) of the illusionist has poisoned this solid physical reality more than the snake (*sarpa*). Like the blueness in the sky, mirage in a scorching desert, the illusive appearance of a person in a post, like a ghost in a vacant space, and the silver imagined in the mother of pearl, the world, although it is the object of experience and of phenomenal treatment, is yet unreal like a dream—*asad rupo yatha swapna*—says the Mayavadin taking his stand upon *na asatah vidyate bhavah na abhavah vidyate satah*—the unreal has no existence and the real inexistence, meaning that the objective or the phenomenal world is unreal and the subjective or the Ideal, Brahman alone is real. The Buddhist agnost sees the world as a passing painful dream. The endless

* Price Rs. 2. Can be had of the Bharata Shakti Nilayam, Pondicherry.

contest between matter and spirit, Non-ego and Ego, the Ideal and the Pragmatic, the Relative and the Absolute, more frivolous than the fabulous quarrel between the belly and its members, has led to numberless cumbersome schools of thought, thus making the mental existence of man an umpireless debating society of countless isms—nihilism, materialism, humanism, humanitarianism, natural realism, constructive idealism, pure idealism, electism, moralism etc., ranging from Charuvaka to Shankar—from Heckel to Hegel—and yet there is no escape from the paradoxes into which this dry intellectualism has led the mental man.

Says the veteran master of universal problems in his significantly practical way of sound certainty: "The modern mind has so long and persistently wandered—and we with it—in the Valley of the False Glimmer. It is not by these means that humanity can get the radical change of its ways of life, which is yet becoming imperative, but only by reaching the bed-rock of Reality behind—not through mere ideas and mental formations, but by a change of the consciousness, an inner and spiritual conversion.

"Science, in the end, lands us in a paradox; it has shown us a new, a material Maya.....Science has missed the essential. It is the magic of the Magician you are trying to analyse, but only when you enter into the consciousness of the Magician himself can you begin to experience the true origination, significance, and circles of the Lila. The Divine reality is the infinite and opens before you an infinite knowledge to which all science put together is a bagatelle.

"In philosophy thought is the be-all and end-all. It is by intellectual thinking and speculation that the truth is to be discovered. It has sought after a theory of things, not after realization. The intellect thinking about what is beyond it comes to a speculative conclusion about it. It is not thinking out but by a change of consciousness that one can pass from ignorance to Knowledge, from falsehood to *Truth*."

Now what is the way to the Truth? The book answers:—"To pass from external to a divine and intimate inner consciousness, to widen consciousness out of the limits of the ego and the body, to heighten it by an inner will and aspiration and opening to the Light till it passes in its ascent beyond the mind, to bring down the descent of the Supramental Divine through *self-giving* and *surrender*, with a consequent transformation of mind, life and body—this is the integral way to the Truth—what we call the truth here and aim at in our Yoga." *Prapattir nirapaya hetuh*—surrender is the way of liberation—was the oracle that Ramanuja

heard of old, the voice divine that changed the whole phase of his thought and life.

II

Sri Aurobindo's path, significantly perfect, integral and divine at every step, guards the sadhak from the past mistake of easy life-escape, imposes the strict discipline of utter surrender and self-consecration to the Yoga Shakti, the Universal Mother, Divine Energy incarnate here and never allows the revival of half-lit, onesidedness. "blind fanatical obscurantist sectarian religionism," never tempts the sadhak to stumble into the "pits and quagmires of the vitalistic occult and pseudo-spiritual." These it considers as phantoms on the borderline between the material darkness and the perfect splendour. It saves the Sadhak from the little "Gods and the strong Daityas of the intermediate planes, from the false hostile forces of the vital plane, and by a process of utter sincere surrender to the Divine Mother, the Yoga Shakti, by a sincere trust and faith in the *Gurudeva*, lifts him to the divine cosmic consciousness in which things are seen in their true essence. Everything takes a new value in Sri Aurobindo's Yoga, spiritually transmuted.

Art, poetry and music, for instance, in their ordinary functioning create mental and vital not spiritual values. The mental, moral and aesthetic idealisms fall short of a concrete spiritual experience; they are distant flashes, shadowy reflections, not rays from the centre of light. All these things in the Lila can turn into *windows* that open on to the hidden Reality. One can offer a created form of beauty, a song, a poem, an image, a strain of music as one can offer a flower, a prayer, an act to the Divine. Sri Aurobindo's Yoga turns all these to a higher end, linking them with the Divine Consciousness, transmuting and spiritualising them into the values of Divine beauty and Ananda of the Divine.

III

Sri Aurobindo is the master-pioneer of his own philosophy of the Yoga of life in divine consciousness, which in its conquering fervour of a new creation upon earth, seeks to bring the immortal's Ananda *here*. "By constant experience, growth of consciousness and widening into the Light" the human consciousness rises up in his yoga, by the process of a complete, faithful, sincere, surrender to the Divine, to a height of integral Truth, integral knowledge and integral bliss, in which the soul can enjoy in this very existence the divine *Sachchidananda* (Truth-knowledge-bliss) with a divinised mind and a divinised body. His is a completely new departure from the old systematised yogas

aiming after all at an ultra-cosmic heaven or at life escape and withdrawal of life into some immovable and inactive silence of the Immutable. His is a yoga of the Yoga Shakti who pours herself into the purified *adhar* of the sincere sadhak, conscious, aspiring, and devoted. It is a synthesis of all yogas and, what is more, of life and Yoga. The strong and luminous physical *Adhara* that the *Hatayogi* seeks by a complicated process of asanas, bandas and pranayamas, the moving of the *Kundalini* and *Samyama* that the *Rajayogi* seeks, the knowledge of the Brahman that the *Gnana yogi* seeks, the union with the divine in the intensity of the heart's love that the *Bhakti Yogi* seeks, the grace of the Divine Master through consecrated service that the *Karma yogi* seeks, the dynamic power and mastery over nature that the *Vaishnava* and *Tantra yogis* seek—all these are vouchsafed to the ideal *Poornayogi* of Sri Aurobindo and far beyond these a dynamic "transformation" of the vital plane and its life-force into a pure, wide, calm, intense and powerful instrument of the Divine Energy, a transformation of the physical itself into a form of divine light, divine action, strength, beauty and joy, a transformation of the mind free from its stumbling obscurities and egoistic blunders, into the truth, light and direct vision of the supramental. "To grow conscious of the Divine Reality and live in it and be that always—*Sarveshu kaleshu yoga yukto bhava*--in the spirit of the *Gita*—*Yad karoshi; yad tanasyasi tat kurushwa mad arpanam*—is the one thing essential and indispensable to the sadhak of Sri Aurobindo Yoga.

IV

"The highest wisdom will lie not in escape," says *The Riddle of This World*, "but in the urge towards a victory here, in a consenting association with the Will Behind the world, in a discovery of the spiritual gate to perfection which will be at the same time an opening for the entire descent of the Divine Light, Knowledge, Power, Beatitude."

In this, Sri Aurobindo's discovery far transcends that of the Vedic Rishis and brings its luminous achievements down to illumine and transform the twilight obscurity of the mental-vital-physical existence into the golden radiance of the supramental peace, bliss and power.

The seeker finds in *The Riddle of This World* ample information about the new transforming force, the Universal Energy, the supramental Truth-light realised by Sri Aurobindo, the universal blessings of his wonderful Yoga, the process of yoga, the way in which his collective yoga generalises spiritual existence, the

problems of existence and their apt solution and many other rare things which have yet been a riddle to religion and metaphysics. It does attempt the impossible but crowningly achieves it, for the Truth it reveals is from the luminous plane of Truth itself, the plane of divine Cosmic Consciousness, unknown yet to the limited ego-ridden, obscure, individual, mental consciousness. It is a Gospel of the Superman by a born Superman steeped in super-human-consciousness. It is a thorough guide to initiate the true and faithful seeker in the path of absolute consciousness, wisdom and absolute delight "where all is predetermined in the automatic self-existent truth of things," whose language of light chases away all mental ignorance and where the endless cosmic riddle disentangles of itself.

V

The significant note of Sri Aurobindo's yoga philosophy is nowhere so prominent as in its striking spiritual possibility of linking the two yawning opposites, two unbridgeable gulfs between that which is beyond and that which is here. By almost a catechitic treatment of absorbing interest he answers in the last chapter of this precious book some intricate cosmic riddles. Let us quote a few here to awaken the interest of the seeker on the path:

Q. Can one move in the world living at the same time in the Divine?

A. "It is a significant and illumining fact that the *Knower of Brahman*, even moving and acting in this world, even bearing all its shocks, can live in absolute peace, light and beatitude of the Divine"—*Sarvada varta munopisa yogi mayi vartate*.

Q. Is there a ladder of ascension from the darkness of our fallen existence to the highest light of divine consciousness?

A. "Yes. Everything seems to point to such a progression—in fact to a spiritual and not merely a physical evolution. The inconscient, from which all starts, is apparent only, for in it there is involved consciousness with endless possibilities, a consciousness not limited, but cosmic and infinite, a concealed and self-imprisoned Divine. Out of this apparent inconscience, each potentiality is revealed in its turn, first organised Matter concealing the indwelling Spirit, then Life emerging in the plant and associated in the animal with a growing mind, then Mind itself involved and organised in man."

Q. Does this evolution stop short here in the imperfect mental being called Man?

A. "There is a far greater consciousness than what we call *Mind* and by ascending the ladder still further we can find

a point at which the hold of the material Inconscience, the vital and mental Ignorance ceases; a principle of consciousness becomes capable of manifestation which liberates radically and wholly this imprisoned Divine.....By the descent of the highest consciousness the riddle of terrestrial existence will receive a solution."

Q. Why should there be evil and suffering ?

A. "It is the division, the separation, the principle of isolation from the Permanent and the One; it is because the ego set up for itself in the world emphasising its own desire and self-affirmation in preference to its unity with the Divine and its oneness with all. Division, ego, the imperfect consciousness and groping and struggle of a separate self-affirmation are the efficient causes of the suffering and ignorance of this world."

Q. What is the nature of liberation ?

A. "It is an ascent from which there is no longer a fall but a winged or self-sustained descent of light, force, and *Ananda*."

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Thus this book is of varied interest not only to seekers after integral perfection, but to progressive humanity at large. While solving so effectively the riddle of this world, it traverses a wider range of practical problems as much as it rises higher to the peak of supramental radiance. It comprises within its brief compass substantial information about the place of Art and aesthetics in Yoga, Science and Yoga, Yoga Samata or ordinary notion of equality, the mental notion of Ahimsa, the stop-gap of mental and moral rules, problem of sin, the Karma theory, reincarnation, evolution, manifestation of the Divine, Yogic discipline etc. etc.

The giant optimist strikes a vivifying note of hope for all humanity in the last chapter of this book of spiritual communications:—

"At any rate, the shadow lifts; there is a Divine Light that leans over the world and is not only a far-off, incommunicable Lustre....."

It would mean a new creation on earth, a bringing in of the ultimate powers which would reverse the conditions here in as much as that would produce a creation raised into the full flood of spiritual and supramental light.

O humanity, come, let us call with a single-hearted aspiration the descent of that Supramental Light, that Universal Force of luminous transformation!

Death-bed Revelations.

BY REIMA CRISNON



HEN Madanaram was married to Maithili, both of them were quite young. They became husband and wife not because they wanted to, not in response to the urge of love, but because they were made to wed each other. Madanaram was only thirteen at that time, and Maithili was but ten. Maithili's grandmothe—a centenarian—wanted to see her as a bride in wedding robes ere she bade farewell to this old earth of hers. And there was an old promise waiting to be fulfilled, for Madanaram's father and Maithili's mother were cousins, and they had been assuring each other for a long time that their children would be united in wed-lock. The result was that a boy and a girl, both alike ignorant of the deeper significance of wedded life, found themselves one fine morning decked in bridal robes, exchanging garlands and being taken in processions. They enjoyed the fun, and perhaps believed that married life was but a succession of such merry-makings.

But marriages are often followed by miseries. Soon after the marriage the cousins died; Madanaram came under the supervision of an avaricious uncle, while Maithili's father took a second wife whose chief delight was to torture poor Maithili. Madanaram's guardian demanded large sums of money from the bride's party on all sorts of occasions. A car festival in the village, the coming of the spring season, the harvest time, New year's day, marriage anniversaries—every opportunity was availed of to demand money from Maithili's father, who, now under the influence of his young second wife, refused to comply with the unjust demands. The end of it all was a letter from Madanaram to Maithili, stating that as he had reasons to believe that she would not be faithful unto him, he would not regard her as his wife thereafter.

Life is a series of surprises. Who out of the hundreds that thronged in the marriage hall some time back and showered blessings on the couple could ever have suspected that divorce was in store for Maithili? Which of those priests that chanted vedic hymns over the 'contracting parties' could ever have doubted that the issue of their blessings would be an enforced widowhood on a harmless maiden? But every sunrise has its surprises for us. We, poor mortals, are so much the slaves of Nature and of Circumstance that we can do nothing but put up with all happenings. We even put up with earthquakes, volcanic eruptions,

erosions, cyclones! So too did Maithili put up with her fate, and a busy world had no time to stand by and shed a tear for her sake.

Time passed on, as usual in utter disregard of the widow's cries and the orphan's wailings. Seasons came and went, and the earth grew older.

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Madanaram passed the B. A. Examination with distinction in all subjects, and then went to England to compete for the I. C. S. He won brilliant success there too, and was posted as Assistant Collector of Motipur. He was now a charming young man of four and twenty. The image of Maithili, whom he had never seen after the formal wedding, had faded away from his mind, and the events connected with her of ten years ago had been completely erased from his memory. Everybody regarded him as an unmarried youth of great promise.

Madanaram's chief delight was to ride all alone through unfrequented pathways. He drove his own motor car and had a mania for speed. Often and often had he hair-breadth escapes, but they only made him more reckless. One wintry night, when the wind was strong and cold, and it was raining cats and dogs, Madanaram was driving through a marshy village road where the rainwater was flowing knee-deep and where every alternate yard was either a hillock or a valley. It was past midnight, and the grim silence was as awful as the sticky darkness. Madanaram was sleepy, and had lost his hold over the steering wheel. Suddenly, the car turned across the road and dashed heavily against a banyan tree. Madanaram was rudely awakened from his slumber, only to feel the deadly violence of the impact and to sink down unconscious. The car was smashed to matchwood.

When two days after, Madanaram regained his senses he found himself stretched on a wooden cot in a small, but airy room with a thatched roof over it. Near him was sitting a lady clad in an ochre-coloured saree, watching him with great concern and feeling greatly relieved at his getting back to consciousness. Her eyes were two pools of compassion; her tall and slim body was greatly agile; there was a strange look of mystery on her face; and her whole being made one feel that she was a pensive nun robed in divine melancholy. Madanaram felt that he was dreaming, a smile passed over his lips as he thought how pleasant a dream he was having. But when he tried to shake himself free from the dreamland, he saw there were bandages on his forehead and his arms. And then flashed across his brain a recollection of all the happenings of that wintry night.

"May I know where I am now?" he queried in a trembling voice. He felt rather uncomfortable in being alone with a woman.

"This is an orphanage for girls, Sir," spoke his fair companion. "Your car had an accident two days back in front of this home, and we had you carried to this room. We have been nursing you all these hours, and it is a great pleasure for us that you have got back your senses. We were rather anxious about you."

"Thank you, kind madam," replied Madanaram. "May I know who treated me?"

"I was both doctor and nurse," said the lady. "I know something of surgery, and my girls here helped me in attending on you."

Madanaram smiled again. "Madam," he spoke, "I thank you much for retrieving me from certain death. But if my senses had not returned and if I had passed away without my knowing it, I would not have been sorry for it, for I am a lonely wanderer on earth, and have no bondages, ties with the world."

"Ah, do not speak so, Sir," said the woman, "every human being is a lonely wanderer on earth, but yet human life is too precious to be thrown away without a thought. It is my faith, that life is a thing to be accounted for by its possessor to God. that has kept me living all these days."

Madanaram soon got well, and had many opportunities of studying the inmates of the orphanage. The lady who nursed him was the mother of the home, and there were about a dozen girls who were being trained by her. The Mother was the moving spirit of the institution. She was the warden, teacher, cook, the breath and soul of every aspect of the orphanage. There was a garden round the central block, and the sweet fragrance of flowers pervaded the entire atmosphere. The orphans themselves were charming young girls, aged from twelve to fifteen. Madanaram's soul was so much at home in the midst of the damsels, that long after he was fit to return to his place he was still convalescing! His soul yearned for mirth and laughter, poetry and music, cheer and life's sunshine, and as the girls plucked flowers in the garden singing in chorus sweet resonant songs, or as they played at *kolattam* in the moonshine, or as they sported in the playground scattering joy all round, or as they all sat in meditation in the morning and evening after reciting prayers in solemn devotion, Madanaram felt he was in the midst of angelic beings, in an ethereal abode far removed from the drab realities of mundane living. He was all praise for the orphanage. The Mother's love towards her wards was only equalled by the adoration of the wards towards their guardian. All the members of the orphanage were marvels of innocence, learning and good character. Madanaram felt that the Mother had succeeded in infusing into her

sacred institution the spirit of the forest universities of ancient India.

Drawn as he was towards all the girls of the orphanage, Madanaram took a particular fancy to one among them, Chitra by name. Chitra was the youngest of the lot, but the most clever and most winning too. Her dark curly locks, her long blue eyes, her broad forehead, her remarkable general expression of face, her auburn complexion, her limbs, everyone of which was throbbing with life and vigour, the music of her voice, her golden character, the matchless elegance of her gait, and a thousand other nameless graces made her a star among the inmates of the home. She was easily the first in every walk of life, and no wonder that the Mother looked upon her as the very impersonation of her ideals. Madanaram fell in innocent love with Chitra, and even when his period of convalescence was over and he returned to headquarters, he made it a point to spend his week-ends in the orphanage. Often on moonlit nights he delighted Chitra with ancient fairy tales of Greece and Rome, with the legends of Norway and the myths of other lands. Often did he convey to her his impressions of the western nations, of the abundance of their material wealth and of the youthful atmosphere that prevailed in them. Now and then he took Chitra into the romantic realms of ancient Hind, and he took pleasure in watching the ever animate eyes of his hearer grow lustrous as the suffering of a Savitri or the fidelity of a Damayanti was narrated to her. Five years passed in this way—five years of happy communion between two kindred souls. The childlike Chitra had by then blossomed into womanhood with her early graces intensified a hundred fold. It became clear to everybody that Madanaram was as indispensable to Chitra as she to him. And on an auspicious morning, when the flowers were just opening their bosoms to the kiss of the sun's rays, and the birds left their nests in search of the day's food, when the breezes came from afar with the message of peace and goodwill, and a mellow cheer was enveloping earth, Madanaram and Chitra were wedded in the presence of the Mother, who said in a deep voice to the couple, "As Uma to Siva, so may Chitra be to Madanaram! May this union of two kindred souls help each to evolve towards perfection more consciously and more quickly!"

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Time again passed swiftly. Madanaram was transferred to a distant place. And for a long time he and Chitra were not able to visit the orphanage, though they often wrote to the Mother. All on a sudden one day, news reached Madanaram that the Mother was on her death-bed and that she wanted to meet him

before she died. Bathed in tears, Madanaram and Chitra rushed to the Mother's bedside. She was lying there expecting death every hour; the calm of her face had deepened, and she seemed to have already partaken of the vaster Life beyond. She smiled as Madanaram and Chitra drew near her, and then kissed Chitra. Madanaram was soon aware of the cause of the Mother's illness. There was an out-break of epidemics in the neighbouring villages, and the Mother took to nursing the victims. She took no care about her own health; the villages were saved, but the infection caught her in a terrible manner, and she was now in her last hours. Everyone felt that the martyrdom was a fitting conclusion to a life of dedication and ceaseless self-sacrifice.

Madanaram remonstrated with the Mother for her 'killing herself.' But the Mother did not seem anxious at all about her fast approaching death. She told him: "Madanaram! just before I quit this earth I want to unburden myself of a few feelings and emotions that are surging in my inner being. In fact, it was with that idea that I wanted you to fly to my death-bed. You know that the hours immediately before death are very holy hours. I am in one of my most chastened moods now. A strange peace has come over me, and I feel I am already floating on the bosom of the cosmos freed from the weight of the body."

"I am all attention, Mother," said Madanaram. "Yes, I shall begin then. I want Chitra also to follow us closely," said the Mother. "Madanaram! Do you remember that you told us when you stayed here as an invalid that you were unmarried? Did you speak the truth then?"

"No, Mother, I spoke a lie, but it was a white lie. When I was very young I was married to an unhappy girl, but there were subsequent quarrels between her relations and mine, and the result was that I divorced my wife," answered Madanaram.

"Do you remember the name of that unhappy girl? Do you feel now that you were wrong in divorcing her?" asked the Mother.

"I dimly remember her name. They called her Maithili. Now, of course, I think it a cruel thing to divorce a wife. But I was a mere boy at the time. My marriage was a huge joke. And the divorce was really the action of my uncle. But the incident happened so long ago and I have passed through ever so many vicissitudes since that time that I do not feel now the unhappy incident is any part of my life. I have forgotten Maithili's name, and her form. And if I remember right, I was told that she disappeared from her home one night, and was not seen any

more. I was not responsible for that marriage, and I felt no remorse for the divorce, though, of course, I now share the general dislike of all educated young men towards early marriages and their inevitable evils."

"Be prepared then for surprises," said the Mother, "I am that Maithili. I know you will be shocked by that revelation. But my end is near, and I must speak out. When you divorced me, and my step-mother persecuted me, and life became a burden to me, there came to me all on a sudden one of those moments of grim resolve and determination that have transformed shy and retiring virgins into heroines and architects of a nation's destiny. I left my home, and made up my mind to become an ascetic and devote myself to the betterment of the lot of my unfortunate sisters. I came to this district, opened this orphanage, and have been training young girls for a richer and nobler life than they would otherwise have. I now feel my life has not been in vain. I see that God had a mission for poor me too. There were moments when I thought of suicide. But thank God, I lived to do my humble work for the social good. But coming to the old Maithili again, I have never entertained any feeling of bitterness towards you. We women of India believe that suffering is the badge of our tribe. The husband is to us an ideal to be adored. We never take into account the defects of the externalities in which that grand ideal is clothed in a particular case. That is why, while you were not able to recognise me all these days, I found you out the moment I saw you. And it gave me great pleasure to nurse you back to health. I saw you were young, and I thought it my duty that, in addition to giving back to you your health, I must also give you a companion to your soul. And I trained Chitra for the purpose. I married her to you. My life's mission has been fulfilled. I have ever been at peace with the world, and after this revelation to you, I am sure you will also be at peace with your old Maithili. We women never care about the physical aspect of things. We are more minds and souls than bodies. So it is that, though physically divorced from you, I have ever been in union with you. Let not men hereafter call me unhappy. No woman was ever more fortunate than I. I am not boasting, but I want to explain things. I have lived a life dedicated to the service of others. And now death is to me as sweet as this life."

Madanaram and Chitra stood stupefied; as Maithili narrated her story in her simple, but profoundly moving way. And when she concluded and fell down exhausted with emotion, Madanaram said, "Mother! I will not say much. You bear the name of the greatest woman of India, and your sacrifice has been equal to hers. You deserve an epic to be written on you and a shrine to

be built in your honour. My heart's cavity will be the shrine where you will be enthroned for all time, and the gratitude of a saved person towards his saviour will be your epic."

Maithili was, meanwhile, sinking. And the inmates of the orphanage led by Chitra sang in chorus an ancient hymn saying, "Death is the great fulfilment of life, and death is the great deliverance into more luminous spheres. Death is sweet even as life is sweet, and the one is but the other's counterpart. May the soul freed from the dilapidated rest soar into more joyous realms and be bathed in bliss perpetual." As the last words were uttered, Maithili departed, a smile playing on her lips and her palms held together in prayer.

It was an autumn evening. The yellow sun sank in the west. The cows returned from the meadows. The trees shed their withered leaves. The rivulet flowed by, murmuring its age-old message. The stars appeared above, like solitary pilgrims on heaven's highway.

Indiscretions.

II. THE TEMERITY OF HARI

By K. S. SHIVARAMAKRISHNAN, B. A.



HERE are certain names which, even though casually heard, bring up with them cartloads of exhilarating past associations. You seem to live again as a jolly College student free from all the petty cares of life, (even the grim worry of unemployment melts in the air) jostling cheerfully with your friends, absenting from the classes with 'devil-may-care' impunity, adoring some of your lecturers with inconsiderate levity, abusing certain others with unholy enthusiasm, skilfully plying the bat in the cricket field or cleverly landing a goal evading your opponent's legs, body and sometimes fists, and so on.

The names will, of course, vary with different persons. To me, however, the name of Hari has a spicy charm. The Hari of his intimates, the Harry of his jocose friends, the Houri of his dramatic familiars, the Hari Haran (with emphasis on the Aspirates) of his European professors and the Hari Hara Sarma of the College rolls may be, and in fact was, one and the same person. Harry might be stately and merry, the Houri might have well played her part, Mr. Hari Haran might have endeared himself with his native simplicity and originality, and Hari Hara Sarma might be the son of a successful member of the Bar. Still was it not Hari who bound the tyrant and delivered him into our hands?

Some persons, on the influx of power, have the regrettable habit of forgetting that they are ordinary human beings and they treat, not inconsequently, others as dirt under their godly feet. One of such fraternity, for instance, was the Librarian in the College where I was with Hari. The fellow, so ran the story, was at first, while he was in the lowest rung of the ladder, quite all right, ready to help the students with the books they wanted. But when he stepped on to the shoes of the Librarian, he changed with chameleon-like swiftness and trod on forbidden grounds. No student thenceforth ever expected to get the particular book he wanted, be it fiction, biography, criticism, literature or reference, unless he was in the good looks of the Librarian, for the latter, Ahem, he will do well to finish a course in Kaowtaowing.

One person there was among the staff whom our Librarian respected and feared. And that was the Chief Professor—a nice Don who would stand no nonsense. In his presence the Librarian was one of the best fellows in the world. He would anticipate the slightest wish of the Professor and try his best to please him. No one probably ever understood the inflections and intonations

in the voice of the Professor so well, who could tell or feel to a hair's-breadth from the voice whether the Professor was pleased or angry, glad or sad, stern or kind, stiff or easy of approach. The other members of the staff, he treated with easy condescension. Perhaps they bided their time or left him alone in silent contempt. Anyhow, we students had a rough time of it and that for no fault of ours.

The olympian disdain he entertained of us, we felt, had to be dealt with severity. We disliked to take to the notice of the Higher Authorities such misdemeanor on the part of the Librarian, because we did not want to bring on the fellow any trouble. Just give him a shaking and he may improve.

In what way was the dose to be administered? The shaking had to be gentle yet corrective. Plans came by scores, but they had to be set aside either because they were fantastic or that the repercussion might be too rough. We well nigh despaired of getting a perfect plan. And then Hari came to the rescue.

It was the evening of the Hockey Match. The students were in a hurry to be gone. As usual, the Librarian was provokingly indifferent to our request that we may be given library books with the minimum of delay. The fellow was not at all touched, as we all could painfully see. Either we had to forego taking library books—Heaven knew when we would get these books again if we missed this chance—or we had to forfeit the pleasure of witnessing our Hockey champions play. When would that fellow of a Librarian stop writing in his beastly note-book? All of a sudden we heard the Chief Professor speaking.

"Why Librarian, you are keeping the boys waiting all this time. At this rate, you will drive them from coming to the Library room in no time. I was evidently mistaken in my impression of you as a tactful Librarian."

The words struck the Librarian with the effect of bullets. He was crushed. He did not dare to look at the Professor. If he had, his shock would have been greater. Instead of the frowning countenance of the Chief Professor he would have seen Hari silently laughing in quiet amusement.

We too were no wiser than the Librarian at the time. It was only when Hari in the privacy of his room repeated to us, a select few, the words in the familiar tones of the Chief Professor that we could believe it. Whatever may be the ethical aspect of Hari's action, the students had no reason to regret it. The Librarian was never slack afterwards in the matter of issuing books to the students. Many wondered as to the cause of this sudden reformation. The feat of the modern St. George in effectively muzzling the dragon never came to public ears. It was perhaps best that it remained so.

Retrospect : The Dream and the Reality.

BY R. RAMACHANDRAN, M. A.



T was a room that mirrored the abject poverty of the occupants and the misery and squalor that were characteristic of their daily life. On a half-torn country mat was lying supine the pale and emaciated shadow of a woman of thirty five or so but looking past fifty. A squealing infant, evidently a new-born, was lying close to her—a shapeless lump of flesh, mysteriously urged to the mother's breast by instinct. The whole room bespoke the want of attendance and care, stinking with the smell of unwashed rags that lay in heaps in a corner.

It did not need an expensive doctor to tell her that she was sinking rapidly. The idea that death was soon to give her the quietus gave her a thankful sense of relief. The great dark God of Justice was after all coming to her with his noose of liberation! There were not many to welcome his visit on earth. But how often, on how many a sombre twilight, when the wind was howling outside and darkness was stifling day and deepening itself, when a lonely star or two and the sadness of the heavens had so mysteriously echoed her own agony, how often had she prayed for his cold touch! He had waived aside her prayers so often and come so late that the value of his favour was almost become negligible!

What a struggle her life had been, how long, and how arduous! In what a pit of squalor and sordidness had she wallowed her part in life! It had been obscure, but had it been inglorious? She knew she had brought an intrepid heroism to her miserable domestic life and waged a heroic though futile war against the forces of evil.

To her memory wandering in colourful images of an existence whose counterpart had been denied to her in reality, the early incidents of her Tess-like life became invested with a halo of romance. In the sweet and bright panorama that reeled before her mind's eye, conjured up by a heated imagination in fits of delirium, the sweet home of her infancy rose up like an exhalation. The dreamy village nestling amidst the green of groves, an idyllic beauty spot, how it had once excited in her girlish heart images of life being one long vista of happiness! There also rose softly before her, the images of her parents, those last vanishing streaks

of light in an orthodox heaven. In their mellow age, serene and bright and lovely as a Lapland night, how they had built their God's throne on the ample bareness of their poverty! But they had dropped like mellow fruit into the grave. And thrown on the charity of her uncle, she had first realised what it was to journey through life without parental affection.

What a surfeit of bright hopes of the future she enjoyed during those days! At times, while bathing in the mountain rivulet, when the cool ripples played about her velvet skin and supple limbs, she would feel a delicious rapture in the consciousness of the bloom of her body, its beauty and the radiant health that were the envy of so many of her mates. And with this exquisite thrill of pleasure would kindle in her heart vague thoughts of voluptuous happiness. The images playing in her girlish imagination often clustered about the Adonais features of some eternal lover, the very symbol of beauty and perfection, who was somehow peculiarly hers. The womb of futurity was pregnant with the choicest of presents for her.

But how disillusioning had been the stark reality! She had been married when she was little more than twelve. Her heart had then throbbed with expectation that the lover and lord to come would be a replica of the rich figure of her early days who had scented her memory like a Persian rose garden. She shot shy and timid glances at her partner on the day of marriage, and an unconscious nervous shiver passed through her whole frame when this figure so miserably different from her expectation grasped her hand. It was as if an ominous thunder-cloud had blotted out the sun from her married heaven.

But even then, with a faltering heart she had bedecked that figure of her lord with colours and virtues which only the loyalty of an Indian wife could invoke. All the same, the still small voice in her mournfully struck an echo that the rapture of a domestic bliss that she had imagined, would be no more. But she made valiant resolves. Nothing would be lacking in her to make her future home happy. She would place body and soul, the body that was her own secret pride, at the altar of his husband-hood.

It was crushing, the way things had turned out. What unlovely surroundings, what a dearth of love! The darkest forebodings of her aching heart had come true. Against all the unhappiness of her environments, she only clung with the greater passion to the image of her husband. But zest in life had left her the day she realised that the husband's temper and tastes could be as far removed from hers as the forces of darkness from those of light. And for the first time, sorrow and grinding misery entered her heart, and she felt like a clipped and caged

bird, and with these came over her some great nameless longing for freedom from the shackles that bound her down. She felt a stifling sensation as in a room with an overcrowded rabble. And now the great open spaces of her village, its tall shady trees shooting up to the sky and the liquid murmur of its waters came into her consciousness with a peculiar intensity. There were God's light and air, freedom unbound and limitless.

That her body should have suffered a defiling coarseness at the touch of her husband, gave her a shudder. She had heroically submitted to be the victim of his passion. After that, she could hardly look people in the face: better far that her body had been riddled with bullets. For some days, the world was all eyes, its appearance bespeaking a cynical leer at her. She had lost the immortal part of herself, a thing dearer to her than life. Her treasure had been rifled, and every passing wind found her hollow.

And then the inevitable followed. In a world where children were no rarity, and in a house where they were a pester and a nuisance, she felt bitterly humiliated that she was adding to that inglorious lot. How false all her thoughts had been that every child would be heralded with the passionate ardour and prayer of a couple!

And of what fiendish pain her first born had come! She had suffered a death then, but had been maliciously revived and animated that she might taste it again and yet again. Her husband, at no time angelic, had then appeared to her in the lurid light of a monster, hideous and unfeeling for the infliction of such pain. But was it the irony of the pitiless gods that it recurred again and again?

And they had been all the time in the throes of abject poverty. She had tasted the cup of misery to the dregs when her first-born had died, all because they could not afford the visit of the doctor. She knew the sobs it had cost her when she had to deny her child some delicacy or sweet that was common enough in other homes. And she had sacrificed it at last at the altar of poverty.

How inhuman it had been for them to have brought forth a second and a third when all they had to bequeath to them was the legacy of misery and poverty! Vague rumours had floated by her, of women who prevented frequency of child-births by artificial means. Her heart had given a shudder at that, but surely she could swallow the grossness of it in the light of its benefits. But for very shame she could not make her husband a sharer of her thoughts.

And so the sin had multiplied; the litter of her children had increased. They were now a whole brood, clamouring for food,

illkept, miserable. And to think of the irony it involved that in her prayers she should call God the Abode of Mercy and a host of other extravagant praises.

Once a youth had come to her village. She had dim conceptions of what he had said—they seemed revolutionary then. How vividly he had pictured an enlarged field for the woman's activity, beyond the home, beyond the mere function of bringing forth children. He had even pictured women having renounced the world for the pursuit of their ideal—the counterpart of Sanyasins.

Such fleeting visions of a walk of life more congenial to her came and went by. They would reach their climax of intensity with the approach of every new child. She had dreamt then of desperate bids for freedom. But the tyranny of life had tamed its victim, clipped her pride, and she slipped back every time to the misery of her daily life.

Once or twice the idea had dawned on her, to voluntarily invite death by suicide. But the pathos of the hungry brood of children clamouring and crying for their next meal was so agonisingly poignant and overpowering that she had always let them go by.

On the whole, what a struggle her life had been! And now at last death had deigned to come, but she was a bloodless victim. Every offspring had drained her life blood. Even now she realised the sufferings her absence and passing away would cause among her children. It was pathetic, heart-rending—but rest, rest, rest for a wearied soul like hers! It was a better thing she was doing than she had ever done, a better rest she was going to than she had ever known. No, no, the call of the Beyond was a wide call and a clear call that may not be denied.

For a brief spasmodic interval she was conscious of the dark room, the husband standing with a baby, looking very scared and foolish, and the little children crying round her. But oh, the hills of light, the glory of the Kingdom to come!

Here the woman groaned, turned over a little and fell back. Her countenance was pallid and expressionless, with perhaps a faint and ironical smile of a victory though so far belated that it had lost its true colours. But to the husband's more intimate vision, through every pore of her skin was breathed out the memory of a blighted existence, a tender victim at the altar of misery, and a sense of blessed relief at the liberation now granted to her.

And so justice was done and the President of the Immortals had ended his sport with one more of his poor playthings.

The Role Of Rational Nutrition.

BY Y. V. S. IYER, L. T. C., (*Hons*)

III.



F, from the vegetable foods, it is possible to derive all the elements that are necessary for supplying the waste of the tissues and building up the body, we should also not lose sight of the fact that this class of dietary furnishes those elements in a purer form than the flesh diet. The bodies of all animals are built from vegetable foods and consequently, when one eats those animals, it amounts to eating the vegetable foods, upon which the animals have subsisted, at second hand! We appropriate or obtain the same elements in organic combinations that they originally obtained from the food, but nothing else. Animals have the power to create nothing, though they aid some transformations in the system. Hence, man, in taking his nutrition indirectly, by the eating of flesh, must of necessity, get the original nutriments more or less deteriorated from the unhealthy conditions and accidentally of the animals he feeds upon, i. e., with the impurities and putrescent matters mingled with the blood and the viscera of animal substances which are invariably present.

Many people, sometimes, contend that no matter how good the theoretical arguments might be, the facts, nevertheless, would seem to prove the contrary, and show that the majority of the more civilized people of the earth, particularly the ruling and the governing nations, do, as a matter of fact, eat meat and hence practically, meat is a suitable article of diet. This argument rests upon a grave misconception of facts. Without going further into this dogmatic controversy, I would like to point out instances which clearly show that a happy and healthy selection in diet could be made exclusive of any flesh material.

History tells us that Pythagoras, one of the most celebrated philosophers of antiquity, totally refrained from animal food himself and prohibited the use of it by his disciples. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Seneca of the West and the great Acharyas, Sri Shankara, Madhava and Ramanuja, and Goutama of our land, and numerous others preached abstinence from flesh and advocated the purer way of living.

If the past produced individual giants, mental, moral and physical, who subsisted upon a vegetarian dietary, the present

* The first part of this article appeared in our January issue and the second in the February issue. This concludes the series.

may also claim its champions, such as, Milton, Issac Newton, Benjamin Franklin, Nelson, Shelley, Edison, General William Booth in the West and Shivaji, Ram Mohan Roy, Gokhale, Tilak, and Mahatma Gandhi in the East.

Besides, a series of remarkable and instructive experiments concerning diet were once made by Prof. Chittenden of the United States, which incidently demonstrated that human beings can be better nourished and sustained in strength and health upon a fleshless diet, carefully selected and adopted. Prof. Bael of Tokio, Japan, made some experiments on vegetarian natives, and after measuring and recording some of their feats of endurance, he gave some of them meat, which they took eagerly, but after three days, they begged him to drop the meat, as they felt tired by it and could not work as well as before. The Professor then made some similar experiments on himself and he too found that flesh diet was not so healthy and stimulating as the meatless one.

Summing up all the above facts, it may be said that the human constitution is not adapted to the flesh diet, that the latter kind of diet contains certain poisons, which the system is not able to speedily eliminate from the body, that the retention of these vitiates the supply of blood and predisposes the body to several ailments, that these toxins are the direct cause of various maladies, that it is possible to have a vegetarian diet as nutritious as any flesh diet, that the lacto-vegetarian diet is nothing other than a well-balanced mixed diet, that the former being purer, keeps the body immune from certain indispositions and that experiments have also proved that a well selected vegetarian diet gives better health, strength and enduring capacity than the other.

Thus, it is clear that there can be no question that food exerts a tremendous influence over the mental, moral and emotional life. Its quality controls the circulation in the brain, and this decides the trend of action in a being, accounting for much of the difference between depravity and the self-control of wisdom. A natural, proper and rational diet produces the best circulation in the body, and it developes healthy conditions of mind, thought, judgment and morality. The path of self-indulgence has always led to decay and extinction, while that of abstinence and self-control opens up the possibilities of a mighty evolution in the human race. (Dr. Haig on "Life & Food").

Lastly, the scientific investigations and experiments, too, have confirmed the old saying *Ahimsa Paramo Dharma*, and the improvement of the human race entirely depends upon the regulation of their diet by that tenet. It is well-known that the dietary of our present-day people in India is extremely ill-balanced and the

deficiency in diet varies qualitatively and quantitatively from province to province unlike the systems of the ancients of our land who had made a judicious and rational selection and adopted them in their everyday life. Apart from poverty, ignorance is a major cause of many of the nutritional deficiencies from which our Indian races habitually suffer. The low standard of health, even in individuals free from any special ailment, is partly due to nutritional errors. Therefore, the improvement of our present and future races depends upon a rational selection of dietary for our daily life.

N. B.—The author will be pleased to give his suggestions to those who may be interested in this subject, if they write to the address below:—
Y. V. S. IYER, Food & Drugs Specialist, "Sri Venkateswara Nivas,"
Visweswarapuram, Bangalore City.

The Scholar Science Corner.

By B. H. IYER, M. Sc. (Bombay), A. I. I. Sc.

Carotene : The Pro-vitamin A.

In an article dealing with 'The Role of Carotene in Human Health' Albert F. O. Germann (*Journal of Chemical Education*, January 1934) draws attention to the importance attached to the study of the function of carotene in the nutrition of man and also to the particular values of carotene over other forms of vitamin A in human therapy. To a commoner, carotene may be defined as a vegetable colouring matter found in carrots and in many other vegetables. As early as 1919 Steenbock observed that carotene appeared to have some undetermined relation to the growth-promoting vitamin A. This observation has been verified in more recent years by Karrer and his co-workers, who have studied the vitamin A potency of carotene in experimental animals. Fruits and vegetables owe their vitamin A potency to carotene. Clausen says that carotene is present in the blood of infants at birth and that it rises by the age of two years to an average value of from 0.075 to 0.100 mg. per 100 c. c. of blood plasma. Starvation causes a slow, and severe infection a rapid, disappearance of carotene from the blood. The plasma carotene is supposed to have a great resistive power against infection. In infants between the ages of six months and two years, those who received cod-liver oil or vegetables, the resistance to infection was great, due to the presence of sufficient quantity of plasma carotene; in those who did not receive such nourishment the susceptibility to infection was great. When the latter cases were given doses of carotene, the infection showed signs of abatement. Another observation made in a series of cases of scarlet fever was that when healthy children possessing the average normal plasma carotene were the sufferers, the attack was mild and it did not lead to any complication. On the other hand, when the sufferers were unlucky to have only a little or not at all of the plasma carotene, subsequent complications usually followed the primary infection. The vegetarians meet their vitamin A deficiency by an adequate intake of fruits and vegetables. It is said that in mammals carotene is converted in the liver into a glandular product called *vitin*. This conversion is brought about by the enzyme carotenase. It has been reported that carotene is more effective against the invasion of bacteria in the upper respiratory tract than cod-liver oil and that maximal doses of carotene produce varying degrees of inhibition of growth in experimental

cancer. Carotene produces improvement in vision in human cataract and an apparent desensitisation to house dust. The production of a sense of well-being is the effect more frequently observed by patients undergoing carotene treatment. "Any protection against upper respiratory, intestinal and genito-urinary infection is probably brought about by the production of healthy epithelial cells." If this be the fact and if carotene has the unique property of helping the formation of healthy and new epithelial cells, it should be expected that many of the infectious diseases should disappear on a careful application of carotene therapy. It is too early to apprise the proper value of this wonderful substance. Many and more are the tests carotene has to undergo in the hands of chemists and medical men before it could be placed in the high pedestal it so amply deserves.

* * *

Linoleum: The Modern Flooring Material.

Man has always striven to make his dwelling cosy, comfortable and artistic. From early times he has devised means and methods to cover the floor and walls of his habitat. The first floor-covering used by civilised man was merely a form of oil cloth prepared from ordinary thick cloth by coating it with oil paint. This form of covering material was later on improved by incorporating a small amount of some resins in the paint used. Addition of the resin made the material more durable. "In 1751 a floor covering was produced by incorporating India rubber with oils and resins and applying to a cloth backing." Since then various modifications have been effected in the compositions used for this sort of covering material.

Linoleum is the most modern flooring material. In the year 1863, Frederick Walton of Yorkshire developed a method for preparing the covering composition by the oxidation of linseed oil. He named the composition 'Linoleum' (*linum* means flax and *oleum* means oil) indicating its origin from linseed oil. This oil is obtained from the seeds of the flax plant. Since the first composition was made, several alterations have been made in the processes as well as in the constituents, and now we have on the market linoleum flooring and wall coverings of various designs and colours to suit the individual tastes. The four essential raw materials used in the manufacture of linoleum are oxidised linseed oil, resins, cork and burlap cloth used as backing. Gums, pigments, inorganic fillers and other substances are also often incorporated in this mixture. The main processes involved in the manufacture are (1) oxidation of linseed oil, (2) powdering the cork, (3) preparing the linoleum mixture, (4) calendering, (5) printing and (6) maturing. Linseed oil, which owing to its

property of getting oxidised to a semi-solid or a spongy resinuous mass, is known as a drying oil, is very much used in the paint industry. For the linoleum industry this oil is oxidised by atmospheric oxygen at an elevated temperature and in the presence of a catalyst till the desired consistency is reached. Then the oxidised material is allowed to flow through cotton scrims hung vertically, where it is allowed to cool and solidify in the form of a thin film. North America, Russia, Argentina and India are the chief flax-growing countries from where the supply of linseed oil for this industry is drawn. Powdering the cork is a very tedious but a very important operation, because the quality of the finished product depends upon the fineness of the cork powder. Portugal, Spain, France and Northern Africa are the chief cork supplying countries. The best quality of the cork is utilised for the manufacture of cork stoppers for bottles.

The useless scraps obtained after punching the stoppers are used in the linoleum industry. Burlap is a coarse canvass-like cloth, used as a backing to spread the linoleum mixture on. This cloth is produced abundantly in Scotland. After preparing the cement, which consists of oxidised linseed oil, cork powder, resin and other ingredients, it is spread evenly on the burlap and pressed. At this stage the imprinting of various designs in the fabric is carried out. Finally it is allowed to mature before being sent out for shipping. Linoleum flooring is used in homes, public buildings, offices, stores and show rooms. In libraries linoleum may be employed to cover book shelves and the top of reading tables. (*Journal of Chemical Education.*)

* * * * *

Laziness: A Mental Disease.

The science of psychology is coming to help eradicate the difficultly diagnosed disease of laziness. Donald A. Laird, in an interesting note on "What it means to be Lazy" (*Scientific American*), says that many a lazy boy has turned out to be a genius in later life. He says: Justus Liebig, the famous German chemist, was so lazy that he kept faithfully at the foot of his school classes, in spite of the fact that his intelligent quotient is said by Stanford University psychologists to have been as high as 165, in contrast to the average intelligence quotient of a mere hundred". It is reported that an amazingly large percentage of lazy heads is to be found among ordinary children of the present day. According to a study made by Dr. P. P. Blonsky in 1929, one out of every eight children in 42 classes studying in Moscow schools was found to be lazy. Another interesting observation—an observation which may perhaps be rather unpalatable to the orthodox man—made by Blonsky was that while only 4 per cent. of all the girls

were unequivocally lazy, exactly 19.3 per cent. of the boys were discovered to be in the category of undeniably lazy. Analysing a thousand adult cases in a similar manner, it has been found that while 14 per cent. of men are affected by this strange disease, only 9 per cent. of women are lazy. This is rather a very surprising find indeed. In the natural course of happenings, one should expect the 'weaker sex' to be the 'lazier one' too. But perhaps one who has been in a family and has watched the working of the 'weaker mind' would agree with the findings of the psycho-analysts. In the words of Donald Laird:

Plainly women are not as lazy as men, whether the women are little girls yet in short dresses, or women in full bloom and long skirts. This is all the more astonishing when we discover that the study of the same thousand men and women showed that, while only 11 per cent. of the men lacked energy to do more, 15 per cent. of the women showed this to be their greatest need.

When the energy of women is measured by their metabolism, it is found that they are about 15 per cent. below men in this measure of available energy. This fact, coupled with the observation that, periodically, women also have unusual physiological depletions of this energy, reflects but scant credit upon masculine indolence exceeding theirs. Here we find that women have more actual physiological justification for being lazy, but paradoxically it is the opposite sex that excels in laziness.

To be tired is not to be lazy. Women get fatigued quicker than men; but it is only a physical fatigue and not a mental one. True laziness is a mental fatigue and is caused by ideas and emotions. The following is an astonishing psychological experiment: A subject—man—was asked to lift a small weight upwards and downwards with his finger continuously for a long time. After a short period he complained that his finger was tired out, that the work had fatigued the muscles and that he could no longer lift the finger with that small load. At this stage a mild electric current was applied to the finger muscle in question, and at once the finger recoiled showing that the muscle was yet responsive and not fatigued. Therefore, it has been deduced that it was the fatigue of the mental machine that was responsible for this aversion to lift the finger anymore. The subject lost interest in this mechanical motion of the finger, and hence he could do it no longer. In the case of women, although the muscles may get fatigued quicker, their mental stamina is more.

The psycho-analysts say that one of the important causes for laziness is to be found in day-dreaming.

Practically everyone goes through a stage of intensified day-dreaming at about the twelfth to twentieth year, and some apparently never grow out of this indolent period of reveries.

People day-dream because that helps them to surmount the difficulties of life through their imagination. Hard knocks, disappointments and other

similar mental experiences make day-dreamers out of many folk, and, by doing that, make lazy people out of them.

The one cure for laziness, which may not circumstantially be applicable in every case, is to allow the individual to pursue the work which interest him or her. This will keep up the enthusiasm which may string up the mental engine, thus minimising the chances for laziness. But such a treatment may necessitate the individual changing vocation on and off, as it is very difficult to keep up a long continued interest in any form of work. This has been the experience in the case of many great men. To cite one example, Mr. R. S. Woodworth, the Head of the Department of Psychology, Columbia University, has passed through many chameleonic changes before he got at the right work which interested him the most and thus made him immune to laziness. He started as an astronomer, and went through the courses of a farmer, musician, minister, philosopher and physiologist before he became the famous Psychologist that he is. Therefore, it appears that there is a specific cure for every lazy individual, and it is only up to him or her to feel the mind and suit the vocation to its bent.

Sir Sankaran Nair.

CHAMPION OF INDIAN WOMANHOOD

BY MARGARET E. COUSINS, B. MUS.



N paying respects to the Grand Old Man of Malabar, Sir C. Sankaran Nair, who passed away full of years and honours on April 24th, the public Press has failed to express the gratitude of one half of the Indian people, its womanhood, for his championship of their campaign for equal rights of citizenship when the Montford Reforms Bill was being hammered out, and for his invariable support of every movement for the advancement of women.

Women have taken such an equal part in the public life of India during the last ten years that it is almost impossible to realise that it was only in December 1917, that the first request was made by Indian women for citizenship by the extension to them of the suffrage on the same terms as to men in the Reforms then being envisaged. The favourable reception of this request by the late Hon. E. S. Montagu caused the Southborough Franchise Committee to examine the women's demand early in 1919. That historic Committee disposed of the claims of women in four short paragraphs out of their 400-page Report. They said: "We are satisfied that the social conditions of India make it premature to extend the franchise to Indian women at this juncture, when so large a proportion of male electors require education in the use of a responsible vote." Following this priceless masculine logic that because some men are too ignorant to vote, therefore it was too soon for any women to have a vote, they decided "not to recommend the extension of the suffrage to women," and the Government of India in its Dispatch on this Report agreed with the Committee's recommendation saying, "in the present conditions of India it is not practicable to open the franchise to women".

It is to the eternal glory of India that she had a son on that Committee, Sir Sankaran Nair, who opposed this decision with might and main. It was significant that the one member of the then Indian Government who knew Indian conditions from the inside and who was, therefore, most fitted to voice authentic Indian opinion, Sir Sankaran Nair, pressed for the removal of sex disqualification from the outset, wrote a Minute of Dissent to the Committee's decision on this subject, and fought to get women's claims granted at every opportunity during his visits to London in connection with the passing of the Reforms.

Later events proved how truly he gauged the capacities of his country-women, what a statesmanlike vision was his, how loyal a representative of the matriarchal system he was. India to-day leads all Asia in the political equality it has conferred on womanhood.

It is very fitting that the Women's Indian Association has publicly appreciated Sir Sankaran Nair's services to womanhood, for he had constantly associated himself with the activities of the Association and helped it to gain its aims. He thought most highly of the work it has been doing for India during the past seventeen years.

His public life was beautifully in accord with his private life as regards the equality he showed women. His most charming wife and he were life-long comrades in the most real sense, and her death some years ago was an impoverishment of his life from which he never fully recovered. He saw that his handsome daughters got an education which has fitted them to be the intellectual companions of their husbands, most highly placed public officials. No child marriages, no child widows in his family. He knew by experience how safely inheritance rights and money can be placed in women's keeping. He knew also that no legal or religious bonds of marriage are comparable to the voluntary chains of free, deep affection linked with mutual respect, true equality of the sexes and the economic independence of wife as well as husband. All these things are the essence of the matriarchal system, and he was a firm believer in its idealism and its practicality.

He had reached the fine age of 77, and none of us could wish to keep his ardent nature chained to a worn-out frame, but his death has removed one of women's finest knights, *sans peur et sans reproche*. We greet his freed spirit with gratitude and call on other young chevaliers to fill the space left void by his passing.

Book Reviews.

Personalities in Present-Day Music. By E. Krishna Ayyar, B. A., B. L., Advocate, No. 3, Kondichetty Street, Madras—Published by Rochouse & Sons, Madras. Price Re. 1.

This little book contains beautiful pen-pictures of some of the well-known musicians of South India by a lover of music. That the author is a keen critic of the musical art is clear from many portions of the work. He has placed his hands on his objects of study with reference to their representing a particular type. The author has a keen sense of perception and true insight into human nature. His comments are enlivening, and the criticisms very fair. This can be better appreciated by those to whom the musicians are personally known. They will be struck by the appropriateness and accuracy of the author's remarks. Besides being sketches of the musicians concerned, this book also offers a running criticism of the present-day tendencies in musical art. See what this music lover has to say on musical accompaniments: "Accompaniments in South India, and particularly of the *tala* variety, have of late been allowed to develop to such monstrous proportions as to become fighting rivals to the principal musician on the platform, with their killing acrobatics and inordinate solo displays." We would only add "and each including the principal musician becoming a rival of the other and even leading to personal bickerings and misunderstanding." We congratulate the author on this interesting work, which provides "light enjoyment" and considerable "food for thought over our art and artists".

M.

Kuzumanjali (കുസുമാഞ്ജലി) by Vidwan K. Sankara Ezuthachan, Mannarghat. Published by The Kerala Trading Company, Angadipuram. Price Annas 8.

This is a collection of fifteen short pieces composed by the poet and published from time to time in various Malayalam journals. There are really excellent pieces in this collection, *Tarangini*, *Upaguptan*, and *Jatigiti* are some of them. *Tarangini* inculcates the ideal of service. The philosophy of man merging with the infinite is unconsciously brought home to the mind of the reader. *Upagupta* thrills one. *Jatigiti* contains a moving appeal for the removal of untouchability. This is in consonance with the spirit of the times. This piece is so good that it ought to be reprinted by some Harijana organization in leaflet form and widely distributed. There are also some pieces herein not quite up to the mark. *Premalekhanam* is not at all well conceived. *Bhaktagitam* contains but common-place thoughts. But, even here the defects are all outweighed by the poet's melodious verse.

S.

Thiagadhiranmar (ത്യാഗധീരന്മാർ). By Vidwan V. M. Govinda Menon, Published by V. M. Karunakara Menon at The Prabhodhayam Publishing House, P. O. Kumaranallur. Price annas 12.

This is a translation of the English book "Golden Deeds of All Lands and of All Nations," and has all the defects of a translation and something more. Some phrases and idioms are peculiar to particular languages.

Translations of them literally must be jarring. There are several instances of such jarring translation here. The author's blind following of the original has led him to adopt even the mode of construction of sentences in the English language. This makes the book very hard reading and often irritating. In the preface, the author says that he has tried to make the language as simple as possible, but we are afraid the contents of the book do not justify the assertion. The style is not at all suitable to a work to be placed in the hands of children. A kind of platform style is employed. Construction of sentences is very loose and often grievously faulty. The active and the passive voices have been mixed up, with the result that some sentences have to be read several times over before one is able to follow them. Words have been selected with reference to their sound and not with a view to making the subject matter clear and intelligible. The book may be opened at random and instances in point may easily be found. Added to all these there are quite a number of printer's mistakes. We would advise the author to rewrite the book without reference to the original English work.

K.

Bhashavilasini Readers 1 to 5 (ബാഷാവിലാസിനി പാഠപുസ്തകങ്ങൾ).

By Karimpuzha Ramakrishnan, B. A., Published by The Educational Supplies Depot, Palghat.

These Readers are so graded as to meet the requirements of the children of the 1st to the 5th standard. The 1st Reader is very attractive and children will find it very easy to follow. As a first book it is very good. The other readers contain very useful lessons. All of them are of special interest to children and suitable for the respective classes intended. The Poems are carefully selected. The Readers may very well and with profit to children be prescribed as text-books. The few faults of language and topographical errors found can easily be remedied.

A.

The Golden Treasury of Indian Tales: (1) A Story Garden (2) Under the Rainbow (3) Woodland Tales (4) In Fairy Land. By Arthur Duncan, M. A. Published by The Bharati Publishing House, Avenue Road, Bangalore City.

These four books of The Golden Treasury of Indian Tales series, beautifully got up and well-printed in art paper, are published by the Bharati Publishing House, Bangalore City, and are a pleasure to the eye to read. An even more interesting feature about them is that the stories are taken from Indian life and tradition for, as the publishers point out, "India is a vast and rich storehouse of interesting myths, legends, folk-lore, fairy tales and popular stories," and the books should, therefore, appeal strongly to the imagination and sense of wonder of Indian boys and girls. The books are amply illustrated and well graded to suit the different ages and standards of children, and the style is simple and elegant. Altogether, they form an admirable set which deserves to go into the hands of young folk.

S.

Bioluminescence or Animal Light.

By T. R. SATHE, M. Sc., A. I. I. Sc., Dip. Che. Tech.



COMMON Glow-Worm or the 'Fire-Fly' is a well known example of the phenomenon of Bioluminescence i. e. production of light by a living organism as a part of its life functions. On any dark night especially after rains these flies would be seen flying about like tiny specks of soft greenish lights. There would be only a few who in their childhood had not caught these and put them in match boxes just for the fun of it. Round about hedges and in forests some may have observed small worms, about half to one inch in length having two rows of lights on both the sides along the entire length. A closer examination of these rows with a fairly powerful lens shows how elaborate and complex light-producing structures are. As yet we cannot say what their significance is.

The light may be steady and continuous or glowing and intermittent. This light of animal origin has attracted the attention of poets and philosophers alike since times unknown. Aristotle has mentioned the phenomenon occurring in marine fish. Very often the tiny specks of light in the sea and around the shores are of animal origin. It is curious to note however that these luminiscent animals are either marine or terrestrial but no fresh water organisms have yet been found to do so. In the vegetable kingdom, some mycelial fungi are known to produce light. These infect some plants and trees and make them appear luminous.

Some travellers have reported luminous frogs. But on investigation, the phenomenon was found to be temporary pseudoluminescence on account of the frogs having feasted upon some luminiscent insects. Certain bacteria have been found which show this phenomenon and these are very often responsible for the glow seen on stale marine fish. No doubt, there are certain fishes like the 'angler-fish' which produce their own light to attract their prey.

A number of workers till now have tried to investigate the phenomenon in its anatomical, physiological and chemical aspects. So early as 1667, Boyle showed that the animals were incapable of glowing in the absence of air. Pfluger in 1875 isolated the luminous bacteria from dead marine fish with the use of suitable culture medium.

In some forms of life, the organ producing the light is a simple appendage ; in others, it is a complex and elaborate organ with a focussing lens-like and other protective structures. Some are luminous owing to the symbiotic (or parasitic ?) association with such mirco-organisms.

Man has been trying always to use these for his own benefit, since ages. The natives of the West Indies use them for personal adornment at night and as bait for fishing. Beijernick has suggested their use in testing the efficiency of bacterial filters and also for detecting the presence of oxygen. Dubois and Mollisch suggested their use as a source of harmless light in powder magazines and such like places where any other form of light is more or less dangerous. They prepared cultures of luminous bacteria in flasks, but the glow was not sufficient to make objects in the vicinity, visible to the eye.

Chemical investigation of the phenomenon has shown that it is due to the reaction of two substances with oxygen, one named *Luciferin* which in the presence of the other named *Luciferase* (perhaps enzymic) absorbs oxygen and emits light. No doubt further investigation in the direction would give some interesting results and give man a new way of producing a pleasant glow of light, luminous articles and signals for use at night.

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MADANAPALLE, situated among quietly picturesque hill scenery, at an elevation of 2,500 feet, in a bracing and relatively cool climate, is an ideal location for an educational institution. The College, which has grown out of the Congress School founded in 1888, is a first grade institution affiliated to the University of Madras. The aim of the institution is to provide a fully rounded-out education for future leaders in the life of the country, in an atmosphere of cultural comradeship and high aspiration, self-discipline and self-expression. The best of modern education is combined with the idealism and personal intimacy of the ancient ashramas. The return of Dr. James H. Cousins to the College as Principal, with wide experience of world education in five years of work in numerous universities in Europe and America, has opened a new era of hope in the institution after a period of difficulty. An interesting folder, issued by the Managing Committee of the College, describes the College as an educational adventure, and rightly it is so, as will be seen from the objects set forth. Round the High School and the College, the Committee visualise:--

1. A School of Physical Culture, in which the distinctive practices of India (breath-control, etc.) can be demonstrated by students and studied by visitors from abroad.
2. A School of Philosophy in which students from all parts of the world can obtain direct knowledge of the philosophy of India in its own environment from its natural expositors.
3. A School of Indian Arts and Crafts, combining beauty and usefulness; restoring the attenuated creative and aesthetical sense of the people of India, and increasing prosperity by productiveness.
4. A School of Indian Music and Drama to further the work recently begun of raising these major arts to their ancient eminence, and to attract occidental musicians for study.
5. A School of Comparative Religion, in which students belonging to all the faiths can study the history of humanity's hunger for the infinite, and its expression in the various religions, in mutual helpfulness.
6. A School of Commerce and Journalism, to help young men to usefulness in the life of India.
7. A School of Domestic Science, to help young women to healthy efficiency in the home.
8. An Infant School on modern lines.
9. A School of Oral Studies for the illiterate.
10. A School of Synthesis for the combining of world-culture in a simple relationship of fundamental characteristics, and for helping towards world-peace through world-understanding and sympathetic appreciation.

The fulfilment of all these high intentions means considerable sums of money, and the Managing Committee have issued an appeal for funds. In response to that appeal, and being ourselves in full sympathy with the ideals and objects of the institution, we have undertaken to make collections in the West Coast and remit

the amounts to Dr. Cousins. A local committee, consisting of Messrs. Kulapathi V. V. Parameswara Iyer, N. R. Ramaswami Iyer, C. Seshayya, P. V. Aghoram Iyer, K. G. Nair, M. S. Krishna Iyer, A. N. Rama Iyer and E. V. Subramaniam (Secretary), has also been constituted for the purpose. We acknowledge with thanks the following contributions:—

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