



THE

# WOMEN'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

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September 1928.

No. III.

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## EDITORIAL.

The ardent desire of many hearts is at last fulfilled and our College is now a first grade Institution.

Joy and sadness, however, are seldom far apart and our joy at the fulfilment of long cherished hopes and plans is dimmed by the absence of Miss Watts who for so long and so ably guided the destinies of this Institution, and to whose unflagging energy and enthusiasm it is due that the University authorities were satisfied and accorded permission for the opening of the B. A. Class.

It is a source of great pleasure to us, and is most fitting, that a portrait of Miss Watts should adorn the first page of this number of our magazine—the first number to be issued this eventful year.

We extend a special welcome to our first B. A. students and wish them a very happy and successful career.

We welcome too the new members of the staff and trust they will have a great many years of happy service.

The new building is not quite completed yet but our Physics and Natural Science classes have taken possession of their rooms in the building. We hope to be in entire possession of the building before this Magazine issues from the Press.



## A MESSAGE FROM MISS WATTS.

My dear teachers and students,

I am sorry I had to leave the college without saying "good-bye" to you. Every thing was so unsettled and uncertain when we closed for the vacation that I could not tell you anything about myself beyond what I said at our last assembly that you must be prepared for many changes when you came back and might expect to see many new faces and perhaps to find a few old ones missing. As I am now so far away I am doing the next best thing to saying "good-bye" in person. I am sending you a copy of my photograph to say "good-bye" to each one of you separately and God bless you many times over.

Always your dear and sincere

friend,

D. H. WATTS.

Dallongell Moor

Ripon.

Yorks.



### Miss Watts.

The Easter term was drawing to a close. We were all looking forward eagerly to the Midsummer vacation; when suddenly the air was thick with rumours of all kinds. It was reported every where that Miss Watts, our Principal, was going away.

We could not believe it. Preparations for the college to be raised to the first grade were going on at a rapid pace. The beautiful new building that was the pride of our Principal's heart was rising up in all grandeur. Could it possibly be that Miss Watts would retire just when "the dream of her heart" was about to be realised? No, we would not believe it. The college that she loved was about to enter on a new stage in its career. Its history all these twenty-five years and more had been associated with her personality. It was she who had tended the infant college when Miss Williams, its first Principal, had gone away leaving it an orphan. Though grown up now under her fostering care, it was now when it was about to begin a new life, that it needed her, its second mother, most. We teachers who were associated with her all these years in the work of the college, felt that we could not get on without her inspiring presence just at this critical time in the history of the college.

At last we came to feel that after all rumour was but a lying jade, and that she who was in our midst all these years was not likely to go away all of a sudden in that way. A calm after a storm, as it were, fell on us. We began to breathe freely again. Our Principal went on doing her every day duties as if nothing else mattered with her in any way.

In this fool's paradise we lived till at last the closing day came. The Easter term had come to an end. We dispersed. Some of us went home; some of us were away travelling in distant parts. News



came to us that Miss Watts had retired, that she was our Principal no longer. We felt paralysed. Our grief was heightened at the remembrance that she had gone away, and not given us an opportunity of giving her a fitting send-off. She had gone away at a time when the college was closed, when we were all scattered. She had gone away, and not given us a chance to tell her how much we appreciated all that she had done all these years for us.

She was gone. The Midsummer vacation passed off in silence. New principals came. The college was raised to the first grade. It was re-opening day. We came back. Wherever we turned, we saw new faces and new things. In the universal joy that the college had at last reached maturity, had at last become a first grade college, we all felt sad. We thought of her who had worked so hard and so earnestly for this long desired end. We missed her cheering smile and welcome on the opening day. We felt that by her absence, a day full of joy was changed into one so full of sadness. Thus we remained in groups here and there, silent and sad, when we got her letter. We felt that, though far away, she remembered us even as we remembered her. We felt that she was present with us in spirit, even though she was far away in body.

And now we hear the glad news that she is coming back, but alas! no more to be our Principal, no more to guide the destinies of this college. Still we feel cheered by the thought that she is coming back, that she will be near us, that in her we shall ever have a dear friend ready to help us in all our difficulties.

And now, dear Miss Watts, allow us to bid you good-bye through the columns of the Magazine that you started and that you conducted so well all these years. Allow us to assure you that though you are far away, we shall never forget you. All through the years to come, may the remembrance of your inspiring personality, your sweet presence,



your winning smile, help us on through life's devious ways! May we learn to follow in your foot steps in your devotion to the college you loved so well and in your devotion to duty! May we learn to spend our days in fruitful work as you have done! And thus may we also like you earn the reward of the just in the end!

### THE STAFF.

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### My Reminiscences of Miss Watts.

The Women's College has at last been raised to the first grade. Our thanks are due to Miss Watts who amidst fearful odds and stubborn opposition fought and won for us the material realisation of our fondest hopes. But she is no more at the helm to steer the new formed barque even in her maiden voyage, through the unexplored waters. The crew and the passengers miss the loving presence of the captain.

The name of Miss Watts has been woven into the fabric of the Women's College. When we think of the Women's College at once the majestic form of our beloved principal rises up before our mental vision. She has been closely associated with the education of the women of Travancore for a very long time. Her sphere of action has not been only the Women's College for she guided the destinies also of the High School and the Training School. I do not think it will be an exaggeration to say that the present enlightened and advanced condition of the women of Travancore is greatly due to her.

The welfare of the college was the life mission of Miss Watts. Her magnetic personality and her genial smile endeared her to the hearts of all who came in contact with her. She had a genuine interest in the welfare of the students who were entrusted to her care. She grieved at their sorrows and exulted in their joy. She also set before us very high ideals of service and love.

Miss Watts originated the Women's College Magazine. Long before the Men's College even conceived the notion of having one, our magazine had passed through the first years of its infancy. A matter really to be proud of! The magazine keeps us in touch with the old students and their movements and this bond of union we owe entirely to Miss Watts.



To those who have been reading the editorials of the magazine it will be evident how eagerly she looked forward to the completion of the new building and the raising of the college to the first grade. The first grade college for Women in Trivandrum will ever remain the colossal evidence of her magnificent work and activities.

No words which we utter in eulogy of Miss Watts will be too much. She outstrips all praise and leaves it far behind her. The highest tribute we can pay to her is to enhance the prestige and glory of the college and prove ourselves really worthy of the privileges she had acquired for us. With her noble example before us let as all with one heroic heart strive 'to seek, to find and not to yield'.

A STUDENT.

The welfare of the college was the life mission of Miss Watts. Her magnetic personality and her genial smile endeared her to the hearts of all who came in contact with her. She had a genuine interest in the welfare of the students who were entrusted to her care. She shared in their sorrows and exulted in their joy. She also set before us very high ideals of service and love.

Miss Watts originated the Women's College Magazine. Long before the Women's College even conceived the notion of having one, our magazine had passed through the first years of its infancy. A mission really to be proud of. The magazine keeps us in touch with the old students and their movements and this kind of union we owe entirely to Miss Watts.



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### COLLEGE NOTES.

The College reopened after the Summer Vacation on the 2nd of July.

Our expectation of having a First Grade College has been fulfilled and our joy knew no bounds when we stood in front of the new building partly finished and ready for use. It was a delight to see the students, old and new, running in and out of the building exploring it from end to end.

But there was something to damp our spirits. College without Miss Watts? It was too bad to think of! And the students who live outside Trivandrum had not even the chance of bidding her farewell when she handed over charge and went on furlough. We missed her everywhere. What was to become of our college and our clubs we wondered. But we were not destined to be in low spirits long. After a few days of listless existence the college students roused themselves with one accord to give a warm welcome to the new Principal Miss Carrapiett. Well, lessons have started in good earnest; clubs have lifted up their heads once more; and college life is in full swing again.

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To the great regret of the students, the Morning Assembly has been abolished.

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There have been many changes in the college staff this year:

NEW MEMBERS : *Professors*:

Miss M. I. Rosemeyer, B. A., L. T., (English)

Mr. A. N. Tampi B. A., (Oxon) (History)



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Lecturers :	Sry.	K. Saradama	(History)
	,,	T. J. Ponnama	(Sanskrit)
	,,	K. Easwari Amma	(English)
	,,	Meenakshy Amma	(Malayalam)
	Miss	Mary John	(Physics & Chemistry)
	Mr.	A. P. Mathew	(Botany)

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We give them all a hearty welcome and wish them happiness in their work.

Miss A. Nidiri M. A., (Hons.) and Miss E. Gomez M. A., (Hons.) have been appointed as Assistant Professors in History and English.

As Miss Gomez is on leave, Sry. Anandavalli Amma M. A., (Hons.) is acting as Assistant Professor of English.

Miss Daisy Muthunayakam M. A., (Hons) has been posted on other duty as the Tutor to Her Highness the Karthigai Thirunal.

Mr. A. N. Tampi B. A., (Oxon) and Sry. Anandavalli Amma M. A., (Hons.) were elected to represent the college in the Academic and Affiliated college councils.

The college celebrated the eve of the Lady Principal's birthday on the 20th July.

#### VISITORS.

14th Sept. 1928. Miss Schaeffer, General Secretary, Christain Students' Union.

25th Miss Hersey, Madras.

2nd Oct. '28. The Maharani Sahiba of Vijanagaram and the Acting Director of Public Instruction, Travancore.



## COLLEGE CLUBS.

A General Meeting of the Staff and Students of the Women's College was held in the College Hall on Wednesday the 25th of July to elect the president and Committee members of the various clubs. The following were chosen : -

## THE LITERARY CLUB.

<i>President:</i>	Sy. B. Anandavalli Amma,	B. A. (Hons.)
<i>Secretary:</i>	Mrs. Alice Joseph.	} Junior B. A.
<i>Committee Members:</i>	Miss K. C. Andamma.	
	„ M. J. Elizabeth.	} Senior Intermediate.
	„ Anbammal Daniel.	
	„ Muris Gomez.	} Junior Intermediate.
	„ Rita Fernandez.	

## ARTS CLUB.

<i>President:</i>	Sy. C. Rukmini Amma,	B. A. (Hons.)
<i>Committee Members:</i>	„ Kamalamma.	} Junior B. A.
	„ B. Saradamma.	
	„ K. Gouri Amma.	} Senior Intermediate.
	Miss Achamma Utup.	
	„ Padmavathy.	} Junior Intermediate.
	„ Retnamma.	

## SPORTS CLUB.

<i>President:</i>	Miss F. de' Netto.	(Tutor in music and physical training.)
<i>Secretary:</i>	„ Peace Mamman.	} Junior B. A.
<i>Committee Members:</i>	Sy. K. Bagirathy Amma.	
	Miss Aley Mathew.	} Senior Intermediate.
	Sy. K. Gouri Amma.	
	Miss M. M. Aley.	} Junior Intermediate.
	Sy. K. Sarada Amma.	



## MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

<i>Ex-officio Editor:</i>	Miss Carrapiett (Principal.)	
<i>Business Manager:</i>	„ K. C. Annamma, B. A. (Hons.)	
<i>Sub-editors:</i>	Sy. Anandhavalli Amma, B. A. (Hons.)	
	Miss Laura M. Noe, B. A., L. T.	
	Sy. Meenakshy Amma, M. A.	
	Mrs. Alice Joseph.	} Junior B. A.
	Miss Peace Mamman.	
	„ Andamma.	
	„ Anbammal Daniel.	} Senior Intermediate.
	„ M. J. Elizabeth.	
	Sy. Baghirathy Amma.	
	Miss Rita Fernandez.	} Junior Intermediate.
	„ M. M. Aley.	
	Sy. C. Padmavathy.	

**The Literary Club.**

The inaugural meeting of the Literary Club presided over by Miss Carrapiett took place on Monday the 13th of August 1928 at 10 A.M. in the College Hall. The meeting opened with the singing of the College song. Then Mrs. Kuruvilla, M. A., M. L. C. gave an address on "Women's rights". The speaker explained what the birth-right of every woman was and how she was to claim it without strife. Congratulations were offered her for being the first non-official lady member of the Legislative Council and the meeting came to a close after proposing a hearty vote of thanks to the speaker and the president.



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### Sports Club.

The inaugural meeting of the Sports Club presided over by Miss Carrapiett was held on the 22nd of August 1928. Mr. A. N. Thampi gave an address on 'Physical exercises'. He said that physical exercises must play an important part in the educational programme. He made the address very inspiring by giving us bits of his own personal experiences at home and at Oxford. Miss Carrapiett thanked him in a few well chosen words for the valuable words he said to us. The meeting was brought to a close with a vote of thanks to the president and the speaker.

The next item was a Basket Ball match between the "Yellows" and the "Greens". Both parties played well but the Yellows carried the day winning 20 scores against the 10 scores of the Greens.

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### Arts Club.

The inaugural meeting of the Arts club was held in the College Hall on 23rd August 1928, Miss Carrapiett presiding.

Mr. Srinivasan, Professor in the Science College, spoke on Art. He said that Art ought not to be considered as something apart from everyday life. "If you have two loaves sell one and get a lily" he said and that revealed clearly what place he wanted us to give art in our life.

The address was followed by a song sweetly rendered by Miss Manoharamma of the Junior Intermediate class.

When the curtain went up, the audience were all ears and eyes. While they feasted their eyes on the beautiful tableau of "Mother India", their ears were entertained by music from behind the scenes.

The meeting came to a close after proposing a vote of thanks to the president and the speaker.

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### Hostel Notes.

The Hostel re-opened for the year 1928—29 on 30th June '28. Miss Thomas and Miss Alej Joseph, the resident tutors left the Hostel. Miss A. Cheryan and Sry. B. Ananda Valli Amma are now in the Hostel.

The inmates of the Hostel now are 17 students from the Women's College, 8 from the Science College, 2 from the Arts College and one from the High School.

Our hearty congratulations to Sry. K. Gourikutty Amma, an old inmate of the hostel, for her recent appointment as a teacher in the Petta School. Miss Lily Gabriel who was another inmate of the Hostel left us to join the Medical College, Madras. Sry. V. P. Ponnammal was with us till Onam Vacation but left after it.

A general meeting was held in the Hostel Hall on Saturday the 14th July '28 at 11. A. M. with our Warden Miss Carrapiett in the chair to elect the Hostel Union Committee for the year.

The following were elected as office bearers :—

Sry. K. Gourikutty Amma.	<i>President.</i>
„ S. Janaki Amma.	<i>Secretary.</i>
„ M. Janaki Amma	<i>Treasurer.</i>
„ K. T. Annamma }	<i>Members.</i>
„ K. Gouri Amma }	

Since Sry. K. Gourikutty Amma left the hostel after this meeting' another meeting was held with Sry. Ananda Valli Amma in the chair in which Sry. M. Janaki Amma was elected as the president and K. R. Lakshmykutty Amma as the treasurer.

A special meeting of the 'Hostel Union' was held in the High School Hall on Friday 27th July at 5 P. M. to celebrate the birthday of our Warden. A Malayalam farce 'ചക്കിചക്കരം' was staged on the occasion



Sry. K. Gourikutty Amma as the hero, K. Gouri Amma as 'ചക്കര' and K. Rukmini as 'ചക്കി' acted their part splendidly.

The inaugural meeting of the Hostel Union ' was held in the High School Hall on Tuesday the 18th Sept. at 5. p. m. with Miss Carrapiett in the chair when Prof : V. K. Ayappan Pillai spoke on ' Some Aspects of University Life.'



**OLD GIRLS.****Marriages.**

We send our best wishes on their marriage to

- Miss Irene Joseph and Mr. Ipe C. Corah B.A.  
 „ Eva Abraham and Dr. C. Vareed M. B. B. S.  
 „ Mariam Easo and Mr. K. J. Oommen B. A.  
 „ Mariam Thomas and Mr. George Mathan.  
 „ Jane Preseedom and Mr. E. Harris.  
 „ L. Thankamma and Mr. S. Sankara Pillai.  
 „ N. Kamalamma and Mr. K. Krishna Pillai, B. A.  
 „ Susanna Eapen and Mr. C. V. Thomas B. A.  
 „ Thankamma Abraham and Mr. Thomas John F.A.  
 „ P.V. Annamma and Mr. M. William Joseph.  
 „ Davamony Gnanabaranam and Mr. Doraisamy Iyer B.A.  
 „ Minna Vanross and Mr. Harold D'cruz B.A.  
 „ M.M. Alyamma and Mr. K.G. George B.A.

The betrothal has also taken place of Miss M. J. Elizabeth with Mr. M. C. Abraham B. A. and of Miss A. Sosamma with Mr. P. S. Abraham B. A.

**Births.**

We congratulate

Mrs. Sara Cherian and her baby daughter.

Mrs. Mary Verghese (Mariam Cherian) and her baby girl,

Mrs. Gopala Pillai (K. G. Bhagirathi Amma) and her baby daughter away in Africa.



The following is the list of old girls studying in other institutions.

*Arts College, Trivandrum :—*

Sry. S. Janaki Amma, C. J. Sumathy Kutty, Iris Vanross, Sheila Surrao, P. R. Madhavi Kutty, and P. Barathi in the Literature Hons. Class ;

Sry. P. Chellamma, Josephine Mascarene, Beatrice Louis, and A. T. Saramma in the History Hons. Class ; and

Sry. M. Sumathy Amma, S. Sumuki Amma, S. Sarada Amma, Clara, Manual. Mary Lourdes Boniface, Accamma Kuruvila, Sr. Patrick, N. C. Annamma, K. Lekshmi, V. Karthiayani, and K. Kalianikutty Amma in the Senior B. A. Class,

*Science College, Trivandrum :—*

Sry. Gnanaprakasi in the Mathematics Honours Class, and Sry. A. Bhavani, Marie Fernandez, Daisy Fernandez and Sr. Catherine in the B. A. Class.

*Training College, Trivandrum :—*

Mrs. Aley Verghese, Miss Anna David, and Miss Rachel Joseph in the L. T. Class ; and Sr. Flora (Miss E. J. Bridget) in the Undergraduate Training Class.

*Law College, Trivandrum :—*

Mrs. Anna Chandy and Miss Sarah Pothan in the B. L. Class.

*Queen Mary's College, Madras :—*

Misses Eatha John, Achy Abraham, and Simoney Varkky in the B. A.

Our heartiest congratulations to Misses Anda Kurien (II Class.) Cecilia Abraham, P. G. Ponnamma, and Susan Uthup on their success in the last B. A. Hons. Examination ; Misses V. M. Catherine and K. T. Theresa in the L. T. Examination ; Sry. P. Rugmini Amma,



L. Meenakshi Amma, Lily Fernandez, Mary Fidelis, Mariam Varkey, P. C. Aleyamma (II Class in Chemistry), and Bargavi Amma in the B. A. Examination; and Mrs. Anna Chandy on her securing a II Class in the last F. L. Examination.

We are proud to welcome back the following old students as members of the staff in the College:

Sry. Easwari Amma B.A. Hons. & L.T. as English Lecturer, K. Saradamma B. A. Hons. as History Lecturer, K. Meenakshi Amma M. A. as Malayalam Lecturer, T. J. Ponnammam B. A. as Sanskrit Pandit, and Mary John B. A. as Physics Demonstrator. We hope to see more and more of our old students coming back to us as teachers in the institution.

We offer our congratulations to Miss Eunice Gomez M. A. and Sry. Anandavalli Amma B. A. Hons. on their promotion as permanent and acting Assistant Professors of the College; and to Miss Daisy Muthunayakam B. A. Hons. on her appointment as Tutor to H. H. the Princess Karthika Thirunal.

The following old students are teachers in other institutions:

Misses V. M. Catherine, Margaret Poulse, Rachel Mathan, Mary Lopez, L. Bagirathy Amma, Aley Uthup and P. C. Aleyamma in the St. Teresa's Convent College, Ernakulam;

Miss M. Deenamma at Bidar;

Miss P. Aleyamma Cheriyan at Jaffna, Ceylon;

Misses K. T. Theresa and Annamma Mathan in the Convent, Changanacherry;

Misses M. M. Anna and Sara Kuruvilla in the B. M. School, Kottayam;

Misses Annie Mascarene and Annamma Padmam at Colombo, Ceylon;



Miss C. J. Theresa in the Convent at Mutholy ;  
Mrs. Kurien (Sosamma Thomas) in the Convent, Quilon ;  
Mrs. Varghese (Mariam Cherian) at Edathua School ;  
Miss Teresa Nidiry in the Lady Amphill's School, Massulipatam ;  
and  
Mrs. Joseph (Sosa Mathew) in the Convent, Trichinopoly ;

Miss Annie Beemer L. M. P., who was working in the Women's Hospital, Thaikad, Trivandrum, has now been transferred to the Victoria Hospital, Quilon.

Misses E. P. Aleyamma and Grace Fernandez are studying for L. M. P. at Vellore.

Miss G. R. Thankamma is the Superintendent of the Mahilaman-diram Hostel.

Miss V. E. Saramma is working as the Assistant Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at Madras.

Mrs. Culas (Dora Corray) is gone to her husband at Singapore.

Mrs. A. S. Isaaks (Daisy Noe) is with her family at the Old Masonic Lodge, Kashmir Road, Ajmir.

Mrs. Swyny (Millicent Gallyot) has come back to Trivandrum from Ambala, Punjab.



### A Link with the Middle Ages.

The Belfries of Belgium with their "Music nighest bordering Heaven," have inspired lyrics and prose poems in English. Why have not the Beguinages of the same country, been the theme of an idyll in English, as I understand, they are, in Flemish, poetry?

Beloved Beguinages of Belgium! Havens to storm-tossed spirits! Oases in a dry-as-the-desert world! Clear, cool, fresh springs in life's briny waters! Dear quaint old-world wall-encircled towns, within the confines of busy cities, dearer than 'ever in this nerve-racking age of perpetual hurry, in this present period, pulsing with noisy activity—in this restless era of whirring aeroplanes, hooting automobiles, and ringing telephones! Beguinages—delightful survivals of medieval times—exist not only in Bruges where "the pictured, living, pensive, past wears her old dreams so majestically," but, also in those thriving centres of commerce and trade,—Ghent and Antwerp—where, within their precincts, in Dante's words

"The tumult of the time disconsolate

To inarticulate murmurs dies away

While the eternal ages watch and wait".

The characteristic atmosphere of Beguinages wherever they exist, is "serene, and bright and lovely as a Lapland night" or as "a moonlit landscape in springtime beautifully quiet and soothing," yet unobtrusively tingling with life.

Some trace back the origin of Beguinages as far as the 7th century and attribute it to St. Begga, the sister of Peppin of Landen. Others say, that the founder was Lambert Le Begue a priest who founded a Beguinage at Liege in the twelfth century.

However this be, the old Beguinage at Ghent which was destroyed in 1798, and of which its church alone remains, as well as the Beguinage at Bruges, date from the 13th century. Both owed their existence



A Link with the Middle Ages.



Beguine's Cupboard in the Refectory.







to the generosity of Joan of Constantinople, daughter of Count Baldwin of Flanders, and wife of Ferdinand of Portugal, who was kept 12 years in captivity after the battle of Bouvines. These institutions arose from a desire to provide women who had no call to the conventual life, with a happy medium between the cloister and the hearth.

They certainly must deprive Belgian and Flemish writers of many a type of that cantankerous species—the old maid—which disfigures English Fiction.

The Government of the Beguinages, in ancient days, as regards their material concerns, was, at first, in the hands of the Counts of Flanders, and, later, in those of the High Bailiff of the city—their spiritual affairs were directed by the Dominican Fathers.

The Beguines have always been entirely free, that is, they are not bound by any communistic possession of property each Beguine is at liberty to have her own purse, her own home, her own household. Unity is secured by identity in rules and dress. Lay women, friends or relatives of the Beguines—are permitted to reside on the premises. No one is accepted as a Beguine, who cannot prove that she has adequate means of subsistence. Yet, should an unexpected misfortune deprive a Beguine, of the means of living, she is accommodated and fed in the Infirmary, which is reserved for those who are reduced to poverty as well as those who are ill.

The Beguines who are permitted to go out to make purchases, or to visit relatives and friends, to nurse the sick on their homes.

The Beguines wear black with a white Flemish headress, which, when unfolded, serves the purpose of a veil, as well as a coif. Beguines may withdraw from the Institution when they desire, but, as long as they reside therein, they must conform to the rules and dress of the



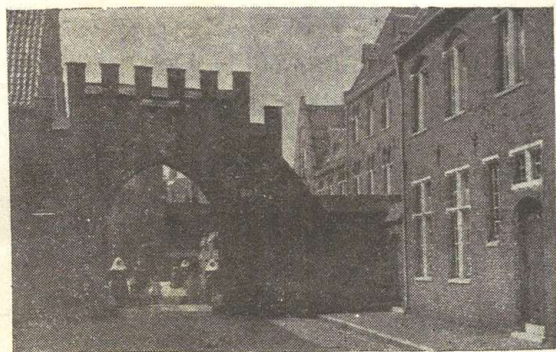
Institution. A Beguine may occupy one of the 80 or 100 houses in a Beguinage, after she has had a training in one of the 14 convents in a Beguinage, where she is initiated in the rules and habits of the community, and follows for a certain time, a life of simplicity, devotion, and submissiveness. A Beguine may live alone or with a companion Beguine in one of these houses, after a six years novitiate.

Every Beguine is under the control of the Grande Dame, who is responsible for the moral government of the whole Beguinage, and supervises the conduct and action of all. The Grande Dame is assisted by a council of three Beguines, chosen by herself, on account of their diligence, devotion, wisdom, and experience.

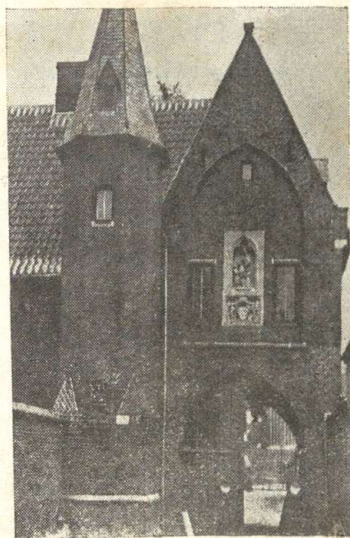
The Beguinages have not only played a worthy part in their locality, but also in the nation's history. The Beguinage at Ghent in 1820 devoted a large sum of money to provide free education for the poor—In 1826, it gave during a flood, the largest contribution of money and goods. The self sacrifice, zeal and devotion displayed in the cholera epidemic of 1833 were heroic. A writer in the contemporary Review said that in the recent Great War, some of the grandest and most unostentatious work was done by Beguines who won the affectionate esteem and gratitude of the nation. During my tour in Belgium, I had the privilege of visiting the two Beguinages at Ghent, and one at Bruges.

The latter is situated in most picturesque surroundings, and it requires no effort of imagination to feel you are living in the century, whose date is inscribed on the facade of the entrance. This is by the Vine Square, over a bridge spanning the stream Roya—where the priceless reliquary of the Precious Blood was found shining by Beguines after its sudden disappearance during a procession, when a band of soldiers caused a panic. From this bridge, there is a lovely view embracing the Beguinage, its gardens and church, with the glistening





The Gate.



The Gate.



Beguinaige at Bruges  
with Notre Dame in the distance.



Entry to the Beguinaige  
over the Roya Bridge.







lake of Minne water—the lake of Love.—The houses of the Beguines fringe a fair and spacious green meadow, planted with lofty elms—a tranquil spot where the spirit of the medieval times still lingers, and where, from across the lake one can hear, in summer time nightingales sing, “stirring the air with harmony”

“With notes so sad, so sweet

In which agony and rapture meet.”

Across this lovely lawn, several times a day, from angelus to angelus, Beguine young and old, go to church, the silvery notes of the former, mingling with the tremulous tones of the latter, as they intone their office.

Dear old Beguines

“Whose hearts are young with love

For Mary's son

Whose prayers for faltering souls

Have victory won

Whose lives are beautiful

With service done.”

The charm of the church is the atmosphere which is redolent of “the incense of a thousand memories” that cling to it—while “the music of a thousand noble deeds”, re-echoes there. At Ghent, I visited the big as well as the small Beguinage in the former there are 600 Beguines with nearly 100 houses and 14 convents—the latter has half the number. The houses are named after saints or the patrons of the Beguinage. The houses are cosy and have most compact arrangements like those on board a ship. Cats on the hearth supply the homely touch.

I visited a convent, as well as a house and was shown the kitchen, the work room and the refectory with its unique cupboards with



adjustable tables attached, which enable every Beguine to secure the solitude of a hermit at meal time, if desired.

I met a Revd. Mother or "Juffer" as she is called who showed me even the sisters' cells—spotless and simple, with bare necessities and primitive washhand stands—

I told the Revd. Mother, that Beguinages would be a boon to many girls in India who are old maids by choice, as well as compulsion, because of the lack of eligibles and because they are not attracted to the ordinary cloister. I suggested she should accompany me to India and found the first Beguinage in Travancore. She replied it would be better for me to undergo a training in her convent and found a Beguinage in Travancore myself—a suggestion which I would have been tempted to comply with, if I had assurance of means of subsistence, independent of my work for a living!

Gala days in the Beguinage are the days of vesting with the habit, the 15th August, when a procession of the Blessed Sacrament takes place, through the leafy aisles and the verdant paths enbroidered with flowers, the Feast of the Holy Innocents, when child relations are invited to dine, and the cloistered avenues ring with rippling peals of merry laughter. The massive gateways of the Beguinage speak eloquently of the storm and stress of bygone days, when these noble women were persecuted and banished. Their forbidding facades and the lofty walls seem to have given some visitors a gloomy impression, or, perhaps, the souls of the visitors lacked the transforming inner light.

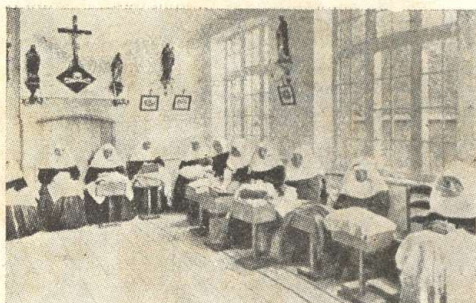
The most delightful hour to visit the Beguinage is at the golden hour of sunset when the Beguines flit across the lawn like bevvies of black and white birds, on their way to Benediction. The Beguines cross the lawn in silence, even as when the sun is low the birds hush their song.

The church is gray-walled—but the altar is a Jewel of colour, scintillating with the blaze of many candles. In the church is a





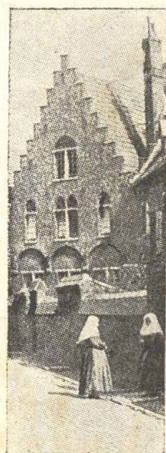
Church of St. Elizabeth-  
and Beguinage with Beguines in the  
Foreground, Ghent.



Work Room of Beguines.



Gate of Grand Beguinage, Ghent,  
Beguines going out.



Typical Beguinage  
Architecture.







crucifix with a Beguine at the foot. The legend is told, that in olden days, for a great feast the Grando Dame (Grut Juffer) forgot to invite a little Beguine. The little one went to the church for consolation in her disappointment, and it seemed to her that she had visible proof of the sympathy of a Heart that loved to the end, for the thorn-crowned Figure bent towards her, and One who spake as never man spake, told her to tell the Grande Dame that He wished her be invited and as proof, He revealed to the Little Beguine, what only the Grande Dame knew. So the Little Beguine was admitted to the festivities. After the function, the little Beguine went to the church to thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Some minutes after, all the Beguines were startled at a Knell from the church and hurried to it. There, they found the little Beguine, dead at the foot of the cross—she had been called to the Banquet of Angels.

At the Benediction hour called "Het Lof" the silence of the Beguinage is "more musical than any song"—The "unheard melodies" afloat, are sweeter than the silvery voices of the choir that chants the beautiful Benediction hymns.

" Deep soundless waves of harmonies eternal  
Their balm celestial on our spirits shed  
O source of Life ! O Fount of waters living  
O Love, to whom all powers of mind and Soul  
We give, and find again, within the giving  
Of Thee, renewed, made consecrate and whole "

Any one, who has been enchanted with that "strange silence, far from the sounding street, which heralds the world's swift passage", must wish with Longfellow that when life's evening hour shall descend for us.

"Glory born of earth end heaven  
The earth and heaven blend".

M. I. R.



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### Birds.

"Brave birds that climb those blue  
Dawn-tinted towers  
With notes like showers of dew  
From elf-tossed flowers."

What would the world have been without birds? How many happy experiences we should have missed! The bird has always been a favourite with man, especially as it is the embodiment of human aspiration and of the desires of the human heart. When oppressed with the burden and the mystery of this unintelligible world, we wish to be transformed into a bird, so that we may take a long and lonely flight where we can enjoy ourselves without the cares and anxieties of this world.

Birds are the children of the air, and air is indispensable to them, they swoop downwards with arrowy rush on their equal wings emblematic of power. Religion clothes the Holy spirit in the form of a dove, as we are reminded by Herbert's lovely stanza.

"Listen, sweet dove, unto my song,  
And spread thy golden wings on me,  
Hatching my tender heart so long,  
Till it get wing, and fly away with thee."

The birds in the pages of the poets, are always suggestive of pure thoughts and bright fancies. We express our idea of wisdom by the owl, of the supreme sweetness of music by the nightingale, of home and homely affections by the robin. Nations have chosen the eagle for their emblem. In every way there is a close relationship between man and bird.



Of course every one will be attracted by the beauty and form of our 'Kingfisher'. It is indeed a type of loveliness, even though it does not sing melodiously. Davies says of the Kingfisher:—

“It was the rain-bow gave thee birth  
And left thee all her lovely hues”.

God has clothed the bird in such a way as to attract the human mind to its beauty. Every thing about it seems to engage our interest. How lightly and gracefully it passes from tree to tree, as if bent on some mission of urgent speed.

The marvellous ingenuity displayed by birds in the construction of their nests is indeed admirable. Birds are very intelligent. The crow is a very cunning bird, and one finds it very difficult to entrap him when he is mischievous, and plays practical jokes.

The music of the nightingale has charmed every age by its sweetness. Robert Bridges makes the nightingales say—

“Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men  
We pour our dark nocturnal secret: and then.  
As night is withdrawn  
From these sweet springing meads and bursting boughs of May  
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day  
Welcome the dawn.”

Our Literature without birds would be as desolate as the world without children. We may say to the birds—

“Sweet artless songsters, then my mind dost raise  
To airs of spheres, yea and to angels' lays.”

P. MAMMEN.

Class III.



### The Ideal King.

Many kings have come down to posterity as great. When you are small and begin to tackle History you are taught to look up to Akbar as an ideal king. And you love to read about him and to hear about his kind deeds more than anything else. Pass on to English History and there you adore an Alfred and never hesitate to call him an ideal monarch. Go through the History of Greece, there you meet the immortal figure of Alexander the Great, standing out as the monarch never once trampled down. Certainly, here is an ideal king!

These are but a few of our Great kings. Have they much in common, one wonders. No, they have not. There is a good deal of the savage in one, while in another we see moral excellence and nobility of soul. One like Richard-the-lion-heart makes war the business of his life, while another having courage of the highest order lays down his arms because he hates to shed blood. From a superficial point of view victories rather than virtues earned the title of 'Great' for Alfred.

Every nation adores a king that marches from victory to victory. Alexander was the darling of his soldiers. Why? His daredevil bravery in time of danger made him a hero in the sight of those rude men. He triumphantly marches through the countries of the East unconsciously passing from king to emperor—the one general in all History who won all his battles!

Turn to Shakespeare. His ideal king was a man of action—a warrior king Henry V, his ideal of English Kingship was nothing if not a warrior. It was his successful career on the continent that placed him on the pinnacle of glory.

But this alone does not suffice. Unless the conqueror is the harbinger of peace and order, he is no ideal king. When the conquest is effected and the throne made secure, he should no longer be a foreigner but



the saviour of the conquered and they should be his beloved subjects. What matters it, the world argues, if he waded through blood to the throne or if he put down rebellion by fire and sword? All that is obliterated from people's minds when they feel that they are after all in good hands and are well cared for and protected. He is their friend and monarch and they are his dear subjects. Canute was that, Alexander was that—hence their undying fame.

This does not mean that every king should go about affecting conquests in order to become great. Times change, ideals change their nature; but whether civilized or not, the ideal king feels that he has responsibilities other than conquering lands for his country. Alfred might have achieved great fame for himself by continuing to fight the Danes, but why did he put away such dreams from him? Was it because he was exhausted? No, he was just beginning to show his mettle and he was no common soldier—but he knew what his people wanted then. They were thirsting for peace and he was too good to deny them that. So must every ideal king identify his interests with those of his subjects.

To come to modern times king Edward VII when he came to the throne, said to his privy council, that so long as there was breath in his body he would work for the good of his people. He was always true to those words. His first thought was always his people. He spared no effort in his endeavour to improve his people. He was a man intensely human. In short he loved his people and to them he was altogether lovable—an ideal king in the highest sense of the word.

Happy is the nation which has such a leader to lead them—and who is the ideal king but he who has secured a throne in the hearts of his subjects?

A. H. DANIEL,

Class II.



**There is some soul of goodness in things evil,**

<sup>we</sup>  
**Would men observingly distil it out.**

^  
If we exert our powers we will be able to understand that there is something favourable in the darkest things. This fact can be brought out clearly by examples from our everyday experience. We may consider many things to be evil, but when we carefully examine them we will find that there is something good in each. One man's meat is another man's poison. So things which are harmful to some are found to be beneficial to others.

In nature we find many creatures such as worms, and insects which at the first sight seem to be useless and even troublesome. But when we consider carefully their work, and way of living we will find that there is something good in every one of them. The earthworms at which we shudder make the earth fertile. The insects like ants prove to be destructive in many ways. But when we watch their work we find that they are instructive to us. Then if we take the examples of birds, we find that there is some soul of goodness in those that are considered to be evils. Birds of prey cause much trouble to us by taking away our chickens and some such creatures which we bring up as pets. But when we think of the good side of them, we find that they destroy worms and small insects which otherwise would have increased in number, and filled our houses and surroundings. Then consider the crows. They are considered to be the most useless and troublesome of all birds. They are not even good to look at. They eat up our paddy and rice when put in the sun, and consume all mangoes and jack fruits and such other fruits. If we concentrate our mind on their actions, we find that there is something good in these evil actions. As soon as the jack fruit gets ripe, they get the knowledge of it and by eating them they



reveal the fact to us. Apart from this we find them making our surroundings clean by eating up the remnants of the food substances which we throw out into the compound. Thus we find that they are of benefit to us.

The same thing is observed in animals also. The lion which is feared by all tries to kill other animals. But even in this evil action there is some soul of goodness because he kills the animals which destroy our crops. Cats, though they steal food and thus cause much trouble, destroy the rats which destroy our vegetation. Then let us think of man the highest creature. There is no man who is perfect in everything and there is none who is good for nothing. In some men we find some faults at first sight; if we consider them in a broad sense we find that there is something good in the faults themselves. For example we find that Goldsmith was an extravagant man. But he was generous. Because he was extravagant, he was quite ready to give money to the poor. Johnson was very rough but he was very good at heart. So though he spoke to everyone in a rough manner he was not at enmity with them at heart and was benevolent towards the poor.

Floods, earthquakes, and fire seem to be evils at the first sight, but we find that there is something good in them. The flood causes destruction but at the same time it makes people generous and self sacrificing. Even hard hearted people who see their fellowmen suffering, become kind hearted and try to help the suffering with money and effort. Similarly the great fire of London had something good in itself. Because of the fire all the dirtiest things which would have caused sickness, were destroyed. Then we find that what we sweep out of our rooms and the useless parts of vegetables prove to be manure to our vegetation though we throw them away because they are refuse.



Thus from the various examples mentioned we understand clearly that there is some soul of goodness in things evil. So we conclude we cannot consider anything to be evil for if we use our common sense and regard things in a broad minded manner, we find that there is something good in things which are considered to be merely evils.

M. V. ALEYAMMA,

Class II.

### **Indian Music.**

Every nation has developed its own system of music according to its genius and growth. Thus many systems have come into existence, each of which has its own distinctive features.

The systems of music that have grown in India are fundamentally different from the systems prevalent in European countries. Indian music has a religious aspect, as it had been originated by the Maha Rishis of old. All honour and glory to the Indian druids of old.

Of the different systems of music in India, the most important is the Carnatic music which stands unsurpassed for scientific precision.

The systems of Indian music could not have been developed and brought to perfection in a day or by the exertions of a single individual. Nandikesa, Thumburu, Bharata, Narada, Kasyappa and a host of others seem to have severally contributed their rills to swell this mighty river.

The swaras or notes are 7 (seven) in number as in the European music, later on it was found highly necessary to add twelve flat and sharp notes, known as Vikrithi swaras (modified). These play important parts in the evolution of Ragas. The swaras are supposed to have their presiding deities.



What are known as "sruthies" are the result by the passing of the breath the twenty-two chords located about the Shushimuna Nadi. The sruthi forms the ground work of swaras.

Next the existence of a well ordered system of Raga is the greatest peculiarity in Indian music. Raga literally means passion, and each stands for a distinctive phase of feeling or passion. In elaborating a Raga the combination may be varied according to the mental facility of the singer. All the combinations are performed on the basis of the notes of which the Raga is primarily composed.

One like the Bhairavi Raga represents majesty, and Punnagavarali produces melancholy and Nilamburi is imploring, and so on various Ragas represent different feelings.

Another feature in Indian music is the existence of arcs or curves of sound produced by the fusion of three or more notes, these are known as Gamakas. These are not so prominent in Hindustani Music. It is these Gamakas that give an additional beauty to the music, and thus form the melodious blending.

Laya or Thala forms another important factor in Indian music. Sruthi and Laya go hand in hand to build up a musical piece. When these essentials are ignored it ceases to be music.

Europeans think sometimes that Indian music is noise. Most probably they do not understand what Indian music is and have little opportunity to listen to the best performers. Similarly the best piece of Bee thoven's may sound mere discord to an Indian ear. I am glad to find from Rev: Mr. Popley's writings that Europeans do appreciate Indian music Nowadays.

Carnatic music has produced some of the greatest composers the world has ever seen, among them were Thyagarajan, Venkatesan and Muthuswamy Dikshadar. Of them Thyagarajan stands peerless to this



day. In fact what Shakespeare was to English literature so was Thyagarajan to Carnatic music. The most striking feature about his compositions is the high devotional note underlying them; in fact his songs are but spiritual psalms in praise of his beloved deity Rama.

At the present day we are singularly fortunate in having in our midst a great composer of Tamil Songs, who has succeeded in composing songs which stand favourable comparison with the productions of Thyagarajan.

In Mr. T. Lakshmana Pillai we uniformly find great music wedded to the highest thought. His songs which are classified into devotional, ethical and philosophical are not however in praise of tribal and anthropomorphic gods, but are to the one impersonal Being. He himself is a devout follower of Thyagarajan, and approaches Thyagarajan a great deal in point of musical genius.

For this reason Mr. Lakshmana Pillay may be called the 'Thyagarajan of Travancore.'

Both Mr. Lakshmana Pillai and the great Tanjore musician stand on the crest of the wave of Indian music.

These great composers have introduced musical styles similar to that of the Western in their compositions, thereby showing their appreciation of European music.

Songs of these great composers are now sung everywhere in South India. They could be heard sung in the parlour of princes and are hummed or whistled in the streets by little boys in their fullness of heart.

In fact they have shaped the mind and character of generations of people and brought them nearer to the divine dispenser of good.

Thus the composers no less than the poets have an abiding influence on the character and growth of the nations to which they belong



and what is true of nations is equally true of individuals. Numerous are the instances of men whose conduct and character have been shaped under the benign influence of music. And who would not be affected by the magic spell of music? As for him who would not, every school boy will tell us what Shakespeare has to say of him.

D. MANCHARAM AMMAL.

Class I.

### **From Flanders to the Ardennes.**

Belgium is rich in beautiful landscapes and delightful scenery-as charming for the eyes as for the heart. I do not speak of the cities and their wonders. Let us forget them for a while to think only of nature, so often neglected by strangers in a country like ours, and which the children of the soil alone can really know, love and admire. Perhaps it is because to them alone the familiar sites can speak the mute language of remembrance and recall the sweet emotions of bygone days.

From the yellow and restless waves of the north sea we enter the downs bordering the coast. It is like a desert; and a feeling of quietness and peace comes over us as we look at the undulating and unbroken line of bare sand hills of a pale silvery colour.

Beyond we see the Flemish countryside, flat and unlimited, stretching far far off till it is lost in a purple mist and we see it no more. The rich pastures are dotted with low red roofed houses nestling among the trees. The grey steeples of those quiet villages rise like lighthouses in that vast ocean of green—far more still and restful than that other ever moving ocean whose mighty voice clamours behind us.

But far more charming are the heather-clad plains of Campine with their rosy and purple flowerets shedding their sweetest perfumes abroad



till the air is filled with their agrest fragrance. No human sound disturbs the boundless solitude, and but for the buzzing of innumerable insects, the silence is unbroken.

Upon arriving in Brabant, the land rises and swells as if compelled by some hidden force. The first hills stand out against the horizon. Their slopes are furrowed with shady dells while the tops proudly bear their crown of stately beech trees.

Further south we reach the beautiful valley of the Meuse, where the clear waters of that mighty stream flow between steep and rocky banks. The scene is no longer one of quiet and repose, but is rather suggestive of action as if the glorious battles fought there of old had left some imprint of their stir and excitement.

But in spite of all the picturesqueness of scenery, these sites cannot be compared with the Ardennes. One cannot help being moved when contemplating them for the first time. The pleasure we find in their "pathless woods" is mingled with an unspeakable sadness which is not without a charm of its own. It is in autumn especially, when the leaves are changing their summer dress for that of red and gold that this poignant and sweet emotion is most intense. For autumn is the season of the Ardennes as summer is that of the coast and spring that of Com-pine, Brabant and Flanders.

Though but a tiny country with its old world buildings and time honoured customs, the children of its soil, no matter where they may be return in spirit with loving remembrance and think fondly of the rich and wondrous natural beauty inspiring them with with its own virtues of truth and simplicity, enhanced each changing season, in the land that gave them birth.



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### Flowers.

"A lily of a day

Is fairer far in May."

Flowers are perhaps the most beautiful things in creation. They symbolise Beauty, and Purity and Innocence and Truth—all that we prize so much. They, again, do not exist for themselves; they come into being out of pure love, live and have their day for the good of others and then disappear leaving seeds for the future generation of their kind. Such a life is, of all lives, the most beautiful in every sense of the word.

Flowers have been so much with us that by long association and common acceptance we have come to read a special meaning into most of them. Thus certain flowers are to-day the accepted emblems of certain nationalities, others the remembrances of certain events, and yet others have acquired an international significance. In this way flowers though mute have a language and history of their own. This poetic convention of reading meanings into flowers is not new. The ancients also did the same. The Greeks associated the beautiful hyacinth flower with the tragic history of Hyacinthus. The Egyptians and ancient Hindus adored certain flowers with a mystical reverence. The Goddess Lekshmi of the ancient Hindus is believed to have sprung out of a lotus. It is perhaps human nature to invest beautiful objects with life and make them play a part in the drama of life. Since the recent war the poppy has acquired a special significance. "Poppy Day" is celebrated on the Eleventh November of every year throughout the whole of the British Empire in honour of the heroic soldiers who fell fighting in the field.



We could not imagine life without flowers. They play such an important part in our domestic life and daily activities. From the lowest to the highest they perform a series of functions. They decorate our garden, they ornament our tables and houses. Children play with them and devotees make offerings of them to their Holy of Holies. They are used to embellish the human body too. They are planted about graves in loving memory of the departed. They deck the bride. Thus from the cradle to the grave they play a most significant part in the life of man. Some flowers are the emblems of sorrow and others of joy. To lovers flowers teach the language of love and between them they exchange messages. It is said that among some nations this is developed quite into a fine art. Such are the varied functions of the pure innocent blossoms, which drop in a day, live their little lives of joy and hope and disappear unhonoured and unwept. Is it any wonder that every literature worth the name is more than half flowers?

Philosophers and poets in every country and at all times have been fond of comparing flowers to human lives. In fact flowers have such a close analogy to life that one could not resist the temptation to make the comparison or read the allegory. As people of the world flowers vary in size, hue and form. A census of the floral world would show a million and one varieties each different from the other in special features and small details. So also with human creatures. The genres among flowers represent the races among men. As every individual constituting a nation differs from every other individual no two flowers are exactly alike. It may be said that no two petals on the same flower are exactly similar. The comparison observed is not superficial alone. It goes deeper. As men differ in habits and character flowers vary in hue and fragrance and in a thousand and one smaller details. As there are men and women of sweet and lovely character there are also flowers fragrant and beautiful.



There are flowers too of an evil smell which may be compared to the foul characters among human kind. Flowers bloom, linger here a while and fade away so fast, but they leave behind them their future generation. Man's life too is short but his function is the same. He also yields place to the future generation which he himself fathered. Thus the life of man is very much the same as the life of flowers. They come and go but Nature goes on for ever and they all succumb to the eternal laws.

The beauty and the charm of flowers attract all alike. There is no heart to which they do not carry an appeal, but when we ponder over their short, sweet lives a divine melancholy oppresses us a while. This emotion, which Herrick, the poet, felt and which he has expressed so beautifully in his glowing tribute to the floral world, seems for a moment to be our own and we too are tempted to say with him :

“ We have short time to stay as you  
We have as short a Spring ;  
As quick a growth to meet decay  
As you or anything.  
We die,  
As your hours do and dry  
Away  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew  
Ne'er to be found again”.

B. ANANDA LEKSHMY,  
VI A. (1926).



കേരളപരിശുദ്ധസ്തോത്രം (ഗ്രാമ)

(കേരളസ്വതന്ത്രതജ്ജിമ)

“കോമനേ!” എന്നിനിയെന്നേ വിളിക്കാലോ

നാമിനി കുട്ടികളല്ല മേലും

സാമോദം കൈകോർത്തചന്തേനും മേളിച്ചു

കോമളകുമാരം പൊയ്പോയല്ലോ.

മോദിതവിവിധ സുമൊരീമണി

മേടയ്ക്കു ഞാനധിർത്തിയിപ്പോരും

എണ്ണമില്ലാത്ത ഗന്ധത്തിന്നു നാമന്താൻ

സ്വണ്ണ മയമെന്തേൻ മേനികാക്കെ.

നിണ്ണയമെന്നുജ്ഞാകാഞ്ഞത്ര സേവക.

രിങ്ങു വണങ്ങിക്കൊതുങ്ങി നില്പു.

നോക്കെത്താത്തോളം പരന്നുകിടക്കുമി

തോപ്പുകളൊക്കെയുമെന്റെ യല്ലോ.

എന്നല്ലെൻ കാന്തന്റെ രാഗസമൃദ്ധമാ-

മന്തരംഗത്തേയും ഞാൻ ഭരിപ്പു.

കാമനക്കുഞ്ഞെനിയ്ക്കുന്നു ജനിയ്ക്കിലോ

തന്നമവാന്മാരു കൊച്ചു പ്രഭ.

ഏവം വിഭവസമൃദ്ധമാം ജീവിതം

കൈവന്ന ഞാനല്ലേ ഭാഗ്യപുണ്ണി?

എന്തെന്തു ചേട്ടൻ വെളുത്തുവിളന്ന-

തെന്തുവിറയ്ക്കുന്നു മേനിയെല്ലാം?

നിന്നുടെ ദൂർമതിയാൽ കെട്ടുന്നു ഞാ-

നന്തമില്ലാത്ത വിഷാദാബ്ധിയിൽ

ഹന്ത മുഴുകിക്കഴങ്ങിയമട്ടിലി-

ന്നെന്ത വിടുന്നു പരമമിടത്തു?

നിമ്മലസ്തോത്രരജ മനസ്ക്കു ഞാ-



നെന്നും കടൽക്കര ചെന്നുമെന്നും  
 തപസ്സ് പരമേശ്വരനെയും ഗ്രാമീണ ചെന്തേക്ക  
 ഹിമമാം പ്രാർത്ഥന യോജിപ്പിടുന്നേൻ.  
 ആദ്യത്തെ മെട്രപോളിറ്റൻ മുന്നിൽകണ്ട  
 വാർദ്ധക്യനായിപ്പോയപ്പോൾ  
 നോക്കുമ്പോൾ, ഓരോ പാക്കും വരണ്ടതായി  
 കപ്പലാണെന്നത്ര വിശ്വസിച്ചു.  
 ഹാ! കഷ്ടമേ അതികഥകളെഴുതാൻ  
 പഴിയില്ലാത്തപോൾ വീണ്ടുപോയി.  
 ഭൂലോകം ശൂന്യമായ് ചെമ്പത്തു മറ്റൊരേൻ  
 ലോകങ്ങളെക്കുറിച്ചു വിചിന്തയായി

ബോധരഹിതയാ മെന്തെന്നായിച്ചുതൻ  
 മാറിപ്പോയൊരു ഭാരമതി.  
 സാമ്രാജ്യം വീട്ടിലെ ജ്ഞാനനായിച്ചുവാൻ;  
 ഞാനെന്റെ തലത്തിൽ ചെന്നുവീണ്ടു.  
 ഏറിപ്പോയൊരു രോഗിണിയായിത്തീർന്നു-  
 നാമറിതത്തിൽ കഴിച്ചുകൂട്ടി.  
 രോഗമല്ലാത്ത കുറഞ്ഞ പ്പോളിത്തോടെ  
 മോതിരം കണ്ടുതന്നെൻ വിരലിൽ.  
 ഞാനാലോചിച്ചിന്റെ ഭാരമിപ്പോൾ സമം-  
 ഭോഗങ്ങളുമിന്നെനിക്കധീനം.  
 പ്രേമഭ്രാന്തയെന്നെന്നെ മെനിയേക്കും  
 ഭൂലോകം ജാലങ്ങളെത്തരളം?  
 ഓമനേ! എന്തവിളക്കുന്നതിൻ സമം



മാധുർയ്വമെത്രമാഹമനേജനം!  
 എങ്കിലുമക്കടൽത്തീരത്തിലങ്ങൊതു  
 ചെമ്മേ ചളിച്ചുനാളോക്കുന്നേരം  
 പിട്ടല്ലനിന്നുടെ പാശ്വത്തിലിന്നൊര  
 കുട്ടിയാതെകിലെണോത്തുപോം ഞാൻ.

J. Bhagirathi Amma,  
 Class II.

### സ്മരണ

കഴിഞ്ഞകാലക്കടലുങ്കിമാലാ-  
 ദിനങ്ങളെശ്ശാഖി സുമങ്ങളെപ്പോൽ  
 പ്രസന്നമാസന്നദിനങ്ങളിലെ  
 പ്രപഞ്ചമിന്നും ഹഹ! സുസ്സരിപ്പൂ!  
 പുതുസ്സുരിപ്പൂനരുവിയോടി-  
 ക്കളിക്കുമിടക്കാച്ചു തരംഗജാലം  
 സരി, അഗം ചാടിമടിഞ്ഞതെല്ലാം  
 സ്സരിച്ചിടുന്നെന്നു ചെങ്കയലി?  
 കയന്തൊരാച്ചുണ്ഡ മരുത്തനേരി-  
 ട്ടിച്ചു പേരാദിയതൊക്കെയിപ്പോൾ  
 തരക്കൾ, ഇരുമർരശക്കുമത്രം  
 പയക്ക യോതി തെളി യോൺ ചേപ്പൂ!  
 ധാരാധരാകാശ വിമാനമറി-  
 പ്പോക്കുമ്പോഴാൻ പ്പെരുമാരിയായി  
 താഴേതു ചിന്നിച്ചിരിപ്പതിച്ചു-  
 തോൺപ്പൂ! പൊങ്ങിത്തകരും തരംഗം.



വാടിക്കുരിഞ്ഞുള്ള ദലങ്ങൾക്കുററി-

മൃതിപ്പറത്തുന്ന സുമങ്ങുള്ളൊ-

പൊൻ പൂമ്പൊഴിച്ചെപ്പു കളായി പാൻ-

കാലം സ്മരിക്കുന്നു മൃതിച്ചു വട്ടിൽ.

ഉറപ്പു മന്നിലിരുമാശു ചൂടാൻ

അലിഞ്ഞു കണ്ണാഴിതെളിഞ്ഞമഞ്ഞും

ഒരിക്കലേവം ജലരൂപമായി-

ക്കഴിച്ചതെന്നും ഹൃദിസ്മൃതിപ്പു!

അന്തിക്കു കണ്ഠപോളകൾ പൂട്ടിനിൽക്കും

ചെന്താമരപ്പൂവി വിവണ്ണഭാവം

പൊയ്ക്കൊഴുതൊരാക്കൾ മൂലബാലകാലം

സ്മരിച്ചിടുന്നുമേ! മൺനമായി,

അന്തിക്കതിർ അങ്കുറിഞ്ഞിനാലേ

ഭാഗ്യാദിനേശൻ ധരണീതലത്തെ

പ്രഭാതനേരത്തുണ്ടാക പൂശി-

ച്ചുതക്കിയെന്നെന്തെ തെളിച്ചിടുന്നു.

അങ്കുറിനാലെന്നു മറന്നുപോകാ-

തോൽച്ചു നില്ക്കുന്നുമുഗാങ്കനെന്നും

യദമരയാരാഹു പിരിച്ചു വായി-

ലടച്ചൊര ഭാഗന്നു കാഴ്ചമല്ലീ?

ചരാചരം സർപ്പം മേതുമെന്നും

സ്മരിക്കുമെന്നുള്ളതു മൂലമത്രേ

കഴിഞ്ഞു പൊയ്ക്കൊഴുതയശേഷമിന്നു

കാണുന്നു കണ്ണാടിയിലെമ്പോഴെ.

അനിശ്ചിതം ഭേദമനിക്കുളള ഭാഗ-

ത്തിരുന്നു ഭംഗ്യാ പുതുപാട്ടുപാട്ടും

അനാശരം മൊവുകഴിഞ്ഞ ജന്മം

സ്മരിക്കയാമു ഭൂവി ജീവിതത്താൽ.



## A SONG.

Translated freely from the French  
of  
Theo'ore Bottrel, the late bard of Brittany.

---

I list to the songs of spring time  
Warbled by chaffinch and thrush  
As gently they flit to gather  
Verdant turf and moss like plush.

Softly, Softly ;  
In the oak tree's breast  
Softly, Softly  
Birds build their nest.

There's many a youth and maiden  
Who feel the thrill of the spring  
When hearts are drawn by God together  
They tremble, as the thrushes sing

Softly, Softly  
In the youthful breast  
Softly, Softly,  
Love builds its nest.

In Life's vale, ideals beckon,  
But the path is steep and strait ;  
Though we fail, and falter, Heaven  
Lifts us when cast down by Fate.

Softly, Softly  
In the human breast  
Softly, Softly,  
Hope builds its nest.



Swift and silent, comes Life's winter

While autumn lingers, loath to part,

Darkness falls on sense and spirit,

A last slumber, lulls the heart.

Softly, Softly

In a snow-cold breast

Softly, Softly

Death builds its nest.

M. I. R.

### The Forest.

To those who come from the tumultuous city where the noise and bustle never cease, the silence at first seems profound.

Gradually the ear grows accustomed to the stillness, and distinguishes a thousand faint sounds which it had not noticed before; these are the voices of the forest.

The restless leaves rustle like silk garments; some invisible rivulet babbles among the grass; A bough, wearied of its unchanging attitude, stretches itself out with a crackling noise; a pebble, losing its balance, or pushed by an insect, rolls down a tiny slope—a miniature avalanche, carrying off with it a few grains of sand; a sudden fluttering of wings disturbs the air; a loosened acorn rebounds from leaf to leaf, and, with a dull sound, falls upon the green turf; the grass is gently pressed to the earth under the light touch of a passing animal; a bird warbles sweetly overhead while a squirrel squeaks as it climbs the tree; like the regular tic tac of a pendulum can be heard the noise of the green wood pecker as, with its beak, it taps the bark of an elm tree in order to extract the larvae on which it feeds.



The whole forest appears a mass of rolling waves with its undulating tree-tops swayed by the passing wind, wailing in a low, hollow voice like the moaning of the far distant ocean. In all these inarticulate sounds it seems that we hear nature breathing as its heaving bosom falls and rises respiring and exhaling life.

(Translated from Theophile Gautiers.)

### **Ko-ko-ko, King of Parrots.**

The old servant Eugenie read silently the note which was addressed to her from a distant country, by her master, the explorer, Gilbert Demangeot: "My good Eugenie, I will return within a month. Keep the flat in order. I will bring a magnificent parrot for your amusement". As Eugenie was deaf and dumb she did not give utterance to her feelings but simply thought thus:—"My master is deceived if he thinks that it will give me pleasure. A parrot! Why! There will be one thing more to dust, that is all!" And she relapsed into her task which consisted in digesting a solid meal, for her double infirmity left her the free operation of her digestive organs which needed solid feeding.

A month later, according to the programme, the explorer took possession of his flat and set his parrot, Ko-ko-ko on a perch in the hall. Demangeot was a peculiar man! He had purposely chosen a deaf and dumb servant in order not to be disturbed by her gossip. He was noted more for his misanthropy than for his works. With Eugenie it was easy work, he gave her written orders, she, on her part proceeded similarly in order to communicate to him her remarks and thus dead silence reigned in the house. Moreover, whenever the bell was rung the door would never be opened as the servant heard nothing.



Now the explorer knew well enough that at his return from this voyage, reporters would flock to his door in quest of interesting news. That was why he decided to bring a parrot to help him to get rid of them. Ko-ko-ko's education which was undertaken in the land of the Maoris was completed in the steamer which brought him to France. Ko-ko-ko knew only a single sentence but he knew it well. The explorer, having given him a wonderful training, expected much from his feathered companion. Ko-ko-ko made no delay in showing that he was worthy of the trust reposed in him.

Very soon indeed the stairs sounded under a hasty step; it was that of a journalist who had hurried thither for news. He rang once-twice-thrice! No, reply! and yet he was certain that the traveller was there! For the fourth time he pressed the button; then from the other side of the door a strange voice cried out: "Not at home!" It was Ko-ko-ko who urged on by his master displayed his vocal talents. The bewildered journalist, waiting for nothing more, disappeared. The whole day a continuous string of reporters rang at the door and Ko-ko-ko splendidly and untiringly carried out his mission. He let them ring thrice without any interruption, at the fourth stroke he shouted at the top of his voice the well learnt sentence; Not at home! Gilbert Demangeot rubbed his hands with delight at the success of the experiment. With the quiet Eugenie and the faithful Ko-ko-ko able to send away the troublesome people, he was going to live in peace.

Ko-ko-ko fed with choice grains, greatly regretted in the dark hall the luminous forests of New Zealand but he was resigned to his fate.

One day the explorer happened to be away from home. Now a gang of burglars, knowing that there remained in the flat only the old and harmless Eugenie whom it would be easy to lock up in her kitchen



thought that an attack would be easy and fruitful. Supplied with all their tools they presented themselves at the door. In order to make certain they rang once-twice thrice! Silence Ko-ko-ko did not move! He awaited the fourth stroke! at the moment when the brigands were trying the last tools on the lock which already showed signs of weakness, they made up their minds to ring the bell once more in order to be quite sure that the house was empty. Then recalled to a sense of duty Ko-ko-ko standing erect articulated in his most beautiful voice:—"Not at home". Taken aback the thieves looked at each other! Some one must be there to tell them that there was no body and some one besides the dumb servant who could not speak! Fear seized them! Leaving their tools they ran down the stair so hastily that they rolled one over [the other.

The door-keeper attracted by the noise had only to gather them at the foot of the stair case. The worthy Ko-ko-ko-constable-- without knowing it, crunched some sunflower seeds whils awaiting the return of his master.

*(From the French of G. Guillot.)*

#### SELECTED.

##### *Trees.*

Trees-- so beautiful in their individual attributes, so magnificent in their forest groups-- are amongst the most lovely and glorious of the materials which nature spreads before the poets.

Spenser makes his catalogue of trees full of picturesque associations, by his wonderful choice of epithets;

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,  
 Joying to hear the birds sweet harmony,  
 Which therein shrouded from the tempests dread  
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky;



Much can they praise the trees so straight and high.  
 The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,  
 The Vine—prop elm, the poplar never dry,  
 The builder oak, sole king of forests all;  
 The aspen good for staves; the cypress funeral.  
 The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors  
 And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still,  
 The willow worn of forlorn paramours,  
 The yew, obedient to the bender's will.  
 The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,  
 The myrrh sweet bleeding of the bitter wound,  
 The war-like beech, the ash for nothing ill,  
 The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,  
 The carver holm, the maple seldom inward sound.

SPENSER.



## LIST OF EXCHANGES.

1. The Queen Mary's College Magazine.
  2. The Sun flower.
  3. The Journal of the Travancore Teacher's Association, Trivandrum.
  4. The Students own Magazine, Trichur,
  5. The Hyderabad Youth, Hughe's Town, Hyderabad.
  6. The Student's Chronicle and Serampore College, Magazine.
  7. Our Little Paper.
  8. St. Thomas College Magazine, Ernaculam.
  9. Our Little Friend, Ernaculam.
  10. The Scholar, Palghat.
  11. The Maha Raja's College Magazine, Ernaculam.
  12. The Old College Magazine, Trivandrum.
  13. The Mahila Mandiram, Trivandrum.
  14. The Pachayappa's College Magazine, Madras.
  15. The Indian Thinker, Trivandrum.
  16. A Government College Miscellany, Mangalore.
  17. The Student's own Magazine, Lahore.
  18. Saraswathi, Quilon.
  19. Our House Magazine, Mylapore, Madras.
  20. The Cross-words Magazine.
  21. 'Student', Chinglepet.
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ANNOUNCEMENT.

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Copy of the Resolution passed at the meeting of the Editorial Committee held on 25-1-22.

"That silver and gold stars be offered for competition and that the procedure to be followed in giving effect to this Resolution be as noted below:—

(a) Each paper sent in may be on any subject, *e. g.*, Interview or Review, or Mail bag or contribution.

(b) The paper must be clearly marked "For competition".

(c) In each issue one paper under each category will be judged best; or,

(d) If the quality falls short of the desired standard no judgement may be given.

(e) Any competitor gaining three judgements will be entitled to a silver star and the winning of three silver stars will entitle a competitor to a gold star."

A supplementary resolution to the one quoted above was passed at the meeting of the Editorial Committee held on 3rd August 1925 and runs as follows:—

"Resolved that the contributions of Past Students and Present Students be judged separately for the award of the "Stars" for literary merit.

The judgment in this issue is not awarded since there was no article specially marked 'for competition'.

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## CALENDAR.

Date in Christian Era.	Date in Malabar Era.	Day.	Events.
Sept. 13th 1928	Chingam 29th 1104	Thursday	New Moon. Holiday
Oct 13th "	Kanni. 28th "	Saturday	New Moon.
" 22nd "	Thulam 6th "	Monday	Pooja Eduppu. "
" to 24th "	" to 8th "	to Wednesday	
Nov. 10th "	" 25th "	Saturday	H. H. The Maharaja's Birthday
" 11th "	" 26th "	Sunday	New Moon.
" 12th "	" 27th "	Monday	Solar Eclipse "
" 27th "	Vric. 12th "	Tuesday	Trikkartika "
Dec. 11th "	" 26th "	Tuesday	New Moon "
" 14th "	" 29th "	Friday	Her Highness the Maha Rani's Birth Day.



**Acknowledgment.****Subscriptions received for Vol. X. and No. 3 of Vol. IX.**

<i>Name and Address.</i>				<i>Rs. As.</i>
1.	Miss. Beatrice Netto. Junior Intermediate Class, Women's College, Trivandrum			1 6
2.	Sry. S. Karthiayani Amma	Do.	Do.	1 6
3.	Miss. Achamma; N. John	Do.	Do.	1 6
4.	„ M. C. Aley	Do.	Do.	1 6
5.	„ Aley Verghis	Do.	Do.	1 6
6.	„ Chechamma Eapen	Do.	Do.	1 6
7.	„ Elisba P. M.	Do.	Do.	1 6
8.	„ Elizabeth Kora	Do.	Do.	1 6
9.	„ Mavis Gomez	Do.	Do.	1 6
10.	„ A. M. Aleyamma	Do.	Do.	1 6
11.	„ Elizabeth P. J.	Do.	Do.	1 6
12.	Sry. K. Saradamma	Do.	Do.	1 6
13.	Miss Saramma T. C.	Do.	Do.	1 6
14.	Dame Marie Stephane	Do.	Do.	1 6
15.	Miss Ignez Nazereth	Do.	Do.	1 6
16.	„ Lalitha Edwin	Do.	Do.	1 6
17.	Sry. P. Velammal	Do.	Do.	1 6

**Subscriptions received for Vol. X.**

<i>Name and Address.</i>	<i>Rs. As</i>
1. Miss Stella, Rocha	1 6

**Subscriptions received for Vol. IX.**

<i>Name and Address.</i>	<i>Rs. As</i>
1. M. J. Ravi Varma Raja, Mavelikara.	1 4

**Subscription received for Vol. VIII.**

1. Sry. Raja Lakshmi Kochamma, Sreevaraha Ammavedu, Trivandrum	1 4
--	-----



Submitted for Y. 10

1882

A circular library stamp from the University of Madras. The text "UNIVERSITY LIBRARY" is curved along the top inner edge, and "MADRAS" is curved along the bottom inner edge. In the center, the date "18 APR 1931" is stamped.

629

Subscriptions received

1875

M. J. Ray Varma Raja, Mavelikkara.

1

11