His Highness Sir Sri Rama Varma, G. C. I. E.,
Maharaja of Cochin

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GREETINGS

MOST LOYAL AND HUMBLE

TO

OUR GRACIOUS PATRON,

His Highness

Sir Sri Rama Varma, G.C.I.E.,

The Maharaja of Cochin.

On the happy and auspicious occasion of His Highness' Seventy-second Birthday.

കാലം തെളിഞ്ഞു വിളങ്ങുന്ന സൂര്യന്റെ
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On Books.

By ALAN C. McKAY.

I feel myself presumptuous in daring to address you on the subject of Books. You, as college students, must be more up-to-date and advanced in your study and theories of Literature than I am. My college days lie far behind me, and as I have not made the most of the years that have followed, I feel it is I who should be listening to you, and not you to me.

You have done me the honour of inviting me to speak before you; I only regret that my qualifications are not what they might be. I have no profound erudition with which to please you; I cannot lay claim, even, to a deep insight into the World of Letters. I am no student, no philosopher—I am only—a Lover of Books.

So I am not going to deliver a lecture—I hazard the thought that lectures are only too common in such a building as this!—I am going to talk to you, in my own haphazard manner, of books and of writing; of the intoxication of words, and of the joys of exploration and of discovery in the wonderful World of Literature.

In the main, I am going to talk about myself. I can best give you my thoughts on books by writing of those I possess. Book-collecting has been my greatest hobby for many years, and there are few branches of literature I have not dipped into at some period or other.

I regret that I have not had longer time in which to prepare this paper. I would have liked to browse in my library for a while before setting pen to paper, but circumstances have not permitted. I, therefore, must treat my subject lightly, and I apologise for speaking of myself throughout the whole of my address.

Long years ago, when I was but a very junior school-boy, a friend gave me a book entitled "King Arthur's Knights." I had not thought much

about books up to that date. I imagined them uninteresting and too educational; fit food for the grown-up palate, but too indigestible for that of youth.

I was not particularly thrilled with my present. There were many other things I would rather have had—an air gun, for instance, or a cricket bat.—But one day I started to read about King Arthur's Knights.

That, Gentlemen, was my first real book, and my first introduction to Literature. I may truthfully say that I have continued reading to this day, and I trust I will have in me the desire to read, until I die.

It was a strange world I was introduced to; in many ways, rather a frightening world for a youth. I lived in terror of witches and dragons for a long time; my dreams were peopled with wicked knights, false to their honour and devilish dwarfs. But to discountenance those, I rode with Sir Launcelot and Sir Galahad; I rescued many a damsel in distress and fought in many a tourney.

This old book I still possess. The covers are stained and worn, the coloured plates are loose, the language is that used in books for children, but I have only to take it in my hand, only to read a line or two, to recapture "the first fine careless rapture" that was mine on that far off day.

This book led me to others of a similar nature. When asked if there was anything I wished as a present, I always replied, "Books, please!." To this day, my friends write to me, "It is little use our asking you what you want. We are sending you books, and know they will be appreciated."

My boyish library began to increase. Not, mind you, because I had any use or respect for books as literature, but merely because the pages of a book led me into worlds more exciting than my own. The intoxication of words was not yet upon me; only the delight of reading adventure stories for adventure's sake. And this is no idle thing. There are many books for boys that have in them the precepts of manhood. There are boys' books that may sow the first seeds of ambition, set youthful minds exploring along the proper track. Adventure books have a very definite and important place in the literary scheme of things.

At school I began to study Literature, and I must admit I was not enthralled. The method of teaching in the British Schools does not impress me as being one likely to interest boys in books. As a country we are proud—and justly proud of our great authors, Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, Stevenson and many others, but I think it a mistake to thrust the works of those giants, upon youths whose minds are not fully developed.

Those men delineate character as few others ever have done. They strike to the very depths of tragedy and rise to heights of inimitable humour. They describe life in its beauty and in its sordidness; they strike to the very heart of humanity.

But—what knows a youth of those things? How is it possible for him to appreciate experiences that have never been within his knowledge? Can

he, before he sets out into the world for the first time, understand the tragedy of a Hamlet, or the mentality of a Lady Macbeth ; follow the ironic, sardonic humour of a Mr. Pickwick, or delight in the delicate nuances of a Robert Louis Stevenson? I think not.

I was given passages from Shakespeare to learn by heart ; long passages cut from the text without apparent rhyme or reason. They appeared to be full of exhortations to "Friends, Romans, Countrymen" and abounded with moral platitudes. Scott was given to me in doses, like physic, for analysis. Dickensian humour was hurled at me, and woe betide me if the humorous thunderbolts fell to the ground, mis-understood.

The result was inevitable. For years I could not bear to read a book that was labelled as a 'Classic'. All desire had been driven from me by determined but pedantic teaching. Out of school, I fled to the other extreme, and buried myself in cheap, sensational novels.

Robert Louis Stevenson brought me back to my senses, and to him I owe more than to any other figure in Literature. Through Stevenson I began to read anew, and read correctly ; and gradually I am sloughing off the classical repression that was laid upon me at school. I am only now beginning to realise the wonder of the works of the authors I at one time so despised.

How it was Stevenson first captured me I cannot now remember, but it suddenly became important for me that I should collect his works. His Essays intrigued my imagination. They made me feel there must be more in this writing business than I hitherto had dreamed of. I began to discover sentiments that were identical with my own. Little experiences I had had —here they were portrayed by Stevenson in words that explained them to me. Here were little un-thought of things, little commonplace incidents, taken up, expanded and expounded, until they were little no longer, but of supreme importance. I wondered how it was I had failed to see in them what Stevenson had seen.

Stevenson made a personal appeal to me. He wrote of things *I* might have written about, had I had the power of expression. He became, in that much mis-used phrase, "my favourite author".

Essays now began to interest me more than any other form of literature. I had left the adventure story stage behind, and after desultory reading of sensational novels, had found, at last, a solid basis upon which to build.

I collected Essays for a time. Lambe's, Hume's, Blake's, Macaulay's ; many of them I found dull to the borders of distraction, but here and there, even at that age, I found some jems to gloat over. The Essay became for me the very hall-mark of literature. Why it should have been so, I do not know. Perhaps the subjects attracted me by their gay insouciance. Who could resist reading an Essay on "A FLY in a Railway Carriage", or "On Birthdays", or "A Laugh"? They are irresistible.

The Essay comes closer to the heart than any other form of writing. As I have said already, it is "personal". Therein lies its greatest attraction.

At school I was beginning to specialise in Essays myself. More or less unconsciously I was beginning to dabble in words. I would await the Essay period with interest, and was rarely unable to fill in my time and the paper before me.

In this manner, I first came to study writing; not altogether for the meaning it conveyed, but for the sake of the words themselves; the actual writing and construction of sentences.

Certain groups of words would impress me; others leave me unmoved. My ears were gradually attuning themselves to the music of beautiful prose. I studied cause and effect; just why a sentence was worded thus, and the effect it was intended to convey. I began to see the raison d'etre of many literary devices.

Reading gradually—gradually—became an absorbing interest.

During this time, I never ceased collecting books. I would spend hours in a bookseller's shop dipping into volume after volume, and eventually bearing away some treasure to be added to my store. The hobby—craze-disease, call it what you will, of book-collecting, is one that had few equals. I suffered the tortures of all collectors, when I saw envied volumes priced at a figure beyond my slender means. I coveted fair editions until the itch to possess them became a nightmare. I handled my books as a miser his gold, and pondered over ways and means of adding still more to my hoard.

Still faithful to the Essay, I yet began to adventure along other paths. I was embarked upon a voyage of discovery—and I still am adventuring. I came upon Biography in my travels; I came upon History. The world was proving a more interesting place with every new day.

My fund of General Knowledge was rapidly increasing, and the more I read, the more I wanted to read. I travelled the world over in books; I read of numerous religions; of countless schools of thought. I read of Ancient Greece and of Ancient Rome. I drank in the loveliness of the mysterious East and shivered among the wastes of Antartica.

It was so fascinating that I was inclined to overdo it; fly from one book to another, one subject to another, before I had fully digested what I had read.

"Reading maketh a full man.....", and I was delighted to be able to add my say to various discussions that took place at different times on innumerable subjects. I prided myself on my General Knowledge, but pride goeth before a fall, and when I think of the countless books I have *not* read, and of the wisdom unimbibed, I realise my pride was but mere arrogance and ignorance of youth.

In my simplicity I became fired by ambition. I would write—I would become an author.

I remember haunting my mother's footsteps, "Do you think I could write a book? *Do* you think I could?" Her answers neither encouraged or discouraged; they merely left me no further forward in my desire. I was ridiculously childish enough to think I had an 'urge' to write. But it was

a despondent business. I would rise from reading some book, feeling thrilled to the core. The beauty of the words had taken hold of me, as music can transport the senses. I would repeat words and phrases to myself and gloat over them; but they never found their way on to paper, or if they did so, they immediately became unintelligible.

But, as time passed I found enjoyment and fascination in my endeavours. I did not write a book, but looking back among some old papers I find that I became a critic of those of other people.

Here is what I wrote in those long lost days :—" Some people have it that the chief end of a book is that it should be readable. A book to the mass is but a means of passing the time; a light entertainment; a change of atmosphere; all good things in their way as far as they go. But to me a book must be more than readable. It must strike sympathetic chords in my own mind; it must cause me to think along original channels; introduce new ideas to me and make me ask pertinent questions. To do this a book requires more than mere readableness. It must be alive. The author must so write as to make me exclaim ' this experience might be one in my own life ', or, " I have watched many such scenes as this."

The important part of all this is, that I was beginning to question what I read. I did not finish the last page of a book, lay it down and say, " Well, that's that! ", and think no more about it.

I was reading with my intelligence. I was receptive to ideas; I pondered over matters; I even found it in me to disagree with certain premises.

About this time nature began to exert an influence over me. For long a keen Scout, I had done much camping out in Scotland. A tent was as familiar a habitation to me as a house, and the lure of the Open Road made itself felt.

The beauty of Nature sometimes strikes one in a flash; at other times it comes as the dawn—a faint flush in the dark heavens, the rosy tints of the lightening sky, the awakening of birds and plants, and then the slow rise of the sun.

Nature came to me slowly—or rather I came to Nature. Observation forms part of the Scout training, and I began to observe the phenomena of Nature. The colourings of the clouds; the sounds of the sea; sunlight and shadow—they all became invested with a meaning for me. I probed behind them to get at the heart of things. The wind stirring in the treetops would stir something within me to respond. The flight of a bird would bring an inexpressible longing to me.

In a thousand ways Nature stole my heart away, and I awakened to a further realisation of the immensity and the entirety of life.

But I was dumb. I had no words to express the glories and beauties that flooded in upon me.

I turned to books, and in the Literature of the open Air, I found a store of the most wonderful treasures. Here were the thoughts I had longed to utter,

expressed for me. Here were men who had seen the same things as I had, and had put their beauty into the imperishable music of words.

The Literature of Nature is unsurpassed in its perfection of expression; its freshness and delight of conception.

I found books that sent me into ecstasies. My library grew apace. My voyage of discovery had brought me to a most delectable land.

And in this land I found a river of miraculous depth and purity; a river with waters that are such that I return again and again to drink of them—the River of Poetry.

What a discovery this was, and still remains. None can ever say that they have exhausted the waters of this deep-running river.

Straightway I admit I find a little poetry goes a long way with me; but what a joy that little can be! I have no ear for much that I *ought* to have ear for, but I gain a marvellous pleasure from the little I can, and do, appreciate.

None did I revel in so much as the poetry of the out-of-doors.

Being one with Nature, having lived in communion with her, as it were, the very mention of her in poetry gave me exquisite delight.

My old friend Stevenson, with his song of "green days in forests and blue days at sea", was a source of unending joy.

> "And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
> The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
> That only I remember, that only you admire,
> Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire."

There were many others:

Masefield with his "Sea-Fever",:

> "I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
> And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by,
> And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sails shaking,
> And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.
> I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide,
> Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied:
> And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
> And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.
> I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
> To the gulls' way and the whales' way, where the wind's like whetted knife;
> And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover,
> And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over."

Gerald Gould has a fine poem "Wander-Thirst". Perhaps you may bear with me if I read it to you. It typifies so clearly the manner of verse that is so popular in Britain to-day among the younger generation.

" Beyond the East the sunrise ; beyond the West the sea ;
And East and West the Wander-Thirst that will not let me be ;
It works in me like madness to bid me say Goodbye,
For the seas call, and the stars call, and oh! the call of the sky!
I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,
But a man can have the sun for friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the rivers call, and the road calls, and oh! the call of a bird!
Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day,
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away ;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars, and the sun, and the white road and the sky. "

Rupert Brook wrote what I consider to be one of the finest pieces of poetic imagery in the English language;

"There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
In wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night".

Here was beauty in words for me; here was something that made even the finest prose lag superfluous on the stage. Poetry! I had scorned poetry as youth so frequently does.

It was an attitude; it was the boyish fashion to sneer at poetry. "Sentimental drivel", it was called and so dismissed. A poet was a person with a diseased imagination.

But here was verse I could not possibly pass by; it gripped me, took hold of my imagination and rioted within me. I turned to this new discovery of mine and revelled in it.

And at last I found an outlet for my own thoughts. From much reading of the poetry of the out-of-doors, from much study of the prose of Natural History, I began to write outdoor essays myself. Poetry was beyond my powers, but looking back I find I have written on such themes as "Camping Out", "Running waters", "Eulogy of a Grass", "A Colombo Sunset" "The Bear", etc.

I at last had discovered the medium through which I could best translate my thoughts into writing.

Let me read to you "A Colombo Sunset", and you will more easily follow my meaning.

"The short day was closing in a blaze of glory. The sun—setting so quickly that the naked eye could discern its movement as it touched the far horizon—had left an aftermath of beauteous splendour. Greens, and amethysts, yellows, and reds intermingled in a radiance no hand can paint, no

tongue describe, no eye entirely appreciate. Nature herself held the brush, and painted in the sky a picture of indescribable, a riotous beauty that filled the mind with a sense of awe, a feeling of longing and a great thankfulness. The wind was dying with the sunset; scarce strong enough to fret the feathered palms it played about the lower air, cool and fragrant. Soon it would pass away and the night come down, warm and oppressive.

The great Indian Ocean seemed to sense the peace of the evening, its waves breaking "....gently, dreamily, quietly over desolate sands".

Far out, where a hidden reef held its menace, a dull booming, as of a drum, was carried ashore, and occasionally a splash of white could be seen as the waves broke over the rocks in seething foam.....but inshore, the mighty sea was still. No longer tormented by the rushing winds, its anger of the previous week had passed, and its waves lisped and purred as they covered the sand in ripples.

The dim, blue skies were bright with stars as I watched; bright, it seemed, ere the sun had really gone; and the sails of a buggalow a mile out appeared ghostly in their light. I imagined I could hear the voices of the sailors as they hauled at the sheets, hoping to clear the point before the little wind there was deserted them. I questioned of the night:

"Where are you bound, ye swart sea-farers?" And the wind tossed back a faint reply:

We are bound sunset-wards, not knowing,
Over the whale's way miles and miles;
Going to the Vine-land, haply going
To the bright beach of the Blessed Isles."

Slowly the buggalow passed into the night and my thoughts went with it, my mind full of palm beaches and olive-trees, fire-flies and green parroqueets. I thought of the East, my temporary Home, then my memory took me to other Isles more blessed to me than any of Southern Seas, to "the home land, the west land, the land where I belong."

Out to sea a gull cried and the sound brought a flood of memories to my mind. I saw myself on the shores of my native loch watching the seagulls dive for their food. I heard them cry plaintively, as they coasted from shallow to shallow, ever vigilant, ever-ready. I heard the rush of the hawk's wings, and the drone of the geese overhead; I lifted my eyes to the hills.....and far away I heard a drum beat monotonously in the Pettah, and knew that not yet would I sight

"The lowlands and the highlands
Of the unforgotten Islands."

It was now dark.

Before long the moon would sail gracefully into the cloudless vault of the heavens, and the brightness of the tropical night would weave beautiful dreams about me.

But I could not await her pleasure, and turned to walk "home", a little heartsore, but the richer for the glory of the sunset, and the thoughts the wind had borne to me.

As I halted on the bungalow step, the drum still sounded, and I could hear a Cingalese mother singing her child to sleep".

You may have observed that I have quoted Stevenson, Masefield, Gould and Brook—what of the famous poets whose names have reverberated down the ages? Chaucer, Spencer, Dryden, Addison, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Byron—to mention but a few—what of those mighty men of letters?

I am ashamed to admit, Gentlemen, that in regard to them I am a Philistine. I must rank myself as a modern. The narrative poems of the older poets do not infect me with enthusiasm. To me, the essence of poetry is the description of an incident or a thought in a few lines that throb with power; every word a key-word, every line a jem of the purest water.

In "The Fairie Queen", in "Maud", in "Don Juan", in "The Lady of the Lake" and countless others, there are verses that are among the finest ever conceived, but there are also verses of lesser worth, and by those a poem is too often judged. The attention flags, is caught up again; flags once more. The reading is uneven.

Even the narrative poems of the modern poets do not appeal to me. Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy" and Bridge's "Testament of Beauty" are not works that I can take up, dip into and be satisfied.

But when I open my Madras Mail and read a short verse, such as the one I am about to quote, the music of poetry floods over me and I know content.

Here is one little verse I cut out of the Mail not long ago. "Road-Makers" it is called; surely an un-interesting enough title. We have heard a lot about roads and railways in Cochin; we agitate for improved travelling facilities; but do we ever think that in driving roads and railways through the heart of our country, we may be destroying scenes that are so perfect as to be poetic in themselves.

Listen:—

"For the last time in the brown dusk of our lane
Tree, bush and hedge have spent their beautiful store;
This is the last lone harvest:—never again
Shall harvest be where quiet is no more.
Last of all, lovers leaned, and kissed and passed
This way to-night; and out of the moonlit sheaves
Went toiling home of all tired men the last,
Lonely beneath the red and dying leaves.
For these shall unbuild beauty, who all day
Toil in the dust their slow and noisy hours;
Engine and crane and lift shall carve a way
For other feet to tread than theirs', or ours'.
Sleeps that last harvest at its loveliest,
Silent, a field of gold in silver light.

Harvester ! get you home, and turn to rest !
Lover, farewell ! Builder of roads, goodnight ! "

I realise I may be disappointing you by not dissertating upon the wonders of Shelley, Keats or Browning. I am disappointed in myself. I can only hope that the day will come, when I shall be able to see the error of my ways and be able to appreciate poetry as I ought.

This has been a long digression. I fear my talk is rambling and discursive ; but the subject of books and literature is so vast a one, that I am unable to confine myself within set limits.

I have told you of my early readings ; of my toil and tribulation with the Classics ; of my explorations in the essay ; of my delight in the literature of Natural History, and lastly of my discovery of Poetry.

There is evidently a skein running through my discourse, tangled though that skein may be.

I have tried to show you my mind expanding, ever marching onward along the Road of Literature, discovering some fresh treasure-house at every milepost. I have brought you from King Arthur's Knights to the most modern of modern poetry. What is the next milestone ?

According to my own experience, I do not think that there is one. By this, I am not so foolish as to suggest that I have read and understood all that there is to read and understand. Far, far from it. No man can achieve the impossible.

But I feel that I have reached the end of a journey. I have been advancing for years, and now it is my feeling—and I give it to you for what it is worth—that I have arrived at my destination.

To me it seems that I have entered the City of Books. Before me, on either side, and falling away behind me, stretches the city. I have adventured far to come to it, but now that my apprenticeship is served I have come into a most wonderful estate.

My mind is no longer a single-track mind. I turn here and there, and wherever I turn I find books that mean something to me.

I distrust the man who says, " I don't buy novels; I only collect Historical Works, or Religious Works, or Philosophical ", as the case may be. That man has a single track mind, a meter gauge if you like ; he is missing much. He is wilfully neglecting his education. Our days are not made up of one vast incident, they are composed of hundreds of moments, and every moment contains its little kernel of experience. So with books; there are moments for novels, as well as moments for religious thesis ; moments for the lightest of humour and the most serious philosophical thought.

Once one has reached the Wonderful City of Books it is useless—at least it is foolish—to sit in one quarter of the City and not trouble to visit the others. I would call it short-sightedness, narrow-mindedness, even laziness.

What am I driving at; what apothegm am I going to enunciate?

Only this; read omnivorously. Read everything that comes to your hands, as long as it be something that is worth reading, and not mere trash. To commit an Irishism, read with your eyes open. Remember—"sight, kept clear, becomes, curiously, insight." Develop insight; develop your judgment.

Take up every book with the expressed thought, "Now, what has this book for me? How is it going to increase my knowledge? How is it going to benefit me?"

Do not travel along the one line; branch off in every possible direction; travel to places you have never heard of; let a book be a sign post to you pointing to some hidden wealth.

Again I say it: read omnivorously.

And *buy* books; start your own library. Little by little collect your favourites, so that by your books you may be known. Buy with a purpose so that your library may show character not waywardness, or indecision.

A library is a wonderful thing. A book-lover has it thus:—

"Show me a house full of books and you show me a house rich in friends. There is invitation in the brightly coloured rows, security in the solid form of them, infinite comfort in the feel of the familiar covers. In the house full of books each corner holds romance, and adventure lurks behind every door. They never change, these little friends of ours, never intrude, never are far away when we call. They sit there so demure, waiting for us, each one for a mood, each one for a day, each one for a dream. We cannot have too many of them. They are the most faithful of all our friends, and know us the most intimately.

Each book once read carries between its covers a two-fold story—the story that its author set there, and the story of our own thoughts that we set there in reading.

The house full of books is proof against time. It grows richer with the years, as more and more of us come to add our memories to its store, our volumes to its gay regiment of cloth and gold.

The house full of books knows no winter, no sickness, no loneliness, no empty night of far-fled sleep. It is a house where we love to be, where others love to come.

Show me a house full of books and you show me—a Home."

I am sure it must be the ambition of all to possess such a Home.

I would quote one other passage that is dear to me.

"The best partners of solitude are books. I like to take a book with me in my pocket, although I find the world so full of interesting things, sounds and odours, that often I never read a word of it.

It is like having a valued friend with you, although you walk for miles without saying a word to him or he to you, but if you really know your

friend, you are aware subconsciously of what he is thinking about this hill-side, or that distant view. So it is with books. It is enough for you to have this writer in your pocket ; for the very thought of him, and what he would say to these old fields and pleasant trees is ever freshly delightful."

There are two powerful persuasions for books, both indoor and outdoor. In this age of slogans, I would have it shouted from every housetop, "READ MORE BOOKS". In books there lies a most liberal education ; a most delightful relaxation, and a wealth of pleasure.

Among the students before me this evening there must be some to whom the pen is mightier than the sword. Might I, a mere tyro, ask them with all seriousness to cultivate the art of writing. India has need of Men of letters. A country so vast in size, so full of beauty, so rich in its variety of scenery and life—what an opportunity for some young writer ! What a field for inspiration !

Read books that you may learn to write, and write that you may learn to read books.

Study the beauty of words, cultivate a vocabulary, the power of expression.

Let ambition fire you ; let each one of you go forth from this college, when the time comes, with some seed of literary ambition in your heart.

It may be that you will find yourself unable to write beautiful prose or poetry ; but if so, there are still two courses left to you, and you can follow them both.

The first is, that you can go to Literature and read for yourself all the beauty that books can give you ; the second is, that you can so *live* that your life becomes a wonderful book, an epic poem.

As a book can influence by its sterling worth ; so can you by the life you lead. Let the beauty of books influence you, so that in your life you may build ".....above the deep intent,

The deed, the deed."

The Ramakrishna Mission Students' Home, Madras.

By Dr. PUDUVAL (*Old Boy*).

I was always of opinion that in education, as in other things there was a labour of love, and a labour for show. I was sure of it, in spite of all that I have seen of motive or pretence. And when I visited the Ramakrishna Mission Home last December, I thought I was merely having an experience of my convictions. It is generally easy to differentiate true sincerity of purpose in all work from hollow pretences. After all, in this world the one thing that is certain, whether in politics or in religion, whether in private or national affairs, is that a sham cannot eternally go on pretending to be a reality, or weakness persist in grimacing as power, falsehood as truth, injustice as justice. They will come out eventually, and when they do, they come out as plucked geese.

The only thing I regret about this home and institution is that it is not situated right in the middle of a forest, where the music of the winds and the splash of mountain streams send the soul of man thrilling into communion with the Infinite. Otherwise the institution has more or less the picture of my educational dreams. The atmosphere of the place, as it is, is refreshing, and is a healthful departure from the dull thrice-told tale of educational institutions in general.

The Home is situated in extensive grounds, and consists of an imposing block of buildings, for boarding and lodging, another for industries and handicraft, and a third for school studies. The main structure is decidedly handsome in appearance with a good display of what is practically banished from our educational buildings—Art the red-rag to our cultural pretentiousness. It must have cost the mission a few lakhs, but it would seem that the building was under a "benign contract," for the contractor could not have anticipated the 'Petty repairs' soon after handing over charge of the buildings. That was awfully good of him; for the institution subsists on private endowments, and not on Government money; in which case, it is tacitly understood that every builder is legitimately authorised to contemplate his share of apportionment, when the bill is offered. I am also led to think that there has been some real altruistic interest in the construction of the edifice; that there was some motive behind it to make it artistic. It is so unlike that "godown and garage" type of structures with which one is so familiar.

The grounds are kept in good taste, with flower gardens, extensive lawns, vegetable and fruit trees; and ornamented with fountains, in which there is a perpetual gurgle of clean water, falling in fine sprays into the basin

beneath. There is an Aryan tidiness in the premises. One can hardly pick up a dry-leaf or a scrap of waste paper from the grounds.

I need hardly say that I was not expected ; a humble itinerary in shirt and dhoti, who might have casually strayed in, would best represent my presence at this institution. One of the young students seeing me wandering in the premises, politely took me to a gentleman of the staff, who conducted me through the whole institution. A stranger like me naturally would like to note every incident of this 'inland voyage'; and what struck me at the very commencement was the feeling of freedom and self-respect that the students exhibited on the occasion. One immediately realises that apart from the usual stall old curricula, which are practically the only food administered to our students, these young people are taught 'behaviour'. I was accompanied by three young women-folk of my clan, and their presence I thought would have been provocation enough for certain 'wild growing-up scholars', so familiar to us, to grin and yawn, and make faces from behind the corners. The students, however looked too dignified for that sort of business. And so, I thought, it was quite possible to train up boys, with the sense of the dignity of human lives, provided such an idea was behind it. The fact was, their teachers do not 'teach' behaviour but actually 'live it'.

The principles of the institution can be best appreciated by the records in its annual report. They are :—(1) To provide a home to poor and deserving boys, giving them free boarding and lodging.

(2) To educate them under the Gurukula system where the school and the home are parts of one organic life and where the teachers and the taught live together and work in close and harmonious relationship;

(3) To make them live a life of Brahmacharya, *train their character*, and inspire them with high ideals of self-sacrifice and service; and

(4) To do everything conducive to the achievement of the above objects.

So much for the motif of the programme. There is a good deal to be said for each of these items, which would gain more power by comparison and contrast, but I propose to desist, and state only what others have said about the institution.

When the Indian Statutary Commission visited the Students' Home Lord Burnham wrote in the visitors' book.—"They have seen much that they have appreciated as not only good in itself, but well worthy of reproduction elsewhere in the Presidency. It breathes, not a little, of what we call the 'public School Spirit of life and loyalties', which will assuredly create a fine tradition, and it impressed us as if the spiritual and practical sides of Education are being happily developed in accordance with Indian ideals".

Mark the words "spiritual and practical sides of Education." There is testimony here, amply showing that education has a 'spiritual and practical side', which must of course, unsettle established ideas. Obviously the 'Gurukula' system is not unlike the 'public school life' of which Lord Burnham wrote. If there is any objection to our modern educationists, it must be in the 'name' or the modification to 'Indian ideals'. At any rate there is more family resemblance between the ancient Indo-aryan system of Education and what obtains in Europe to-day, than what we are made to believe arrived here by the last mail. The Honourable Diwan Bahadur M. Krishnan Nayar has written in the same book:—"..... A religious atmosphere pervades the whole place..... The work that is done in this Home is a work of love." Strange ! you would think. These statements, however, give the clue to the Indian ideals referred to. And after all, Indian ideals of education are good enough, to be favourably commented upon, by respectable authorities in England.

That, then, is what I mean, when I differentiate education for the love of it from what I consider the transaction in a shop or a factory. Here, it is not the purpose, to prepare the children duly labelled for Exhibition. Education is a quiet, but serious process, and its business is not propagandist but progressive.

I was rather surprised to hear that they do not take in more than 25 per cent of paying students, the rest being fed, housed and educated free of all charge. That ought to make some of us blush, if we are capable of the emotion. An institution refusing to admit more than a quarter of its total number of students, on any consideration of payment must appear to many people an example of economic perversion. There is something more to be said of this economic recklessness! There are several Ramakrishna Missions Homes and schools in India, working on the same 'soft' principle!

At the time of my visit the strength of the institution was 137, Preference is given to younger boys and orphan destitutes. There were 5 from Malabar including Cochin, and one from Travancore. The largest number of children, 24, come from Tanjore. Almost every district in the Presidency is represented in the institution.

The tutorial staff consists of 8 resident teachers, each of whom has charge of 15 to 18 boys, generally of the same class. The whole institution is practically a democracy; the management being entirely in the hands of the students. They are divided into batches, each with a captain to supervise them. Thus, on the notice-board, I saw a list of the different items of work, and the number of boys appointed to do them. There are two cooks and two maids; but the main part of the routine is done solely by the students. They comprise washing, cleaning, preparing the bath, dusting, making bed, serving food, gardening, planting, digging, watering, etc.,etc.,and those dozen and odd bits of labour, designated as 'drudgery'; ungrudgingly performed by

the students, and raised into the dignity of useful work by the peculiar atmosphere of the institution.

The inmates get up from bed at 4-45 A. M., to perform their morning ablutions, before assembling for prayer. From a health point of view there are many people who strongly support the claims of this habit here and in Europe. A taint of the West, need not necessarily create the impression among certain folk that this is the auspicious hour to look out for the 'bed coffee ' on the adjoining table, which is meant to wash down the filth of the preceding night. When I suggested the salutary influences of early rising and an early bath to one of our newer girl graduates, she called it an ' atrocious superstition ' ; but when I pointed out to her that the books on Educational Hygiene in Germany actually prescribe the habit to the students, she continued to lessen the virulence of the ' superstition ' and said it was " uncomfortable". Imagine that a daughter of India has to be taught the hygiene aspects of a morning bath, from German books ! That is how ideas and habits stand with us at present. An old Indian habit is either out of date, or out of fashion, or barbarously mean, however beneficial, till it comes back ' bottled from the west ' and bears the stamp of " Scientific development ".

In the Home, religious classes are held both in the mornings and evenings. Lessons from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, accounts of the lives and teachings of the great saints, are given to the younger boys, while the Gita is expounded to the grown-up students. I thought that a more extended practice of religious teaching, in which some of our schools can with benefit participate might give Christian boys the chance of a life-time—that of reading the Bible under compulsion. It is high time to think of teaching Christs' religion to modern Christians. They have been having a convenient and modified sort of opportunism for a considerable time. I have also discovered that a large number of my Christian friends are pitifully ignorant of their sacred scriptures.

" Students attend the physical training days thrice a week in the mornings. They are trained in the Nochren's system of physical activities. Besides the Indian system of physical exercises, e. g., danthal, bhaski, Indian clubs, etc., the games of hockey, volley-ball, foot-ball, badminton, cricket, and chadugudu " are played throughout the year. Particular care is taken that every boy takes part in one or other of these games.

The health of the students is an object of concern to the authorities—which is certainly interesting and quite a departure from the usual ideas on the subject in our country. The weight-charts maintained in the home show a steady increase in weight, of the students. The extreme tidiness of the arrangements, the healthy out-door exercises, and the regularity of the mode of living have all contributed to make the boarders happy and cheerful. I hardly found a student with depressed corners of the mouth—a sure indica-

tion, that they are enjoying their living and their learning. There does not seem to be much of 'anxiety neurosis' among them, which is such a common ailment among our students here. The medical examinations are conducted by a well-known local doctor, free; he visits the home daily. Emergent cases are freely attended to by local experts among whom I find the names of Dr. Kesava Pai, E. V. Srinivasachari and Dr. S. Rangachari. There is a hospital attached to the institution—the gift of the late Maharaja of Bobbili; but the average attendance is less than two a day.

In the Residential High School which prepares the students for the S. S. L. C. Examination, the afternoons are devoted for individual work by the pupils. There is already the nucleus of a museum here; which requires elaboration, amplification and scientific clapsification. The conception is singularly beautiful. A museum for every school has been my pet idea. That is the scientific channel of contact for the students with the bigger outer world.

Compulsory manual training, making the hand and the head work together, is a cardinal rule of the institution. There is a variety of handicraft taught along this line; carpentry, weaving, spinning, rattan work, goldsmithy, etc. Every class has to devote two afternoons a week exclusively for manual training. This is a lesson which our educationists might adopt without any indignity to their conceptions of education. The advantages of inculcating vocational pursuits, either as a hobby, as a diversion from the tedium of intellectual pursuits, or as the beginnings of a profession in after life are too momentous to be ignored. Among the splendid collection of reproductions of 'Famous Pictures' which adorn the walls of the building I saw some quite decent examples of original water-colour paintings by the young students of the home, depicting landscapes and incidents of local interest. I am told that the staff are giving every facility and encouragement for the cultivation of artistic tastes. There is hope for these students yet, for they do not mean to estrange aesthetics from life or from their studies. This is contrary to my experience *elsewhere*, where I find all tastes submerged, in the stagnant sink of a heartless curriculum. Some of the works of art and craft have also secured diplomas of excellence in various exhibitions in India.

A part of the building, very artistically constructed, is set apart as the library and reading room. There are more than 5,000 books here—covering the whole region of literary, artistic, scientific and other forms of literature. Further, every class has a small library of its own. In the spacious reading room, I found dozens of magazines and newspapers, free gifts, I was told, by the publishers of the same.

But what interested me most was the Industrial School, which in the course of the year had been expanded in its scope, by the introduction of advanced carpentry, cabinet making and applied mechanics. The aim of the school is "to train the student both in practice and theory, so that he

may be able to manage a small workshop and earn his living as a foreman, fitter or as a cabinet maker".

Indeed, it would take much more space than is available at present, to describe in detail, the several departments and spheres of activity comprised in this institution, which lives on endowments. The moral, however, is obvious. It points to the fact, that there is an education, quite possible and frankly indicated in all cases, where the organisors have decent conceptions of the faculties of man; which perceives in the human organism a combination of the head, heart and hand, and not merely a show-box in the upper storey, to keep exotic samples. One fails to understand how a narrow scheme of training can ever be dignified into the status of education, if man is regarded as a complex of mind, body and spirit; which have to be equally and simultaneously developed. I do not care whether the drab tale that we associate with forms of education in 'highly developed states' is the result of a Christian or a heathen invention. All that I can say is, that, if I had any hand in it, and could use power to advantage, I would have prohibited as pernicious if not actually criminal, that system, which utilises, the plastic brain of young men and women as godowns for useless and suspicious wares.

The last, but to my mind the most important and artistic part of the building, to which I was conducted was the "Prayer-hall":—a substantial and elegantly designed sanctum, built at a cost of Rs. 20,000, every pie of which must have gone to enhance its beauty and magnificance. At one end of this sacred hall, under a canopy of elaborate, and chastely conceived woodwork is fitly enthrowned the marble statue of the Goddess of learning—Saraswathi—a face, form and pose, recalling to one's mind the dignity of cultured womanhood. The spacious hall is floored with slabs of black and white marble, which at a distance look like clean crystal water splashed with alternate bars of light and shadow. Every door and window of this sanctum is a work of art, purely Indian, fitting in with the solemn dignity of the place. No remonstrance on the part of any guide was necessary to tell me that in entering this hall, I must put my shoes outside. They looked incongruous in these surroundings. Above the doors, there is a continuous frame work of delicately stained glass, representing in chronological order, the famous saints and saviours of the world: Buddha, Christ, Mahomed, Sankara, Ramanuja, Madhava, Chaitanya, and Swami Vivekananda. One's feelings of devotion—the lurking consciousness that man has a higher destiny than to grow fat on the substance of his neighbour are roused under such an atmosphere; and the effect was still further heightened by the low solemn whispers in which my guide spoke to me in these precincts. In a wilderness of sin and suffering, such a place always has an unconscious tendency to elevate the soul of man. We were offered 'Prasadams', and then we returned, much more edified than when we went in.

Sheaves from a Harvest

(By the Editor).

" Be no longer a Chaos, but a world, or even Worldkin. Produce ! Produce ! were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it ! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee ; out with it then. Up, Up ! whatsover thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called to-day ; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work".

Carlyle.

* * *

" Notions of caste are everywhere similar. In Hindoostan, as in Germany, nobility is won by the sword ; lost by soiling the hands with labour ; but preserved by idleness. To do nothing is to live nobly: whoever obtains from work is honoured. A trade is fatal. In France, in old times there was no exception to the rule, except in the case of glass manufactures. Emptying bottles being then one of the glories of gentlemen, making them, was, probably, for that reason not considered dishonourable".

Victor Hugo.

* * *

"They that deny a God destroy man's Nobility, for certainly Man is of kinn to the Beast by his Body ; and if he be not kinn to God by his spirit, he is a base ignoble creature. It destroys likewise Magnanimity, and the raising of humane nature : for take an example of a Dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a Man, who to him is instead of a God or *Melior Natura*. Which courage is manifestly such, as that creature without the confidence of a better Nature than his own could never attain. So Man when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour gathereth a force and faith which Human Nature in itself could not obtain."

Lord Bacon.

* * *

Music is the mingling of our beings in the waters of the infinite ; like the waves of the sea, laughing as they dash into each other, weeping as they part.

Puran Singh.

* * *

There are some to whom patriotism means constant brooding over the vanished glories of the past. Bankrupt bankers pouring over the long out-dated credit-books now useless.

* * *

We cannot solve the problem of an empire by talking platitudes and passing pious resolutions.

* * *

Lives, like dramas, interest sometimes by incident, sometimes by personality.,

* * *

"The problem of the biographer is the Problem of Existence"—*Carlyle.* We are in his striking phrase all of us indentured to live, faced with the problem of "keeping body and soul together" and the sacred task of the biographer is the same—it is the keeping together of the soul and body of his subject. Rarely does he succeed in performing it. Hence those innumerable biographies, which, if not dry as ossuaries, are cold and damp as mortuaries. The body is there, but the soul has departed and it is this stagnant air of the charnel—house that accounts for so many of them being unreadable as they are unread.

* * *

Function of Satire

"Oh sacred weapon ! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and insolence !
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide :
Rev'rent I touch thee ! but with honest zeal,
To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal ;
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall ,
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects ! whom a court maintains
That counts your Beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day !
The Mus's wing shall brush you all away.

A. Pope "Dunciad".

* * *

Tragedy is an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude ; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several kinds being found in separate parts of the play ; in the form of action, not of narrative ; through pity and fear effecting the proper purgation of these emotions.

Aristotle—trans—Butcher.

* * *

Earth is sick
And Heaven is weary, of the hollow words
That states and kingdoms utter when they talk
Of truth and Justice.

* * *

Ford is the Milton of industry, and his books are epics of large-scale production.

* * *

"Forces are machines of infinite power. Machines are forces of limited power"—*Victor Hugo*

* * *

A Poet—

"Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses
But feeds on the aereal kisses
Of shapes that haunt thoughts wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be ;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man
Nurslings of immortality !

Shelley.

The Sensitive Plant.

[A French *conte**].

By H. BARBUSSE.

The fellow had a jaw-breaking name. I've clean forgotten this name though it belonged to an intimate companion of mine. It's true it was in a deucedly remote past,—a very active period of my life when I had such uncanny adventures that I call myself a hoaxer whenever I recall them.

Well, this confounded companion, this pirate, this bandit,..... .. .... —but let us not hurry up our tale too fast,—well, this confounded skunk was putting up with me in a brushwood cabin, somewhere near Griqualand, at the time of the great rush for the gold mines.

He among my readers who has not witnessed this rush which drove all the world's diamond-seekers in tumultuous *hordes* towards the cape, has seen almost nothing ; and even if he were an executioner or a keeper of galley-slaves, he can have but a faint idea of what the human *animal* can turn out to be.

As for me, I did do a little work amidst this rabble. I confess I always was quite refined not only in character but in countenance too. My pure English was quite a foreign speech over there, and, needless to say, my youthful face of those days had no sort of resemblance to this snout-like 'mug'.

As for my companion,—well, to be brief,—he was a brute. He towered high, an uncouth, gigantic, surly figure with his thick-set shoulders, his wooden lump of a head on which coarse, blonde hair grew stubble-like, his enormous features lacquered with sweat, and his nose reddened by whisky like a flaming fire.

This scamp whose name (let me repeat) has clean escaped my memory after torturing my windpipe for a long while,—was not after all a bad fellow at bottom, but dull, awkward and clumsy— so clumsy that even when you

* Englished by L. V Ramaswami Ayyar.

made friends with him you had to be jolly careful not to hurt him unwittingly.

A pretty contrast we were between us two. Yet we got along well enough, and we worked in concert,—I with my brains, he with his arms,—I, the man and he, the bear.

After some months when we discovered no more precious stones than if we had prospected among the pavements of Oxford Street in London—(and yet, if I am to believe the gossip of your devilish modern journals, Oxford Street is not quite hopeless a place to prospect in !)—I made up my mind to push forward towards the west, reconnoitering.

It was thus that I reached the Boer village where the public house was owned by the man Pikkles.

Now, this Pikkles,—a despicable character who (I suspect) was formerly a wayside thief—and his wife, a hideous kitchen-wench with a black cloak and a yellow nose,—these two monsters had begotten a girl who was sort of a dazzling fairy, slender as gossamer, light as a song and (what is more) called by the precious name of Rebecca,—the sweetest of names.....

May God damn me once more if ever I saw in parks or in museums anything like this Rebecca, so blonde and so rosy that you would swear that sunlight showered on her hair golden dust and covered her cheeks with purple hue.. .....As for her eyes, I despair of explaining it to you with my voice or my pen.....

And she was also the most delicate of sensitive plants. Tremblingly alive she was, and throbbing ever with an angelic tenderness ; a trifle would make her blush and stutter. One word pitched higher than another would bring a nervous twitch on her little face. Words appeared to affect her like gusts of wind and tarnish her complexion a little.

Between this sweet sensibility and my own nature there was an affinity which drew us close. And one fine evening, she replied with the most adorable of silences to the first avowal of love which I made to her quite in a soft voice, turning my head away a little for fear of scaring her off. Yes! she kept still and silent for a pretty long while on that occasion ; and, as you will all guess, it was a way of saying 'yes' with all her heart.....

When my fellow-worker came and joined me, my affair with Rebecca had advanced pretty far.

Without having definitely said it yet, we felt there remained between us only the question of proposal, betrothal and things of that sort.

Now my companion, after his arrival, was fascinated by the vision of Rebecca. I could not resist chuckling when I saw this ugly, ill-hewn block of a fellow, huge and greyish like the front half of an elephant's body, standing with mock piety before the little throbbing flower of a Rebecca.

And then the idea of a mischievous joke arose in my ruthless mind of a triumphant lover. From this nameless being—oh! the lack of a name for

this fellow plagues and haunts me sinister-like !—I concealed my idyl with Rebecca, and after having dazzled him by telling him that I had guessed his ripping love for the girl, I advised him to propose to her straightway.

Very confidentially I induced him to set about his task with a strong hand. Yes ! I had the beastly boldness to invent tales for proving to him that the lassie prized only energy, roughness and coarseness among males.

In short I built up the coarsest of jokes, little suspecting—God is my witness for it !—the serious consequences that followed.

The next day I met my Rebecca walking alongside of a wall with drooping head. I accosted her and we started conversing. I mentioned casually the name of my associate,—that frightful name now forgotten, buried and entombed.

She gave a start as if I had slapped her. " Well," said I to myself, "no doubt about it ! the joke has gone home, my booby has seen her and made love to her in his own way ! "

That moment I regretted having started the joke ; and stricken with remorse for the sake of the girl, I tried to plead for pardon for the vulgar fellow.....

But the girl cut me short, and raising her limpid eyes towards me said " I have become engaged to him."

" To whom ? " I shrieked.

" Yes ! to....." said Rebecca.

And the crystalline voice of the girl repeated that accursed name which was to me nauseous like a doctor's drug. Crazily I gesticulated : " You ! him ! but, my dear, he's a brute....."

" That was exactly what charmed me," she replied in quiet tones, " he spoke to me like one who'd command. Ah ! how loud and strong was his proposal ! If only you knew all that he dared to speak to me ! It's unthinkable "

And her voice dropped into a whisper and her face reddened into a blush when she added : " It was a revelation to me."

Ugh ! I fell in a heap on a wayside stone. What else was there to do, I wonder ?

Yes ! my gentlemen readers ! my sensitive plant had been subjugated by the ugly booby. Despite all her tender sensitiveness, she had in the twinkling of an eye begun to love coarseness and shame ! Why ? For nothing,—she just began to love them, that was all !

And then ? Well, I did not die of it, for here I am. Like one demented I quitted that land of mad men, and naturally I have tried to forget.....

But let me tell you one thing : on the theme of love, never do you put your trust on anyone or anything. When a man starts speaking about love, and avers this or that, he's likely to give out as many silly things as a doctor who claims to reveal the inner secrets of illness or an astronomer who takes it into his head to explain the true reasons of the comedies of the sun and the moon.

" A Poison Tree. "

1. I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow

2. And I watered it in fears
Night and morning with my tears,
And I sunned it with my smiles
And with soft deceitful wiles.

3. And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright,
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine,—

4. And into my garden stole
When the night had veiled the pole;
In the morning, glad, I see
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

Blake.—" Songs of Experience'

Frivolity.

Explained!— "Say, Mr. Menon", asked Hegde of his neighbour during the composition class, "what's a cosmopolitan? " Menon thought for a moment, then he replied, "Suppose there were a Russian Jew living in England with an Italian wife, in a dress of Indian Khaddar fastened with Australian coral buttons, smoking Egyptian cigarettes lighted with Swedish matches, sitting near a French window in a room with a Turkey carpet on the floor. If this man drank American Soda under a Chinese lantern while listening to a 'German band playing. "The Shamrock of Ireland," after a supper of Dutch cheese made up as a Welsh rarebit, then you might be quite safe in saying that he were a cosmopolitan".

* * *

Mac Tavish took a shilling ticket in a raffle for a pony and trap. He drew the winning ticket. Was he pleased at his good fortune ? Not a bit. When the pony and trap were brought to him, he surveyed them gloomily, and said "I thocht the whole thing was a swindle." "What is the matter ? asked his friends. "Where's the whip !" demanded Mac Tavish.

* * *

"I simply love horses". " I thought so". "Why" ? " I saw you riding with your arms round one's neck".

* * *

Komu was a B. A. and was to take his degree at the convocation. He had to rig himself out properly. He went into an outfitter's shop and asked to see some evening-dress ties. Bashfully he asked the shop assistant as to the best way to tie the correct bow. "That's quite easy, Sir, " replied the shopman glibly; "you hold the tie in your left hand and the collar in the other. Slip the neck inside the collar, and then cross the left hand, steadying the right end with the other hand. Then drop both ends and catch hold of the right-hand end with the left hand, and the other with the other. Reverse hands, and then pick up the loose end with the nearest hand. Pull this end through the loop with your unengaged hand, and tighten neatly into place. That's, all except—"Except what "? gasped Komu. "well, all you have to do then is to disentangle your hands, Sir," said the shopman blithely.

* * *

Mother : "If you fell in the water, why are your clothes dry?"
Tommy : "I took them off in case of accident."

* * *

Young lady patient: "you told me to put my tongue out, doctor, but you have not looked at it ?". Doctor: "No, Miss; I merely wanted time to write your prescription".

* * *

Two girls were enjoying a private chat, and Maggie was all excitement over Winnies' account of her elopement. "How romantic exclaimed the former; "but weren't you afraid of the ladder slipping ?", "Oh, no!" replied Winnie, " Mother was holding it".

* * *

Wealthy uncle: " And if you had five hundred pounds and multiplied it by two what would you get"? Little nephew "A motor-car".

* * *

Sam "Hallo, Dick, what is the matter ? Fallen off your bicycle ? Dick: " No ! I was trying to reach a top shelf by standing on some dictionaries, and they gave way.? Sam: " I see—words failed you ! "

* * *

Angry father: " How dare you come home like this in the middle of the term, Sir ? And how dare you have the audacity to tell me you don't like your school ? Why, that school has turned out some of the most brilliant men in the country ! " Young Hopefull: "Yes, dad, they turned me out"!

* * *

A certain hospital was well-known for not giving its patients sufficient to eat. Meal-times came and went, and convalescent Sebastion found himself just as hungry as ever. One day the Chief Medical Officer was visiting the wards. He came up to the bedside of the patient and asked him

what was his complaint. This patient was particularly fed-up" so his reply was very curt. "Flu." "whats the diet? asked the commanding officer, in solicitous tones. The man looked up with a sad smile, and replied: "Two tastes of the thermometer daily ! ".

* * *

Mother: "why were you whipped at school to-day, D'Souza? " D'Souza: " 'cos teacher told us to write an essay on "The Result of Laziness," and I sent up a blank sheet of paper.

* * *

Once while Radha's grand-father was paying a visit to her parent's home, the little girl said to him, "Grandpa, your talk about perseverance winning is all nonsense." "Well, well, child', said the old gentleman, "why do you say that ? 'why?, said the little girl, "I've worked all the afternoon blowing soap bubbles and trying to pin them on mother's hat".

* * *

"Smith Junior Forges Ahead."

George Washington married Martha Washington and in due time became father of his country.

* * *

The Sun never sets on the British Empire, because the British Empire is in the East, and the Sun sets in the West.

* * *

The minister of war is the clergyman who preaches to the soldiers in the barracks.

* * *

A passive verb is when the subject is the sufferer, as, "I am loved".

* * *

Shakespeare lived at Windsor, with his merry wives.

* * *

The king wore a scarlet robe trimmed with vermin.

* * *

Wolsey saved his life by dying on the way from York to London.

* * *

Algebraic symbols are what you use when you don't know what you are talking about.

* * *

The mechanical advantage of a long pump-handle is that you can have some one to help you to pump.

* * *

A line in Geometry is what you draw and don't see.

* * *

The chief duties of an M. P. is to go to sleep when another man is speaking and force his party into power.

* * *

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

* * *

Hindoostan flows through the Ganges and empties into the Mediterranean sea.

* * *

The gastric juice keeps the bones from creaking.

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* The Future of Cochin—An Optimistic Forecast.

By S. KUTTIKRISHNA MENON (Cl. IV.)

The Future is a licensed subject to be indulged in. Yet those who unluckily dabble in the Future are sometimes dubbed 'caddish' and their harmless job is dismissed in quite a cavalier fashion as the "transcendental loafing of aesthetic Vagabonds". Indeed, the popular notion unhappily is, that a prophets' soul like the poets' mind is a "gossamer texture of dreams and delusions", with little of substance and none of weight. And mixed up with the pleasure and joy of the subject are the many regrets and dim forebodings that are incidental to it: for, to go unrecognized in his own time has ever been the prophets' fate. And it is this very fact, the hope that some day or other, a time would come when all these little thoughts—which, it shall be our privilege to set down to paper—would go to disillusion the sceptic that nerves us with courage to dabble in this self same "Caddish Job!"

Cochin, sublimely picturesque with her sparkling rivers and rich vegetation emerges from the bosom of the Arabian Sea, hoary with antiquity. Holding the geographical centre of the Madras Presidency, this miniature wonderland, this fortress built by nature for herself, fringed on all sides with the gorgeous vistas of lofty palms, came into existence in the year 1341 A. D. Surely, History records of no other piece of territory, more wonderful in its structure and more picturesque in its features than Cochin, the crown of Kerala, the 'El Dorado' of wealth. We can well imagine the feelings of eagerness and cupidity with which the early European adventurers must have looked upon this rich and fertile coast and the joy with which the Portuguese must have availed themselves of the permission for founding a settlement here. Since that distant date much water has flown underneath the bridge of time, and Cochin again looms large in the thoughts and writings of many a political thinker, of many a commercial magnate.

As we cast our eyes into that distant past and lift the veil of historic reminiscences that obstruct our vision, there roll before us in brilliant colours the most significant achievements of Cochin. Kings, noted for big martial exploits and diplomatic powers, appear before us in all awful majesty. Veteran statesmen, able to guide the destinies of the State in the hour of the

* Prize essay in th e birth-day competition, (English section),

darkest travail, pass before our visions amidst all the splendours of an oriental court. From the distant regions of Kerala, and outside, from the Kingdoms of the Pandyas and the Cheras, the Rajas of Cochin used to press into their service the lights of oriental letters and compelled them to revolve round the sun of their courts like planets in the firmament of glory. Indeed, the hand of time has added only more lustre to the achievements of Cochin and Cochin had been able to hold the torch of idealism high in an age when a realism of boundless baseness dominated the other parts of Kerala.

And to-day, Cochin is on the threshold of a new era of material and moral progress. Events have been moving with lightning rapidity in the State. Cochin to-day represents one of the most progressive and advanced states in all India. In the strenuous endeavour of overhauling and reconstructing the State and governing it efficiently on up-to-date lines our beloved Maharaja has been remarkably successful. In the formation of a Legislative Council with an elected majority and the institution of elected Panchayat Courts and Municipalities our benevolent Ruler shows himself possessed of the bold and forward policy of the occidental statesman and the caution and restraint of the oriental monarch. Our Maharaja is a rare combination of heart, conscience, and intellect. He has had the noble courage and the catholicity of outlook to transcend beyond mere parochial sentiments, as is exemplified from his boundless enthusiasm in the cause of the advancement of the depressed and backward classes. In the matters of social reform and of education in general, our Ruler has been eminently successful and if perchance all other noble achievement of His Highness come to be forgotten, we are sure, this fact alone would redeem him from oblivion. In all the administration of Cochin has been moving along the shining paths of progress and enlightenment, that encomiums have been poring forth from diverse quarters, from the paramount power in distant London, to the occasional correspondents of provincial newspapers.

We have recalled facts of History and have brought them to the general test of the present. In doing so, we have only done what is most necessary. It is nothing to know what we have been unless it is with the desire of knowing that which we ought to be. There is an eloquence in Memory, because it is the nurse of hope. There is sanctity in the past, but only because of the chronicles it retains—chronicles of the progress of mankind. And from a study of the past of Cochin, and of her present we are conscious of a great future for our country. Cochin has achieved much but Cochin is destined to achieve much more.

She is now on the parting of the ways we are now passing through a 'crucial stage of transition' when much of what we would wish to be, would in a large measure depend upon the personality at the head of the State. One can now visualise for oneself a Cochin rich in all material resources and moral well-being, a State providing happiness and contentment for all her sons and daughters. The vision of a Greater Cochin

with her inhabitants of diverse creeds and faiths learning to glorify the refining tie of kingship and claiming to participate in the full rights of Cochin citizenship, appears before us even at this time of the day.

A mass of people swelters and toils, great railway systems grow, cities rise to the skies and spread wide and far, factories hum and foundries roar, the ships plough the seas. The steamers loaded with rich cargoes would anchor in this magnificent port to be. About this busy, . striving State, the peasant would ply his peaceful avocation, unhampered by the buzz of endless traffic, while mysterious aircrafts of divers designs would whizz past you like meteors in a dream. You would then find the rich owners go, controlling all, enjoying all, confident and creating confidence, that draws all together, without clash of interests into an unconscious brotherhood.

The spell of material advancement would be instantaneous. When the jingling silver begins to produce that magic sound, you would find the peasant, the smith and the cobbler suddenly waking from his age-long slumber and coming forward to claim his right of free citizenship. You would then find the then reigning Raja setting up a system of constitutional monarchy, in which the people themselves are ultimately left to shape their own destinies.

The coffers of the Government would now be overflowing with revenue. And then you can visualise for yourself a full-blown, first-rate residential College at Ramavarmapuram, now in process of construction, irradiating light and learning—students from far and near flocking thereto—and the poor and the destitute being provided for from the State coffers. Your vision then would be greeted with the edifying spectacle of a Cochin, teeming with institutions of a type in which education of a technical nature would be imparted, thereby solving to a large extent the burning problem of unemployment. At that time too, you would enjoy the sight of porters and page-boys using language that would drive surprise even to the hearts of the most typical of gentlemen; while, at the same time you shall behold the boy in the street and the lad from the village learning the art of making chimneys and reading the head-lines of the daily news-papers, even like the German boys.

Society too, in that day and generation would eschew many of its prevalent evils. The old hide-bound traditions and conventions tending to choke individual initiative, and fossilizing corporate life would then be discarded. Aristocracy of birth and wealth would be thrown into the ash-pile of the worlds' back-yard.

As for women, we may not have many representatives of the order of the Lip-stick and Powder-puff, nor might we produce Boxing champions or Channel swimmers. Nevertheless, Cochin shall be adorned with a type of woman-hood which shall have as its duty,—inexorable and paramount—discharged in playing the part of a true 'Sahadharmini'.

In adjourning the Legislative Council of the State, the Diwan of Cochin gave expression to some wholesome sentiments: "Indian States," he said, "cannot afford to keep back when our brethren in British India are given enlarged powers under the reformed constitution and we are entitled in due course to be brought into line with what has been attained in British India." The dawn of that glorious day which the Diwan has foretold in vague but prophetic words is now breaking on the horizon—the curtain is rising itself from the stage where shall be revealed the vista of a Greater Cochin before our minds. And then we shall behold a Cochin, like her Sister-States, represented in the Parliament of Federal India. We shall then see a Cochin still ruled by benevolent sovereigns, who live but for their country, whose greatness is their country's gift, whose boast is their country's liberty.

Dante had avowed that the very stones of the city of Rome were sacred; to him each of them was the symbol of a divinely appointed monarchy that was to rule the whole world in peace. "Every dust particle of my native land," said Iqbal, "is an image of God to me". And Cochin, for all that she represents is to us a perennial source of hope and inspiration for there the future is beckoning her on

"to crescent honours, splendours, victories vast."

Ideals of Kingship as reflected in Literature.

C. P. SREENIVASA—Class III.

One of the most important aims of literature has always been to place the highest and the noblest ideals before mankind,—ideals of heroism and self-sacrifice, ideals of devotion to duty and faith to God, ideals of spotless purity and saintliness, and many more. The skeletons raked up from the tombs of history, though they might be wonderful specimens in their own way, lack the power to awaken human interest and admiration. But when to such skeletons flesh and blood and beautiful garments are supplied by the imaginative litterateur their charm becomes irresistible.

In this essay we are concerned with the ideals of Kingship as reflected in literature. For this, an examination of the literature of one particular nation or one particular country will not suffice, for the reason literature is not the monopoly of any one set of people. We shall have to consider, in order, the belles-lettres of different types of people, and gather the ideals of Kingship reflected therein.

First, take the Indian literature, made up of the national epics, the Puranic literature, and the literary compositions in the various Indian languages. One of the most outstanding figures we come across here is that of Sree Rama. He has almost all the ideal qualities that are essential to a man and a king. Personal charms, powerful arms, steady nerves, large heart, active brains, moral purity, religious austerity, mental sublimity, intellectial perfection,—these an ideal monarch was expected to have. And Sree

Rama had all these to a great degree. A most unselfish ruler, in whom the personal element was completely stamped out by kingly duties, he was indeed a god on earth.

Another ideal king can be found in Yudhishtira. For justice, benevolence, cool courage, limitless patience, moral purity and mental simplicity, Yudhishtira is a model to mankind. He is a martyr of righteousness.

The epic-poets, the Sanskrit dramatists and all other Indian men of letters give these two unique places in the gallery of kings. A noteworthy feature of Indian idealism is that the people found more to appreciate in a peace-loving monarch who gave himself, heart and soul, to his country's welfare and prosperity, rather than in a powerful conqueror seeking 'homicidal glory'. A king was expected to possess martial prowess and military vigour; but these had to be utilised more for protecting the weak and maintaining peace within the kingdom than in annexing others' domains.

Now let us have a look at the classical literature. In Homer's 'Iliad', Achilles, Diomedes, and Hector have many ideal qualities a king ought to possess. They are valiant and powerful, full of fighting spirit and skilled in war. But here we note that a greater emphasis is laid on physical strength and ability in war, rather than on mental loftiness or moral austerity. Homer makes Achilles almost invulnerable. In 'Odyssey', it is the practical ability, fore-sight and wisdom of Odysseus that appeal to us. Under such a king, a country need fear no crafty enemy or treacherous ally.

Turning to Virgil, we have the Trojan Prince Aeneas. He, we should admit, does not deserve a place in the front rank of kings. And yet, as Dido exclaims: "Oh, what a face, and what a bearing, and what mighty strength! Methinks a god's blood flows in his veins!" (1)

Now, we come to the English belles-lettres. First, let us take Shakespeare. Most of his kings fail through having some craving or quality in excess. King John fails as a king because his intellect prompts him to do what is really beyond the powers of his nature to perform". (2) Lear is impetuous and impulsive, and never thinks twice before he does anything, Richard III has the courage, intellect, resolution, and hauteur, necessary for a king; but he is selfish and unprincipled. Henry VIII is a heartless rake. Richard II is weak and wilful. Henry IV is a swell and a bully. Henry VI is too gentle and spiritless. Caesar is valiant and capable; but alas! too 'ambitious' as Brutus says. Macbeth also has valour and goodness, yet he foolishly tries to defy his destiny.

Then the question arises who is Shakespeare's ideal king. We may point out Henry V. He is drawn as an excellent monarch, active and thoughtful, brave and cautious, strong and powerful, magnanimous and sincere, pious and modest devoted to duty and conscious of his responsibilities.

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(1) D. A. Mackenzie "The Worlds' Heritage".
(2) J. Masefield : "Shakespeare".

He is a model soldier also. We do not mean to say that Henry is depicted as absolutely flawless. He himself reminds us that "the king is but a man." If that is forgotten we mistake Shakespeare. To Shakespeare an ideal king meant the noblest and ablest of men, as far as human nature would allow the superlatives to soar.

Let us now examine Milton's views of kingship. In the first two or three books of Paradise Lost Satan seems to possess many ideal qualities of a great king and leader. He has strength and fortitude, courage and resolution. He shows himself to be a noble, responsible, and self-sacrificing leader. "He is great in mind, in intellect, and in physique."

Looking into Arthurian literature, we have romantic ideals of kingship. King Arthur is one of the most charming kings in all literature. Malory's Arthur is not so ideal as Tennyson's. Tennyson perfects him to such an extent that he appears to be 'faultily faultless.' Mighty and capable, valiant and chivalrous, merciful to the weak, helpful to the holy, he appeals to us strongly. Every damsel in distress could find a successful succourer in Arthur, and every budding knight a sympathetic patron. Surrounded by his worthy knights, he had the strength and power to carry out the dictates of his chivalrous mind. Some critics have found fault with Tennyson for having drawn the great king of romance as a

"modern gentleman of statliest port."

This may be true. But Arthur is still a lovable king, endowed with many ideal qualities.

Spenser's Arthur is a paragon, of chastity. Chaucer alludes to "the olde dayes of the king Arthour" in 'The Wife of Bath's Tale.' Geoffrey, Wace, Chretien, Layamon, Dryden, Wordsworth and Blackmore are all loud in praising this great king.

Now we have had a glimpse of some of the ideal kings that reign in the realms of literature. They had virtues and blemishes, characteristic of the literati who idealised them. But there are certain features which may be found in them all, features like personal magnetism, great physical strength, firm resolution, powerful intellect, courage 'never to submit or yield', mental excellence and moral purity.

"In a Nutshell".

The "ILIAD".

TICIUS.

[*Note.*—The Iliad is to the Greeks what the "Mahabharata" is to the Indians. The Iliad is the great epic poem of Greece describing the war between the Greeks and the Trojans, the inhabitants of Troy, over a stolen queen. Homer the blind poet of Greece is by some said to have written the Iliad about 900 B. C., while others contend that it is the work of many hands. The incidents related, and the vigour and vivacity of narration, have much in them that appeals to the imagination of youth.]

King Priam ruled in Troy with his queen Hecuba. They had many sons of whom Hector was renowned for his courage and Paris for his loveliness. At this time Sparta was ruled by Menelaus. Helen was his queen, a lady far-famed for her bewitching beauty.

Paris came on a visit to the Spartan king and while his guest Paris became the accepted lover of Helen. To the defence of Helen it is mentioned that she fell to the attractions of Paris due to the influence which Aphrodite cast over her. Aphrodite had promised Paris the most beautiful woman in the world for adjudging her to be the most beautiful amongst Goddesses. The attachment between Paris and Helen grew stronger and one day in the absence of Menelaus Helen sailed with Paris for Troy.

> "So Paris, harboured in these halls, defiled
> With base ingratitude the Atridae's home
> He wronged the chieftain of yon stately dome,
> Stealing with robber guile the beauteous wife
> Unfaithful cause of future strife."

Menelaus furious that he had been so robbed by a "Wanton boy" gathered round him a great host. The kings of the numerous kingdoms of Greece were all under an obligation to come at the call of Menelaus for, at the wedding of Helen, they had all promised to support Helen if she needed help.

Agamemnon, "In glory strong", the brother of Menelaus was chosen the leader of the Grecian host.

The noise and confusion of the preparations for war are then described, how in Argos there was

"Clashing of shields and arming of ships and men". We are also introduced to the famous warriors who had gathered together at Aulis to set sail for Troy. Ulysses, the wisest, unwilling to part from his beloved wife and new-born boy paraded as a mad man hoping to be left alone by Menelaus. But the artifice fell through and he joined forces with the Greeks. Achilles the bravest was kept dressed like a maiden by his mother who did not want

him to be taken away from her. Ulysses saw through the trick and Achilles also joined the Greeks.

An embassy despatched to persuade the Trojans to restore Helen to Menelaus did not succeed in its mission. Therefore the huge army set sail for Troy. Agamemnon

> " Of Argive youth led forth the flower,
> Well-armed for aid the Aegean o'er,
> In a thousand ships from yonder shore,
> Shouting they went with hearts aflame
> For the furious war God's eager game".

Troy reached, the struggle began. The city was besieged. Fortune smiled now on one party and now on the other. Battle after battle was fought, also single combats between the men on either side. In this way nine years passed. Oracles had proclaimed that the tenth year would see the destruction of Troy and the victory of the Greecians.

Curiously the year began disastrously for the Greeks. A terrible pestilence raged in their camp and the soothsayers declared that unless Agamemnon restored a beautiful slave girl of his to her father who was a favourite priest of Apollo the whole army would be exterminated. Agamemnon was first obdurate, but Achilles pressed the point. Agamemnon then declared that he would give up his slave provided he got in exchange Briseis a favourite slave girl of Achilles. Achilles got disgusted and refused to take part in the war any more.

It was a terrible blow for the Greeks. The Trojans grew bolder, sallied forth frequently and the Greeks lost ground steadily.

At this juncture an incident occurred which changed the course of events. Patroclus one of the Greek chieftains borrowed the armour of his bosom friend Achilles and arrayed in that, led the Greeks against the Trojans. The mere sight of the terrible hero's armour was sufficient to create dismay in the Trojan hearts. The Greeks recovered the lost ground, but Patroclus was mortally wounded by Hector during the skirmish.

Achilles could no longer hold aloof. Fired by the spirit of revenge he put on new armour—armour made for him by Vulcan the armour-maker of the Gods—and came forth to battle. Hector the bravest of Priam's sons met him on the field and then took place the most terrible fight in the whole war. Hector fell. Achilles' grief at the loss of his friend was so great that he would not be content merely by the defeat and death of Hector. Night after night Achilles mourned for his lost companion and then as if in a sudden fit would tie the corpse of Hector to his charriot, and whip ping the horses dragged the great Trojan's corpse around the mound built over Patroclus' grave. Subsequently through the interference of Hermes, the messenger of the Gods, Achilles, gave the corpse of Hector to Priam, the aged king of Troy, who, heartbroken at the loss of his son had himself come to the tent of Achilles to request for the body. Achilles, struck by the

father's grief granted also a twelve days truce for the funeral celebrations. Priam returns from Achilles' camp and orders a celebration befitting the dead hero.

"Perform, Ye Trojans, what the rites require
And fell the forests for a funeral pyre
Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread
Achilles grants these honours to the dead".

[Homer winds up the story with a description of these funeral celebrations. The subsequent history of the war and the story of the actual capture and destuction of Troy is described in Virgils' "Aeneid".

Ourselves.

Another watch has gone by, and a fresh man has come to the wheel. It is the first time that he has been asked to take charge, but often he has been on the ship's bridge, watching veterans at work, and rendering, in his own humble way, any little assistance that was needed. The dangers and responsibilities of the pilots' job are well known to him. He knows the sickening surge of the ocean ; he knows how the ship will pitch and toss in heaving waters. He has watched seasoned sailors strain at the wheel, as the rudder, lashed by heavy waves, sought to wrench it from their grip ; has seen the blood rush to their faces as the strain increased ; has seen the veins of their necks and arms swell out as they strove to keep the wheel steady ; has heard their teeth grinding against one another as they fought desperately to keep the ship to the true course as it ploughed its way through stormy seas. But he is yet to feel the kick of the wheel himself, to feel the wheel trying to jerk itself from his hands as the rudder-chain tugged at it, now this way, now the other. There is however no fear in him. For, as he steps up to the wheel he knows that storm-tried veterans are still on the bridge, from whom he could take directions, or get assistance. It is therefore with steady hands that he grips the wheel, and with a steady voice that he shouts down the tube to the engine room, "take up anchors !"—"speed a-head !"

* * *

We wonder if anybody will read the previous para. Does anybody read these editorials at all ? Speaking of that how many read the rest of the Magazine ? How many read the magazines they subscribe for ? How many get them merely for the swank, how many just to bind and keep them or just to have some wrapping paper ? Inscriptions have been unearthed which relate that in ancient days when it was proposed to start the College Magazine it was also laid down that it should be a Magazine eminently readable. The editors have always borne this in mind. So they did "strive, and hold cheap the strain".

Attempts have been made to increase the attractiveness of the book by adding to the variety therein. We shall say as the Sheep said to Alice in Wonderland, " fish, and all sorts of things. Now what do *you* want "? How far the little change is an improvement, we will wait to see.

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We are of opinion that this magazine ever since its inception has been every day in every way getting better and better. The last two numbers were published by the Magazine Committee. In theory the editorial responsibility was not concentrated on any particular shoulder. In reality, however, during that time "L. V." was the man behind the machine. It was through his efforts that delightful fare was served for us in the journal. Our thanks to him. It shall be our aim to continue the high tradition of the Magazine established by our predecessors. The details of the personnel of the new Magazine Committee is given on our cover page.

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Regular readers of the Magazine (It being assumed that there are some subscribers to this Magazine who also read it !) would notice in this issue a larger space set apart for the Malayalam section. It was thought that since the vernaculars have now been given a very important place in the course of studies for the higher University examinations, it would be only reasonable to utilise more of magazine space for the publication of articles in Malayalam which has a right to be considered the most important vernacular in Malabar.

* * *

Results of the Elections conducted at the Staff Meeting held on 14th August 1930.

I. The College Magazine Committee.

President :—	Principal (Ex-Officio)
Editors	Mr. T. C. Sankara Menon (English Section).
	Prince Kerala Varma (Malayalam Section)
Secretary	Mr. A. R. Subrahmanya Ayyar.

Editorial Board.

English Section.	*Malayalam Section.*
The Editor.	The Editor.
Mr. P. Sankaran Nambiyar.	Mr. K. Kesavan Nayar.
,, K. J. Augustine	,, P. Narayana Menon.
,, N. R. Ramachandra Ayyar	,, T. C. Balakrishna Menon.
Two student members.	Two student members.

II. Election to the College Science Association.

Vice-Presidents—Mr. K. Karunakaran Nayar.
,, G. R. Narayana Ayyar.
Secretary— ,, P. R. Subbarama Ayyar.
Staff-Members— ,, K. J. Augustine.
,, V. V. Sivarama Ayyar.

III. Staff Socials Committee.

President— Mr. G. R. Narayana Ayyar.
Secretary— ,, K. J. Augustine.
Members— Mr. P. Narayana Menon.
,, V. Ramanatha Ayyar.
,, T. C. Balakrishna Menon.

IV. College Day Committee.

Mr. P. Narayana Menon.
,, Paul D' Alapat.
,, K. R. Rama Ayyar.

V. Jubilee Memorial Lecture Committee.

Mr. P. S. Ramakrishna Ayyar.

College Notes.

Reception of College Graduates on the Convocation Day.

During the last convocation, 19 graduates of this college took their degree in *person* and 22 in *absentia*. As in previous years the Principal was " At Home " to the graduates who attended the convocation at about 7-30 P. M. on the convocation day in the Hindu High School, Triplicane. The graduates included one Prince and 3 ladies.

The Hon'ble Mr. Justice C. V. Anantakrishna Ayyar presided and advised the graduates not to idle away their youth but to work hard and steadily and get as much knowledge as possible.

Among those that were present were His Highness Rama Varma, B. A., B. L., Messrs. G. Ramakrishna Ayyar; M. A., B. L., C. S. Krishnamoorthi Ayyar, B. A., B. L. & N. R. Sesha Ayyar B. A. B. L., Advocates, S. R. Renganathan M.A., University Librarian, G. A. Srinivasan, M. A. L. T., Dr. P. Kallukaran, M. A. Ph. D., and Prince Kerala Varma, B. A. (Hons). The function closed with a vote of thanks to the chair and with three lusty cheers to His Highness the Maharaja of Cochin.

* * *

August 4.—The inaugural address of the മലയാള സാഹിത്യ മണ്ഡലം " was delivered by M. R. Ry. V. Karunakaran Nayar Avl., Secretary, Theosophical Society (West Coast). The subject was " വ്യക്തി സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം".

* * * *

August 12.—Under the auspices of the History and Economics Association, a parliamentary debate was held in the College Hall. The motion was " That in the interests of the expansion of true education in the State, tne resolution of the Government to move the College to Rama Varmapuram is a measure to be welcomed". Besides students and members of the staff, Messrs. A. B. Salem, K. P. Kannan Nayar and Dr. A. R. Menon, all members of the Legislative Council, took part in the debate. The motion was lost.

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August 14.—There was a special Staff Social at which election to the various committees working in the College were made.

* * *

August 23.—There was a special meeting of the മലയാള സാഹിത്യ മണ്ഡലം at which M. R. Ry., Rao Bahadur O. M. Cherian Avl., spoke.

* * *

August 26.—Mr. T. K. Sankara Menon's portrait presented to the college by students of the College was unveiled by Prince Rama Varma, M.A., B. Sc. (London), one of the most distinguished of Mr. Menon's students.

* * *

As usual, the Magazine Committee held an essay competition in connection with the birthday of His Highness the Maharaja of Cochin—our Patron. The following subjects were given:—

1. English Essay on any one of the following:—
   (1) The Future of Cochin—An Optimistic forecast.
   (2) Cochin's contribution to Indian Culture
   (3) Ideals of Kingship as reflected in Literature.

2. Malayalam Essay on any one of the following:—

(ക) സാഹിത്യത്തിൽ ആഖ്യായികകളുടെ സ്ഥാനം.

(ഖ) സാമുദായിക ശക്തിയും രാഷ്ട്രീയോൽകർഷവും.

(ഗ) ശാസ്ത്രാഭിവൃദ്ധികൊണ്ടു ലോകത്തിനു ഗുണമോ ദോഷമോ.

The prizewinners' attempts are published elsewhere in this issue.

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We are glad that we are able to publish the text of Mr. Mackay's neat and interesting speech delivered at the inaugural meeting of the College Literary Unions, on the subject, "Books". As he talked on, we amongst the audience, time after time had the same feelings roused in us as Mr. Mackay says were roused in his mind as he read Stevenson. "Now, isn't that just what I have thought? Just what I have done?" It suggested a mutual understanding. That suggestion and the auto-biographical element in his speech made it so intimate and delightful, so that when he had finished we felt as if, like Oliver Twist, we must ask for more.

MAHARAJA'S COLLEGE HISTORICAL AND ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION.

Accounts for 1929—30.

Receipts.

		Rs.	As.	Ps.
1.	Last year's balance	0	6	0
2.	Collections from the student members	132	3	0
3.	Donations from the staff	25	0	0
	Total Rs.	157	9	0

Expenses.

		Rs.	As.	Ps.
1.	Minor charges incurred by the Secretary	1	0	0
2.	Social gathering	72	2	2
3.	Cost of Prize-Books	40	3	0
4.	Travelling expenses paid to Mr. C. J. Varkey	20	0	0
5.	Anniversary expenses	16	14	0
	Total Rs.	150	3	2

Balance on Hand... Rs. 7—5—10.

Maharaja's College,
Ernakulam,
7th July 1930.

P. S. RAMAKRISHNA AYYAR,
President, Maharaja's College
Historical and Economics
Association.