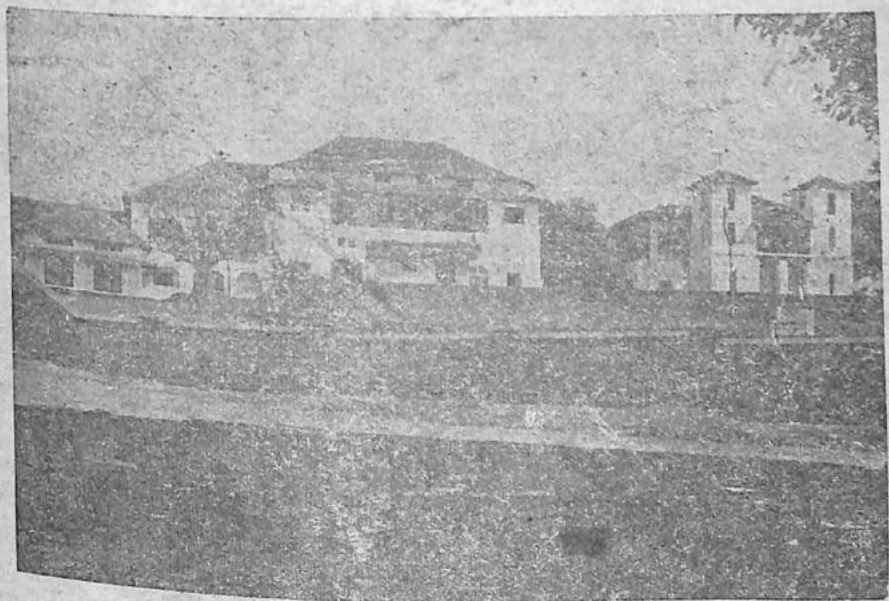


THE
UNION CHRISTIAN
COLLEGE MAGAZINE.



License No. 331 dated 15th October 1935.

ALWAYE, MARCH, 1939.

THE
UNION CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE,
ALWAYE, MARCH, 1939.

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CONTENTS

	Page
College Day Sermon—L. W. BROWN	1
Editorial	4
College Day Report, January 1939	6
Welcome Speech—V. M. ITTYERAH	13
College Day Presidential Address	14
A Woman's Helper—A. I.	20
Much Ado About Nothing—K. J.	22
A Word on Dress—K. V. M.	29
Fire! Fire! —C. A. ISAAC	31
Kazim's Ramzan—T. P. ITTOOP	34
Toyohiko Kagawa—C. GEORGE	35
College Chronicle	37
അന്യായം	൧
കുതാഹം	൨
ആശയം	൩
മാതൃവാസല്യം	൪
പുനാപ്പിരി	൫
എകാദശസ്തവം	൫
അമ്മ	൭
സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം	൯
പ്രണയപരിണാമം	൯

COLLEGE DAY SERMON

THIS morning I must begin by expressing my gratitude for the privilege of being with you. Years ago I heard of Alwaye and when I was an undergraduate I heard your Principal speak in King's College Chapel in London. But it is with a certain fear that I stand to speak to you. Most of the University sermons I heard were very learned and went deep into the reasons for and opportunities of University education. I do not want to attempt that this morning. I want to speak to you very simply about the relevance of our Christian faith. I want to show you how it can be related to every department of our life and work.

The better the power of thinking you possess the better will you be able to understand and interpret the Christian faith, but you do not need to be a great thinker to be a great Christian. I think of an old lady living in one room in a small house in an English port. She has barely enough money to supply the necessities of life. She is nearly blind and is more or less confined to this one room. Yet she is a centre of goodness and hope and love—she has the most practical grasp of the meaning of religion of almost anyone I know. She makes many queer spelling mistakes when she writes to me and has read hardly any other

Book except the Bible, but she knows what religion means.

Christianity does give a meaning to all life, it has a philosophy of life, and the church will always need men who can think out its implications in every sphere of activity, but Christianity is not a religion for the intellectuals alone.

I am afraid that sometimes we priests have given a wrong impression of our faith. We have sometimes given the impression that Christianity is an affair only of Church services and of various observances. We have not shown how Christianity is related not only to our worship but also to every single thing in life, our study, our home life, our friendships, our sport, our careers. Christianity is a faith which has to be lived out not apart from the world but in the world. We have to test its truth in the ordinary circumstances of our daily lives, amid all the dull and often sordid temptations which come to us.

Jesus lived in the normal environment of a working man of his day. Yet we can see as we look at the life of Jesus how our own lives can be lived, and should be lived. All men have felt this. An African in the Pygmy Forest, an American with 20th century culture, ourselves in India, all find in Christ some-

one who understands them and meets their need.

I daresay many of you have heard that eastern version of the story of the Three Magi, so much in our minds at Christmas time. The legend goes that one of the three was very old, one middle aged, and one a young man. The old man went in first to the stable where the star had led them. When he came out, he told the others he had seen an old man who understood all his anxieties and all his regrets. The second came out and said he had seen a middle aged man who knew all his cares and heartened him on his way. Then the last went in, and said he saw a young man who strengthened him in his temptations and gave him vision for the future. The thing seemed inexplicable, so they went in together, and lo, there in the arms of His mother, was a child. Jesus seems to belong to no age and to no race, He belongs to us all.

Has it ever occurred to you why this is so?

He belongs to us all because He is free from those things which divide man from man.

I suppose you can divide mankind roughly by nations, or by classes. Jesus was a Jew, yet his realisation of the Fatherhood of God lifted him above all narrow nationalism. Sometimes he even dissociated himself from his own people. He took His stand on the essential oneness of all who belong to the Family of God and thus abolished that division.

He belonged to no class. Carpenter at first, yes, but deliberately gave that up.

The things which divide us chiefly are position, birth, occupation, wealth or the influence we can command. Jesus was the Son of God. He belonged to no class by birth. He gave up voluntarily money and work and had no men to use their influence for him. So I say he was free from those things which separate men.

He worked as a workman and knew all the difficulties of ordinary life, knew temptations to dishonest work, to impurity, to all the other things. From his dealings with men in Nazareth he knew men through and through with penetration rendered more keen by the hours he spent alone with God, gaining new insight into these things which are the ultimate realities of life. Our desires are so many, our loyalties are so conflicting and our motives so mixed that we often realise we are not whole personalities. Jesus had one desire—to glorify God; He had one loyalty—to His Father; He had one motive—the love of God. That is why as we look at him we see someone who is a complete and perfect personality.

But I have been talking about Jesus as if He were just a man. Jesus is not merely a teacher who lived ages ago, a guru whose doctrine can lead us nearer the perfect life. He claimed, and His followers claimed, that He was incomparably more than that. He was a man, knowing hunger, thirst and fatigue, and the bitterness of being deserted by all his friends in the hour of need; but the more one sees of him, the more one realises he belongs to a higher, greater realm of

life than ours. We believe that in Jesus God spoke to man.

Jesus was the Son of God.

That is the belief, nothing less.

If this is so, it follows. He speaks with absolute authority to us, He alone is telling us the truth, His teaching alone is based on reality.

This belief about Christ is the central thing in Christianity. If we do not accept it, then Christianity is not relevant to all life, but if we come to accept it we shall see that there is no part of our life with which our religion is not concerned.

Jesus did not lay down a system of detailed legislation giving rules to govern every aspect of our behaviour—if he had rules applicable to the conditions of the 1st century, they would not be of very much help to us. Instead of rules he gave out general principles which could be applied to all circumstances and all ages, and are, in fact, timeless. We can apply the great principles of love, service and reverence for God and other personalities in our College life, in the period of waiting for jobs many of us may have to face, in our life-work and in our family life. His will is that we shall be released from the self which holds us in bondage, set free from sins and fears. His will is that just as we have been born into this world with its opportunities and its joys, so we shall realise our rebirth into the spiritual world in which we are the sons of God.

Almost all of us have been brought up in Christian homes and may have accept-

ed the claims of Christ as a matter of course. There will come to all of us sooner or later other voices claiming to be heard, other leaders calling for our allegiance. Already we have to find out our right attitude as Christians in the affairs of our country. When we go out we shall find all kinds of leaders, Imperialist and Socialist, Fascist and Communist, calling us to follow. You have only to look at the present state of Europe to realise the futility of following any leader who takes no account of God.

For if it be true that God made us, that God lives, that God loves us—then only His way can bring freedom and peace to men. Amid the clamour of conflicting voices rises a quiet yet compelling voice. It calls for the love of our hearts, for all the powers of thinking of which we are capable, for our life's service for the poor and the dispossessed. The voice calls for no lip service, but for the passionate loyalty of young men who will follow to the very end. It is the voice of Christ.

When Garibaldi marched on Rome, he told his volunteers they could expect no riches or honour or reward, but hunger and thirst and hardness and, may be, death. Those men rose up and followed him: as one man.

Christ offers no easier path. But He offers a life lived in touch with Him, a life of discipline and service, a life where self is daily denied. But that road, the road He and so many of His friends have already trod, is the road of purpose and

adventure and joy of fellowship with God.

On that road alone, though it lead to a

EDITORIAL

In Memoriam.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death early in November last of Mrs. Varki, the wife of the Principal, after a prolonged illness. She had been staying at Alway ever since the College was started. During the last thirteen years she had been living in the premises and endeared herself to all who came in contact with her. Her death has meant not only a terrible wreck in the family circle, but also a wide gap in the social life of the place. Her bodily remains were taken to Mavelikkara and interred in the presence of a large number of mourners, the funeral service being conducted by the Rt. Rev. Mar Theodosius. The students showed their respect to the departed by taking the bier from Principal's residence to the College chapel and thence to the ferry. Representatives of the students and some members of the staff were also present at the funeral. The next day a condolence meeting of the students and staff was held, and the College was closed till noon as a mark of respect to her memory. We offer our deepest condolences to the bereaved family.

Tragedy on the Alway Bridge site.

Citizens of Alway had some weeks back a painful reminder that modern engineering projects occasionally give room for grave perils. We are referring

Cross for us, is the salvation of the world, of India, and of our own souls.

L. W. BROWN.

to the gruesome tragedy enacted on the Alway Bridge site. Ten workmen, it is understood, were submerged by the subsidence of the earth, and bodies were not recovered in time for any help being rendered. It was the greatest disaster the place has known in recent times. While it is true that adequate financial compensation has been made to the members of the aggrieved families, no financial compensation can ever make up for the loss of human lives. We offer our deepest sympathy to the bereaved.

Popular superstitions are hard to die. It is amusing, though very pathetic, to learn that many poor people in the neighbourhood honestly believe that this was a necessary human sacrifice for the success of the great engineering project. In fact some are foolish enough to believe that such things are not accidental. All this is quite in keeping with the practice of many people here who rely on witchcraft and sorcery for the cure of diseases and speedy relief in labour cases rather than resort to the necessary medical and surgical assistance. Despite the great popularity of the dispensary run by the Alway Rural Medical Mission (a portrait of which occurs elsewhere) one still finds quacks fattening themselves by claiming to render imaginary services to women in travail and children suffering from

infantile diseases. We can only hope that with the increasing spread of education, all this will disappear.

Student Strikes.

Students all over India seem to be delighting in strikes. The Annamalai demonstration, which we thought was over, is again in full swing. We can only appeal to the young to mind their present business and equip themselves for future service rather than plunge into activities for which they do not as yet possess sufficient maturity. There are many people ready to see what is wrong with others, but blind to their own defects. Many students, we are afraid, belong to this class. It is high time that the student world learned not to rush precipitately into regions where their premature interference can only do untold harm.

College Day.

The Rt. Honourable V. S. Srinivasa Sastri found it impossible to preside at our College Day functions owing to the difficult situation in his University. We are very grateful to the Rev. Father John Joseph, Rector of the St. Joseph's Apostolic Seminary, Alway, for his very great kindness in stepping, at very short notice, into the breach and delivering a very thoughtful address, which is printed elsewhere and will well repay reading. We commend the same to the respectful attention of our readers.

The late Pope.

The death of Pope Pius XI removes one of the greatest leaders of modern times. Outside the four hundred million adherents of his own Church there are many who will readily pay homage to

the great efforts he has made for world peace, and the preservation of faith in a godless world. The concordat with the Italian Government was perhaps his greatest political achievement. Opinions will, of course, differ about the way in which the funds thus released have been used. But every one will admit the great influence which he had in shaping the life and thought of the modern world. We offer our respectful condolences to the great Church of which he was the head.

The new Bishop of Travancore.

The Rt. Rev. B. C. Corfield, the new Bishop of the Church of India, Burma and Ceylon, in Travancore and Cochin, has paid more than one visit to the College since his assumption of office. We offer him a hearty welcome and fervently hope that he will continue to take the same interest in the College as his predecessor did. That the C. M. S. is maintaining a missionary of theirs in the College is, we believe, sufficient proof of this interest.

Bishop Neill.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to offer our good wishes to the Rt. Rev. S. C. Neill, the new Bishop of Tinnevely, Ramnad and Madura. Mr. Neill was, as is known to many of our readers, for a short while a member of our College Staff, but he chose to devote himself permanently to evangelistic work in the Tamil country. Mr. Neill belongs to a family all of whose members are missionaries. He is one of the most distinguished products of Cambridge, having to his credit all the distinctions

won by Bishop Barnes, the famous scholar Bishop. Many in England regretted his leaving for India, but he responded to the missionary call from India, and during the short period of his sojourn in India has made a great name for himself as a preacher, author and missionary. We are sure that under the changing and developing conditions of this country, he will be found a worthy successor to the

see of Caldwell and Sergeant.

Mr. C. P. Mathew.

Yet one more member of our staff has been honoured with an invitation to Britain under missionary auspices. We offer our warmest congratulations to Mr. C. P. Mathew, who has been invited to expound the message of Tambaram in the west. We offer him our good wishes for the success of his great work.

COLLEGE DAY REPORT, January 1939

This report concerns the year since the last College Day.

College Day, 1938.

The last College Day was on Thursday, 13th January, 1938. The College Day Service in the morning was conducted by the Rev. T. G. Platten of the Madras Christian College. The Public Meeting was held in the afternoon at 4 p. m. with Mr. C. V. Chandrasekharan, M. A. (Oxon), Pro-Vice-Chancellor of the Travancore University in the Chair. The speakers at the meeting were the Rev. T. G. Platten, Mrs. Velayudha Menon of the Ernakulam Girls' High School, Mr. P. S. Velayudhan (old student) and Mr. K. Chandrasekharan Nair (then a student of the College). After the Public Meeting there was the usual Football match between the old and the present students. Later in the evening the Dramatic Society presented Galsworthy's "Silver Box" and E. V. Krishna Pillai's "Kallapramanam" (in Malayalam). The next morning there was the usual Social for the present students, old students, and

the members of the Staff and their families. The Old Students' Association met soon after and elected the Managing Committee for the following year with Mr. C. I. Mathunny as the Secretary. The functions were brought to a close with the usual cosmopolitan lunch for the old students and the members of the Staff. We are very grateful to the President, the various speakers and all others who contributed to the success of the celebrations.

Strength of the College and Examination Results.

The strength of the College during the last academic year was as follows:—

Class iv.	54
Class iii.	59
Class ii.	99
Class i.	140
Total	352

Of these 258 lived in the College Hostels and the Special Lodge arranged by the College, and 94 outside.

College Examinations.

All except one in the Junior B. A. Class were promoted to the Senior B. A. Class, and 120 out of the 136 who were in the Junior Intermediate Class at the end were promoted to the Senior Intermediate Class.

University Examinations

B. A. Degree Examination.

	No. of passes	Percentage.
Part i. English	28 out of 48	58.3
Part ii. Malayalam	47 „ 54	87
Part iii. Optionals:—		
Mathematics	9 „ 12	75
Philosophy	13 „ 13	100
History and Economics	5 „ 5	100
Economics and History	12 „ 17	70.6

Messrs. P. M. Mathew, T. V. George and D. Devassia were placed in the Second Class in Malayalam, Messrs. T. V. George and A. Punnoose in the First Class and Messrs. K. V. Varkey and P. Parameswaran Pillai in the Second Class in Mathematics, Messrs. P. V. Ayyappan, T. Damodaran Nair, T. Narayanankutty, T. O. Thomas and T. Vallabhanunni Menon in the Second Class in Philosophy and Mr. T. A. Abraham in the Second Class in Economics. The percentage of complete passes for the B. A. Degree Examination was 51.2.

Intermediate Examination.

84 students appeared for the Examination, and in

Part i—English—56 passed, i.e., 66.6 per cent.

Part ii—Malayalam—72 passed, i.e., 85.7 per cent.

Part iii—Optionals—53 passed, i.e., 63.1 per cent.

52.38 per cent passed in all parts, 11 taking a First Class. They are Messrs. P. A. Abraham, A. V. Jacob, P. S. Harihara Iyer, K. P. Karunakara Panikar, K. C. Koshy, P. J. Kurien, M. Mathew, P. P. Philippos, C. J. Abraham, K. Bhaskara Menon and C. K. Narayanan Nair. We are very glad that Mr. P. S. Harihara Iyer secured the First Rank in the Presidency. We most heartily congratulate him and the others on their creditable achievement.

Strength this year.

At the beginning of this academic year the number on our rolls was 344. Of these, 239 lived in the College hostels and 105 outside with parents or guardians. In the course of the year 9 students left us. The present strength of the College is distributed as follows:—

Class iv	57	Class iii	37
Class ii	117	Class i	124
Total	335		

The distribution of students in the hostels is as follows:—

North East Hostel	57
Holland Hostel	64
Tagore Hostel	47
New Hostel	48
Skinner Hostel	17
Total	233

Our Junior Classes form part of the

Travancore University, and so this year we have no students from Cochin or British Malabar in those Classes. But our Senior students are as usual drawn from all parts of Travancore, Cochin and British Malabar.

New Developments.

We have started this year Group ii-a (Mathematics—Main and Physics—Subsidiary) of the B. Sc. Course under the Travancore University in place of Group i-a (Mathematics with Hydrostatics and Properties of Matter) which we used to have under the Madras University. 10 students have joined the new Group.

Hostels.

The Rev. B. G. Crowley and Mr. K. C. Chacko continue as Wardens of the North East Hostel, Mr. K. Jacob as the Warden of the Skinner Hostel with Mr. K. V. Mani as Sub-Warden, Mr. T. B. Ninan and Rev. K. C. Joseph as Wardens of the Holland Hostel, Messrs. C. P. Mathew and M. G. Koshy, of the New Hostel and Messrs. V. M. Ittyerah and T. B. Thomas of the Tagore Hostel.

The Holland Hostel is reserved for the Senior Intermediate students, the North East Hostel mainly for the Senior B. A. students, the Tagore and the New Hostels for the Junior Intermediate students and the Skinner and the North East Hostels for the Junior B. A. students.

There has been no serious case of illness this year and the health of our students has, on the whole, been very satisfactory.

In this connection we record with gratefulness the valuable help the College has

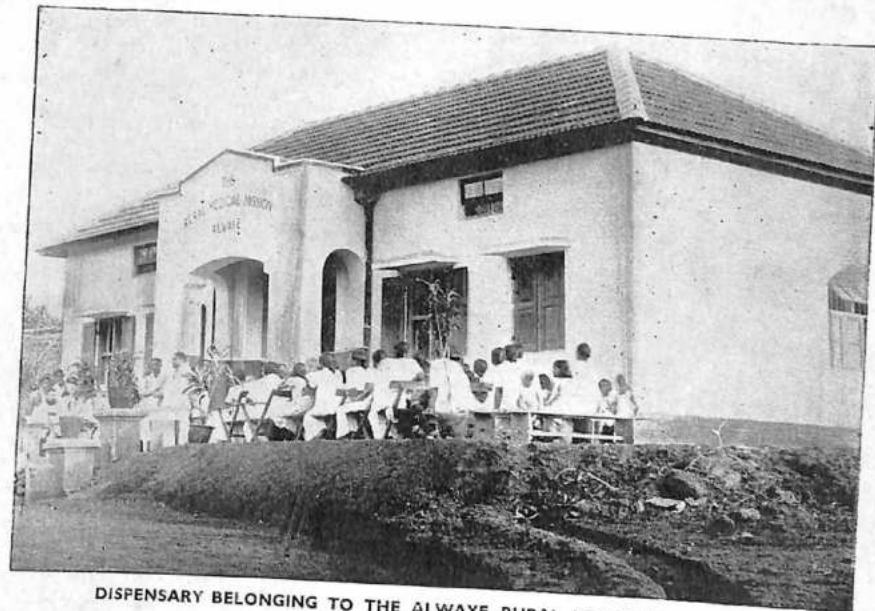
continued to receive from Dr. Ben J. Ross, Mrs. B. G. Crowley and others who are associated with the Alwaye Rural Medical Mission. We congratulate them on the new site and buildings which with the generous help of the Government and other friends they have been able to provide for their work. We give them our best wishes as they start out on their new activities.

Staff.

Mr. A. Arulsigamony, Demonstrator in Physics, left the College in May last after completing three years of service as a Demonstrator. Mr. T. E. Jayaraman, Tutor in English, left during the second Term of this year as he secured a permanent appointment. We take this opportunity to express our sense of appreciation of the services rendered by them to the College.

Mr. C. C. Ouseph, B. Sc. (Hon.), an old student of the College, has joined the Staff as Demonstrator in Physics. Mr. P. V. Chacko, B. A. (Hons.), another old student, has taken the place of Mr. Jayaraman as Tutor in English.

Mr. C. P. Mathew, Head of the Philosophy Department and a member of the College Fellowship, has just left for England as a member of a group of representatives from the East who have been invited by the Churches of the West to convey and interpret to them the message of the meeting of the International Missionary Council held at Tambaram recently. We give Mr. Mathew our best wishes for a happy and useful time in England. We shall miss him very much during



DISPENSARY BELONGING TO THE ALWAYE RURAL MEDICAL MISSION.

these months. But we are happy that the contacts he will establish with friends in England will make the College known to a wider circle of Christian people in the West. We are grateful for the honour which Mr. Mathew has brought to us by being chosen as a member of the Mission of Fellowship. He is expected to return before the College reopens next year in June.

Mr. K. Seshadri, M.A. has been appointed as temporary lecturer in Philosophy in Mr. Mathew's place.

Library.

Mr. T. S. Venkataraman continues to be the Librarian. The total number of volumes in the Library now is about 7000. We take in about 24 periodicals for the College Reading Room. In addition to these we get about 20 magazines published by various institutions in India in exchange for our College Magazine.

The College Magazine.

The Magazine under the joint editorship of Mr. T. I. Poonen and Mr. D. P. Unni, continues to be published twice a year. The annual subscription is 14 annas. It is proposed to reserve one page in future issues for news relating to old students. The editor solicits the sympathetic co-operation of all readers to make that page useful and interesting. It is also hoped that all old students would enrol themselves as subscribers.

Grants.

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following grants for the year 1937-1938 from the Government :—
Hostel Maintenance Grant S. Rs. 1400/-

Equipment Grant

S. Rs. 1644/-

We have not yet received the grants for the year 1938-'39. When we decided to join the new University of Travancore, we did so after acquainting the Government with the peculiar position of this College under the new University in so far as we were sure, as a purely Travancore College, to lose all our Cochin and Br. Malabar students. The Government then assured us that they would keep in mind this aspect of the situation and would be willing to view with sympathy our request for special financial assistance. Under the Madras University the admissions to the Junior Classes in June 1937 were 209. The admissions last June under the Travancore University were only 168. We have thus lost about 40 students as the result of our new position and we are faced with a large deficit in our budget. We hope that the Government would come to our rescue by an adequate grant to meet the loss we have incurred.

The W. S. C. Federation.

The World Student Christian Federation held a Conference of about 75 representatives from various parts of the world in the College buildings from December 31st till January 7th this year. It was an inspiring experience to us to come into contact with such a varied international group. Many of the delegates evinced great interest in the history and work of the College and also of the Alwaye Settlement and the Alwaye Rural Medical Mission which have grown out of the College.

Scholarship-holders and Prize-winners for the Year.

The list has been separately published.

The Athletic Association.

Our athletic activities have gone on much as usual. Early in the third Term we entered for the Kerala Inter-Collegiate Football Tournament held in Ernakulam, and in the finals we won the Cup. This we shall be defending next week when we are to meet the Team of the Science College, Trivandrum. A new departure was that during the Onam Vacation our Football Team went on tour, playing matches with teams of different colleges in Salem, Bangalore, and Mysore. We have ourselves received a visit from the Football Team of the Madras Law College in the closing days of the second term. Our visitors won this match by 2-0 after an excellent game.

One other match we have had was a Basket-ball match in Ernakulam against the Maharaja's College, which they won.

The Inter-hostel competition took place as usual in the third term. The games were played on the league system, and there were also the athletic Sports. The competition was won by the North-East Hostel with 153 points and the New and Tagore Hostels combined were runners up with 104 points. The Sports were held on Saturday, November 26th, and the champion athlete was Mr. K. C. Eapen with 17 points. He was also the champion athlete last year.

Finally, there was the Panicker Memorial Hockey Tournament between the

hostels, which was won by the Skinner and Lodges Team.

College Societies.

1. *The Associated Societies.* The disturbed political conditions in the State and the consequent interruption in the normal work of the College necessarily affected the activities of the Societies whose record this year is naturally less impressive than usual. The Associated Societies, an organisation functioning as a federation of all the societies of the College, had its Inaugural Meeting on Saturday, the 13th August, when Mr. T. C. Sankara Menon, B. A. (Cantab), of the Maharaja's College, Ernakulam, gave an interesting address on "Raking the Roost." It was unfortunately not possible in the peculiar circumstances of the year to arrange for an inter-collegiate debate as in some previous years.

President: Mr. A. Aravamudha Ayyangar
Secretary: „ T. Kochukrishna Pillai

2. *The Literary and Debating Society.* The Society carried on its work as actively as ever but the unsettled conditions of the year perforce curtailed the number of its meetings. There were, in all, three debates, the first of which was held at night and the rest at 3.15 p. m. principally in the interests of day scholars. At the first meeting the House viewed with satisfaction the reported move of some Congress Leaders to accept the Federal Part of the Government of India Act with certain alterations. The second debate was in Malayalam and the meeting turned down the motion that Malayalam should be made the medium of in-

struction in the Travancore University

6. *The Natural Science Association.*



THE U. C. C. SPORTS TEAMS
(1939)

(Winners of the Travancore University Inter Collegiate Sports)

struction in the Travancore University within a period of ten years. At the third meeting the House refused to give any credit to Mr. Chamberlain for averting a European conflagration.

President: Mr. C. P. Mathew
Secretaries: „ N. G. Thomas
„ M. E. Cheriyan

3. *The Mathematical Association.*
There have been four meetings so far, out of which one was a business meeting for the election of the Secretary and the Committee and another was a special meeting at which Mr. T. S. Venkataraman gave an address on "The Scale and Structure of our Universe." The study class on 'Bhaskaracharya's Leela-vathi' is being continued this year also. The subjects discussed at the ordinary meetings were (1) squaring of the circle, or the history of π , (2) Methods of approximation to the roots of an equation.

President: Mr. T. S. Venkataraman
Secretary: „ P. N. Chacko

4. *The Philosophical Association* has been trying to stimulate interest in Philosophical discussions among the students of the Philosophy class. Four meetings of the association have been held so far, and a few more meetings will be held this term.

President: Mr. K. Jacob
Secretary: „ M. V. Samuel

5. *The Historical Association.* The Association could hold only one meeting during the year.

President: Mr. T. I. Poonen
Secretary: „ M. Sankunni Nair

6. *The Natural Science Association.*
President: Mr. T. C. Joseph M. A.
Secretary:

7. *The College Dramatic Society.*
The Society helped the Social Service League in getting up the annual Variety Entertainment. The members are enacting a Malayalam drama to-night.

Presidents: Mr. T. V. Ramanujam
„ P. Krishna Pillai
Secretary: „ Philip Oommen

8. *The Photography Club.*
President: Mr. T. B. Ninan.

9. *The College Social Service League* carried on its usual activities trying to improve the conditions of the poor people in the neighbourhood. The first general meeting of the League was held on the 17th June, 1938, to elect the following Office bearers of the various departments for the current year.

President — Mr. K. C. Chacko

General

Secretary — „ P. I. Joseph

Treasurer — „ T. S. Venkataraman

Economic Investigation and Relief.

Conveners — Mr. T. V. Ramanujan

„ P. J. Kurien

Rev. Deacon K. C. Joseph

Health and Sanitation.

Conveners — Mr. C. P. Andrews

„ T. M. Koshy

Social Service School.

Conveners — Mr. T. S. Venkataraman

„ I. Idiculla

Purchase and sale of second hand books.

Conveners — Mr. T. C. Joseph

„ T. P. Ittoop

Variety Entertainment.

Conveners — Mr. M. G. Koshy
„ M. E. Cheriyan

The Economic Investigation Department has been trying to encourage agriculture, poultry farming, goat rearing, and basket making, besides distributing rice among our poor neighbours.

The health and sanitation department also rendered very useful work trying to assist the people in the neighbourhood in matters of health and sanitation, by visiting the sick, rendering medical aid and giving necessary advice to them. Under its auspices sports were conducted for children and prizes were given to the winners.

The League is also promoting the education of the poor children through the primary school under its management and in other ways. The school is being run very satisfactorily, and this year a member of the Committee was appointed to give special attention to the children of the depressed classes.

The Committee for the purchase and sale of second hand books propose to buy used books at the end of the academic year to be sold next year.

The Variety Entertainment, which is the chief source of income for the League was held on the 16th August 1938. The total collection amounted to Rs. 75/- and after deducting the total expenditure of Rs. 16-9-11 we have a balance of Rs. 58-6-1. The Committee met five times this year to discuss the Budget and the programme of work of the different departments.

President—Mr. K. C. Chacko
Secretary— „ P. I. Joseph
Treasurer— „ T. S. Venkataraman

(10) *The Student Christian Fellowship.* The fellowship continued its work during the current year on the usual lines. There were 18 Bible circles for the Christian students of the College which met every week. Devotional meetings for the members were held from time to time. Arrangements were also made for the usual weekly intercession meetings. Members of the fellowship were encouraged to meet together in informal prayer groups. Amongst the outside activities of the S. C. F. may be mentioned one night school, four Sunday schools, occasional magic lantern lectures and visits to some of the poor houses in the neighbourhood.

President—Mr. V. M. Ittyerah
Secretary— „ M. K. Koshy

The Alwaye Settlement.

The total strength of the school is now 191, an increase of 50 from last year. This is due partly to the opening of a new class, viz., Class II, and partly to the influx of a large number of day scholars in the higher classes. The possibility of earning enough money for school fees by putting in a few hours' work in spinning or agriculture has attracted many poor boys to the Settlement school in preference to the schools where no such facilities are given.

The Carpentry section has made rapid progress in the course of the last few months. The carpentry shed has been extended and more workmen employed to meet the increasing orders for furni-

ture from outside. The Settlement workshop has thus become not only a good training ground for the boys but also a source of income for the Settlement.

Two new appointments were made on the Staff—Mrs. Mary Thomas as teacher in Class I and Mrs. Sosamma Mathunny as teacher in Class II.

The Headmaster, Mr. M. Thommen, returned from England in July after one year's Theological Course in Cambridge.

Arrangements are in progress to start the proposed colony for Settlement boys in the 200 acres of land given by the Cochin Government at Chalakudy. The

Colony Office building is already finished and five cottages for the first five families to be settled are in the building. It is hoped that before the end of March the Colony will actually be started. The money required for the first year of the Colony (Rs. 1500/-) came as an earmarked gift from the Islay Trust and from a few other friends of the Settlement in England. An additional sum of Rs. 3500/- will be needed in the course of the next few years for the development of the Colony.

The present school year has been one of unusual financial strain for the Settlement, and we appeal to all our friends to give liberally towards the work.

WELCOME SPEECH

MR. V. M. ITTYERAH

Rev. Father, Ladies and gentlemen,

It is my duty this afternoon to welcome you all to this function, as the Principal is only just recovering from a slight indisposition he had during the last few days. I do so most heartily, though I am well aware of the fact that I am incapable of welcoming you in the felicitous manner which is peculiarly Mr. Varki's.

This year we have to welcome you to a function which is less imposing than similar functions have been in the past. This is not because we have not been anxious to arrange as well for this annual gathering when we invite our friends to rejoice with us. It is the result of a series of accidents over which we could have

had very little control. But I can say confidently to all our guests that our welcome is most hearty.

We are particularly grateful to the Very Rev. The Rector of the St. Joseph's Apostolic Seminary for being present with us this afternoon. It was very kind of you, Rev. Father, to have rescued us from a most awkward situation by agreeing to take the Chair this afternoon, even though you had your own difficulties. It is however a great kindness which has not surprised us, because ever since you and your illustrious institution have become our neighbours we have uniformly received from you the best of neighbourly treatment. It is a pleasure to have a great educationist like the Rev. Father to be

with us on an occasion of this kind. No educationist with a real insight into his work can be ignorant of the great truth that no lasting benefit can come out of his work unless he can relate his work to the unseen but essential realities of life. In the Rev. Father we have one who has devoted his life to an aspect of education where this point is most strongly emphasised. Your presence with us, Father, on this occasion of rejoicing reminds us that occasions like this, however enjoyable they are, occupy only the fringe of educational work, and we should think also of deeper realities.

We are very grateful to you for coming to us this afternoon and we accord you a most hearty welcome.

We are also very grateful to all our other guests. The notice we gave them was equally short. May I take this op-

portunity to tell them all that this shortness of notice was on account of circumstances over which we had little control. We extend to you the most hearty welcome.

This is the only regular occasion when we can count upon some at least of our old students paying a visit to us. Under the present circumstances we cannot expect the large majority of our old students to be present on an occasion of this kind. The peculiar conditions of this year have prevented us from giving our old students even the usual notice. Under these circumstances our gratefulness to all those who have been able to be present with us at these celebrations is great indeed. We most heartily welcome all the old students who are present here and assure them and all other old students of the institution our warm interest in every one of them.

COLLEGE DAY PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

*By the Rev. Father John Joseph, Rector,
St. Joseph's Apostolic Seminary, Alwaye.
Ladies, Gentlemen, Learned Professors
and Dear Students :-*

Need I say that you all are surprised at seeing me in this presidential chair? You expected some one more learned, more worthy and more distinguished than myself. But man proposes and God disposes. Last evening my dear friend Rev. Crowley with Mr. Ittyerah, the Vice-Principal of the College, paid me a kind visit and told me that a wire was received from Mr. Bristow to the effect that unavoidable circumstances

prevented him from presiding over this meeting. Frankly, I was rather perplexed; to grant their request meant to speak before a conspicuous audience without any preparation; to deny it was not fair; so, considering that a favour done in time of need, even if it implies an act of humility from the part of the doer, does not lower the dignity of a man, I accepted their invitation.

On inquiry about the subject on which they wished me to speak, the reply was, "on any useful subject." Well, I shall speak to you on a subject known to you

d. sh. all, namely on man, his duties towards God, his neighbour and himself.

What is man? A rational animal, said the ancients; an intelligence served by organs, or an incarnated intelligence, say the moderns. Well, man is a compound of matter and spirit. By his sensible faculties he belongs to the corporeal world, by his faculty of reflecting and reasoning to the intellectual world, and consequently he is subject to the laws of spirit: he may be said to be partly angel and partly animal. Vegetable and sensitive life is common to man and to animal. For this reason we see that man's physical and physiological organisations are very similar to that of animals. The organs of nutrition, respiration and propagation, as well as their functions do not differ, they are the same in man and in higher animals. The sensible life of a man feeds on material and sensible objects, while his rational and spiritual life feeds on whatever is true, whatever is just, whatever is endowed with beauty either moral or spiritual. The term of the first is the earth, of the second, is God. Hence any one who wishes to be regarded as a rational being, as a gentleman, has to regulate his life following the principles of sound reason and not his animal inclinations and passions.

Principles of sound reason. One of the first great truths that sound reason teaches us is that we are not from ourselves, that we come from others, and those others in turn from others, and so on until we reach up to the First Being, who has not received His existence from any others but who has His existence in Him-

self and by Himself, whom we call God. We, therefore, come ultimately from God. He is our first cause, our ultimate creator, and our master. Consequently the first duty of every rational being is to know this important truth and to acknowledge this momentous fact, that man is not from himself, that we are not from ourselves but we come ultimately from God.

Gentlemen, since we are privileged with a rational soul let us be reasonable and reason out in a manner becoming a man. I am a man, I know that I do exist; but there was a time when I did not. Where was I a hundred years ago? I was nothing. If I look back a hundred years, I see the world with its empires, its cities, its inhabitants, the sun shining as it does today. But I! Where was I? What was I? I was nothing and it is amidst nothingness I must be sought for. Oh, how many ages passed by during which no one thought of me! For how can nothing be the subject of thought? But today I exist. Where have I come from?

Do I come from matter? Emphatically no, I am superior to matter. I think, reason out, and understand; matter does not. You will agree with me when I say that the nature of a being is known by the nature of its operations and activities; if, then, the activities of the soul are spiritual, I must conclude that the soul too is spiritual. Man thinks, reasons out, judges, forms plans for the future: he has abstract ideas of things spiritual such as eternity, infinitude, futurity, honour, etc., etc. Now it is clear that all these acti-

vities are superior to and nobler than matter, since they surpass the laws of time and space. Consequently the soul which is the subject or the agent of these activities must necessarily be superior to and nobler than matter. Our experience, philosophy and science teach us that no superior being can in any way come from its totally inferior being.

Do I come from the monkey? Resolutely no. I am a rational being with free will and conscience, qualities of which the monkey is devoid. The monkey is monkey, it has always been monkey and shall ever be monkey. Our evolutionists who employ their talents and time in searching for the missing link have failed and shall fail, for no one can find out what never existed.

Do I come from the substance of God as the pantheists would have us believe? No. Man has his personality and responsibility, and he will have to give God an account of his actions and omissions. If man were an emanation of the substance of God, he would himself be a god and consequently, all his actions either good or bad would be imputed to God, and this as every one knows is a great blasphemy and absurdity.

Do I come from my parents? My body immediately comes from my parents, but ultimately from God, because the body of the first man was created by God. As to my soul I come from God. As we have seen before, the soul of man is spiritual. Consequently it cannot come from the seminal and material elements of the parents. Nor can the spiritual soul of the parents be the origin of my soul.

This would only be conceivable if the parental soul were parted or divided, so to speak, into two. But the soul of the parents is *simple*, immaterial and consequently indivisible. Any hypothesis, therefore, of my soul coming from the seminal particle or spiritual germ of the parental body or soul is absurd. The Mother of Machabees was therefore right when she said: "No, it was not I who gave you mind and soul; it was the Creator of the world" (2 Mach. vii. 22).

Therefore there is a God who created me as well as the universe and things therein.

Our first duty is to know God. Since God is our master and Creator, our first duty is to know Him. There are two ways of knowing God, viz., the natural and supernatural. I intend to speak only of the first one at present. The natural way of knowing God is ascending from the effects to their causes: from created things to their Creator. Sound reason, philosophy and science teach us that the world, being *contingent*, is not by itself: it has ultimately come from the first *necessary* Being, God. The world therefore is the work of God, consequently from its study we come to know Him. The order of the universe reveals to me His wisdom: the stars announce His power—"The heavens show forth the glory of God" (Ps. xviii. 1); the ocean declares His immensity; the fertility of the earth praises His providence; the flowers of the field recall His beauty; the existence of the wicked even is a homage to His patience and His mercy. "Thou hast given me, O Lord, a delight in Thy

doings: and in the works of Thy hands I shall rejoice. O Lord, how great are Thy works! The senseless man shall not know, nor will the fool understand these things" (Ps. xci. 5-7).

I know that a few minor scientists make some noise about this point, yet, all the great scientists with the famous philosopher Kant are on my side: he says, "It is impossible to contemplate the fabric of the world without recognising the certain manifestations of the hand of God in the perfection of its correlations. Reason, when once it has considered and admired so much beauty and so much perfection, feels a just indignation at the dauntless folly which dares to ascribe all this to chance and happy accident. It must be that the highest wisdom conceived the plan, and an infinite power carried it into execution. All things which set forth reciprocal harmonies in nature must be bound together in a single existence on which they collectively depend. Thus there exists a Being of all beings, an infinite understanding and a self-existing wisdom, from which nature, in the whole aggregate of her correlations, derives existence. It is not allowable to maintain that the activity of nature is prejudicial to the existence of a highest Being. The perfection of its development, the order and the harmony of its laws give conclusive demonstration of the Godhead from whom these relations are derived."

Rightly, *Nature* is the glass that reflects God as the sea reflects the sun. The famous Paly said: "If one train of thinking be more desirable than another,

it is that which regards the phenomena of nature with a constant reference to a Supreme Intelligent Being." Following, therefore, the golden advice of St. Augustine let us learn to know and to love the Creator in the creatures and the Maker in His work. Keenest intellects have found great light and extreme delight in doing so. Let us imitate them.

Our second duty is to love and serve God. 1. To love. From the momentous fact that God created us and keeps at this very moment our existence it naturally follows that we must necessarily love and revere God as our Creator and Lord, and obey Him as our Master and Father. All this means that we have to do God's holy will. If you ask me how we can know the holy will of God, the answer is at hand. God has written His law in the very nature of man, in the very heart of man. Each and every one of us hears in the depths of his nature the mysterious voice of God telling us: "Man, thou shalt love the Lord, thy Creator, with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, with thy whole strength and with thy whole mind; and then thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This voice has resounded in the past, it resounds at present and it shall ever resound in future in every unsophisticated human heart. About four thousand years ago a voice from heaven was heard on the summit of the Mount Sinai: "1. I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt not have strange gods before Me. 2. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. 3. Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath Day. 4. Honour thy father and

mother. 5. Thou shalt not kill. 6. Thou shalt not commit adultery. 7. Thou shalt not steal. 8. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour. 9. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife. 10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods." The four first precepts have regard to God and His representatives on earth: the six remaining are meant to protect man in his natural rights against the injustice of his neighbour. These ten precepts contain the great general orders of Almighty God to mankind. The details of their scope and observance are left to God's ambassadors on earth.

In order that our love may be truly genuine it must have the following qualities: it must be *cordial*, springing from our heart and reigning over all our heart; it must be *general*, engaging all our powers; it must be supremely *dominating*, that is to say, it must occupy the first place in our heart and must rule over all our passions and affections.

2. To serve. You all will agree with me that a son has to love and revere his parents, a servant has to serve his master and a subject has to honour and obey his sovereign. This is so evident and obvious that it needs no reasoning but only pondering. What would you say of a son who, after having been carefully brought up by his dutiful parents, when at the age of managing his affairs, would say to his parents: "After all, I don't know you: I don't know whether you are my parents, therefore, you mind your own business and I will do mine." Every sensible man would consider him as an idiot and ungrateful son. Even greater is the foolish-

ness and ingratitude of those who will relegate God, their Creator, to heaven and want to become independent in order to manage their affairs according to their whims and fancies.

What would you say of a servant who does not want to serve his master? Has not a master a right to the services of his servants? What would you say of a subject who refuses to obey his ruler or king? Has not the ruler or the king a right to the obedience of his subjects? Well, we have seen that we came from God, that He is our Master, our Lord, and our Creator. Our position therefore is that of a servant, that of a subject, that of a son. We have not only come from God, but we are *actually* sustained by Him in our actual existence; the moment God would cease to sustain us that very moment we would cease to exist: everything in us and with us is from God. St. Paul was therefore right when he said: "What have you that you have not received? and if thou hast received, why dost thou glory, as if thou hast not received it?" (I Cor. iv. 7). Oh my God! All I have comes from Thee; it is therefore just that all in me should belong to Thee. *Service* to God is written in my very nature, in my faculties, in my senses, in my soul and body. "O Lord, just art Thou, and glorious in Thy power, and no one can overcome Thee. Let all creatures serve Thee: for Thou hast spoken, and they were made; Thou didst send forth Thy Spirit and they were created" (Jud. xvi. 16-17). Beware, therefore, the rationalists, those shallow thinkers and loud-

speakers who assure you that man is a sovereign and an independent being on earth, without any lord or master over him to render his accounts. Of them, the great Jeremias spoke three thousand years ago, and said: "The wise men are confounded, they are dismayed and taken: for they have cast away the word of the Lord, and there is no wisdom in them." (Jer. viii. 9).

Our third duty is to love our neighbour. Our love for our neighbour has to be invested with some qualities in order that it may be real charity. It must be *universal*, that is to say, we must love all men without distinction of caste and creed, because all are the children of the same father, God, and consequently all are our brethren.

Our love must be *supernatural*, that is to say, not based merely on human qualities agreeable to us, but on the fact that it is pleasing to God, our Creator.

Lastly, our love of our neighbour must be *practical*, that is, we should assist our neighbour, as far as we can, by words, actions and deeds. Once, at a dinner party the conversation turned upon the grievous misfortunes that had overtaken a certain family. All the guests expressed the deepest commiseration for the unhappy individuals. One gentleman only took no part in the conversation, though he listened attentively to what was said. After a while he took out his purse, and laid a bank-note upon a plate, saying: "Herewith I testify my sympathy with the impoverished family." Turning to his neighbour, he added, handing him the plate: "With what

amount will you show your pity for them?" The plate was passed round the table and a considerable sum was thus collected for the destitute family. Deeds are of more value than words.

We must love our neighbour as ourselves in heart and in deed: in *heart*, that is to say, we must heartily desire for our neighbour every blessing that we can lawfully desire for ourselves; in *deed*, that is, we must do all in our power to procure for our neighbour the blessings which we desire for ourselves.

Our fourth duty is to love ourselves. When God commanded us to love our neighbour as ourselves, He meant that we should love him in the same manner and for the same motive as ourselves, i. e., sincerely, actively, and supernaturally. This precept does not require that we love our neighbour as much as we love ourselves; for while we should prefer our neighbour's spiritual to our own temporal welfare, when all things are equal, our own good has a greater claim on us than that of our neighbour. Love of self is not to be confounded with selfishness or egotism; these latter mean the love of ourselves to the exclusion of love of God and our neighbour. Proper love of self is not an optional matter, but a strict obligation. This precept requires, (a) that we take more care of our souls than our bodies, and that we do not omit anything in our power to increase in holiness; (b) that we cultivate our mental and moral powers as far as our state of life demands; (c) that we take proper care of our health and physical well-being by means of sufficient food,

clothing, exercise, labour, recreation, etc.

Were we all to act on these noble principles of the love of God and the love of our neighbour, the present world would soon change her melancholic and sad aspect; there would not be so many personal antipathies, family quarrels and social wars. This would mean the most startling innovation in the history of the world. We know that men of exceptional ability endeavour to improve mat-

A WOMAN'S HELPER

"Good-bye. Krishnan has never travelled outside his village, but being a man, I'm sure he will be of great help to you," shouted my cousin above the din of the railway station, as the train was just leaving. Before I could say anything in reply the train steamed out of the station. There was a lot I would have said, because I always preferred to have the last word in arguing with my cousin who maintained that, however inexperienced a man might be, it would be better for a woman to travel with him than by herself. I was indeed disappointed that I could not continue the dispute.

However, to return to this young man to whose care my cousin entrusted me! He was a sixteen year old boy who had never travelled outside his little village in the hills of Travancore. Someone in Madras wanted a servant and my cousin promised to find one. Hence Krishnan's debut in the wide world. A thin emaciated boy, he looked bewildered and lost

ters, but we may be sure that without these two factors, viz., the love of God and our neighbour, the matters will not be improved.

Gentlemen, I have said what I proposed to say on this occasion. I thank the authorities of this Institution for having given me this opportunity and you all for your patient and respectful hearing.

in the crowd. My friends and I got into the women's compartment after putting Krishnan in the carriage next to ours. Before he got into the train, he took hold of one of our boxes and begged to have the privilege of carrying it for us.

The train started and we turned to answer questions showered upon us by those who were already in the compartment. I was trying to satisfy the curiosity of an old lady as to why we travelled without men escorts, when the train slowed down to the first station. I did not look out, and the whistle was just blown, when one of my friends shouted out, "There, that boy is on the platform." And I turned round hastily to see Krishnan standing quietly with my box on his head and his bundle under his arm, and gazing at the train which was just beginning to start. Fortunately he was standing near the door of our compartment. To push the door open and to pull him in was the work of a minute and the train took speed and moved out. Hearing a cry of

consternation I turned round to see two Mussalman ladies, with their faces covered, loudly protesting that it was a women's compartment and no man must be allowed to enter. After ordering Krishnan to sit behind some bedding near the door I tried to calm the two ladies who rightly maintained that a women's compartment was reserved for ladies. I promised that at the next station I would put him back in the men's compartment and meanwhile he would be kept hidden behind the bedding. They were finally satisfied and then I returned to Krishnan. He was crouching like a frightened dog, poor boy, and though I had meant to scold him, my sternness vanished at the sight of him. "Krishnan, why ever did you get out of the train?" asked my friend. "I saw people getting out and as I was sitting near the door, I thought I too must follow them," was Krishnan's reply. Summoning all my dignity, I said, "Now remember, you must not get out of the train until I tell you." "I will do all that you tell me," vaguely replied Krishnan. The train stopped again and we extracted Krishnan from behind the luggage and hastily thrust him into the next compartment. We were met by the curious gaze of several passengers and the guard.

"There, I hope he'll be sensible and not run into any more scrapes," I said, sitting down in my seat, and at every station where the train stopped we looked out to see if Krishnan was on the platform. After a few hours we had to change trains. What with shouting at porters and seeing that our luggage was

safe I forgot all about Krishnan for the time being. The only time I wish to have a man's assistance on a railway journey is when I have to quarrel with porters. Finally we persuaded the porters to carry our things for a bigger sum than they would have got from anybody else, and they took them up as if they were conferring a favour upon us. We reached the foot of the overbridge when one of my friends exclaimed, "And, where is Krishnan?" He was nowhere to be seen. I rushed back to the train. There in the corner of an empty carriage was a forlorn little figure hugging my box and his bundle and trying to put off a porter who was loudly proclaiming that that carriage was going to be shunted on to a siding. Krishnan, like Casabianca on the burning deck, refused to get out in spite of scolding and threatening. I rescued him from the porter and he came out like a conqueror carrying the box and bundle. "Why ever didn't you get out, Krishnan?" Krishnan looked aggrieved. "You told me to remain in the carriage till you asked me to get out," he replied. Of course he was right there. We managed to get to the other train with no more mishaps. Krishnan was inclined to linger behind to gaze at the bridge which was not over a river. Then of course he was very much surprised about many things on that journey.

"Oh, Krishnan, do be a sensible boy. Try to use your common-sense," I advised him after depositing him and the box and the bundle in a compartment. I would have relieved him of the luggage but he insisted on keeping it with him.

Probably it gave him a sense of manhood. After sometime we came to a station which was as big as the one where we had to change trains and there was an overbridge too. Someone said, "That boy of yours might be up to something, so have a care." I realized the truth of the statement and went out. Krishnan was not in the carriage where I had put him and I walked up and down frantically looking out for him. Finally I discovered him with the box and bundle on his head, wandering towards the overbridge at the other end. I sternly ordered

him back and he exclaimed, "Why, there is that bridge again and a big station too; so I thought we had to cross over that bridge."

At last we reached Madras with no more mishaps and I was relieved to hand Krishnan over to the person who had come to meet him. The next day I went to visit the house where Krishnan was working and I overheard him talking of the marvels of a railway journey, and from what I heard, I discovered that he had played a hero's part.

A. I.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

When Mariakutti's parents made the proposal of a marriage for her to Georgekutti of Thannickal house, all her friends ardently prayed that the marriage would come off. For Georgekutti was known to be an excellent young man, intelligent, hard-working, and steady. He was, in fact, all that a young man ought to be.

Word was passed between Kuryachen, the boy's father, and Matthan Mappilay, Mariakutti's father, settling the marriage. Only two questions, the date, and the dowry, remained. The former was left to Georgekutti's decision, while the latter was practically agreed upon as Rs. 3500/-. Mariakutti's elder sister was asked to mention the matter to her. "Just for the sake of form, you know—it would not do to keep her in the dark," said her father. He prided himself as a Syrian of the old school, who did not believe in the

new-fangled ways affected by modern young people.

He did not expect any opposition from his daughter. In fact, he did not himself think that she should be even informed at all, but it was his wife who suggested that it might be done. Why, this was the best match for her. The boy was an excellent fellow, good-looking, and what was more important, wealthy. Even if he did not secure any employment—which in these days was quite a possible contingency—they would have enough to live upon—800 paras of paddy per annum in Georgekutti's own share, a house, and 10000 coconuts a year.

Mariakutti's sister, Sosamma, broached the matter to her. "Do you know that a marriage is being proposed for you?" she asked. "Yes. I have heard about it," she replied. "Why do you speak in

that gloomy tone? Are you not happy?" asked Sosamma. "What is there to be happy about?" asked Mariakutti.

"Why he is an excellent young man," said Sosamma. "So good and so clever."

"How do you know?" asked Mariakutti.

"You ought to hear people talking about Georgekutti," said her sister. "You see, he is rich, but he is so different from the boys who go about here. He would not spend his money on cigarettes, nor waste his time on cards and foolish talk. Always reading and improving his mind. They say he will get a first class in the B. A. examination."

"Oh! will he?" said Mariakutti, sniffing.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" asked Sosamma.

"Nothing," said Mariakutti. "Only I don't like to be married just now."

"But father has arranged everything already. Why should you stand in the way now?" asked Sosamma.

"I should like to continue my studies. I don't like to be married now," said Mariakutti.

"But you can study after the marriage. There is no danger of Georgekutti preventing that," said her sister.

"Even then I do not like to be married just now," said Mariakutti.

Sosamma was nonplussed. She saw that Mariakutti was really in earnest, and she hastened to tell her father about it. For the life of her, she could not understand what was in her sister's mind. That there was something, she had no doubt.

Matthen Mappilay was very angry when he heard about his daughter's refractoriness. "What on earth does she mean by it? Everything is settled now, and why should she make trouble? It is so unlike her. Study! let her study up to the B. A. class, if she cares. Who is going to object to that? That is mere flap-doodle. She is simply perverse. Already there were three other marriage proposals for Georgekutti, and it is only Kuryachen's regard for him (Matthen Mappilay) that has saved the situation. The Mangattu people offered Rs 5000/- as dowry, while Kuryachen agreed for Rs. 3500 in Mariakutti's case. Of course Mariakutti is a deal prettier than the Mangattu girl, who is dark in colour. But still Rs. 5000/-! I cannot pay so large a sum, and now when all is settled, if they hear that the girl is unwilling, they would simply throw out the proposal, and close with the Mangattu people. Rs. 5000/- is not to be sneezed at. And Kuryachen has already spent so much for the boy's education. He may even be sent to England."

So spoke poor Matthen Mappilay, who felt himself a very ill-used man.

What about Georgekutti, the bridegroom elect? One morning he heard his father say to his brother, "Let Georgekutti go and see the girl if he wants." That was the first he heard about the matter. Then by slow questioning of his mother, he found out who the girl was. He was quite happy about it. She was a very pretty girl—the prettiest in the country. At least, that was what he had

heard. And she was sufficiently educated. He was not very particular about seeing her. Either a girl was pretty, or she was not—seeing does not make any difference.

Still, to please his father, Georgekutti agreed to go and see Mariakutti. He would go with his brother-in-law Kochuvarki, and see her. That was agreed, and Mariakutti's father was informed.

Matthen Mappilay was not feeling comfortable about it at all. Here was the best boy available in the country, coming to see his daughter, and she was unwilling to have him. He was inclined to throw up the whole thing and let the girl remain unmarried. Probably she did not realise what that meant. Why, he had known girls who had vehemently protested against being married, later on complaining that their parents had neglected them, and pining for marriage. Mariakutti should be saved from herself.

He himself rarely talked to his daughter, but the situation was so serious, that he felt he ought to take the matter in hand. Suppose when Georgekutti came, she refused to come out. It would be simply awful. She must—she shall, agree. He could not understand what the matter was with her. Pure cussedness, nothing else, he thought.

So he called her the day before the one arranged for Georgekutti's visit, and asked her pointblank why she did not like this marriage.

"I don't want to be married now, that is all," she said. "But, my dear child, you do not know what you are talking about," said her father. "Your mother and I are getting old, and when we are

gone, who will look after you? I know girls who have refused to be married, afterwards getting anxious for it. Probably you know such cases yourself."

"But father," said Mariakutti, "I am only nineteen now. Many girls of my age are unmarried. I am only in the Intermediate now. Most girls are married nowadays only after passing their B. A."

"But you can study even after you are married," said Matthen Mappilay. "Nobody is going to object to that. Why, if you want, I will arrange it with Kuryachen even now."

"Please don't press me about it now, father, if you please. I don't want to be married now," said Mariakutti.

Matthen Mappilay got angry. "You are simply making an unnecessary fuss," he said. "Tomorrow Georgekutti will come here, and you shall see him. No—it is no use objecting. I have given my word." So saying Matthen Mappilay left the house and went out.

Next came Sosamma, who wanted to find out Mariakutti's real objection. She did not believe that study was the real trouble with her. She began to question her. But Mariakutti would not help her a bit. So finally she addressed her father. "There is no use," she said. "I don't know what to do. She simply does not want to come out. She says she won't meet Georgekutti, nor anybody else."

Probably some light will be thrown on the matter, which must be as puzzling to my readers, as to Sosamma, if they peruse the following letter delivered to Mariakutti that morning:—

Dearest,

It was only yesterday that I came to hear of the proposal of marriage for you. I could not say how worried and disturbed I am over it. I know that my darling also is worried. But I feel sure that this is not going to be the end of our love. We shall find a way. Trust me. Anyhow, do not do anything which will compromise you. I will let you know what I propose, later on. Don't worry.

*Your devoted
Mathaichen.*

Poor Matthen Mappilay however, was not so fortunate as my readers, and he was simply worried over the situation. Probably, even the knowledge of the above letter would not have soothed him a bit. In fact, he did not hold with boys settling their own marriage, and as to girls doing such things—why it would have given him an attack of apoplexy. Besides, this Mathaichen was not a rich young man. He was a B. A. student, and rather good looking, of course.—But looks will not fetch food. Mathaichen belonged to a poor though old and respectable family in the neighbourhood. It was lucky that Matthan Mappilay had no inkling of this affair of his daughter.

When Sosamma told him about her sister's obduracy, he was very angry. "Georgekutti shall come, and she must see him," he said.

Georgekutti and his brother-in-law Kochuvarki arrived the next day. Matthan Mappilay talked very lovingly with him, and told him that Mariakutti was, unlike other educated girls of her age,

very shy. So he should not expect her to come and talk with him. Georgekutti replied that it did not matter at all. "Of course," said Matthan Mappilay, "you can see her at the time of the noon-meal." What he meant was that she would be made to bring the dishes to be served at that time. That was the time-honoured custom of the Syrians.

But Mariakutti did not help him there. She did not serve at the noon-meal, nor did Georgekutti manage to see her at all. Finally he and Kochuvarki left, not over-pleased with the way in which they had been treated.

Matthan Mappilay was so angry with his daughter that he could hardly speak. Georgekutti and Kochuvarki were certainly offended, and it was very doubtful whether the marriage would take place at all. The next day, however, he called his elder daughter, and asked her to talk once more to Mariakutti. If she was still obstinate, he would give up the whole thing. It would not be difficult to do so, now.

Sosamma, however, did not like this business. She waited for a few days before she called her sister and asked her what she really thought about it all. And strange to say, Mariakutti said that she was agreeable.

"Then what did you mean by all this fuss?" asked Sosamma.

"I have changed my mind," said Mariakutti quietly. "Besides father would be upset."

"Father is upset already," said Sosamma. So saying she went to Matthan Mappilay and gave him the good news.

Matthan Mappilay was very glad, but still somewhat worried as to whether it was not too late already. "If Georgekutti had come alone, it would not have mattered so much. But Kochuvarkichen, you know, may object. He is rather for Mangattu people," said Matthan Mappilay. Still, he lost no time in penning a letter to Kuryachen, telling him that he was expecting the marriage to be fixed up at a near date. He wrote as if nothing had happened to hinder the progress of the affair. Before the letter was sent, however, the anchal peon delivered another to him. It was from Kuryachen. It was as follows:—

My dear Matthaichen,

"Georgekutti tells me that you are probably not very keen on the proposed marriage. His ground for believing so is that you did not allow him to see your daughter when he came there, according to our arrangement. That being so, please do not mind all that has happened in connection with this matter already. We have been friends so long, and this need not upset our relations with each other. I could quite understand, etc., etc."

*Yours etc.,
Kuryan.*

To say that Matthan Mappilay was upset by this letter is simply putting it mildly. He called Mariamma, Sosamma and their mother to his side, and vented his wrath upon them all. They had shamed him, they had. He had done with them. Did they not, between them, encourage the silly girl to defy her father?

Now look at what they had done? etc., etc. Mrs. Matthan Mappilay tried to throw in a word or two, but he would not be soothed. Still he was prevailed upon to write a fresh letter, making it clear to Kuryachen, that it was only the girl's shyness that had prevented her meeting Georgekutti, etc.; also that if Georgekutti came again there would be no difficulty; requesting further, that the date would be fixed at once.

Kuryachen's people were not very much inclined to agree to the suggestion of a second visit. "They have treated us with scant courtesy and the proposal should be thrown out," said Kochuvarkichen, however, was inclined to temporise. "Probably, he is telling the truth. The girl might have been shy. Some girls are like that," he said. "Is our boy to go there whenever they wish?" asked Georgekutti's uncle. "If their girl has whims, don't let us be her victims," he said. "It is a disgrace to us, etc." You see, this uncle was also of opinion that Georgekutti was not getting his deserts, when Kuryachen agreed to take Rs. 3500/- as his dowry.

Anyhow, they agreed finally to leave the matter to Georgekutti himself. The whole matter was placed before him, and also Matthan Mappilay's letter. Now young men are not usually inclined to throw out a good proposal, out of mere pique, simply because the girl was at first too shy to meet them. In fact, this shyness endeared her more to Georgekutti. How rare a quality among modern girls! he thought. So Georgekutti, after reading the letter, said merely, that he would

do as his father wished in the matter. But Kuryachen did not want to take the responsibility. "You see your uncle feels that they have slighted us. And now they are sorry. What do you say?" he asked.

"As to that," said Georgekutti, "I am inclined to believe what is written here. He said the same thing to us there. And I could see that he was very anxious about it himself."

"So are you inclined to pay another visit?" asked his father.

"I don't think I would do that. It is not necessary," said Georgekutti. "I am not objecting to the marriage. There is no need to go again."

"Oh, in that case, I will fix the date," said Kuryachen.

So the date was fixed for a Thursday a month hence, and Matthan Mappilay was informed.

The marriage was one of great pomp and it was a very large gathering. It was a day of marriages. There were six of them celebrated in that church that day. It was a beautiful sight to see the six young men and their brides arrayed in fine dresses, all made to stand in a row, to be married. The old priest was helped by three other priests, but it was tiring work for them. Probably no one was to blame for what happened.

The bridegrooms had all gone out, but Georgekutti and his party came back. They were greatly agitated. The priests were getting ready to leave. "What is the matter," the old priest asked. "Why,

you have married my boy to the wrong girl," said Georgekutti's uncle, who appeared much upset. "What? what?" asked all the priests together. "Why, the boy was to have married Matthan Mappilay's daughter. She was one of the brides here. With whom did she go?" asked the uncle. "This is not our girl."

"I don't know," said the old priest. He, poor man, was tired, and was feeling rather cross. After all, it would be difficult to go through the whole ceremony again. Besides, if this story was right, the other party must also come back. Where were they?

One of the younger priests threw some light on the subject. "Oh was it Mariakutti you were talking about? Matthan Mappilay's daughter? I will tell you what happened. I did not know all this, you see. She was married to Mathaichen, the Frakkattil boy. I did not think it was anything amiss. Why, when Mariakutti was brought up, it was he that came up, and tied the Minnu (the Thali)."

What is to be done now? said Georgekutti's uncle.

"But you ought to have seen about it then," said the old priest to him. "Is it not your responsibility? Now why are not the other party also coming back?"

"They ought to," said the uncle, feeling very unhappy. "We don't know why they do not."

The party of the girl whom Georgekutti actually had married, had also come back, and were there in the church. But they did not see it fit to make a fuss.

They had got a prize, and were not anxious to throw it away.

However, Georgekutti's aunt, who was one of the party, said, "Oh what a disgrace, what can be done now?"

The old priest threw in the barque of good advice into that troubled sea. "Now, my dear children, do not be upset. Accidents like this will sometimes happen. It has happened once before in my life. It was at a christening. There were a number of infants to be christened. I gave back one to the wrong lady after baptizing it. Of course, it was corrected at once. Now, this is not a serious matter. My boy, come here," he said, turning to Georgekutti. "You have married this girl. There is no cause for regret. There are some boys now-a-days who make love with girls and insist on marrying a particular girl and disgrace themselves in that way. You are not one of them. This girl is as good as the other." Georgekutti did not look very satisfied. "Now, now," said the priest, "you will see I am right. When you are as old as I am, you will know that really all women are alike. Besides it will be awkward to bring the other girl back, and to marry you all over again. You must think it is all providential. Why did this happen? Probably the truth is that you were meant for each other. Don't you see that what I say is true?" he asked, turning to the younger priest. "Certainly," said that gentleman.

Matthen Mappilay was of course very much upset, but he was sensible enough to accept the inevitable, and not to raise a hue and cry over the mistake. After

all, there is a destiny in all these things. The other girl's name was also Mariakutti. Both were veiled, and so probably the mistake had occurred. And Mathaichen was not so bad after all as a bridegroom. He was very handsome. It was clear that they were happy. He had not seen Mariakutti look so well.

"I had a good deal of trouble over this," said Mathaichen to his wife a few days later.

"How did you manage? I thought it was simply wonderful," said his wife.

"Well you see, the real thing was to get a number of marriages together on the same date and to get my own included in the list. In the first matter the season helped me. After the lent, you know. In the other, I had to work it up myself," said Mathaichen.

"I also heard that a marriage had been fixed for you, but I got your letter not to mind it. Then I knew that it would be all right," said Mariakutti.

"It is all right now, is it not?" asked he, "I have got the best prize it is possible for a young man to get in this country."

"But I know that my father was very much upset" said she. "I think now he has got over it."

"Georgekutti's people were also not exactly jubilant," said Mathaichen, "but they got 4000/- which had been fixed for me, by my father. So they were satisfied. At least that is what I heard."

"But then, did not your people want 4000/- from mine?" asked Mariakutti.

"Yes. After we left the Pandal there was some slight trouble. But your father simply refused to pay more than 3500/-

and my father finally agreed. So it blew off all right," said Mathaichen.

K. J.

A WORD ON DRESS

There are various points about modern dress which interest me very much. But tastes differ, and what is interesting to me, may in all probability be boring to you; and boring is the last thing one would like to be guilty of. So I propose to dwell only on a few aspects which seem to be particularly interesting.

Doctors and physiologists say that there is one and only one part in our body, of which they cannot find any use, namely, the appendix. To all other organs they attribute some useful function, but as regards this one, they fail to see why the Creator has placed it in the body. It has seemed to me—and I am confident that it would seem so to all thinking persons—that there is at least one part of our modern dress, of which the same may be said—I mean, the tie. And whereas in the infinite scheme of things evolved by the Almighty there is place for even seemingly incomprehensible things which we can hope to understand by and by, about the *rationale* of the purely human creation to which I have referred, I fear we will have to grope in the dark for ever.

This does not however mean that people do not care for it. In fact as St. Paul says—here, I owe him an apology for changing his actual words to suit my purpose—well, as St. Paul says, the less important something is in itself,

the more do we try to give it importance. How much time is being spent in racking one's brains over what kind of tie to wear, feeling anxious about the size of the knot and a thousand other details! More than that, it even forms the common ground on which people can meet for the first time and become chums. I had once two close friends—as close as our earthly friendships can grow—but they had not yet been introduced to each other. One day, I performed the introduction ceremony, somewhat anxious as to how they would take to each other's company, for they were both very peculiar in their ideas. For a time the conversation languished, and I was almost giving up hope, when one of them saw on the table a small cardboard box belonging to the other, which seemed to interest him very much. He opened it and lo! there were arranged in it in regular rows, ties of the most diverse patterns imaginable, pink ones with blue spots, blue ones with red lines and so on. His eyes glowed with interest and he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "This is indeed beautiful! Almost the same as my own selection! Particularly that red one—I adore it." Then followed a general discussion on ties, their colours and shades, their prices in this shop and that, and so on. Once begun, the conversation

just rolled on, leaping gently from one topic to another and finally losing itself in the intricacies of modern fashion. And I, whose intimacy with them was somewhat of the intellectual type, had to sit there lonely and deserted, surprised at this new-sprung bond between them. The tie of all ties!

Did I say that the tie was absolutely without use? You must excuse me, for just now I remember one little use to which it may be put. Once, some one was seen wearing an overcoat, when there was the least occasion for it. When asked why he was so very particular about the coat, he replied in a matter of fact way, "Oh, I have just a small tear on the back of my shirt." I wonder whether some such use may be found for the tie!

But seeing that nobody appears to make use of it in this way, my claim that the tie is absolutely without any use, seems to be right after all. You might say, "Well, it does not matter much, as long as it does no positive harm." But I wonder what excuse you will have for its worthy associate, the collar; for, worse than being useless, the collar is really a burden. Of course I cannot claim any personal experience in the matter, having not yet been initiated into the mysteries of the tie and collar business, nor ever hope or desire to be. But I have the authority of persons who have been in it for many years. Also, the more I try to reason it out, the more I feel that it cannot but be so. This is especially true of the more fashionable type of collar—the stiff variety. (I do not intend to discuss

here the various types of collars—the stiff, the semi-stiff and so on, for it will take us too far). It is for ever harassing the poor neck, holding it as it were in an iron grip, never allowing it to turn this way or that as it likes, always keeping it under control, a regular thorn in its side. I feel that we are doing the neck a great injustice in collaring it. It is, I think, one of the most innocent parts of the body—the most innocent perhaps. There may be ever so many other parts which deserve to be placed under strict discipline, but never the poor neck!

If you feel that I am exaggerating, I suggest that you try this. When you next happen to see any of your collared friends—if I may use that term—try to beckon him from behind. You will surely see him performing a smart right-about-turn on his heels to answer your call, which even a veteran drill-master may well envy. The reason, of course, is that unlike you and me—taking it for granted that you are as wise as myself in the matter of dress—he cannot turn his neck by itself but has to turn the whole body with it. This may give you such innocent fun that you may have the tendency to repeat it. Do not hesitate. Try it again and again, and every time you will succeed, for the only other alternative for him is just to ignore your call, which he will never do, lest you deem him a boor.

Well, perhaps you have noticed the gymnastics of the collared race, and tried to emulate them thinking that it is the fashion. Do not be misguided. Poor fellows, they cannot help it. If there is one thing they feel awkward about, it is

this turning back, and as far as possible they will try to do without it. Sometimes I am inclined to feel that we are still paying the price for that great sin of our great-grand-mother Mrs. Lot, who in a moment of extreme weakness, succumbed to the temptation of turning back to have a last look on her dear old place, against the strict commands of the angel. Verily the sins of parents visit their children not only for six generations as said somewhere, but for thousands and thousands of generations—God help us!

There are many other aspects of modern dress which are sources of immense fun—provided of course you have an eye for them—, for example, the pants which as they come smart and stiff from the wash give such self-consciousness to many a young man who puts them on, and give rise to such qualms of

conscience whenever he feels inclined to sit down. Suppose the neat folds get spoiled while sitting, what a *contretemps* it would be! Then there is the perfumed and ornamented apology for a kerchief, fairy-like and elusive in its fineness, peeping out from the coat-pocket,—why it should be there at all is a riddle for God Almighty Himself. But you might already be asking why I say all this, when the persons who wear this sort of dresses are so few among us. I know it, and I am thankful for it. But who can tell? For all that I know, the craze may suddenly spring up and spread. So, nip it in the bud, as they say. And if there is any body—excluding those already in it—who, after reading all this would still think of taking to it afresh, well, God help him!

K. V. M.

"FIRE! FIRE!"

It was a Wednesday. The work of the class began with prayers as usual. The Head Master was reading the prayers, Sabu was standing in a corner—the picture of excitement. What was he so much excited about? Smile not, it was just the thought of drawing. Drawing was his one passion, drawing was what he lived and worked for, drawing was the one subject that kept him at school.

The clock struck ten, and the classes began. Every minute that passed seemed to be years to Sabu. His seat in the class was just before that of Surendra Ghose.

They were class-mates, even from the primary stage of education. Surendra came from a rich and respected family of Gorakhpur. He was the only son of the local Magistrate. The great affection of his parents for Surendran made him wayward. He was very dull in his studies. He had a band of friends—rather, followers—who co-operated with him in teasing the teachers, in stealing apples from the nearest fruit-seller, and in duelling with poor boys like Sabu. And all these brought him the reputation of a "class bully."

At length, the drawing period arrived.

Sabu was in the best of spirits. Surendran tried to steal away from the class, but the eagle eye of the Drawing Master was on him. As a vanquished dog, he turned back, and took his seat at the bottom of the class.

The master drew a swan on the black-board and asked the boys to copy it. Most of the boys began to work in silence, while talk and laughter prevailed among the rest. The master gave the necessary instructions to the boys and began to read a magazine. Just five minutes, and lo! a small pebble flew as it were from nowhere, and hit his head right through. A titter rang out from one of the corners, but it subsided in a second. The poor master looked up, but every one was busy with his pencil, as if nothing mattered in life but drawing.

Half the period was over. The boys began to show their sketches to the master, and get them corrected. At last Sabu's turn came. He went up to the master. The master gazed, "and still he gazed and still the wonder grew." It was a perfect sketch of a swan! None else of his pupils, he was sure, could draw even half as well as that. Silently he took out his pen, wrote "very good," and signed his name beneath that. Sabu resumed his seat.

The hour ended, and the master left the class to the relief and joy of Surendran and his friends.

"See, what a nice sketch I have made!"—said Sabu, as he showed his drawing to Surendran and his friends.

"A fig for your swan!" cried Surendran, and his cynical remark was received with loud cheers from his admirers.

Surendran then snatched off the book from Sabu's hand, and threw it out into the air, through the open window. He picked it up from the ground, and threw it up again and again, until every paper bade farewell to the cover. His companions eagerly took part in this painful sport. Two large pearls of tears rolled down Sabu's cheeks and vanished in his handkerchief. He spoke no words, but left the scene more in sorrow than in anger.

II

Twelve long years came and went after the occurrence above recorded. Surendra Ghose was studying for his M. A. degree examination, in the Elphinstone College. His father was still in Gorakhpur, which had by this time grown to be a busy town. He lived a life of leisure and pleasure, away from home and kinsfolk.

What about Sabu? Passing out of school, he chose to be an artist. And indeed he proved to be a genius in the art of painting. Still, poverty and distress were his portion. He had finished his course in painting in Secunderabad, and had won medals and certificates from patrons of the art. But his mind went back to the peaceful little town of Gorakhpur, to his happy little home, and to his good old friends. Thither he went, hired a small building in a quiet part of the town and established a painting institution there. His fame spread far and wide, and his services were sought even from far-away places. He was known to be honest, punctual and hard-working. He received orders from every part of the country. Within a short time, Sabu became a cele-

briety with his attractive smile and his more attractive moustache.

III

Surendra Ghose arrived at Gorakhpur, for the mid-summer vacation. His house was about a mile away from the heart of the town. Amidst the luxuries of a lordly life in Bombay, he had cherished the idea of meeting his old companions once again. And as he was back now, he planned to go round and renew many old friendships. But, poor Sabu was not thought of; he had faded out of Surendra's memory.

It was about five o'clock. Surendra Ghose set out for an evening-walk. He was evidently bound for the town. He could enjoy the fragrance of the evening breeze, and the melodious music of the birds, as he walked at a leisurely pace. Memories of the past passed through his mind like dreams.

He had to pass through Sabu's painting institution on his way to the town; but it meant nothing to him. Even if he had heard of an artist by name Sabu, he would not have associated him with his old class-mate.

The sun was going down, and the city was clad in the purple of sunset. Quite accidentally, Surendra's eyes turned to the right. A mansion on fire! And not a soul about! Fast he flew for the fire-engine, with the speed of lightning. "Fire! Fire!" he cried, like one distracted. He arrived at a junction and turned to the right, when lo! in the twinkling of an eye, a bicycle ran against him and knocked him down.

The fire-station was just beyond the junction. The firemen saw the accident and they carried Surendra to the station. He had received only very slight injuries, but he had fainted owing to the shock.

"Rush out, the mansion is on fire!"—were the first words, which he spoke after the swoon.

The fire-engine was started, and the search for "the mansion" began. But it was a fool's errand. No one had heard of a fire-accident, anywhere that day.

They thought him to be off his head and took him home.

IV

The day was advanced, and yet Surendra was on his bed. He was not at all well after the previous day's experience. A boy knocked at his door, Surendran got out of his bed, and came out to meet the boy, who handed over a note to him.

The letter ran thus:—

"Chithrasadan,"

Gorakhpur,
17th April.

Dear friend,

First of all, let me express my heartfelt sympathy for the accident that befell you yesterday.

You made a serious mistake in thinking that "a mansion" had caught fire. What happened was this. A dramatic Society in Secunderabad had asked me to paint a curtain for them. The curtain was to depict a grand mansion on fire. I did it as well as I could, and hung it outside my institution by way of advertise-

ment. The blood-red rays of the setting sun did the rest. It was thus that you were deceived.

I hope you will not say: "A fig for your mansion!" Let bygones be bygones. Will you please give me the pleasure of your company at tea, this

evening?

Your old school fellow,
Sabu.

Surendra Ghose hung his head in shame.

C. A. ISAAC.
Class I, Group ii a.

KAZIM'S RAMZAN

Kazim was seated on an old bench in the garden. He was in a sad plight. The next day was Ramzan and oh! he had not a pie to celebrate it with. What a contrast to the last year when he had a beautiful coat on his back, a nice cap on his head and plenty to eat! Now he was a beggar and he must starve when his neighbours were feasting. Kazim, it is sad to note, was one of the unfortunate victims of the crash of the Good Luck Bank. He was the eldest son of the family, and it was before the bank stopped payment that he married. He and his father would rather have postponed the marriage, but Kazim's grand-mother was old and worn out, and wanted to see him married and live with her grand daughter-in-law. His mother was of course on the side of the grand-mother and he could not resist their conjoint appeal. He married, then the bank crashed, and Kazim cursed his folly in adding another soul to starve in the house.

Our hero was ruminating over his sad plight and tears began to flow down his cheeks. After a time he felt he was suddenly awakened by someone who was standing beside him. Verily Allah had

taken pity on him, and was out to help him in his distress. By his side stood the figure, his friend in need, his star of hope.

"My dear fellow," the stranger began, "will you please do a bit of work for me? Of course I'll pay you." Kazim sprang to his feet. He would do anything for some money. The stranger began to explain. He was a private detective and was on the watch for a crook who, he was sure, would come to the garden presently. He placed in Kazim's outstretched palm a roll of ten-rupee notes, crisp and neatly bundled. Kazim's heart swelled at the sight of the tenners, but the detective told him that only five of them would be his. He wanted Kazim to sit there with the notes for a while. He was certain that a crook would presently come there to rob him of the notes and his game was to catch him red-handed. Nothing more easy, thought Kazim, and readily fell in with the scheme.

He lay there impatiently waiting for the crook to approach. But it was not a crook that came at last, but a police inspector with a posse of constables who arrested him for being in possession of

forged notes. Kazim protested and pleaded and told them they were mistaken, but they ignored his cries and led him in triumph to the police station.

At the station, he was taken to the superintendent who seized the notes from him and began carefully examining them. As the notes passed one by one through his hands, his face registered scorn and then anger. "Inspector Martin," he cried, "what's it that you have done? You have arrested an innocent man. These notes are good, and you deserve to be locked up in his place." The inspector shivered from head to foot. It was the third time that he had bungled and that meant degradation and shame.

With a thousand apologies Kazim was

released, but it was a puzzled Kazim that went home with the heap of ten-rupee notes. The truth soon dawned on his slow brain. The friend in need that he had regarded as Allah's messenger was Mr. Crook! Allah Bux the master-crook had been "wanted" for counterfeiting His Majesty's currency and to obtain temporary relief from the sleuth-bounds of law, he had dumped them on Kazim, but it turned out that the notes he made over to him were true ones after all. Was Kazim the man to return them? "No, Mr. Crook," said he, "Allah gave them to me, and in Allah's name I will celebrate my Ramzan!"

T. P. ITTOOP,
Class II, Group i a.

TOYOHICO KAGAWA

Toyohiko Kagawa was born on the 10th July 1888. His father belonged to the *Samurai* Class. He early lost his parents, and was brought up by a wealthy uncle who meant to make him his heir. At the age of nine he went to a Buddhist monastery to study the Confucian classics. Here he learned the importance of loyalty, earnest application and altruism. Very early he began to be impressed by Buddhist teachings. It was in the middle school that he began to be influenced by Christianity. His class-mates made fun of him and ill-treated him; for he did not join in their wicked ways of living. Every cloud, however, has a silver lining; here he

met with comfort and joy in the company of two missionaries, Dr. Myers and Dr. Logan. The poor lad was often welcomed to their homes, where he found love and kindness to cheer him up.

At this stage of his life, the young Kagawa resolved to dedicate his life to the suffering millions of his land. He determined to live a life of poverty and service, helping the poor and sharing their weal and woe. His wealthy uncle, who wanted him to enter the diplomatic service disapproved of this and drove him out of his family. At this time of sheer helplessness and distress, young Kagawa found shelter and comfort from Dr. Myers, again.

In 1905, he was sent to the College where he studied only two years. He learnt only those subjects which he liked, and neglected the others. The consequence was, he stood low in many subjects.

Kagawa now became a strict devotee of the principle of non-violence. He openly opposed all aggression and the "might is right" cult with the result that he provoked fierce indignation among his country men. He espoused unpopular causes without fear and he ardently favoured socialism, which was condemned in Japan.

During his second year in the College, Kagawa contracted tuberculosis and hence had to leave the College. He lived by the sea. His health grew wretched day by day. For days, he lay seriously ill, struggling between life and death. He expected death every moment, and lost all fear of it. Even in this critical situation, he did his utmost to help the poor. He comforted the poor fishermen, prayed with them and shared their sorrows. In the thought of others, he almost forgot himself. He was desperately poor at this time. He had no money even to pay a barber. It is said that his hair grew to his shoulders and was finally cut by Dr. Myers!

It was at this period, that Kagawa wrote one of his most famous books. The penniless author was not able to buy paper, and he wrote with an old Japanese writing brush upon the painted pages of old magazines.

After a year he resumed his College career. But very soon he had another very

serious illness. There was no hope of his recovery this time. But the gracious hand of Providence spared this apostle of love in a miraculous fashion. He soon recovered from the illness; but he did not wish to continue his College studies. He wanted at once to enter on his mission of serving those who were in poverty and degradation. His heart was in the slums of Japan, and so long as it was so, he could not rest. So, in 1909, at the age of twenty-one, this messenger of service left his comfortable life in the College and went to live in the Shinkawa slums.

His life in the slums was very strenuous and hazardous. Murderers, prostitutes, and thieves were his companions. They suspected him at first and even tried to kill him. He lived a life of poverty and shared his meagre food and bed with the filthiest and the most degraded persons. It was while living here, that he contracted trachoma, a very serious disease of the eyes, which has made him almost blind. Often, his eyes are so badly inflamed, that he can read only with the aid of magnifying glasses.

Kagawa's next ambition was to study the cause of poverty, in such slums as the one at Shinkawa. In 1914, he went to the United States and studied at Princeton University, for about two years. He thought hard about the causes of the degradation of the poor folk and also about the ways of bettering their condition.

Very soon, Toyohiko grew to be a leading specialist and the champion of the poor and a fearless labour leader. In



Toyohiko Kagawa

1921, he was arrested and kept in prison for thirteen days, on a charge of stirring up the people. His fellow-prisoners loved him and adored him. Even in the prison, the Government regarded him as a danger, and removed him to the women's ward. Here he was cared for and nursed with the utmost care by the women prisoners who regarded it a privilege to serve the champion of the common classes. He called his guards "brothers" and spoke of them respectfully.

It was in 1926 that the Government invited him to become a member of the Committee which was appointed to make plans to wipe out the slums. He carried out his work with credit. It was with these famous words that he undertook his office:—"I will be your servant, if you will obey me."

The amount of work that the little man with the frail body has accomplished is amazing. He preaches many times a day, rushing like a flame from one part of Japan to another. Many co-operative societies and labour unions are under his

guidance and supervision. He advises the Government on matters of importance and takes trips to foreign lands, for study and lectures. He is the author of more than sixty books, which are some of the "best sellers" in Japan to-day.

Kagawa has a wife and three children. His wife, Haru, was born in a wealthy family. But soon the family lost their fortune and when Kagawa first met her, she was a fore-woman in the book-binding department of a publishing house. Mrs. Kagawa too is a fearless leader in the new movement in Japan for women. She is also a good writer.

Physically, this great man is short of stature and looks like a boy. He is half-blind. His lungs and kidneys are badly affected. In spite of his physical weakness, he is indefatigable in his service for humanity, and we may well say of him with Saunders:—

"Great in his humanity and very practical in his mysticism, here is an apostle for these complex and difficult times."

C. GEORGE,
Class II, Group i A.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

1938

October 5.

The College re-opened after the Onam Vacation.

November 4.

Rt. Rev. Mar Theodosius celebrated Holy Qurbana in the College Chapel at 7 a. m. for the members of the Malankara Syrian Church.

" 14.

Mrs. Sosamma Varki, wife of Mr. A. M. Varki, Principal, passed away at 3 p. m. and the College work was suspended for the rest of the day as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased.

" 15.

The College refrained from work till 1.30 p. m. as a mark of respect to the memory of Mrs. Varki, who passed away on Nov. 14. The remains of the deceased were interred at the Mavelikara Jacobite Syrian Church Cemetery at 12 noon.

1938

- November 18. The Rt. Rev. Mar Theodosius, o. i. c., of the Malankara Syrian Church, arrived at about 10 p. m.
- " 19-21. Retreat of the Malankara Syrians conducted by the Rt. Rev. Mar Theodosius.
- " 26. The Annual College Sports were held at 3 p. m.
- December 1. Rev. and Mrs. Fatten of the Swiss Mission visited the College in the evening.
- " 2-5. The Annual Retreat for the past and present students was conducted by the Rev. E. R. Richardson.
- " 7. The Rev. W. L. B. Caley, Home Secretary of the C. M. S., addressed the College at 9. 30 a. m.
- " 8. A special meeting under the auspices of the Literary and Debating Society was held at 3. 15 p. m. to bid good-bye to Mr. C. P. Mathew, prior to his departure to England.
- " 14. Prof. & Mrs. Harlow of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace visited the College.
- Dec. 31-Jan. 7. The World's Student Christian Federation was held in the College.
- December 31. The Rev. John Foster of Birmingham visited the College.

1939

- January 9. Results of the Selection Examination were published.
- " 10. The College re-opened after the Christmas Vacation.
- " 13. Mr. C. P. Mathew left for England.
- " 13. College Day. Service in the morning was taken by the Rev. L. W. Brown of the C. N. I., Kottayam. The Very Rev. Fr. John Joseph, o. c. d., Rector of the St. Joseph's Apostolic Seminary, presided and spoke at the Prize-distribution function in the afternoon at 3 p. m. The College Dramatic Association presented "Mukilamukulan," a Malayalam Drama at night.
- " 14. Baron C. W. Th. Van Boetzealer and his wife Baroness Elizabeth Van Boetzealer visited the College.
- " 15. The Terminal Staff Intercession Meeting was led by Mr. K. C. Chacko at 4. 45 p. m.
- " 16. Baron C. W. Th. Boetzealer and his wife the Baroness addressed the College at 9. 15 a. m. on "Some Impressions of Tambaram."
- February 14. The afternoon was declared a holiday in honour of the success of our Athletic Team in the Travancore University Inter-Collegiate Sports at Trivandrum.
- " 20. Dr. T. Kagawa of Japan arrived at 12. 15. He addressed a gathering of over 500 people in the College courtyard at 3. 30 p. m. on "Co-operation as a means to solve the problem of poverty." He again addressed the College at 8 p. m. on "Science and Religion."
- " 22. The Rt. Rev. Malmstrom, a Danish Bishop, and his wife visited the College.
- March 7. Term ended for the Senior students.
- " 10. The Annual Examination commenced.
- " 17. The College was closed for the Mid-summer Vacation.

അനു യാത്ര

സുഭഗകുലമാം താതണ്ണം നിശ്ശേഷം
വിഗതമായിതാ, നിശ്ശേഷ ഗാത്രനായ്;
നിജകരപ്രതാപക്ഷയാലതിയിൽ-
പ്പരമ ശാന്തനായ്, വൈവർണ്ണ്യപൂർണ്ണ-
[നായ്,
നിശിതദോഷാഭിവേശത്തിലാമിത്രൻ
വിമല വിഷ്ണു പദാന്തമണഞ്ഞതേ!
പരിഭൂലാബരാവൃതനാഭിത്ര-
നപരലോകത്തിൽ പോകാൻ തുടങ്ങവേ,
സവിധഭൂവിലമൻ മരക്കൂട്ടം
ശിഖരപാണിപ്പുഞ്ചാമരത്താൽ ഖിശി!
ചരമ മാസന മക്കനെന്നായ് വസു-
നിരതനോഷധിനാമനോടോതുവാൻ,
ഭാരസന്താപാലാപ സഹിതമാ-
പ്പവന ഭൂതൻ പലായനം ചെയ്തയായ്!!
പ്രിയതമൻ തന്നകാലവിധോഗത്താൽ
കമല കാമിനി തപ്തയായ് നിൽക്കവേ,
മിളിതരാഗാഭ്രനക്ഷിപ്തം ഭാസപാൻ ഗോ-
പ്രസരമന്നു പൊഴിപ്പാനശക്തനായ്!!
ഭവന സന്ദാഗ്ദ്ധോത്സാഹമേകിസ്സഭാ-
കടിലമായ തമസ്സുകററിടുന്നോൻ-
മതി തെളിഞ്ഞു മീ സദ്വൃത്തൻ-പോകയാ-
[യ്-

വിധിബലം-ഹാ! ഹാ! ലംഘിപ്പാനാവ-
[തോ?

തുമിന നിശ്ശിഖർബാഷ്പവർഷത്താലാ-
മഹിസ ശീതളസിക്തമാക്ഷംവിധം,
രജതക്ഷത്രമിത്ര ജനത തൻ
നയനയുഗ്മമടച്ചു തുറന്നതേ.

ഘനമയസ്സന്ധ്യാരാഗനിഭീഷ്മായ്,
തിമിരപൂർവ്വപടല നിബിഡമായ്,
കനക ഖദ്വോത വഹ്നിസ്ഫുലിംഗങ്ങ-
ളിളകിമന്നിടമാകെപ്പരിതമായ്,
അനൗലോകൻ ദിനകരൻ വാതണി-
ച്ചിതയിലയ്യോ! ഭവിക്കുന്നു ഭാരണം!!
കദനമാണിതാ ഗർഗ്ഗഭക്ഷണരായ്-
ഖഗനിരയുമിതു കണ്ടു കേഴുന്നു!

നിയത നിർവൃത്തി തൻ മനോനായക-
നതൃവാണബ്ജ ഭാമിനി നീരാടി.
മനസിഭോകൈകനാമനെ ധ്യാനിച്ചു-
വനജകോരക ഹസ്സം കൂപ്പിടുന്നു!

X X X

സകലത മിന്നോ, നാളെയോ ചൊല്ലണം
വരുമാരിയന്ത്യയാത്ര സ്ഥാഗതം.

P. G. Balakrishnan Nair
Class I.

മുകരാഗം

1
"ശാരദ"യാണവളെൻ മനോവാണിലെ-
ശ്ശാരദപ്പൊന്നുഷത്താരം!
X X X
നിശ്ശിഖർ ചന്ദ്രികാനിർദ്ധരിയെന്നപോൽ
സ്വപ്നീയ സൗഭഗം തുകി,
കാണികൾ തന്നകക്കാമ്പിലൊരായിരം

പ്രാണഹർഷക്കുന്ദ പാകി,
പാതവകത്തുള്ള പുല്ലിനു കൂടിയും
രോമഹർഷം പകർന്നേകി,
പിന്നിലൊതുക്കി വച്ചുള്ളോരു കൂന്തലിൽ-
പ്പൊന്നലച്ചെണ്ടുകൾ ചൂടി.
വാരിളം കാന്തികളോളമിയറ്റിട്ടും
സാരിയാൽ മാറിടം കൂടി,

നിലാളകുഞ്ഞിളകിടും നെറ്റിയിൽ
 ലോലതിലകമണിഞ്ഞും,
 ചെന്തളിർച്ചുണ്ടുകൾക്കുള്ളിൽനിന്നും നറും-
 പുഞ്ചിരിപ്പുക്കുളുതിന്നും,
 താരിളം പാണിയിലഞ്ചൊറു പുസ്തകം
 മാറൊടു ചേർത്തുപിടിച്ചും,
 താരങ്ങളായിരമൊന്നിച്ചു ചേർന്നുപോൽ
 താരംഗിയാളണഞ്ഞിടും.

2

ചാരത്തണഞ്ഞിടും നേരത്തു 'കണ്ണണി'
 താരൊത്ത മെഴുവിയുയർത്തും
 (മിന്നലിനതുഗ്രവേഗത്തിലായതു
 പിന്നെയും താഴുവാൻ മാത്രം)
 സുന്ദരനേത്രത്തിൽനിന്നും നിരക്ഷര
 സന്ദേശമൊന്നെങ്കിലെത്തും
 വൈദ്യുതവിചികളെന്നന്തരംഗത്തി-
 ലുദ്യുൽപ്രഭം മിന്നി നില്ക്കും-
 ആനന്ദസാന്ദ്രമാ മകാലുവേളയിൽ
 ഞാനെന്നെ വിസ്മിതിച്ചിടും.

X X X

ആശങ്ക

മൽപ്രാണനായകാ, ലാവണ്യസാന്ദ്രമാം
 തപൽ പാവനാംഗകസംഗമലോഭി ഞാൻ.
 രാഗസംഹൃദ്യമാമെൻ മാനസം ഭവ-
 ദാഗമനത്തെ പ്രതീക്ഷിച്ചിരിക്കയാം.
 പാടവും തോടും കടന്നിങ്ങണയുവാൻ
 പാടേരെയുണ്ടെന്നിതുന്നിടിലും, വിഭോ!
 പാതിരാമനേരം പ്രഭാതമായ് മാറുവാൻ
 പ്രാഭം പാരമിയലുവോനല്ലി നി?
 നിരധിയെച്ചെറുചാലാക്കുവാൻ പോലു-
 മാർക്കുതപ, നിൻ പ്രേമത്തിനായിടും.

X X X

മാമകചിത്തമേ, നീയെന്തിനാണയേ,
 പാരം പാതവിട്ടിപ്പതീവേളയിൽ?

3

എന്നാലുമോമലും ഞാനുമായിനോള-
 മന്യോന്യം മിണ്ടിയിട്ടില്ല!

4

പാഴ് നിരാശാമണൽക്കുന്നിൻമുകളിലാ-
 യീ മന്ദഭാഗ്യാനുവാസം.
 നാറപ്പിച്ചുചോര ശാസ്യബീജങ്ങളെ-
 കീറിയോരേട്ടികൾനിന്നും,
 കൊത്തിപ്പെറുക്കുവാൻ കാത്തിരുന്നിടും-
 മണ്ണിപ്പുകക്കുടമെന്നും. [നന്നൻ

5

ചുളുകുളായിരമാളുയാലെന്നപോൽ
 ചുടേറിയെൻ മാനസത്തിൽ
 എങ്കിലുമേകിടാറുണ്ടെന്നിക്കാന്നു-
 മെൻ പുറപ്പുകാലസ്മരണം.
 കാലത്തിനാവുകില്ലാരംഗമെൻ മന-
 ശ്ശിലയിൽനിന്നും മറയ്ക്കാൻ!
 കാലത്തിനൊക്കുകില്ലെൻ മുകരാഗ സ-
 ന്ദാലിക ചിന്നിച്ചിതാൻ!!

ഗോപിനാഥൻ
 കാലടി

2

വെൺമോലമേനാവിലേറിയച്ചന്ദനം
 തൻ മഞ്ജുസങ്കേതമെത്തുവാൻ പോക-
 [യാം.
 വെണ്ണിലാവിൻ മുകുഗാനം നുകന്നാരി-
 മന്ദിരോദ്യാനച്ചെടികളറക്കുമായ്.
 പാതിരാപ്പമണം പൂശിയോരാശ്രുഗൻ
 പൂരിതാമോദമവനിയെപ്പുകയാം.
 നാരാവ, മേററം പ്രശാന്തമിടക്കുഞ്ജകം
 നീ മാത്രമെന്തണഞ്ഞിടുവാൻ താമസം?

3

അന്തഃകരണം സമാശ്വസിപ്പിക്കിലും,
 ഹന്ത! സന്ദേഹം വലയ്ക്കയാണെൻ മനം.

'കല്യ കടന്നിടും നേരത്തു നാഥന്റെ
 പള്ളിയോടും മറിക്കേണു വന്നിടുമോ?
 പാടത്തിലൂടെ നടന്നിടവേ വല്ല-

പാമ്പുമെൻ 'പ്രാണനെ'ഭംശനം ചെയ്തു-
 [പോ?
 ഗോപിനാഥൻ
 കാലടി

മാതൃവാത്സല്യം

"കടിക്കാൻനാരുള്ളിവെള്ളമി-
 ക്കത്തുണ്ടുൾക്ക
 കൊട്ടുകേണമേ"യെന്നു കേട്ടു ഞാൻ
 തിരിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ
 കാണായിതൊരു നാരി, രണ്ടു
 പൂം പൈതങ്ങളെ
 ചേണാൻ കരങ്ങളാൽ ബന്ധിച്ച-
 ഞിരിപ്പതായ്.

ക്ഷീണവും വിഷാദവുമവൾ
 തൻമുഖേന്ദുവിൽ
 കാണാത്ത കരങ്ങളാൽ കരി-
 തേച്ചിരുന്നല്ലോ.
 കുളിക്കാൻ പോയ വേലക്കാര-
 നെത്തിയില്ലെന്നാൽ
 വിളിച്ചില്ല ഞാൻ, തെല്ലും
 കാത്തുനിന്നതുമില്ല

ശുദ്ധ വെള്ളവും, കഞ്ഞി; കുറി-
 യെന്നിവയുമാ-
 മുഗ്ധശീല തൻമുന്നിൽക്കൊണ്ടുപോയ്
 വച്ചാൻ മുദാ
 ഭാമനക്കിടാങ്ങൾ തൻകഷ്ടത-
 ടങ്ങുവോളമാ
 ശ്രീമതിതൊട്ടില്ലൊരുള്ളി വെള്ളാ
 പോലുമേ.

കഞ്ഞി ഞാൻ കരേക്കൂടിയൊഴിച്ചു;
 കൃതജ്ഞതാ
 മഞ്ജുളുപുഷ്പങ്ങൾ മിന്നിയാ
 മിഴികളിൽ
 ഓതിയാ നാരിമണി, "സോദരാ;
 യെന്നുണ്ണികൾ-
 ക്കാതക്കകന്നപ്പോൾ തന്നെയെൻ
 വിശപ്പും പോയ്."

അങ്ങതന്നെനുമായ്ക്കുത്തിൻ വില
 കാണുവാൻ കണ്ണു-
 ണ്ടങ്ങൊരാൾക്കു,വിട്ടുത്തെ മുഖിൽ
 നീ ദയാശീലൻ."
 ത്യാഗത്തിനാറവാകും തായയേ-
 ടൊരുമിച്ചു
 പോകുമേക്കുമാരരെ നോക്കി ഞാ-
 നാകാംവരെ.

ചിന്തകൾ ചിലതെന്റെ ചിത്തവാ-
 ട്വിയിലപ്പോൾ
 പൊന്തിവന്നെന്നാലവതേടി-
 യൊന്നിനെത്തന്നെ
 അത്ഥവാ വൈശിഷ്ട്യവാ വാസ്തവമാ-
 യത്ര താൻ നി-
 സ്വാത്മസുന്ദരമാകാ മാതൃവ-
 ണ്യലാളതാ.

എൻ. ആർ. പ്രഭാകരൻ.
 I. U. C.

പുനോച്ചിത

(പെരുവാറം കെ. കൃഷ്ണനായർ)

അകലെ, തെന്നലിലിളകിപ്പൊയ്ക്കയിൽ
മുകളമൊന്നു വിടർന്നു;
അതു പരിക്കുവാൻ കൊതി പെരുക്കിയാ-
ക്കരയിൽ ചെന്നവൾ നിന്നു.

പുലരിയിലലർവനികയെമ്പാടും
പുതുവേണു പുണർന്നു;
അവികലാനന്ദ കവനരംഗമായ്
ഭവനമാകെയുണർന്നു;
തളിരിൻ മാധുരിനകരം കോകില
കളകളങ്ങുളിർന്നു,
മിളിതശിതളമലർ വനിയതിൽ
പുളകം പൂശി ഞാൻ ചെന്നു.

മതിമയക്കുമാരൊരു മലതപോൽ
മധുരമോഹിനി നിന്നു.
പുറകിൽകൂടിയങ്ങുകിൽ ചെന്നിതു-
മിഴിയും മൂടി ഞാൻ ചൊന്നു:-

“പുറകിലാണെന്നു പറക നീയൊരു
പെരിയ കേമിയാണെങ്കിൽ?”—
മുറ്റലമേനിയൊന്നിടി, വെമ്പലിൽ
പതറി, ചൊല്ലിനാളേവം...
“പുറകിലാണെന്നു പറയാനാണു ഞാ
മുരളിയല്ലതു ഞനം! (ൻ
കപടഭാഷണമുരയ്ക്കുവാനവൻ
കരുതുകില്ലൊരു ലേശം!...”

മലർനികടത്തിൽ മധുപൻപോലെ ഞാൻ
പലതും പാടിപ്പുലമ്പി;
പ്രണയസാരത്തിൻകവിളിണകളിൽ
അരുണകാന്തി തുളുമ്പി.

“അകലെ, തെന്നലിലിളകിപ്പൊയ്ക്ക
പുലരും പൂപറിച്ചേകിൽ, (യിൽ

മുരളി! ഞാനൊരു ചെറിയ സമ്മാനം
പകരം തന്നിടാമിപ്പോൾ...”

മലരിൻഭംഗിയിൽ മതിമയങ്ങിയ
മതിമനോഹരിയോതി.
മുകളുംപൊയ്ക്കയിൽ ചിരിചൊരി-
സുഖമുസാഗതയോതി. (ഞൊരു
കുതിച്ചുചാടി ഞാൻ കളത്തിലേക്കവൾ
കൊതിച്ചു പൂപറിക്കാനായ്;
പതച്ചു, നീന്തിയു, ക്ഷണത്തിലായതിൻ
പരിസരത്തിലണഞ്ഞു.

അരുകിൽ, കൊച്ചുകൊച്ചുലകളിൽ
മുകളുമാടിയുലഞ്ഞു. (ചെറു
സരളകണ്ഠകോണാൽകുതുകിയായൊ
പുളകമാലുമെറിഞ്ഞു. (ത
തെരുതെരരെച്ചുരതരകളും മുറി-
ച്ചുവനും തീരമണഞ്ഞു.

കരതളിരതിൽ കനകത്താമര
കമനിയേന്തിക്കുഴിഞ്ഞു.

സരളേ, സമ്മാനം സദയം തന്നാലും!”
സരളയൊന്നു കണങ്ങി;
പരിചിൽ പുഞ്ചിരി പൊഴിയുമോമലിൻ
തരിവളകൾ കിലുങ്ങി.

കുടിപകുത്തളമഴിഞ്ഞും, മേനിയിൽ
പൊടിയുംസേപമണിഞ്ഞും,
ലളിതലജ്ജയിൽ മധുരമോഹന
വദനമല്ലം കുനിഞ്ഞും,
കലിതകൗതുകം ഹൃദയവേദിയിൽ
പുളകപൂരം നിറഞ്ഞും,
കരളിനായിരം-തടിലുതകളാൽ
സരള സമ്മാനമേകി...!!

ഏകാന്തസ്ഥലം

(ഏ. കെ. സയാകരൻ)

(പരമാത്മാവ് ജീവാത്മാവിനോടു:-)

സംസാരനാടകം കണ്ടുകഴിഞ്ഞുവോ
സുന്ദരിയെത്തിൽ നീ ഭൂമിച്ചിട്ടുവാൻ?
ഈ ‘ചുലക്ചിത്രങ്ങൾ’ മായികമോമലേ
മന്ത്രിനെമാഴ്ത്തുന്ന മോഹവാരാശിയിൽ.
അമ്പിളിക്കിണ്ണം കരസ്ഥമാക്കിട്ടുവാൻ
വെമ്പിക്കിതക്കുന്ന പൈതങ്ങളെന്നപോൽ.
ഭൗതികസൗഖ്യം കൊതിച്ചു കൊതിച്ചുല-
മേതാദേശം നീയുഴുന്നതെന്തിനോ?
പോരുക, പോരുകീരംഗത്തുനിന്നു നീ
മാറോടണച്ചു ഞാൻ നിന്നെപ്പുണരുവാൻ!
പുന്ദരാകാദികൾ നൃത്തം ചവിട്ടുമാ-
നന്ദനത്തോപ്പിൽ നമുക്കുചെന്നെത്തിടാം.
നിത്യത തന്റെ പരിമളം പുളുമാ-
പുഷ്പവനങ്ങൾ നീ കാണേണ്ടതല്ലയോ?
ബ്രഹ്മാനുഭൂതിതൻ ദിവ്യലഹരിയിൽ
നിറഞ്ഞ് ജ്ഞാനസം കോരിത്തരിച്ചിട്ടും!
താമസിപ്പേണ്ട നീ പോരുകെന്നോമലേ
പ്രേമം തുളുമ്പുമാ പൂവനം പൂകുവാൻ!.....

ജീവാത്മാവ്:-

മാമക കാമുകാ! തപസ്സുദഗ്ദ്ധാസമൻ
മാനസവേദിയിൽ മാറൊരാലിക്കൊള്ളവേ,
ഈജ്ജ്വലപഞ്ചരം വിട്ടു പോന്നിട്ടുവാൻ

മാഗ്ഗങ്ങളൊന്നുമേ കാണാതുഴന്നു ഞാൻ!...
വർണ്ണനക്കല്ലാമതിത ദുഃഖങ്ങളാൽ
ജീർണ്ണിച്ചുപോയിയിന്നിശ്ചുപഞ്ചരം.
അന്ത്യത്തിലിന്നിതാ ഭൂതൃവണഞ്ഞു നി-
ന്നതികഞ്ഞെന്നെ നയിക്കുവാൻ വല്ലഭാ!
നാനാ വിഷാദകഥകൾ നിറഞ്ഞൊരു
നാടകം ജീവിതമെന്നിന്നറിഞ്ഞു ഞാൻ.
മോഹാസ്വതയിൽ വെളിച്ചം ലഭിക്കാതെ
മാഴ്കുന്ന മന്ത്രിനന്ദിനം നിഷ്കലം!
കാലവനികയിൽ പൂക്കു ദിനസ്മ
മോരോന്നു മേവം കൊഴിഞ്ഞു വിണിടവേ.
ആശയമോന്നും ഫലിക്കാതെ മാനവ-
നാത്തനായ് കേഴുന്നു കേവലം നിഷ്കലം!...
കണ്ണീരുമായവൻ യാത്ര പറയുന്നു
മന്നിനോടന്ത്യത്തിലയ്യോ! നിരാശനായ്.

X	X	X
X	X	X

കാനൽഇല പോലെ ദൂരത്തു ദൂരത്തു
കാണാതെ മായുന്ന ഭൗതികസൗഖ്യമേ,
നിന്നെത്തിരഞ്ഞിദമെന്തിന്നലയുന്നു
മന്നിൽമനുജൻ, നിരന്തരം ദീനനായ്!
നിത്യനാം നിന്നിലിങ്ങു ചേർന്നിട്ടുവാ-
നെന്നുകയായി നിൻ ദാസി, ഞാൻ നായ
[കാ!.....

അമ്മ

കൊത്ത ദിവ്യാത്മാവ്. അമ്മ! പുളകം
കൊള്ളിക്കുന്ന യുഗ്മാക്ഷരി!
സ്നേഹം മുത്തീകരിച്ച മനുഷ്യരൂപമുണ്ടെ
ങ്കിൽ അതു് അമ്മയാണു്. കരുണ പിഴി
ഞ്ഞെടുത്തു് അതിന്റെ സത്തുണ്ടാക്കുമെങ്കി
ൽ അതു് അമ്മയാണു്. സഹനശക്തി എ

അമ്മ! ഹാ! മാനുഷഹൃദയങ്ങളിൽ വേ
ലിയേററം കൊള്ളിക്കുന്ന പൂന്തികൾ, കാല
ത്തിന്റെ കരാളതയേല്ക്കാത്ത സുവർണ്ണ
പേടകം, ഓമന ശിശുവിന്റെ തുടുത്തുത്ത
കവിൾത്തടങ്ങളിൽ കവിതയെഴുതുന്ന ക
ലാകാരിണി, ലോകത്തിന്റെ കലുഷതയേ

വിടയെങ്കിലും കേന്ദ്രീകരിക്കുമെങ്കിൽ അവിടം അമ്മയാണ്. പതിഭക്തി ഭദ്രമാക്കാമെങ്കിൽ അത് അമ്മയാണ്. അപത്ത്യാവസ്ഥയും ആലോചനയും ചെയ്യുവാൻ സാധിക്കുമെങ്കിൽ അതും അമ്മയാണ്. അഹോ! അനിവാര്യമായ ആനന്ദത്തെ തന്നെ മധുരസുരണ!

അമ്മ! കഷ്ടപ്പാടിന്റെ ഭയനിയ പയ്യായം! അന്നത്തോടൊത്ത നടുത്തുളളതാം ഗിമതങ്ങ. അവർ കേവലം സുഖലോലുപർ. ഹാ! അമ്മയായെങ്കിൽ! കണപാശ്രമ പരിസരങ്ങളിൽ തുളിച്ചാടി വിഹരിച്ചിരുന്ന ശക്തനും അവളും അമ്മയായപ്പോൾ! എങ്കിലും പുരുഷനെ നിന്തിക്കൊണ്ടു കാപട്യം തുളിക്കുന്ന വനിതയും അതു മാത്രമാണ് ആഗ്രഹം, “അമ്മയാകണം.” അമ്മേ! രൂപം തന്ന വിധാതാവേ! സ്നേഹത്തിന്റെ ആലോലകിരണങ്ങൾ ഓളം വെട്ടുന്ന തിരുനെറ്റിയിൽ ഞാൻ പലവൃത ചുംബിച്ചുകൊള്ളട്ടെ.

അമ്മ! ആ രൂപമനോഹാരിണി എതിരില്ലാത്ത ഒരു ഉദ്യാനപാലകയാണ്. കാട്ടുകേറിക്കിടക്കുന്ന ഓമന ലതകളെ താലോലിച്ചു വളർത്തി അതിന്റെ പുതുപ്പഞ്ചിരിയിൽ അഭിമാനം കൊള്ളുന്നവളാണ്. എന്ന് ആ പുഷ്പങ്ങൾ വികസിക്കുമോ, സൗഗന്ധം പരത്തുമോ, ഫലങ്ങൾ ഉതിരുമോ, അന്ന് അവൾ ധന്യയായി, കൃതജ്യയായി, അഭിമാനം ഉൾക്കൊണ്ടവളായി. ശിരസ്സുയർത്തി ആ പതംഗം ചോദിക്കും “ഉണ്ടോ എനിക്കു സമാനരായി ആരെങ്കിലും” എന്ന്. അഹോ! തള്ളിത്തള്ളിവരുന്ന അഭിമാനത്തിരയുടെ ബഹിർഗമനം!

അമ്മയ്ക്കു സൗമ്യപ്പിക്ക മാഗ്ഗം ഒന്നേയുള്ളൂ. സ്വന്തം പുത്രന്റെ ഒന്നത്രം. കാൽ കണ്ട മയിൽപ്പേടപോലെ ആ മുഖഛായയ്ക്കു പാലം ചവിട്ടുന്നു. അമ്മയ്ക്കു അവളുടെ

മകൻ—അരുപത്ത് വയസ്സായിട്ടും “കുഞ്ഞായ, അഴുക്കിനും പിഴുക്കിനും കൊള്ളാത്ത ആ മനുഷ്യനാരായം—ഹിറ്റ് ലെ വെല്ലുന്ന സാർവഭൗമൻ, കാളിദാസനെ വെല്ലുന്ന കവികോകിലം, ഷായെ വെല്ലുന്ന കാമികൻ, സ്റ്റാൻലിയെ വെല്ലുന്ന പ്രാസംഗികൻ.

അമ്മയെ പിണക്കാൻ മാഗ്ഗം അധികം വേണ്ട. പുത്രന്റെ അപകഷ്ഠതയെപ്പറ്റി ഒരു സൂചന മതി. മിന്നൽപ്രഭ നാലുപാടും ഒളിപാറും, ഇടിയും വഷ്ടവും പുറകേയും. ആരെന്തു പറയട്ടെ; അമ്മയ്ക്കു മകൻ മാത്രം ആരാധനാമൂർത്തി.

ലോകം പറയും “പ്രാസാദങ്ങളുടെ അന്തർഗതങ്ങളിൽ ചപ്രമഞ്ചത്തിലാട്ടുന്ന വനിത—കന്യക—സൗഭാഗ്യ സംപൂർണ്ണയാണെന്ന്. അത്ഥമില്ലാത്ത പദപ്രയോഗങ്ങൾ! സ്വകാരണമായി മാത്രം ഉദ്യാനങ്ങളിൽ വിഹരിക്കുന്ന മുശാഗന ആഹ്ളാദപൂർണ്ണയാണെന്നു പറയുന്ന ചിന്തകന്മാരുണ്ട്. മിശ്രാ മഹാരാജി മുതൽ ചാളയിൽ കിടക്കുന്ന കാളിക്കുവരെ ആഗ്രഹം “എനിക്കും അമ്മയാകണം” എന്നു മാത്രമാണ്. ലോകത്തിൽ ഇന്നു നടക്കുന്ന പല അതൃപ്ത സംഭവങ്ങളുടേയും നിദാനം വനിതയുടെ അമ്മയാകാനുള്ള തിടുക്കത്തിന്റെ പൊട്ടിപ്പറപ്പാടാണ്.

അമ്മയും മകനും—ഇണപിരിയാത്ത ഒരു ഉററ ബന്ധം. അഖണ്ഡമായ ആയാസംശ്രംബല ദാരിദ്ര്യത്തിന്റെ നഗ്നപ്രകടനങ്ങൾക്കു വിധേയയാകുന്ന അമ്മ സ്വപുത്രനിൽ കൂടെയാണ് ആശ്രയ സങ്കേതം തെരയുന്നത്. ആത്മഹത്യാ ചെയ്യേണ്ട പരിസരങ്ങളിൽ സ്വതനയനാണ് ആ കാതോക്ഷിക്ക് ഏകാവലംബം. “അമ്മയും മകനും.” ആധുനിക ശാസ്ത്രപാരമ്പര്യം

ൾക്ക് അടിമപ്പെടാത്ത ഏക ഉൽകൃഷ്ടബന്ധം!

അമ്മ! ലോകത്തെ ഭരിക്കുന്ന ചക്രവർത്തിനി! അതെ തൊട്ടിലാട്ടിയ ആ ബാഹുക്കളാണ് ലോകചക്രത്തെ തിരിക്കുന്നത്. ആ കൈകൾ “അബല”ങ്ങളാണെന്നു ഉൽഭാഷിച്ചിട്ടു പഴഞ്ചൻ പ്രമാണങ്ങൾ ഉപരിപ്പവബ്ധര്യകളുടെ ഹൃസ്വചിന്തനത്തിന്റെ അപകടപഥങ്ങൾ മാത്രമാണ്. എങ്കിലും അമ്മ ദയാസങ്കേതമാണ്. അമ്മയ്ക്കു പുത്രന്റെ മേൽ അനിതരസാധാരണമായ ആജ്ഞാശക്തിയുണ്ട്. എങ്കിലും പുത്രാഭിഷ്ടത്തിന് എതിരേ പറയുവാൻ ആ മംഗളഭായനിഷ്ഠ വയ്യേ! വയ്യോ.

സാധാരണത്തിലെ പ്രശാന്തവേഷയിൽ ഗൃഹകവാടത്തിൽ കസുലം കണ്ട ഭംഗം കണക്കെ തരളിത ഗാത്രമായി നില്ക്കുന്ന ആ മണ്ണുസ്വരൂപം അമ്മയാണ്. വിദ്യാലയത്തിൽനിന്നും മടങ്ങുന്ന ആത്മജനെ യോത്ത് മനസ്സിൽ ചിത്രം വരയ്ക്കുന്ന ചിത്രകാരിയാണ് ആ ഭോഹിനി. പുത്രദർശനം ആ ഭക്തവത്സലയ്ക്കു ഊശപരദർശനം

മാണ്. അമ്മ—അല്ല അംബ! കാലമേ! പ്രഥമ ഘട്ടങ്ങളിൽ മഹാഭോഗമായി പരിലസിച്ചിരുന്ന പലതിനെയും ഒടുവിൽ നീ വെറും കാകോളമാക്കിത്തീർത്തിട്ടുണ്ട്. എങ്കിലും അമ്മ! ആ മനോഹര സ്വരൂപത്തിൽ കളങ്കം ചേർക്കുവാൻ നിനക്കും കഴിഞ്ഞിട്ടില്ല. ഭൂജാതം ചെയ്യുന്ന പിഞ്ചു ശിശുവിനെയും പട്ടടയ്ക്കുളളിലേക്കു കാൽ നിട്ടുന്ന വൃദ്ധനേയും അമ്മയുടെ സ്നേഹമന്യുണങ്ങളായ തഴുകലാണ് സമാശ്വസിപ്പിക്കുകുന്നത്.

അമ്മേ! ലോകചക്രവർത്തിനി! ആശ്രയഭേദാരമേ! ദേവി! മംഗളം ഭവിക്കട്ടെ. അവിടുത്തെ മഹാഭീഷ്മി ദിക്കെങ്ങും പൂച്ചുവൽ വ്യാപിക്കട്ടെ. അമ്മേ! നിന്റെ സുരണ, വിദൂരത്തിലെ ഈ ഏകാന്തതയിൽ ഹൃദയത്തെ തുടിപ്പിക്കുന്നു. കരൾ കൂടിക്കുന്നു. ഞാൻ ഉത്തിഷ്ഠാനനാകുന്നു. അമ്മേ! നിതന്നെ അവലംബം. ദേവി! ജയ! ജയ!

എം. ഇ. ചെറിയാൻ
കാസ്റ്റ് മ.

സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം (C. R.)

ലോകം സുന്ദരമാണ്; മനുഷ്യൻ ആനന്ദലോലുപനാണ്; ജീവിതം അമൃതധാരയാണ്; അത് അവന്നുസ്വദിക്കണം—അതിന്നൊരു പൊൻചക്ഷുക്കുണ്ട്; അതാണ് സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം.

അതു താനേനിത്തത്തിന്റെ കലപ്പുള്ളതല്ല; പരനിന്ദയുടെ പങ്കും പൂശിയതല്ല; പരമർത്ഥത്തിന്റെ മജ്ജ പൂരണതല്ല; അതു സ്വശക്തിയുടെ ജലബിന്ദുക്കളാൽ പ്രകാശിതമാണ്, സ്വപ്രയത്നത്തിന്റെ പ്രതിച്ഛിന്ദങ്ങളാൽ അലംകൃതമാണ്. അതു ലോകസുഖത്തിന്റെ പുഞ്ചിരിയാൽ പരിപാവനമത്രെ.

സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം സേച്ഛാപ്രഭുതപത്തെ പലത്തുകയില്ല. അതിന്റെ ധർമ്മം വിശാല മനസ്സുതയും സമതപമത്രെ. സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം അസൂയകൊണ്ടു വിരചിച്ചതല്ല, അജ്ഞതകൊണ്ടു സൃഷ്ടിച്ചതല്ല, അനിതികൊണ്ടു വാർത്തല്ല. എന്നാൽ അതു വിജ്ഞാനത്തിന്റെ വിശിഷ്ടനിമിതിയാണ്; വി

നയത്തിന്റെ വിശുദ്ധമാസമാണ്; വിവേകത്തിന്റെ വിജയകാലമാണ്. ഈ അമൂല്യവസ്തു നമ്മളിൽ ഒരദൃശ്യകരം നിക്ഷേപിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്.

മനുഷ്യൻ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തെ തല്പിത്തിരയുന്നു; അവന്റെ ഹൃദയം വെമ്പുന്നു; അവനാവലാതിപ്പെടുന്നു. എന്ത്? അവന്റെ പാപപാത്രം പരന്മാർ അപഹരിച്ചുവെന്നോ? കഷ്ടം! സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം ഇരന്നുകിട്ടുന്നതല്ല, അതു യാതൊരാൾക്കും തരാനോ അപഹരിക്കുവാനോ സാധിക്കുന്നതല്ല. അഥവാ തന്നാൽ തന്നെ അനുഭവപ്പെടാൻ സാധിക്കുകയില്ല. ഫേ മനുഷ്യാ! നിങ്ങൾ ആവലാതിപ്പെടേണ്ട ആവശ്യമില്ല; അതു ഒരാൾ അപഹരിക്കുകയില്ല, അപഹർത്താവിനെ അതു അനുഗമിക്കുകയില്ല. എന്നാൽ ധൈര്യമവലംബിച്ച് പ്രതിബന്ധങ്ങളെ പരിച്ചേരിയണം. അപ്പോൾ അതു നിങ്ങളെ സ്വയമേവ വരിക്കും.

ലോകം മുറവിളി കൂട്ടുന്നു. സമാധാനം! സമാധാനം!! സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യലബ്ധിയിലല്ലാതെ സമാധാനം വേരുറയ്ക്കുകയില്ല. നീതിപൂർവ്വമായ വ്യക്തിസ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം സമാധാനത്തെ പുലർത്തും.

ഭാരതത്തിന്റെ അന്തരീക്ഷം, ദാരിദ്ര്യത്തിന്റെ കരിംപുകയാൽ എത്രതന്നെ മലിനമായിട്ടില്ല? സ്വശക്തികൊണ്ടു നില്പുവാൻ വയ്യാത്ത ജനതയുടെ രാജ്യം, സഭിക്കുതക്ക ആസ്വദിക്കയില്ല, ഉൽക്കഷ്ഠത്തെ പ്രാപിക്കുകയില്ല, സുഖം ലവലേശം കണ്ടുകാണുകയില്ല. ഇത്തരം ദുരിതസ്ഥിതിക്കുള്ള ദുരിതകരിക്കുവാൻ, ചില ഉപാധികൾ ഇല്ലായ്മയില്ല. എന്നാൽ നമുക്കതിനു ശക്തിയില്ല. ഭാരതത്തിന്റെ പ്രവസായാദികൾക്കു പരിവേഷണം സിദ്ധിക്കണമെങ്കിൽ നാം ഒന്ന് ഉണരുകതന്നെ വേണം. ഭാരതത്തിന് ഒന്നുപ്രസിദ്ധിക്കണമെങ്കിൽ—ദാ

രിദ്ര്യത്തിന്റെ നട്ടുച്ചവെയിലിൽ ചുട്ടുപുകയുന്നവരെ ഒന്നാശ്വസിപ്പിക്കണമെങ്കിൽ—അതെ, മനുഷ്യനാവണമെങ്കിൽ—സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തിന്റെ മണിപിറമേറണം.

സംസ്കാരപരമായ ഒരു വിദ്യാഭ്യാസപരിപാടി നാളിതുവരെയും നടപ്പിലായിട്ടില്ല. അതു ഭൂതകാലത്തിലേക്കോ അന്തരിച്ചുപോയി. ഹാ! പാരതന്ത്ര്യത്തിന്റെ മർദ്ദനം.

മനുഷ്യൻ മനുഷ്യനാവാനു തുടങ്ങുമ്പോൾ, സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം കണ്ണുതുടന്നു; ലോകം നടുങ്ങുന്നു. ഭീരുവായ ലോകമേ! എന്തിന്നു ഭയപ്പെടേണം. നമുക്കു ഭയമാണ്—അതെ അലസതയാണ്—നമ്മെ പാരതന്ത്ര്യത്തിന്റെ കൊലച്ചോറ്റ് ഉഴുതുന്നത്.

സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തിന്റെ പ്രതിച്ഛായപോലെ ഒരു ദുർഭൂതമുണ്ട്; ദുഃസ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം—അതെ താനോന്നിത്തം—ആ പിശാച് ഗോഷ്ടികാണിക്കുക അജ്ഞതയുടെ അന്ധകാരത്തിലാണ്—സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തിന്റെ കൂരിരുളിലാണ്—നമുക്കറിഞ്ഞുകൂടാ, എത്രയെത്ര ദുഷ്പരിണാമങ്ങളാണ് അതു വലിച്ചുകൂട്ടുക.

യാതൊരു മനുഷ്യനും അധികാരമില്ല അന്യരുടെ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തിൽ കൈവയ്ക്കുവാൻ—അതെ, കരിതേക്കുവാൻ—നമുക്കു സേപ്തപ്രഭുത്വത്തിന്റെ നരബലി, അന്യരുടെ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യംകൊണ്ടല്ല. സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം പരന്മാരെ ഭീഷണിപ്പെടുത്തുവാൻ അനുവദിക്കുകയില്ല; അതു ലോകനീതിയെ അതിലാഘിക്കയില്ല.

ദുഃസ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം തന്നെയും ലോകത്തെ മലിനപ്പെടുത്തുന്നു. സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം മനുഷ്യനെ മനുഷ്യനാക്കുന്നു എങ്കിൽ ദുഃസ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം മനുഷ്യനെ പിശാചാക്കുന്നു. നാം അതിന്റെ കണിയിൽ പെടരുത്. നമുക്കു സമ്പാദിക്കേണ്ടതു സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തി

ന്റെ സുവർണ്ണഭാജനമാണ്; നാം അതിനു മുതിരണം, ആലസ്യമകററണം.

ജീവിതത്തിന്റെ വിജയം സ്വാശ്രയ ജീവിതത്തിലാണ്. അതിനാൽ നമുക്കു ര

ത്നാദിപമാകുന്ന സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തെ നേടണം—എത്രയും വേഗത്തിൽ നേടണം. ആ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തെ—കൈവരിക്കുക; ആസ്വദിക്കുക; മനുഷ്യനാവുക.

പ്രണയപരിണാമം

(Thomas David

Class 2.)

ബാലസഹജമായ പ്രസരിപ്പോടെ ഉദ്യാനത്തിന്റെ മാന്ത്രികത കാട്ടിക്കളിക്കുന്ന രണ്ടു സഖാക്കളാണ് ഗ്രേസിയും തങ്കച്ചനും. ദൈനംദിനപരിപാടിയിൽ ഉദ്യാനലീല മാത്രം ഏല്പിട്ടിരിക്കുന്നതുകൊണ്ടു ശകാരം ഭയന്നും, ആസന്നമായ മേളനസുഖം സ്മരിച്ച് സുപ്രസന്നനായും ഓടിവരുന്ന ഗ്രേസിയേ സ്വാഗതം ചെയ്യുവാൻ തങ്കച്ചൻ തോട്ടത്തിലെവിടെയോ കാണുക പതിവായിരുന്നു. വിമലകോമളമായിരുന്നു അവരുടെ സുഹൃത് സമ്മേളനം; അതിമനോഹരങ്ങളായിരുന്നു അവരുടെ ലീലാവിശേഷങ്ങൾ. അവർ ആത്മമിത്രങ്ങൾ തന്നെ.

ഗ്രേസിക്ക് എട്ടു വയസ്സും തങ്കച്ചനു പത്തു വയസ്സും പ്രായം കാണണം. അവളുടെ പിതാവു ധനാവ്യനായ ഒരു ഡോക്ടറും, നിലയും വിലയുമുള്ള ഒരു പൊതുക്കായ് പ്രസക്തനായിരുന്നു. കഷ്ടിച്ച് അഷ്ടകുഴിക്കുന്നതിനു സാധിക്കുന്ന ഒരു കൃഷിക്കാരനായിരുന്നു തങ്കച്ചന്റെ പിതാവ്. പക്ഷേ, ഈ പ്രയത്നം പ്രസ്തുത പിഞ്ചു ഹൃദയങ്ങളിൽ യാതൊരു സ്ഥാനവും കൈക്കലാക്കിയിരുന്നില്ല. നോക്കണം! ഭൂലോകത്തിന്റെ വിദൂരസ്ഥാനങ്ങളിൽ സാമ്പത്തിക സാധ്യതും സാധിക്കുന്നതിനു ജനലക്ഷങ്ങൾ അശ്രാന്തം യത്നിക്കുന്നു. പണത്തിനു ജീവിതത്തിനേമുള്ള അപ്രതിഫലമായ ശക്തി കുറയ്ക്കുവാൻ അവർ ആ

ഗ്രഹിക്കുന്നു. എന്നാൽ അതു സാധിച്ചുകഴിഞ്ഞിരിക്കുന്നത് ആ മിത്രപയങ്ങളും, അതേ! നിർദ്ദയമായ ആ പിഞ്ചുഹൃദയങ്ങൾ തന്നെ.

അവരുടെ വസതിക്കടുത്തു നേത്രാദിരാമവും അതിവിസ്മയകരമായ ഒരു ഉദ്യാനമുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അതായിരുന്നു അവരുടെ സമ്മേളനംഗ്ണം. പ്രാതഃകാലമാവുമ്പോൾ ഗ്രേസിയുടെ ഹൃദയം തുടിക്കുകയായി. തങ്കച്ചൻ അവളുടെ ആഗമനം പ്രതീക്ഷിച്ച് അവിടെയെങ്ങോ നില്ക്കുന്നുണ്ടാവണം. അവിടെ എത്തുവാനാണ് അവളുടെ ഉദ്ദേശം. അര നിമിഷത്തിനകം അവൾ ഉദ്യാനത്തിൽ ആഗതയാവും.

ഒരു പെരുമാവിൽ കയറി തങ്കച്ചൻ ഒളിച്ചിരിപ്പുണ്ട്. ഓടിക്കിതച്ചുവരുന്ന ഗ്രേസിയുടെ ധവളവസനം ഹരിതച്ഛവിധുൻ ചെടികളുടെയിടയിലൂടെ തങ്കച്ചനു ദൃശ്യമായി. അവൻ അനങ്ങിയില്ല. ഗ്രേസി “തങ്കച്ചാ, തങ്കച്ചാ” എന്നു വിളിക്കുവാൻ തുടങ്ങി. ഉത്തരം ഇല്ല. അവളുടെ കണ്ണുകൾ നിറഞ്ഞു. അവൾ എങ്ങനെ കരയാതിരിക്കും? തങ്കച്ചനെ കാണാനില്ല. സ്നേഹപരീക്ഷണം അവസാനിപ്പിക്കുന്നതിനു തന്നെ നിശ്ചയിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു തങ്കച്ചൻ തൈമാവിന്റെ കൊമ്പിൽനിന്ന് ഒരു ചാട്ടം. ഗ്രേസി ഒരടി പിന്മാറ്റമാറി. അവൾ ഭയന്നുപോയി. “ഗ്രേസി എന്നെക്കണ്ടു പോയില്ലേ”, തങ്കച്ചൻ അ

ഉമാസിച്ച്. അവൾ അതു സമാതിക്കു മോ? പക്ഷേ, അവൾ എങ്ങനെ തക്കച്ച നെ എതിർക്കും? സംഭാഷണവിഷയം മാറ്റുന്നതിനു തന്നെ അവൾ തീർച്ചയാക്കി. ഗ്രേസി പറഞ്ഞു:—“ഇന്നലെ രാത്രി ഞാൻ ഒരു സ്വപ്നം കണ്ടു. തക്കച്ചാ.” ആകാംക്ഷാഭരിതനായ തക്കച്ചൻ ആവേ ശത്തോടെ അത് അറിയുന്നതിനു ശ്രമിച്ചു. അവൾക്ക് അതു പറയുന്നതിനു ധൈര്യം ഉണ്ടായില്ല. തക്കച്ചൻ മതിലിന്മേൽ കയറി എന്നും, തൊറി താഴെ വീണു എന്നും മാത്രമായിരുന്നുവെങ്കിൽ പറയാമായിരുന്നു. പക്ഷേ അത്ര മാത്രമല്ല. തക്കച്ചൻ ചോദിച്ചു:—“ഗ്രേസി, എന്നോടു മുഴുവൻ പറയുകയല്ലേ?” നിശ്ചയമായും അവളുടെ ഹൃദയം മുഴുവനും തക്കച്ചനെ തെളിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കാതിരിക്കുകയില്ല. അവൾ തുടന്നു:—“എനിട്ടു ഞാൻ കരഞ്ഞോണ്ടു ദുരേന്ദ്യം ഓടി വന്നുവെന്ന്.” എത്ര പരിശ്രമമായ ഒരു ഹൃദയം! അതിസാരവന്തായ ഒരു സ്വപ്നം. ആ ബാലഹൃദയത്തിൽ മുളച്ചു വളർന്ന സ്നേഹപാദപത്തിലെ സുമനോഹരസുരമായിരുന്നു അത്. പ്രേമമെന്ന ശ്രകുത്തിന്റെ കളികളാലാ പമായിരുന്നു. സ്വപ്നവിവരമറിഞ്ഞ തക്കച്ചൻ ആനന്ദാതിശയനിബദ്ധനായി.

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ഒരു സായാഹ്നമായിരുന്നു. ശുഭരേണിയമായ ദിങ്ങ്ബലവും ആരക്കതായ ഭാസ്കരബിംബവും ഗ്രേസിക്കു നിസ്സാരങ്ങളായി തോന്നി. അവൾ ഒരു മാഞ്ചുവട്ടിൽ ഇരിക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. ചിന്താസരണിയിലൂടെ അവൾ ശിശ്യാഗമനം ചെയ്യുകയാണ്. തക്കച്ചൻ പിറകിലൂടെ എത്തി ഗ്രേസിയെ ഒന്നു ഭയപ്പെടുത്താൻ ശ്രമിച്ചു. പക്ഷേ, ശോകാക്ഷമായ അവളുടെ ഹൃദയത്തിൽ സ്നേഹപ്രകടനത്തിനു സ്ഥാനമില്ലായിരുന്നു. “ഇപ്പോഴും വ

രേണ്ടായിരുന്നു” എന്നായിരുന്നു ഗ്രേസിയുടെ മറുപടി. തക്കച്ചൻ രാവിലെ പുനോട്ടത്തിൽ വരാഞ്ഞതുകൊണ്ടു ദുഃഖാർത്ഥമായി അവൾ ഇരിക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. “അങ്ങതിലെ അമ്മിണി വീട്ടിൽ കളിക്ക് വാൻ വന്നതുകൊണ്ടു വരാൻ ഒത്തില്ല, ഗ്രേസി.” അവളെ സഹാനുഭൂതിയോടെ വാനായിരുന്നു തക്കച്ചന്റെ ശ്രമം. ഗ്രേസി വാവിട്ടു നിലവിളിച്ചു. അവളുടെ പൃഥ്വീശതയ്ക്കു വീഴുകയും ചെയ്തു. തക്കച്ചൻ രാവിലെ തോട്ടത്തിൽ വന്നിട്ടില്ലാത്തതായതെന്ന് മനസ്സിലാക്കി. പിന്നെ അമ്മിണിയോട് അധികം സ്നേഹമുണ്ടെന്നുള്ളത് അവൾ എങ്ങനെ സമീകരിക്കും? തക്കച്ചന്റെ ഹൃദയം ധൈര്യമായി. അയാൾ ശപഥം ചെയ്തു, “ഇനി ഞാൻ അമ്മിണിയുടെ കൂടെ പോവുകില്ല”. ഗ്രേസിക്കു തൃപ്തിയായി. അവളുടെ മുഖം, ഭാസ്കരോദയത്തിലെ സരോജം കണക്കേ, പ്രമല്ലമായി. ചില സ്നേഹമുദകൾ ഗ്രേസിയുടെ അധരോഷങ്ങളിൽ നിപതിച്ചു. അവർ നിർവൃതിപ്പെട്ടു.

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വിദ്യാഭ്യാസവിഷയകമായി തക്കച്ചന്റെ സാമർത്ഥ്യം മറ്റ് ആരേയും അതിശയിച്ചു. സതീത്യന്ദ്രയുടെ മാത്രമല്ല, അഭിവന്ദ്യന്മാരുടെയും പ്രേക്ഷകരുടെയും മുക്തകണ്ഠമായ പ്രശംസയ്ക്ക് അയാൾ പാത്രീഭവിച്ചു. സാമ്പത്തികവൈഷമ്യം ആ യുവാവിനെ ദുർവഹമായി ബാധിച്ചുവെങ്കിലും, ബന്ധുക്കളുടെ ഉദാരമായ സംഭാവനകൾകൊണ്ടും, ഗവണ്മെൻറു ഭവതനംകൊണ്ടും ഇപ്പോൾ കോളജിലാണ് അയാളുടെ അധ്യയനം. അവധിക്കാലത്തു സ്വദേശത്തു തിരിയെ വരുമ്പോൾ, അയാൾ സ്വപൂർവ്വസൗഹൃദം മറന്നിരുന്നില്ല. ഗ്രേസി ആ യുവാഹൃദയത്തിലെ വാടാത്ത മാലയായിരുന്നു. അയാളുടെ മകുടത്തിൽ

പതിച്ചിരുന്ന അനൗപമായ മാണിക്യമായിരുന്നു അവൾ. അവരുടെ ബന്ധം പൂർവ്വതത്വം ദൃഢതരമായി.

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വഷങ്ങൾ പലതു കഴിഞ്ഞു. ഒരു സുപ്രഭാതമായിരുന്നു അത്. അന്നത്തെ ഭാസ്കരോദയം പൂർവ്വാശയെ അരുണയ്ക്കുവിലാലാടിയില്ല. എന്താണു സമുദയമായ വിലാസമഹിമാവോടെ ആയിരുന്നു പ്രഭാതവനിത അന്നു രത്നഗുഹയോടെ ചെയ്തത്. അവൾ സഹൃദയരുടെ കണ്ണു കരളും ആ വർഷിക്കുകയായി. എന്നാൽ പ്രകൃതിയുടെ പ്രാവേയത്തോട് മാറു് ഉരച്ചുനോക്കുന്നതിനു പോരുന്നതായിരുന്നു. അന്നേദിവസം നടത്തുവാൻ ഉദ്ദേശിച്ചിരുന്ന മഹാമഹത്തിലേയ്ക്കുള്ള ആഘോഷങ്ങൾ. “പടപട” രടനങ്ങൾ അന്തരീക്ഷത്തിൽ മാറൊരാലിക്കൊണ്ടു. ഇനങ്ങളുടെ ഹർഷാരവം ഏതൊരാളെയും പുഷ്പിതഗാത്രനാക്കിയെങ്കിലും. ഗ്രേസിയുടെ വിവാഹമഹോത്സവമായിരുന്നു അത്. ഓരോ നിമിഷവും കഴിയുമ്പോൾ ഉത്സാഹപ്രകടനങ്ങൾ അത്യധികമായി കേട്ടുതുടങ്ങി. വവാഹികകൾക്കു തിരയുള്ള സമയം അടുത്തു. മറ്റു ചില സമീകളോടൊന്നിച്ചു ഗ്രേസി കാറിൽ കയറി. അവർ മന്ദം മന്ദം യാ

ത്ര തുടന്നു. ഏതെല്ലാം വിചാരവിചിപരവരകളായിരിക്കണം അവളുടെ ഹൃദയഭിത്തിയെ ഭേദിക്കുവാൻ അഹമഹമികയാ ഉദ്ദമിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്നത്? പള്ളിയോട് ഒട്ടു സമീപിക്കാറായി. ഗ്രേസിയുടെ ശ്രദ്ധ ഹാദാകാക്ഷിക്കപ്പെട്ടു. രണ്ടുപേർ വേരൊരാളെ തടഞ്ഞുനിർത്തിയിരിക്കുന്നു. അയാൾ ഒന്നു മന്ദഹസിച്ചു. പെട്ടെന്നു ശോകഭാവം അയാളുടെ മുഖം വിവർണ്ണമാക്കി. അയാൾ കരയുകയായി. ഗ്രേസി കയറിയിരുന്ന കാറിനെ ലക്ഷ്യമാക്കി അയാൾ പാഞ്ഞു. നിശ്ചയമായും അയാൾ പ്രജ്ഞാഹീനൻ തന്നെ. ഗ്രേസി അയാളെ ഉറ്റുനോക്കി. കൂരമായ വിധിയുടെ ഭാഗണമായ പീഡനത്തിനു വിധേയമായ ആ യുവാവിനെ അവൾക്കു ദർശിക്കുന്നതിനു ധൈര്യമുണ്ടായില്ല. സ്ഥിരപരിശ്രമഫലമായി ഒന്നതൃത്തിലേത്തിയെങ്കിലും, നാരകീയമായ സാമ്പത്തികവൈഷമ്യം തജ്ജന്യമായ സ്ഥിതിഭേദവും അയാളെ അധഃപതിപ്പിച്ചു. സ്വാഭാലാഭപരിപൂർത്തി അസാധ്യമാകയാൽ അയാൾ പ്രജ്ഞാഹീനനായി. ഗ്രേസി ആ യുവാവിനെ ഒന്നുകൂടെ നോക്കി. അതേ! അതു തക്കച്ചനായിരുന്നു.

Our Exchange Magazines

September 5th, 1938, to March 5, 1939.

1. Illustrated Sports Magazine, Lahore.
2. St. Paul's College Magazine, Calcutta.
3. The Lucknow Collegian, Lucknow.
4. The Madras Christian College Magazine, Madras.
5. Careers, Lahore.
6. The Ewing Christian College Magazine, Allahabad.
7. The Students' Chronicle, Serampore.
8. The American College Magazine, Madura.
9. The Govt. Victoria College Magazine, Palghat.
10. The United Theological College Magazine, Bangalore.
11. A Govt. College Miscellany, Mangalore.
12. The National College Magazine, Trichinopoly.
13. The Zamorin's College Magazine, Calicut.
14. The Lucknow College Magazine, Lucknow.
15. The Maharaja's College Magazine, Ernakulam.
16. South Indian Railway Magazine, Trichinopoly.
17. The Old College Magazine, Trivandrum.
18. The Journal of the Madras University, Madras.
19. Caritas, St. Joseph's Apostolic Seminary, Alwaye.
20. The Loyola College Magazine, Madras.

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