

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

FOR THE HIGHER EDUCATION
OF WOMEN



CONDUCTED BY THE
FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES OF MARY

MYLAPORE

INDIA

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

1948-1949

Among the centres of learning and culture in the Presidency, Stella Maris College alone can boast of its inception on Independence Day, date dear to every Indian heart, and equally dear to every member of Stella Maris College staff, even those of foreign extraction.

While we place emphasis on the concurrency of dates, we place still more on the similarity of objectives to be attained by each in its own measure—the nation aiming at vital service to the people; the College radiating a salutary influence on the students who in turn are expected to serve their country better because of the training imparted to them under the guidance of the Star!

The College makes open profession of aiming to train its students to exert an uplifting influence on the various spheres of action in which they are destined to move. They must show the world that the arts and sciences can serve the one purpose worth serving—the cause of morality and honest living. It is by means of their own dignity, selflessness and religious sensibility that they can more easily impress their ideals on the character of mankind and draw countless numbers after them by the irresistible force of their personality.

CHRONICLE

1948-1949

On June 30, 1948, Stella Maris College began its second Academic Year. The number of admissions into the I.U.C. was doubled; the overwhelming requests of parents urged us to seek an extension, making seventy places all told. The quiet lecture halls were suddenly invaded with an exuberant class of "Freshers" who were gallantly chaperoned by our thirty "Foundation Stones."

"The old order changeth" rapidly yielding place to the new! The top storey of the new building having been assigned to Economics, Art and Language classes, mass migration between lectures became one of the features of the new year. The subjects in the First year were increased; to the History, Logic and Indian Music were added Mathematics, Art and Western Music; these new branches have proved most popular.

A cordial welcome was extended to the new Professorial Staff by the Principal, convinced of the truth that an Educational Institution depends less upon its organisation than upon the quality of its teachers!

Independence Day was fittingly solemnised in the main hall, decorated with the national colours. Reverend Mother Principal spoke of the great loss which mingled mourning with the glorious triumph of this first anniversary of national freedom. She appealed for that practical patriotism which would make of every University woman the friend of the illiterate. Was it not the urgent desire of the Mahatma for the deliverance of India from the stigma of illiteracy? Had not the Minister for Education emphasised the same idea in his Independence Day speech, and wished that "Each one teach one!" National songs were sung, and the Flag saluted in Hindi, Sanskrit, Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and Bengali. Miss S. Sundari, M.A., on behalf of the Staff, spoke on the great tragedy of the year and of the ideals which Bapuji had entrusted to the Youth of India.

Within the first month, our Union activities had begun to function. The Musical Societies on August 19th provided a function in St. Raphael's Hall, over which His Excellency the Bishop of Mylapore, presided. The theme of love, service, sacrifice and prayer was portrayed in tableaux accompanied by appropriate music—the Choral and Dramatic Societies combining to produce a much appreciated sacred concert.

Excitement fired our Collegians at the arrival in Madras of the Governor-General, His Excellency C. Rajagopalachari. The members of the Staff who attended the Convocation brought back enthusiastic echoes of the Governor-General's speech; its tenets were impressed upon the students at a special meeting.

Between September 13th and 18th our Juniors were banished to the top floor of the new building to keep their merriment out of the hearing of the seventy-five University candidates who require an atmosphere of relative quiet. It was with regret that the I.U.C. returned to their own quarters, for the remote top floor is not without its thrills.

Another event was the completion of the second storey of the Hostel. No more will the Residents share the premises with workmen or dwell among the scaffolding.

The First Term dawned too early for the procrastinating instincts of the I.U.C. However, exams ended with holidays. The Catholics were privileged to have Rev. Father White, C.S.S.B., preach the Annual Retreat during the first weekend of the vacation. We hope that the Retreat will become one of the most cherished features in the College Year.

The second term was ushered in with a series of festivals. On October 4th the Choral Society sang the High Mass of St. Francis of Assisi. Their generosity in attending daily practice during the holidays was well rewarded by the praise of Reverend Mother Provincial, whose feast they were celebrating.

Before we reach the next event, let us recall how this second term was to be outstanding in the history of Stella Maris as the origin of the epoch-making "Five-Minute Tests." What a marvellous system for detecting deaf students...! Those weak in English delight in the one-word and one-date answer...those weak in memory dread the blanks that accumulate through the ten lines and will betray them with a zero! So the Five-Minute Tests have become the familiar battleground where at the outset of each lecture the tournament is fought.

College Day was also Parents' Day. The Convent Hall proved insufficient to accommodate the audience. The Dramatic and Musical Societies surpassed themselves on that occasion.

November was comparatively quiet ; cases of books began to make their way into the Office *en route* for the Library, the consolidation of which is Reverend Mother Principal's pre-occupation. Reverend Mother Vicar's return from Rome caused great happiness to all of us.

Next March we shall leave the little bungalow which was the first home of Stella Maris. A more spacious abode is in preparation behind the Hostel. We are the fortunate students who will make the first use of St. Raphael's magnificent new buildings, including the laboratories, for we hope to launch into the Sciences in June, 1949. May our scholastic achievements grow apace until Stella Maris attains that ideal for which it came into existence—For God and Country!

INDIAN NIGHT

The flowers are whispering secrets to-night,
So slender and pale and white,
Whispering delicate dreams of delight,
In the night.

The flowers are whispering secrets to me,
Tales of the summer to be,
Tales of the Neem and the Champak tree,
Whispering to me.

The flowers are sighing Goodbye in the dawn,
Slender and pale and forlorn,
Sighing of delicate dreams that are gone
With the dawn.

MYRTLE DORAI RAJ (I.U.C.)

THE CHRONICLER

The house was old and gloomy enough to evoke strange apparitions, and yet the man, who in brown tunic and stocking cap stood at the foot of my bed, was a surprise.

"I", he said, catching my eye, "am a Chronicler"

I nodded, and he cocked an eye at me, adding hastily—"Of ancient fame and high repute."

I murmured politely.

"I have composed a poem," he announced sadly "But," said he uneasily twisting his fingers—"I cannot write....."

"Oh!" I said.

"It goes like this.....," in his eagerness he stammered :
"The Land of the Lotus is beauteous and fair ;
The trees bow with blossom and scents fill the air ;
The rivers are silver and fresh as the dawn ;"
Something, something, and something else—"Morn..."

"No good," I said, and softening, added "fragmentary..."

"There's more" he assured me—"different"...
"Pearls and rubies and nuggets of gold ;
Sapphires and emeralds for Rajahs of old ;
Opals and diamonds from black-as-night mines ;
Shot silks and satins and blood-firing wines.
Searing bright sunshine that sinks in a glory,
And sparkling blue seas—shine in India's story.

"Doggerel!" I said.

A silence fell.

"Twelve years did it take me," said he, "not without a tear."
Dejection moped in every sag of his stocking cap.

I mumbled in commiseration.

He threw every effort into one great appeal. "I want it published," said he.

I paused, hesitant, but the Chronicler had wrung my heart.
"I'll do my best," said I...

CECILIA M. SMITH (I.U.C.)

A VISIT TO RAJPUTANA

The holding of this year's session of the Indian National Congress in Jaipur made all eyes at home and abroad turn towards that city during the third week of December, 1948. This year's Session was momentous in so far as it was the first since the attainment of Indian Independence. Here our great leaders met, discussed and adopted plans for the reconstruction of our ancient land and for creating a New India.

I was one of those to whom was given the good fortune of visiting the City at a moment when lakhs of people thronged there from all parts of India. What strikes the eye of even a casual visitor is the splendour of the natural and man-made beauty of the City. Set in a hollow created by the surrounding hills, Jaipur has unique charms, reminding the on-looker of the glory of Ancient Rome.

A visitor to Jaipur is highly impressed with the cultural, educational, industrial and political advancement that city has made in the last few years. That is why, perhaps, of all places in Rajputana, Jaipur was selected as the site of this year's Congress.

Jaipur is far-famed as the 'Pink City' of Hindustan for pink is the colour of all the buildings to the right, to the left, ahead and behind. Its roads are broad and clean, intersecting each other at right angles. The buildings on either side of the streets are built on the same general colour scheme at the same time delicate and violently extravagant. The high degree of aesthetic sense prevalent among the people is evidenced in every structure and in the spectacular feature of the architecture.

The Maharajah's Palaces occupy one-seventh of the City. The Majestic Mubarak, besides being a fine example of Hindu architecture, treasures some rare manuscripts and priceless paintings which are among the best specimens of Rajput and Moghul art. Here is to be seen a comprehensive collection of rare old Indian and Persian manuscripts, the most noteworthy being the translation in Persian of the Mahabharata by Abul Fazl, the great poet of Akbar's Court.

A drive through the outskirts of the City unfolds before the visitor's eyes the real India of legendary fame. In short, Jaipur is both modern and ancient.

Then there is the Museum, which is one of the finest in India, accommodating as it does the unique artistic exhibits of the region. Reproductions of well-known pictures from China, Japan, Assyria as well as examples of ancient Egyptian art which decorate out the walls are especially noteworthy and interesting.

The Jaipur observatory is one of the most interesting places for an Astronomer. Here are to be found some valuable and unique astronomical instruments which have a special interest inasmuch as they represent the last of what may be called the "Stone Age of Astronomy."

Thus Jaipur--the City of Victory--is the home of our ancient culture and is one of the most delightful spots in India. There is a saying 'See Naples and die.' Those who cannot afford to go to such a far-off place as Naples can at least during their life-time pay a visit to Jaipur. To say that Jaipur is a marvel is no exaggeration.

VIDWAN K. SIVAPRAKASAM, B.O.L.,

Lecturer in Tamil.



ABOUT AN ONION

The great Russian novelist Dostoievski tells a story in one of his works that is worth retelling :

Once upon a time there was a peasant woman, and a very wicked woman she was. She died and did not leave a single good deed behind. The devils caught her and plunged her into a lake of fire.

The guardian angel of the woman stood and wondered what good deed of hers he could remember to tell God. "She once pulled up an onion in her garden" he said, "and gave it to a beggar woman."

And God answered: "You take that onion and hold it out to her in the lake, and let her take hold and be pulled out. If you pull her out of the lake let her come to Paradise, but if the onion breaks then the woman must stay where she is." The angel flew to the woman and held out the onion to her. "Come," he said, "catch hold of this and I'll try to pull you out."

Cautiously the angel began pulling her out. He had just raised her half way out, when the other sinners in the lake, seeing how she was being drawn out, began to catch hold of her so as to be pulled out with her. But she was a very wicked woman and began kicking them: "I'm the one to be pulled out, not you. It's my onion, not yours."

As soon as she had said that, the onion broke. The woman fell back into the lake, and is burning there to this day.



WHAT FREE INDIA EXPECTS OF ITS EDUCATED WOMEN

A talk to the Students of Stella Maris College on February 2nd, 1949, by Miss L. Philipsz, M.A., L.T., T.D. (Lond.)

Freedom does not mean "I can do as I like." Contradictory as it may seem, freedom imposes restrictions and responsibilities, but these are freely and willingly accepted.

Free India Expects its Educated Women to be Interested in Legislation

The freedom of our country must ensure Stability. This means it must have a strong and just government, and we must help by supporting the Government in all measures devised for the good of the people. We should take an intelligent interest in the work of the Legislatures, and bring a thoughtful mind to bear on all that is being done, so that we can express an opinion, when necessary. This implies that we must be prepared to oppose what we feel will not be for the good of the people at large, for even Governments can and sometimes do, take one-sided views of things. Women should be prepared to enter Public Life either on Legislative or Corporation or Municipal Councils, or to join representative organisations, so as to be able to express their opinions and particularly the woman's point of view.

India Calls on her Educated Women to help ward off her Enemies

A free country must ensure protection for its people from enemies, internal and external. There is as yet, thank God, no call for a women's army; besides, that is not strictly our role in life: but we must be ready, as in the last war, to step into work which will release men for actual warfare. In combating internal enemies, women have great scope, because of their natural love of peace and harmony. The first of these internal enemies is *communalism*, which breeds suspicion, hatred and injustice, in the false garb of justice but which really means the apparent raising of certain communities *at the expense of others*. So far, women have been free from this evil, but we must be on the alert to see that we do not let personal considerations mar our praiseworthy traditions in this respect. We should live in harmony with all communities, by trying to understand them--

ignoring differences which are mostly accidental and emphasising similarities. This becomes easy, if we realise that all men are brothers, because of the Fatherhood of God. There are other insidious evils which pretend to work for the poor and downtrodden. We, educated women, should guard against false agencies which seek to banish God from the life of a people so deeply religious and intensely spiritual as ours.

India Expects her Educated Women to uphold the Prestige of their Native Land

A free country must win the respect of other nations, by showing that we are fit for, and worthy of freedom; that we are self-reliant and able to manage our affairs with honesty and integrity. We must convince the world that we are willing to bear our share of responsibility for the common good and, what is most important, that we respect the rights of other peoples and nations. We know how our Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, raised the respect and prestige of India when he went to England some months ago for the conference of Dominion Prime Ministers, by his broad-minded view of world affairs, his respect for the views and opinions of others, even when they differed from his and by the dignified way in which he bore himself throughout the proceedings. Never once did he do or say anything that did not redound to the credit of our country. We, in India, have unlimited scope for showing that we can live and let live, for we have here people of different communities, with different habits, customs and religions. If the women give a lead in this respect, we shall have harmony and unity in spite of diversity.

India Expects her Educated Women to Set Examples of Thrift

The fourth responsibility of a free country is to see that its people have a sufficiency of their essential requirements, such as food, clothing and shelter, and it is here that educated women can play an important part. Our higher education makes us realise that though we need food, there is no room for extravagance or waste, and we should show our children and servants that there are ways and means by which we can not only economise but also avoid waste. Extravagance in clothes is not a mark of refinement and the educated woman should be an example to her less educated sisters and to society in general, showing that simplicity in dress is more attractive than mere showiness or the extreme of fashion. The home of an educated woman should be a real home which by its beauty, its

cleanliness and its cheerfulness, keeps the family together and attracts to it its friends and particularly the friends of the younger members of the family; a home that pleases the eye and breathes an air of peace and happiness.

Educated Women Advocate the Spread of Education Among Their Own Sex

The way in which a country uses its freedom will be judged by certain other factors besides those already mentioned,—by its progress in all spheres, educational, economic and moral. In the educational sphere, though there has been a marked improvement in the number of women receiving education, yet the number is pitifully low and compares most unfavourably with other countries. Barely 5 per cent of our girls and women are educated, and it is up to us who are educated to see that our sisters get the benefit of education which we have been so fortunate to receive. I do not suggest that every girl should get a University Education, but we must do our share in doing propaganda for getting every girl into school, and then we must move the educational authorities and the government to provide facilities for them. We women must see to it that our girls get the right type of education, to fit them for life—to be competent wives and mothers and, if necessary, to be wage earners. Our educated women should always be *womanly*, and not as some misguided girls are, *mannish*, aping men in dress and behaviour. One weakness of present-day education is that it fails in what true education should do, and that is to train us to adapt ourselves to new conditions and environments. Another weakness is the overemphasis on books, and the neglect of other and perhaps more important educators, namely the world of men and things around us.

Our Educated Women set the Standard for Truth and Beauty

In the moral sphere, the women must undoubtedly lead, as they have led in the past. The virtues of patience, courage, love of truth, powers of endurance, modesty and charity which characterised Damayanthi, Savithri, Sita, the Rani of Jhansi, etc., are just as necessary now and just as much admired. It is sad to see our younger women especially, adopting or aping customs which are alien to our ideas of what is modest and becoming—to observe their standards of speech and conduct fall far short of those which won for us the respect and even reverence of men, and to find their standards of work and achievement deteriorating so badly. I believe these are due

to a lack of self-respect and reverence for ourselves. If we would only learn to judge ourselves and all we do by standards of Truth and Beauty, we shall avoid shams and shabbiness. I conclude this paragraph by reminding you of what Pandit Nehru said in one of his speeches not so long ago—that it is not the size of the things we do that matters, but the way in which we do the innumerable small things that make up our lives.

To Serve our Country in the Service We Give our Needy Brethren

If we, women, are to take an effective share in helping our country, we must serve her, by serving those who need our help. Service to others is the need of the hour—to give, not money, but the work of our hands, to use our talents, our time and our energy to make the world a little happier for those less fortunate than ourselves. There is no one so poor that she cannot give of her time and talents to serve others. It is true that each one can do but little, yet if each did that little, much could be accomplished. When a job has to be done, let us not ask “What can I get out of it?” but rather “What can I give to it?” Thus in serving our people, we shall be serving our country and at the same time carry out the great time-honoured commandment “Love thy neighbour as thyself”.



A BUDDING ARTIST !

As far back as I can remember I loved coloured pictures, coloured cloth, coloured lights, coloured toys. When very small I saw a Swiss artist whose broad hat, red tie, and bright suit intrigued me. He was seated on a rock, with many other rocks around ; there were green plants, trees and a big river and hills. This man seemed to be adding colour after colour to his canvas in the most leisurely fashion. I said to myself, "How easy to be an artist!" He seemed to dip his brush in any colour and daub away. People called him a *great* artist, and many watched him while he plied his brushes. He was a very



happy person too, and never seemed to mind us staring at him as he worked. He would laugh when we asked him to show us how to be an artist. Sometimes he would sketch one of us, promising to put us in his big picture if we stayed still long enough.

One day I found a box of colours belonging to my brother and I knew my chance had come at last! Quickly I found a sheet of drawing paper and began to do just like the artist on the rocks. I added colour after colour to my pictures ; it was going to be my own! As I mixed my colours I felt my artistic blood boil with enthusiasm, and my picture was grand, I thought. My brother's reaction was far from happy. How I survived the scene that followed I cannot say, but more and more I was determined to be an artist. By dint of coaxing and bribery a box of colours came into my possession and I could practise to my heart's delight.

The day came when I received the results of my High School pass, and I had a choice of going to college or going in for art. But

what is this? A new College opening within easy distance of my home and offering a new group of subjects, including Art!! O! the dream of my life is becoming a reality! I shall join, take Art, and in a year I will be a great artist! Join I did, and the art group I took.....

First Term . . . My colour box was ready, brushes, ideas, everything. The Art Professor smiled. "Close one eye and see better!" "How queer, I see better with two eyes!" "Alright! Try." I tried and found that wisdom lay in compliance, so I closed one eye—to see better. Our class was and is a very happy one in spite of some un-artistic mysteries such as eye-level, directing line, ellipse (which I mixed up with eclipse). I had hoped to paint pictures and now I am required to sketch a chair. Bravely I drew; the result was a comfortable, ample seat with vanishing lines that would not vanish and receding, parallel lines that would meet only when they reached the North Pole, where all lines are said to meet!

The Second Term rolled round, Rules put into words, that was comparatively easy, but. . . put into practice! Terms kept playing hide and seek in my poor brains. I no longer wondered why that Swiss artist wore a big hat—to hide all these terms and to confine them in his brain. I have no big hat, consequently.....

With the third term came applied design. That meant progress and I began to understand the need of fundamentals by which I may realize my earliest ambition of capturing with brush and colour some of the beauty God put in His wondrous creation!

A BUDDING ARTIST!

A man went to buy a car. The salesman showed him several beautiful cars and finally he showed him a very nice one saying, "This is a wonderful car, it's the kind that will climb a hill for you!" "I don't doubt it," said the man, "the one you sold me last year tried to climb a tree one day!"

AN AFTERNOON SESSION IN MATHS!

I rose very late that rainy morning which preceded our special session in Maths. Visitors arrived—one after the other, and I was busy chatting with them from 9 o'clock to 12.

After a hurried preparation I left home at 12.45, hoping to reach College in time. I had hardly walked fifty yards, when I met Gowri; seems to have jumped as usual, I monopolised the conversation when suddenly I was shocked to find that I had gossiped for half an hour. With strenuous efforts I arrived at college only an hour late!

“But what is an octopus doing on the board?” I exclaimed softly
“I feel quite at sea!”

Master replied—“You are at sea.”

I took a seat on one of the rear benches near a window, still wondering what business the Octopus had in the Maths class when Master questioned, “Why are you so early?” (He is always a lover of paradox).

“I came on foot,” said I.

“You do that every day I suppose?” replied master.

I thought for a moment and then replied, “Because of the rain, the road was so slippery that I had to go three steps backward to take one forward.” Master, suppressing his laughter, “Oh! I see, well in that case, how could you ever reach College?”

I promptly retorted, “I took a right about, Sir, and started walking towards home.”

Sitting down, I began drumming on the desk accompanying the cry of a street vendor—“pattani, kadala, kal kal anna”—(peas, groundnuts, one pice, one pice.)

Explanations began again. My earnest attempts to understand even a word proved futile. So I consoled myself with the maxim—
“It is the effort that counts, and not success.”

Awakening from my revery, I found that the octopus had been replaced by a graph! The other students seemed to nod assent to a quiz of our Master, and I mechanically followed suit. Soon I discovered that half of the nodding was due to drowsiness, for the girls betrayed their languor by repeated yawns.

If some were drowsy, at least Vimala was wide awake. "You seem to know nothing about graphs, Vimala? Weren't you taught graphs before?" Gently she replied, "No, Sir, no question on graphs has appeared in the S.S.L.C. for the last eight years."

This had a soothing effect on Master but he continued the lesson. Numbers with 2 and 3 stories took a prominent position on the board. Master proceeded to explain how mathematicians excelled in laziness and denoted logarithms by logs, and factorial n by $n!$ But I was not a bit enthusiastic.

How boring! How weary! How near to slumber-town I felt! To check my journey, I resorted to Wordsworth's sonnet "The World is too much with us," and could not resist my poetical inspiration. The outpour was as follows:—

Oh Lord! this class is too much for me
 With horrid figures, I hate to see!
 Circles and angles
 Ratios and triangles,
 And the Maths Master
 Speeding faster and faster,
 We draw nigh to disaster
 And.....

Master's thunderous call interrupted.

" $2^4 = 16$ is read 'two to the power of four equals sixteen'." Beginning with 4, how is it read?"

I immediately answered "Four lowered to the power of two equals sixteen." Master, roaring with laughter, proceeded with the lesson. $\sqrt{16}$ appeared on the board.

Master—"How do you read this, Kamala?"

Kamala hesitatingly, "-Er-er-root..." Master (impatiently) "What root? Beet Root?"

The room rang with laughter. I felt much better, and was quite surprised to find myself listening attentively to Master's elaborate explanations about 'beetroots' and other roots.

Ten minutes more, and Master loaded us with logs! Being in a good mood, he gave us only thirty sums! One, two, three, boomed the College Clock, and we hurried out amid peals of laughter!

TRUE LOVELINESS OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

The twist of a road in the twilight
Chequered with cypress shade,
The perfume of summer evening,
The music of woodland glade.

The joy in the heart of the poet
Shining in two bright eyes,
As the Troubadour of Assisi
Mounts against sunset-skies,
Climbs up the forested hillside
Singing his love-songs sweet
To nature, his sweetest mistress
And worships awhile at her feet.



Love of the lovely—what rapture !
His face is all afire,
For the crest has unfolded the splendour
Of the world to his poet's lyre ;
“ Love of the lovely, ”—his poem
Finds theme in the loveliness here.

"Love of the lovely,"—his ideal
 Exults on earth's lovely sphere...
 From the thicket of honeysuckle
 And the hedge of wild-rose and briar out.
 A furtive shadow emerges.
 He is lost in his soul's desire.
 The Shadow becomes a figure
 Stooped, not with age but with pain.
 The rags hang scant upon it,
 The faint voice is repeating again,

"A little alms for the leper,
 Ah, refuse me not, kind sir!"
 An alms, but Francis sways backward,
 He can neither speak nor stir
 The vision of beauty is blotted;
 The poem is smirched and spoiled;
 Earth's loveliness faced by the horror
 Of leprosy, swift has recoiled.



But far in his ears, as tho' dreaming,
 A voice seems to echo again :—
 "He was made like unto a leper,
 Of our sins He bore the stain..."

And the voice (tho' far in the forest)
 Takes up his erstwhile refrain :—
 " Love of the lovely, 'twere twere easy
 But for the unlovely I came.

Love of the unlovely, Francis!
 There shall your challenge be ;
 ' Twere sweet to delight in beauty,
 In unloveliness thou shalt find ME."

For a moment the heart of the poet
 Rises in one great throb ;
 He has advanced to the loathsome leper
 And embraced him with a sob.

But strangely the silent figure
 Turns from the sunset and moves
 Where the first faint stars of evening
 Are rising o'er orange groves.
 And Francis, raising to Heaven
 The eyes that were feasting on earth,
 Can sense in his heart a new conquest,
 Can feel in his soul new worth.

The kiss of the leper has lingered,
 Repulsive, yet sweet on his lips.
 Nature can shudder while subtly,
 His soul the new ideal grips.
 And the joy of the quest has succeeded
 The rapture of fulfilled desire ;
 His face is aglow with the struggle ;
 His heart with victory afire.

He looks down again, but the roadway
 Stretches far, like a silver stream,
 And no figure limps in the sunset,
 Yet surely that kiss was no dream !

" No dream !" Echoes far through the forest,
 The voice of the song of his heart ;
 " No dream, but the Crucified Leper
 Challenging love on your part."

O, light goes his step in the sunset,
 Down, down to the world below,
 To seek, not the heights and the rapture,
 But vileness, and sin and woe ;
 The song in his heart is completed,
 He sings to the echoes his strain
 " Give me to love the unlovely !"
 And Night sings a sweeter refrain.



" Give me to love the unlovely,
 Give me to love, Lord, for Thee,
 Thy Visage hidden and humbled,
 Thy Glory veiled for me.
 Give me to love the unlovely,
 Give me to cherish for Thee
 The poor and the weak and the beggar
 Where Thou art despised for me !"

F.M.M.

VISIT TO A BATTLESHIP

"When I was young and in my bloom", I was taught that a battleship was called a man-of-war, and that the plural of that was men-of-war. And there was something about men-of-war riding the main. Somebody I know thought that men-of-war were big soldiers, enormous ones, and wondered how many of them would be riding each a poor mare. As men-of-war and soldiers were much alike, why not main and mare? But perhaps this is not to the point. I have been told to write an original article in my own words for the College Magazine. I am afraid I have no words of my own. When a man copies from one book, it is called cribbing, and when he copies from many books it is called research work. It would appear that most of my vocabulary is the result of research work. I have really tried hard to imagine myself on a desert island, deserted by mankind, save for one howling baby of three weeks with a rather poor chance of having anybody else's vocabulary, and building up from that foundation. Probably I would know, and employ, some of the vowel sounds "A—a—a—, E—e—e—e," and, if I survived, "O—o—o" and may be "Ou—ou" would follow. But would that be adequate for an essay on a Visit to a Battleship? So, all things considered, I shall have to go in for research work.

Well, we set out for the Harbour, and I had made up my mind to show that I knew something. I am not a snob: by no manner of means am I a blue-stocking, but it does no harm to show that one has gone in for a little research work. So I said to myself that when we came in view of the Battleship I would quote, as if by sudden inspiration:

"Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,

Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West..."

or some such chosen bit of vocabulary, thinking that perhaps the others would not know the trouble I had to get those two lines by heart for

"I was weary of words and people;
Sick of the city, wanting the sea;"

So we went to the tram and stood in the sun while 'twas scarcely afternoon. . . .

The College bell had just gone two. But, I beg your pardon, I was nearly cribbing just now! So at last we got into a tram, not

all of us, the tram being rather crowded. But those who managed to get in could hum,

“ Love’s on the highroad,
Love’s in the byroad...”

for we were really on our way to the Harbour to visit the Battleship.

The tram is a patient animal and will stop and go on at the will of others, and our tram was no exception. I forgot to say that many of us were going, also that it was on November 8th, 1948, that we went to the Harbour to visit the Battleship.

We also hoped to see the sailors, with
“ Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them. . .”

And we actually reached the Harbour precincts, and then we alighted, dismounted, de-trammed, de-bussed, or whatever you call it in your own words; and then it was

“ Now who will stand on either hand
And keep the bridge with me?”

We modestly took our places at the tail end of the standing Comet, and stood, and stood, and stood..... My thoughts were, alas for

“ Whither, O splendid ship ”.....

Sometimes an advance of a few inches made us think our turn was coming, and once we actually got our two full feet into a more advanced post by at least two feet.

“ Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more period ”

At least I had some chance of showing the results of my research work, so I warmed to the task... What am I saying, “ Warmed ”? We were roasted, baked, broiled, fried, stewed and steamed all in one.....

“ Lo! I perish in my thirst,
Give me but one drink of water.....”

There was no response, and it was no use going on with a parched throat reciting verses about water. Besides I didn’t know the next line that the Satrap said and feared there was something about death in it.

“ If I should die, think only this of me ”...

Was bad enough, but then it is in the subjunctive mood, and would not necessarily happen... I turned to Shelley for comfort and could remember only.....

“Child of light, thy limbs are burning!”

That, at least, was true..... A Mrs. Bumble asked, “Why were we brought here?” But we had come of our own free will and by favour, to visit the Battleship.....

“Home they brought her warrior dead.....”

No, no; we were not warriors yet, not having entered the battleship. The question was “When will our turn come at this rate?” The sun was half way down in the sky and we had advanced a total of three yards since our arrival “in the harbour”. I mean we were not yet inside, but near the gates which were opened.

“Look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight.....”

The moon was in the sky, somewhere, but as we were not able to see it, we could not look for the Battleship by it. The vessel itself was in the sea somewhere, but was quite invisible to us, hidden as it was by the Port Trust Building and the rise of ground between the entrance to the harbour and the sea. We could not even see a mast or funnel of it. But we held on like grim death...No! there is “Death” again. And yet, one comfort was, that if I died, I should not be alive to do all the necessary revision for the term examination... The others called it revision, but I used to forget to learn it during the term, and could not revise very well without learning it first; and I had only a vague idea of what “it” was.

The afternoon wore out and wore us out... It reminded me of a visit to an establishment where the portress was French, anxious to show her knowledge of English. She meant to say, “Pass into the parlour.” What she did say was “Pass away in the parlour!” No wonder she could not get me into that parlour of hers. I told her I felt nervous in big rooms, and would wait in the hall. We waited, not in the hall, but in the harbour.

“Sunset, and evening star,
And one clear call for me...”

It was not the call Tennyson spoke of exactly, but there was a call. Policemen, tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, everyone called out that the gangway to the battleship had been removed, and that the harbour had to be cleared and the gates closed within ten minutes. And then our retreat became a rout; the last became the first and the first, last.

And that is how we visited the Battleship, and this is my description of it in my own words.

“A.....a.....a.....a.....a.....” and I hope you will like it.

But you will not find out how I did in the term examination, because I am.

ANN ONYMOS

JOKE

A good lady went to a photographer to have a picture of her husband enlarged; she made all the arrangements and said: “But there is one thing I do not like about the picture, he is taken with his hat on” “Oh!” said the photographer, “I can remove the hat if you do not like it.” She was very pleased and just ready to leave when the photographer called her back and said: “Excuse me, Lady, but I forgot to ask you, on what side does your husband turn his hair?” “Oh!” she said, “I’ll tell you the truth, I do not remember.....but you will see that when you remove his hat.....”

THE OLD VIOLIN

'Twas battered, scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste his time on the old violin,
But held it up with a smile.
"What am I bidden, good people," he cried
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
A dollar, a dollar! now two, only two;
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?
Going for three?" But no!
From the room far back a gray-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow,
Then wiping the dust from the old violin
And tightening up the strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet,
As sweet as an angel sings.

The music ceased and the auctioneer
With a voice that was quiet and low
Said, "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.
"A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two,
Two thousand, and who'll make it three?
Three thousand once, three thousand twice:
And going and gone," said he.
The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We don't quite understand
What changed its worth?" Swift came the reply,
"The touch of a master's hand."
And many a man with life out of tune
And battered and torn with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd
Much like the old violin.
A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,
A game, and he travels on.
He is going once, and going twice;
He's going and almost gone.
But the Master comes and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul, and the change that's wrought
By the touch of the Master's Hand!

UNE VRAIE FILLE DE FRANCE

JEANNE D'ARC.

During the course of a French lesson, a mere reference was made to the heroic young Joan of Arc. "Tell us more about her, please Mother." The Professor promised and offers the following account which the students may translate for themselves.

La Préparation

1428..., il y a grande pitié au royaume de France. Charles VII, chassé de sa capitale, réside à Bourges. L'ennemi occupe déjà tout le nord du pays ; il vient mettre le siège devant Orléans, la dernière grande ville que le roi possède encore au-delà de la Loire. Après six mois de lutttes, d'échecs, de famine, les habitants ont perdu tout espoir : ils vont se rendre, quand, soudain, se produit le grand miracle français : Jeanne d'Arc.

Fait unique dans l'histoire de France et dans l'histoire du monde : pour obéir à Dieu et sauver sa patrie, une petite paysanne qui n'a jamais quitté la maison paternelle, prend les armes, se bat comme un homme et meurt en martyr.

Elle naît en 1412, dans un petit village du rude pays lorrain, Domrémy, alors livré à toutes les horreurs du pillage et de la guerre. Ses parents sont d'honnêtes travailleurs, pieux et charitables, dévoués à la cause française. Entourée de nombreux frères et soeurs, Jeanne vit heureuse près de sa mère qui la forme aux soins du ménage. Elle ne sort guère de chez elle que pour aller à l'église ou dans les champs garder les troupeaux. Elle prie avec ferveur, mais surtout pratique sa religion en étant douce, humble et bonne.

Elle a treize ans, lorsqu'un matin de printemps elle voit soudain une grande lumière et entend avec stupeur une voix qui lui dit : "Je viens de Dieu pour t'aider à te bien conduire, Jeanne. Sois bonne et Dieu t'aidera." La petite bergère n'est ni une rêveuse ni une imaginative ; c'est une travailleuse, une fille de devoir, qui accomplit sa tâche au jour le jour sous le regard de Dieu et de ses parents. Comment ne serait-elle pas troublée par cette mystérieuse intervention du Ciel !

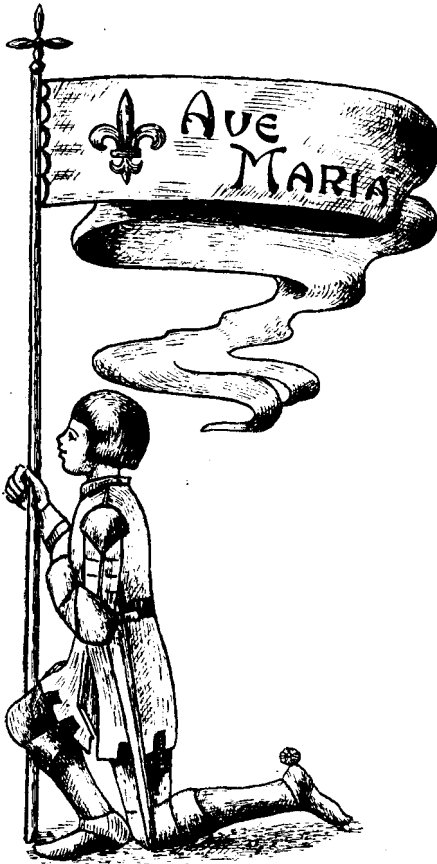
Cependant, elle conserve ces paroles au fond de son coeur gardant le silence sur ce qu'elle a entendu. Mais dans les jours, les mois qui suivent, les voix se font entendre encore, les visions se précisent : elle reconnaît les saints qu'elle aime : l'archange Saint Michel, patron de la France, sainte Catherine et sainte Marguerite. Plus tard, au cours de son procès, quand on l'interrogera sur "ses saints," elle dira : "Je les vis des yeux de mon corps aussi bien comme je vous vois, vous ; et quand ils se parlaient de moi, je pleurais et aurais bien voulu qu'ils

m'emportassent avec eux." Les voix insistent, elles parlent à Jeanne des malheurs de sa patrie ; " Va, fille de Dieu, va... Pars, Dieu le veut ". La petite paysanne répond humblement : " Je ne suis qu'une pauvre fille qui ne sait chevaucher ni mener guerre." Mais les voix lui ordonnent d'aller délivrer Orléans, de faire sacrer le roi, de sauver la France.

Le sacrifice est grand. Les parents de Jeanne refusent de la laisser partir. N'est-elle pas folle ? A quoi pense-t-elle ? Est-il convenable qu'une fille de seize ans aille se battre comme un soldat ? Son père déclare tout net qu'il aimerait mieux la noyer lui-même que de la voir vivre avec des hommes d'armes. Quelle souffrance pour la petite Lorraine au coeur aimant, qui, certes, ne demanderait qu'à rester auprès de sa mère à filer la quenouille. Mais Dieu a parlé ; Jeanne suivra l'appel du Maître coûte que coûte.

Le Départ de Jeanne

En février 1429 elle quitte la maison paternelle. " Messire Dieu

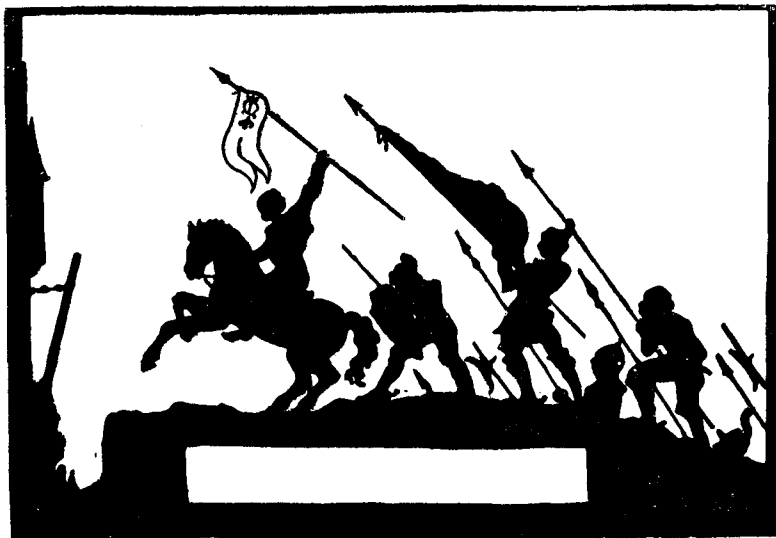


premier servi", telle est la noble devise à laquelle elle restera fidèle jusqu'à la mort. Son oncle consent à la conduire à Vaucouleurs situé à quelques lieues de Domrémy. Là, elle obtient, non sans difficulté, du capitaine de la place, une faible escorte pour aller trouver le roi à Chinon. Des habitants de la ville se cotisent pour lui acheter un cheval, des habits d'homme et une armure.

A cette époque, Jeanne est déjà grande et robuste ; elle a une physionomie gracieuse et enjouée, une longue chevelure brune qu'elle se décide à couper à la manière des pages du temps ; ses propos révèlent un esprit vif un caractère résolu, du bon sens avec une pointe de malice et surtout une extrême bonté de coeur. Avec une audace que

seule peut expliquer la foi absolue qu'elle a en sa mission, elle

déclare a l'écuyer Jean de Metz qui devait la conduire a Chinon :
 « Avant que soit la mi-careme, il faut que je sois vers le roi, dussé-je
 user mes pieds jusqu'aux genoux. Car il n'y a au monde ni rois, ni
 ducs, ni autres qui puissent recouvrer le royaume de France ; il n'y a
 de secours que de moi-même, quoique j'aimasse mieux me noyer
 devant les yeux de ma pauvre mère, car ce n'est pas de mon état.
 Mais faut que j'y aille et que je le fasse, car Notre Seigneur veut
 qu'ainsi se fasse”.



Jeanne A la Guerre

Escortée de sa petite troupe, Jeanne se met en route. Tout de suite la jeune guerrière se fait aimer et respecter de ses compagnons d'armes, prenant sur ses hommes un ascendant moral qu'elle gardera jusqu'au bout. La voici à Chinon. Introduite dans la grande salle du château, elle va droit au roi, qui, prévenu de son arrivée, s'était mêlé à dessein aux gens de sa suite. Jeanne lui dit avec simplicité qu'elle est la messagère de Dieu et lui demande de la faire conduire à Orléans qu'elle doit délivrer. Le roi paraît l'écouter avec plaisir. Toutefois, il la fait conduire d'abord à Poitiers, où de savants théologiens sont chargés de l'interroger sur ses visions. Les conclusions de l'enquête ayant été favorables, le Conseil décide de l'envoyer à Orléans avec une armée de secours. Comme signe de ralliement, Jeanne se fait faire un étendard de toile blanche, frange de soie, sur lesquels sont écrits les noms de Jésus et de Marie. Alors, montée sur son fier destrier, elle part guerroyer sans peur ou Dieu l'appelle. Elle a confiance et elle inspire confiance ; c'est ce qui fait sa force. Vaillante

au combat, elle s'y élance la première, entraînant sa troupe enthousiaste.

Cependant, c'est par devoir qu'elle se bat, la courageuse petite Lorraine, car elle a horreur de la guerre et du sang versé. Aussi, lorsqu'elle charge l'adversaire, se munit-elle toujours de son cher étendard, grâce auquel, pourra-t-elle dire plus tard, elle n'a jamais tué un homme !

Dans cette première attaque, Jeanne est blessée à l'épaule, mais, une fois pansée, elle retourne à l'assaut. A sa vue ses soldats reprennent espoir et courage ; Orléans est bientôt délivré ; les villes de France ouvrent leurs portes. Charles VII consent à aller à Reims pour y être sacré, comme autrefois ses aïeux. La cérémonie a lieu dans la cathédrale le 17 juillet, 1429 ; Jeanne est là, debout, près de son souverain avec ce clair et joyeux étendard qui, "ayant été à la peine, mérite bien d'être à l'honneur." Desormais, aux yeux du peuple, le roi de Bourges devient le "vrai roi de France."

Le 8 Septembre, Jeanne est de nouveau blessée au cours d'une attaque devant Paris et, durant les mois d'hiver, condamnée à l'inaction ; mais dès le printemps de 1430, elle repart pour Compiègne, alors assiégé. Cernée par l'ennemi le soir même de son arrivée, elle est jetée à bas de son cheval et faite prisonnière

L'or purifie par la souffrance

Alors commence pour Jeanne une toute autre vie : vie d'indicibles souffrances physiques et morales auxquelles elle va faire face avec un courage surhumain qui l'élèvera bientôt au faite de l'héroïsme. Ame fortement trempée, ornée de toutes les qualités d'énergie et de ténacité de sa race, et surtout confiante en la grâce de Dieu, elle triomphera de toutes les épreuves. Ce sont les insultes des soldats, les longs interrogatoires devant les tribunaux, les chaînes aux pieds dans un sombre cachot, la condamnation à mort. "Salut, Vierge au cœur viril, patronne de la France", chante l'Eglise le jour de la fête de Sainte Jeanne d'Arc, "dans ta douloureuse passion, tu rappelles l'image du Christ." Oui, comme le Christ, elle est vendue, mise en prison, tourmentée par ceux qui la gardent et même accusée de blasphème ; comme Jésus à Gethsémani, Jeanne connaît la peur ; une angoisse mortelle étreint son âme à la pensée des tourments qui l'attendent ; mais, comme son divin Maître, elle se soumet à la volonté du Père céleste.

Le mercredi 30 Mai 1431, de bonne heure dans la matinée, la sentence est rendue. Jeanne, apprenant qu'elle va être brûlée, pleure

à haute voix, douloureusement. Mais la chrétienne peut tout en Celui qui la fortifie. Munie du Pain des forts, elle s'avance vers le bûcher, la vaillante petite Française, dont le gai sourire, le regard transparent, les vives réparties rejoignaient ses amis et confondaient ses juges. Vêtue d'une longue robe blanche, les yeux baissés, toute recueillie en Dieu, elle arrive au lieu du supplice, seule et abandonnée au milieu d'une foule curieuse ou hostile, elle demande qu'on lui donne la Croix; un soldat en fait une avec deux bâtons et la lui tend; elle la reçoit dévotement, la baise et la serre sur sa poitrine. Le moment suprême est arrivé pour Jeanne. On la lie sur le bûcher où le feu est allumé. Un épais nuage de fumée dérober un instant la jeune martyre aux yeux de ses bourreaux; puis la flamme monte de toutes parts. Alors, le peuple, les soldats, les juges étonnés entendent la voix de la mourante s'élever en un grand cri vers le ciel; cinq fois le nom de Jésus s'échappe de ses lèvres, puis une sixième fois, plus fort encore: "Jésus". Et Jeanne rend l'esprit.

Soudain, du bûcher une blanche colombe s'élance et prend son vol vers les hauteurs, symbole de l'âme liliacée de la douce et vaillante Française. Du pauvre corps qui a tant souffert il ne reste plus qu'un amas de cendres, mais les flammes ont respecté le cœur de la petite Lorraine et les efforts pour le livrer au feu sont vains. Il est là, intact, ce cœur si bon, si tendre, resté pur au milieu de tous les dangers, ce cœur qui n'a battu que pour la France et pour le Christ.

"Ce qui étonne la raison et l'imagination, a dit justement un historien, c'est la hauteur morale ou s'éleva cette jeune paysanne, en un siècle grossier et violent. La pureté de son âme, la douceur exquise de son cœur, la netteté admirable de sa fine intelligence, l'élan de sa volonté vers le "plaisir de Dieu", voilà ce qui la place sur les sommets de l'humanité, et pourquoi Jeanne d'Arc, avec Saint Louis, est le charme et l'honneur de notre ancienne histoire."



For added interest to the above, we quote from "The Sign, of" November 1948. "The greatest event of the year (in motion picture) will be the release on the screens of the world of the film JOAN OF ARC. This character is unique in history. No other more pure, more luminous, more pathetic or more saintly can be found."

QUEEN OF THE LOTUS-LAND

Behold the blue Lotus ! a flower apart,
Enchants and bewitches the Indian heart.
So Mary, fair flower, her beauty inspires
The sadaka¹ virtuous, his charity fires.
To virtue, to heaven, Immaculate Maid,
Draw Bharat² yet closer, come to her aid !

Over cheerless pond of foul water and mire
The Lotus presides, its virtue entire.
So Mary the blossom, exempt from the fall,
So lived 'mid corruption, untainted withal.
To purity spotless, Immaculate Maid,
Draw Bharat yet closer, come to her aid !

The twelve-petalled glory the Lotus unfolds,
Of twelve lovely virtues a symbol upholds.
A crown of twelve stars does Mary adorn
Depicting the grace of th' Immaculate born.
To a life of true virtue, Immaculate Maid;
Draw Bharat yet closer, come to her aid !

The Lotus to all does its fragrance extend,
The high and the low—each is a friend.
So Mary was given a friend to mankind,
A mother and guide in her shall we find.
To charity, union, Immaculate Maid,
Draw Bharat yet closer, come to her aid !

The Lotus is sacred, it's India's fair flower,
The pride of the nation, its loveliest dower.
So Mary beloved is India's fair prize,
With her as our Queen to new life shall we rise.
Thou Star of the East, Immaculate Maid,
Reign over Bharat, come to her aid !

PETER MENDONCA, S. J.

¹ *Sadaka*—Ascetic, holy man.

² *Bharat*—India



THE LOTUS

On the Pond.

“In the morning I woke up and found my garden full with the wonders of flowers.”

Rabindranath Tagore : “Gitanjali”

The shrubs were amber-bathed, and the parakeets screeching in their flight lost their green in the white morning—“Coolness of purity transparent.” The leaves of the tall palm, tipped yellow by the sun, shivered in the wind, drooped and sighed for the love of the pond below. A few days ago the pond was covered with green leaves, and buds, tall on their hollow stalks. Now all was changed, full-blown flowers laughed in the breeze, caring naught when robbed of a petal, ne’er feeling the loss in their abundance, but revelling in their white beauty, pink-stained at the tips.

In Symbol.

“Thou art my poet’s Vision
appearing from the days
of my forgotten birth,
.....
for thou openest the door for me
to the beauty of a living light.”

—Tagore.

Whether in bud or in blossom the lotus breathes beauty. Little wonder then that wheresoever it be found, in the sunny lands of Asia or yet in North Eastern Australia, its grace and delicacy have inspired the highest ideals. India’s sacred flower, the Lotus, symbolizes the fragile, but peerless virtue of purity. Rising high in beauty above

the mud, it is an example of the sublime heights to which even frail man can aspire. The dwellers of ancient Egypt, however, saw in the white-flowered lotus (*Nymphaea Lotus*) of the Nile a symbol of the happy fertility brought to them by their sacred river. China has sought her symbolism mainly in tigers, tortoises, snakes and dragons of every hue, nevertheless she has not neglected the Lotus which she regards as a symbol of mercy. Speaking of Lotus we instinctively recall Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters." But here there is no connection with the Lotus as we know it. The sweet-tasting edible fruit which made the Greek mariners yearn for "long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease", belonged to a prickly shrub or jujube tree, still growing in abundance and used in wine-making.

In Tableau.

"Behold the blue Lotus a flower apart—"

This was the theme of a pretty and much appreciated moving tableau presented by the students at the entertainment given by the Musical Society in July in honour of Reverend Mother Provincial, whom we were proud to welcome for the first time this year. As Miss Rita Das recited the poem the beautiful living Lotus opened wide its green leaves. Soft strains of the violin filled the air. A red glow spread over the scene. Then slowly and gently the lovely pink bud opened. One by one each petal unfolded with a perfect grace and ease until the full blossom lay open before our eyes, a very picture of colour, delicacy and charm. The rosy glow of the morning dissolved in the brightness of the sun's rays, and the Lotus lifted its head in triumphant welcome. All too soon came the sunset, bathing the fair flower in its crimson, and closing in sleep each lovely pink petal as the tired Lotus sank to rest before our admiring eyes.

In Art.

We have always loved and appreciated the Lotus, without however devoting to it much thought. But after joining the Art Class we have made many interesting discoveries.

First we studied the natural flower and tried to re-capture in painting something of its exquisite delicacy and grace.

Then turning to archeology we found numerous examples of the inverted Lotus in the capitals of the magnificent monolithic columns, a stambhas of Asoka's day, particularly those in the interior of the Chaitya Hall at Karli. Another delight lay in store for us when we

came to study the beautiful bas-relief panels decorating the gateways or toranos of the Sanchi Stupas. These Buddhist monuments portray several varieties of Lotus in well-nigh every conceivable stage of growth, thus exhibiting a veritable wealth of composition with a delightful sense of love of nature. But we are only beginners. How much more there is to follow ?

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever!” How true this is of the Lotus and especially of its symbolism.

“Born in the mud and yet so pure.” These words have deeply impressed us. What a unique inspiration for every daughter of Free India.



SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE

This year the S.S.L. began to take definite shape. Meetings were held on Friday evenings after College. The students were divided into five groups, each electing its Captain and Sub-captain and working under the direction of a member of the staff.

The chief work consisted in organizing games and entertainments for the orphans, handwork for the annual Charity Fete in December and First Aid. The "nurses" and "patients" in the last group became so numerous that they had to be sub-divided; then bandaging and artificial respiration went on apace.

The games and entertainment group did good work, and manifested a growing spirit of co-operation and devotedness. Weekly they divided up into pairs and spent a busy and happy hour teaching new games to parties of orphans in the Convent Compound. Even the "end-of-term" feeling they shared with them, serving and distributing sweets to the smallest.

The Charity Fete on December 4th provided another opportunity of service. Exams were on top of us; still with a little scheming and much good will we managed to do our bit. The morning was a busy one. Stalls had to be erected and decorated and goods displayed in a tempting manner. But "many hands make light work." The resident students concentrated on the fruit and vegetable stall. At 3 p.m. Her Excellency, the Maharani of Bhavanagar arrived and graciously opened the Fete; then our work began in earnest. We listed ourselves in rotation to be responsible for the stall and our half hour of salesmanship ended, we went off to do our share in the buying. The day students devoted themselves to the greetings and New Year Cards, which proved one of the most popular stalls.

It was after 7 p.m. before the last vestiges of the Fete were cleared away. We had spent a tiring but happy day, and when, on



December 24th, the annual Christmas Tree was held and all the poor of the compound, from tiny toddlers up to old women went to receive their gift, a dress, a jacket, a skirt, or saree, we felt happy to have done our bit to bring them some measure of Christmas joy.

Next year we look forward to greater activity in a flourishing Social Service League.

The Games And Entertainment Group

Our Group started its activities on the 16th of July 1948, with eighteen members under the guidance of Miss Leela. Thereafter we met every Friday evening to entertain the orphans of the Convent.

Each week we were allotted fifty children ranging from between five and ten years of age. We taught them many rhymes both in English and Tamil and games like boiling potatoes, dodge-ball, obstacle race, ten trips relay and zig-zag relay. The members also took part in these amusements. Just before College closed for Michaelmas, we decided to give the orphans a treat. Subscriptions poured in generously, and with the money gathered from amongst the members of the group we were able to buy several varieties of biscuits and sweets. How happy to see the smiling innocent faces as each one received her share and without a moment's hesitation, began to partake of it. To our great enjoyment Reverend Mother Principal participated in the meeting and at our request, distributed sweets.

Certain days the little ones themselves entertained us in return with their songs and dances. We, the eager spectators, would clap and praise them to the skies; and this puffed them up a good deal. We felt quite dignified and could not resist the temptation to put up an authoritative air when they addressed us as "Teachers"! The children enjoyed our company as much as we did theirs. In fact every week, after the meeting was over, and after they had wished us good-bye and thanked us, they would ask us "Will you come next Friday?" We had always answered them in the affirmative until unfortunately the Half-Yearly and Selection Examinations approached and we were compelled to say "good-bye" to our friends.

KRISHNA ROY (II U.C.—Captain)

GEETHA SINHA (I.U.C.—Sub. C.)

Before returning home for vacation a wise student thought it advisable to send the following telegram to his mother:—

"Failed in Exams, please prepare Father!"

Just before the train pulled out of the station, he received the following:—"Father is prepared—are you?"



Of course it originated in heaven where the celestial choirs fill the "heavens with sweet accord". Faint notes from above reached our tiny planet and remain crystallised in the warbling of our song-birds, in the whistling of the wind playing on nature's acolian harp, in the swish of the tide on the sandy beach, or in the laughter of little children.

The human soul in its earthly pilgrimage caught still clearer echoes from above; composers have perseveringly reduced man's musical instincts into a systematised art which Spenser loved to term "the finest of fine arts." Music differs from pictorial art which reveals definite objects and stimulates a reaction as the thoughts of the observer become active, but music reveals nothing very definite. It stirs up feelings and arouses an active state of mind. It works on us as subjects and this subjective excitement may awaken noble aspirations and pleasurable emotions.

On various occasions this year, the students have had opportunities of appreciating some fine selections of Western, Gregorian and Indian Music. Comments were made on the fact that the builders of Indian Music made melody the essential element in preference to harmony and polyphony. Melody is in a position to render all the delicate shades, curves and subtleties characteristic of the soul of Indian music. This highly evolved characteristic represents the perfection of a truly melodic system, which transcends all others while its possibilities are limitless.

Limitless also is the joy our students take in every form of musical interpretation. They remember that the life of a people can be seen in its painting, heard in its music and enjoyed in its drama. "There was always music" in Stella Maris College and the faculty hopes to increase its scope and enjoyment.

THE CHORAL SOCIETY ventured upon its opening "homely programme" in March 1948, when Miss Cherian, II U.C. gave a violin recital. Her co-mates listened with keen interest as one of their very own made her first shot at Western Music. She received just applause, but admitted that the "tremlo" on the Violin was accompanied by something similar in her knees! Radha Devi, II U.C., likewise a "4-month old" pupil followed with a piano duet. She met with like success, attributing it of course to her professor.

These successes encouraged others whose talents were yet in the shade; they now wished to put them to practical use. The Society grew by leaps and bounds and soon divided into "vocalists" and "instrumentalists". The former who were already trained in part-singing wished to take a further step and attempt Gregorian or Plain



Chant. Now, that's no easy matter, especially when one has never sung it before, but their enthusiasm could not be constrained. Two weeks of steady practice prepared them to sing the Mass of St. Francis of Assisi to the evident satisfaction of Reverend Mother Provincial, whose feast-day they were celebrating. Why not sing another High Mass for the Principal's Feast Day? Assuredly, and on October 17th, they were ready for a "grand opening for a grand day."

Parents' Day was celebrated on November 6th. While the Dramatic Association entertained the audience with scenes from Longfellow and Victor Hugo, the Choral Society rendered with no less enthusiasm selections from Rachminanoff and Chopin. Among the talented collegians who gained loud applause we mention Miss Margaret Paul, Miss Clare Albuquerque and Miss Nanette Coelho who entertained the audience with various piano and violin solos, splendidly mastered.

THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—Nor was the Dramatic Association idle. Its members contributed several items to all the concert programmes given throughout the year.

Below is the final pose of the Indian Dance contributed by the Dramatic Association for Parents' Day on the 6th November 1948. It was a mixture of Manipuri, Kathakeli and Bharathanayam. So great was the enthusiasm in the preparation for that function, that the "novices"—despite the many holidays that came their way during that time—turned up regularly for the practices. Their strenuous efforts were amply rewarded by the overwhelming applause of the audience!



DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low, and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit—
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a fellow turns about
When he might have won, had he stuck it out.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man;
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup
And he learned too late when the night came down,
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar ;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.
(Permission of Rt. Rev. Bishop Cushing, LL.D.)



பண்டைத் தமிழக மகளிர்

நிலவின் இன்ப வொளியில் பொங்கிப் பூரிக்கின்றது கடல் வன்மை மிகுந்த விசாலமான அப்பரவையும் ஒரு பெண்ணின் பதம் பணிந்ததன்றோ? கரையிலே கணவனுக்காகக் கல்லாய் நின்று தவம் புரிந்த பெண்ணிற்கிரங்கித் தன்னுள் வீழ்ந்து மடிந்த அவள் கொழுநனை மீண்டும் அளித்ததன்றோ? ஆ! ஆநிமந்தி யொத்த தமிழ்நாட்டுப் பெண்டிர் பெருமைதான் எத்தகையது! கற்பிலும், வீரத்திலும், கடவுட்பற்றிலும், வாய்மையிலும் தமிழக மகளிரை விஞ்சுபவர் உளரோ?

பத்தினித் தெய்வம் என்று பாரெங்கும் போற்றப்படும் கண்ணகி பிறந்தது தமிழ்நாடன்றோ! காதற் கணவன் கணிகையுடன் உறைந்து கைப்பொருள் இழந்தான் என்றவனை இகழாது, வாடிய முகத்துடன் தன்னை நாடிய கணவனை, மாதவிக்குக் கொடுக்கப் பொருளின்மையால் மயங்கினான் எனக்கருதி, “நலங்கேள் முறுவல் நகைமுகங் காட்டிச் சிலம்புள கொண்மென”ச் சொன்னாள். மதுரை மூதூர் போகும் நெறியே மெய்வருந்த நடக்கையிலும், “கற்பெனப்படுவது சொற்றிறம் பாமை” என்பதை நிலைநாட்டினாள். கள்வனெனக் கோவலன் கொல்லப்பட்டான் என்பது கேட்ட கண்ணகி, “விதி இது” எனத் தானும் அவனுடன் இறக்கத் துணிந்தாள் அல்லள். மற்றைய சிலம்பைக் கையில் ஏந்திப் பாண்டியன் அவைக்களஞ் சென்று, அரசனைத் “தேரா மன்னா!” என்றும், “நற்றிறம்படராக் கொற்கை வேந்தே!” என்றும் விளித்து, உண்மையை விளக்கித் தன் சேற்றத்தியில் அரசனையும் அவன் அரசையும் ஒருங்கே செகுத்தனள். மண்ணேரும் விண்ணேரும் தொழநின்ற வீரக் கற்புத்தேவியே! நின்புகழ் பாரக முள்ளளவும் பரவிநிற்குமாக!

கண்ணகியின் கற்பு, சிறியகற்பு. ஆனால் கோவலனைக் கொல்வித்த நெடுஞ்செழியன்றன் கோப்பெருந்தேவியோ ஆறிய கற்புடையாள். செங்கோல் வீழ்ந்தது கண்டு மயங்கி உயிர்துறந்த தன் கணவனது உயிரைத் தனதுயிர் கொண்டு தேடுவாள் போல உயிர்துறந்தாள். கற்புத் தெய்வத்திற்குக் கோயிலெழுப்பிய செங்குட்டுவனது பத்தினியும் தன் கணவன்,

“உயிருடன் வந்த ஒருமகள் தன்னிலும்
செயிருடன் வந்த இச்சேயிழை தன்னிலும்
நன்னுதல் வியக்கும் நலத்தோர் யார்” என,
“காதலன் துன்பங் காணாது கழிந்த
மாதரோ பெருந்திரு உறுக வானகத்து”

என்று பாண்டியன் தேவியின் கற்பின் பெருமையையே முதற்கண் வைத்து மொழிந்தது எண்ணற்குரியது.

“காதலன் கள்வனல்லன்” என்று வழக்குரைத்த கண்ணகி என்னும் வீரமகளினைய மகளிர் பலரைத் தமிழகம் ஈந்தது. அம்மகளிர் வீரமக்களை ஈந்தனர். தம் மைந்தர் போர்க்களத்தே வீரமரணம் எய்தினார் என்பது கேட்ட அத்தாயர், “ஈன்றபொழுதிற் பெரிதுவந்தனர்”. போர் ஒன்றில் தமிழ் மகள் ஒருத்தி தன் தமையனையும் தலைவனையும் இழந்தாள். எஞ்சிய அவள் செல்வமெல்லாம் மழலை மாறாத அவள் புதல்வனே. பொழுது புலர்ந்து போர்ப்பறை முழங்கியகாலை, தன் புதல்வனை அழைத்தாள்; வேலினைக் கையில் அளித்தாள்; ஆசிகூறி முனை முகத்துச் செலுத்தினாள். என்னை அவள் வீரம்!

அறிவு, ஆற்றல், செல்வம் இம் மூன்றிற்கும் கலைமகள், சக்தி, திருமகள் என்று மகளிரையே தெய்வங்களாகத் தமிழ்நாட்டினர் பண்டு தொட்டு வழிபட்டு வருவதினின்று, தமிழக மகளிர் அறிவுதிரு ஆற்றல்களிற் சிறந்து விளங்கினர் என்பது தெளிவு. “கூழுக்குப் பாடிய” ஓளவையை அறியாதாருளரோ? ஆக்கவும் அழிக்கவும் பாடவல்ல புலவருள் ஓளவை மூதாட்டியும் ஒருவர். அஞ்சா நெஞ்சம் படைத்தவர். வள்ளல் அதியமான் இவரைத் தொண்டைமானிடம் தூது போக்கிய காலை, போர்க்களமறியாத அவ்வேந்தன் ஓளவைக்குத் தன் பெருமையைப் புலப்படுத்த எண்ணித் தன் படைக்கலக் கொட்டில் காட்டினான். போரிலே இயங்கி யறியாவாயினும் அழகுசான்ற அவ்வாயுதங்களை நேரக்கிய ஓளவையார், “இவை எவ்வளவு அழகாகத் துடைத்து, எண்ணெய் பூசி, மாலை சூட்டி வைக்கப்பட்டுள! என்ன இருப்பினும் அதியமானுடைய ஆயுதங்கள் வெகுமோசமானவைதாம். எப்போது பார்த்தாலும் பகைவர்தம் குருதியில் தோய்க்கப்பெற்று நுனி உடைந்த வைகளாய்க் கொல்லனுடைய பட்டறையில் அல்லவோ வைக்கப்பட்டுள அகைவ!” என்றனர். இதன்ஊண் எத்துணை ஆழ்ந்து நுணுகிய ஏச்சம் இகழ்ச்சியும் கருக்கொண்டுள. ஓரசனைப் பழித்துரைக்க எத்துணைத் துணிவு இருந்திருத்தல் வேண்டும் இவருக்கு!

அரசுபுரிவதிலும் ஆற்றலுடையவர் தமிழ் மகளிர். கலகங்களும் கொள்ளைகளும் மலிந்துகிடந்த ஞான்று, சகோதரனைக் கொல்லச் சகோதரன் சூழ்ச்சி செய்த ஞான்று, மக்கள் மனக்கவலையற்று வாழ மதுரையில் இறைமை செலுத்தினாள் இராணி மங்கம்மாள். கணவன் சமண சமயத்து ஆழ்ந்தமையான், மக்களும் அவன் வழிச்சென்று மயங்குதல் கண்டு வருந்தித் திருஞானசம்பந்தப் பெருமானை அழைத்து நெடு மாறனுக்கு ஞானஒளி ஊட்டியவர் தமிழகங்கண்ட மங்கையர்க்கரசியார் அல்லரோ?

இறைவழிபாட்டிலும் மக்களுக்கு வழிகாட்டியவர் தமிழ்நாட்டு மாந்தரே. பிறந்த நாளிலிருந்து, “மானிடர்க்கென்று பேச்சுப்படிவ் வாழ கில்லேன் கண்டாய், மன்மதனே!” என்று அம்மாதவனுக்கே மாலையிட எண்ணிய மங்கை ஆண்டாள் பிறந்தது இந்நாடே! அவர் தம் வீரமும்

கண்ணனிடம் அவர் கொண்டிருந்த காதலும் இறைவழிபாட்டின் உண்மை இன்பத்தை உலகிற்கு எடுத்தியம்பியது. சைவ நாயன்மாருள் முதல்வரான திருநாவுக்கரசர் சமண சமயத்தை நீத்துச் சைவ சமயத்தைச் சார ஏதுவாக இலங்கியவர் அவர் தம் தமக்கையார் திலகவதியார் அல்லரோ! இவ்வளம்பெறு தமிழ்நாட்டில், இறைவனால் "அம்மையே!" என்றழைக்கப்பெற்று, என்றும் அவன் பதத்தடியிருக்க எண்ணங் கொண்டு இன்பந்துய்த்தவர் காரைக்காலம்மையார்.

இத்தகைய வீரம் செறிந்த தமிழகத்தே தீவினைப் பயனாய் இருள் குழந்தது. அவ்விருளினிலே பாரதியார் உண்மை வழிதேடினார். அவர் தம் கற்பனைத் திரையிலே ஒரு புதுமைப் பெண் எழுந்தாள். அவள் இனியே தோன்றற்குரியளோ, அன்றி நினைவிலே என்றும் காணாது கற்பனை யொன்றிலேதான் காட்சியளிக்கும் இலட்சியப் பெண்ணோ? இல்லை. அப்புதுமைப் பெண் உண்மையிற் புதியள் அல்லள். பல்லாயிரம் ஆண்டுகளாகத் தமிழகத்து வாழ்ந்து வந்தவள்தான். கண்ணகியின் கற்பும், தமிழ்நாட்டு மகளிர்க்கே உரிமையான வீரமும், திருப்பாவைச் செல்வியின் தெய்வபக்தியும், ஓளவையின் வாக்கு வன்மையும் ஒருங்கே உருப்பெற்று வந்தவள். அவள், "நாணமும் அச்சமும் நாய்கட்டு வேண்டுமாம்" என்று பறை அறைந்து, சமுதாயத்தில் கலந்து வாழ்ந்து உலகையும் மாற்றி அமைக்கும் ஆற்றல் வாய்ந்தவள். பார்க்கப் புரட்சிமயமாகத் தோன்றும் இப்புதுமைப் பெண் உண்மையில்,

“காதலொருவனைக் கைப்பிடித்து அவன்
காரியம் யானினும் கைகொடுத்து
மாதர் அறங்களைப் பழமையினும் மிக
மாண்புறச் செய்து வாழ்வமடி”

என்றே கூறுகிறாள். இத்தகு புதுமைப் பெண், விரைவினிலே நம் மிடையே உருப்பெற்றுத் தமிழக மகளிரின் வெற்றிக் கொடியை வீசிப் பறக்கவிடல் வேண்டுமென்று இறைவனை வழிபடுவோமாக!

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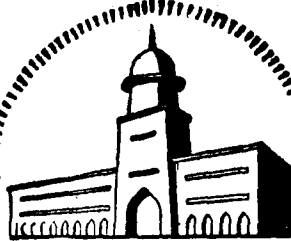


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