

As regards tuition in arts subjects, the following paragraph of the Review is well worth perusal :—

“ In most colleges teaching in the arts subjects is given almost exclusively by means of lectures delivered by the college professors, and there is little instruction by tutors or “ coaches ” similar to that given at Oxford and Cambridge. On the other hand the number of lectures is much greater than in the Universities of the United Kingdom.....A student in a Scottish University may obtain his degree after attending about 700 lectures, the Indian student often attends as many as 3,000.”

As the crying demand for university reform has not yet taken any practical form, it is time for the college authorities to seriously think of curtailing the number of lectures in view of the facts disclosed in the paragraph quoted above and of replacing it by tutorial work.

P R I Z E E S S A Y .

FOLK-TALES OF BENGAL.

9. A MAN AND HIS SHADOW

OR

The night-blind son-in-law.

It was the month of *Bhadra* (August—September). The roads were covered with mud and water and from time to time a solitary traveller was seen trudging along the high road in one of the districts of western Bengal.

It was a bright morning. The sun showed his pleasant face from behind the clouds and the way-farers felt glad.

At this time a young man of five and twenty was seen walking along the muddy road. The external finery of his dress leaves no doubt in the mind of a shrewd observer that he was a newly married bridegroom and that he was going on a visit to his father-in-law's house. From the energy with which

he continued his journey, we infer that he was going thither after a long absence.

From time to time the man looked back and suddenly his observing eyes caught sight of his shadow and he shouted out—"Hallo ! where are you going with me ?" But no reply came. A little incensed at this, he again cried out "Just go home, what have you got to do with me ? I present you with this umbrella." With these words he left his fine umbrella on the muddy road and thought that he was now free from the pursuit.

But after going a few steps he again turned back and saw that still his shadow followed him. He again exclaimed, "Oh, you ungrateful wretch, I just gave you a fine umbrella—what more do you want ?" This time he marked that the shadow moved its lips and he thought that it again asked something of him. He now made a gift of his ring and on he went. Then he goes a few steps, turns back and sees the shadow and parts with something decorating his body. Thus when he arrived at his destination, he was stripped of everything save and except his *dhooti* (wearing cloth). He would have parted with that even, had not the generous sun been kind enough to cover his face behind the clouds. He was welcomed and greeted by all his relatives who were expecting his arrival every minute. They were astonished at his singularly simple dress and one of them had the coolness to ask, "Why are you bare-bodied and bare-legged ? are you in mourning ?" "No, Sir" he replied, "I was pursued by a robber and have been robbed of everything excepting my life and this piece of cloth." They believed in him and expressed their commiseration.

Besides being a fool, our young hero had another singular quality which we must mention here. He was night-blind *i. e.*, he could not see during night. But he was determined to conceal this defect of his from his wife's kinspeople.

At nine o'clock in the evening his dinner was dealt out to him. He began eating. He only ate what his fingers

caught hold of. A few minutes had gone and one of the persons dining there exclaimed, "Don't you see that the cat is eating with you on the same dish, is he your friend?" But he coolly replied "No, Sir. I dare not strike the cat because it belongs to you; the next time it comes to me I will give it a good slap." Now the mother-in-law of our young hero came with a cup-ful of milk to place it before him. He perceived a rustling sound and thinking the cat was approaching gave her a good slap. A laughter resounded from all quarters of the room. By way of palliating his guilt he cried, "Oh, I thought it to be the cat." After dinner he was asked to go to the nearest pool of water to wash his face and hands. One told him the way. He went thither but unfortunately had a watery grave.

' NALININATH GHOSH, '

First year class.

বিফল জীবন ।

শুনিবে কি অভাগার হৃৎথের কাহিনী ?

বিফল জীবন মোর ।

কেবল যাতনা ঘোর,

মন্মভেদী করুণার অর্ধফুটধ্বনি,

হতাশার তীব্রশ্বাস,

" শোকের আবেগোচ্ছ্বাস,

পূর্ণ করিয়াছে মম এ তুচ্ছ জীবনী !

(২)

কি বাল্যে, কৈশোরে কিবা প্রথম যৌবনে,

জীবন সংগ্রামে হার—

পরাজিত, নিরুপায়,