

and hoped that in the hands of the present batch of students the association would make much more progress and become a popular body. The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the chair.

(KALYAN BANERJI, (I.E.)
Asst. Secretary.

“GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE”

Rumour had it that Samar had a nerve for restlessness, wandering and unrestrained liberty. Any restraint imposed upon him made him fret till it was withdrawn. He took to the noble course of acquiring knowledge first-hand, that is, direct from Nature's own Book, like the great prophet Mahomed, instead of getting second-hand information from books which are merely the records of what the observant readers of Nature came across in her great volume. He had a great deal of abhorrence for travelling along the beaten tracks. Of course, I do not swear to the fact that it was this thought that made him forsake his study ere he could begin. His parents were quite disappointed, and, indeed, he was not a whit better than what they took him for was the opinion of the public at large about him. Samar could not go scot-free for not attending his studies and his wild ways. His father would flog and then give him an adequate reward. But it fell quite flat upon the urchin. When beaten or scourged he would leave the house for days together only to come back when the wrath of the poor parents melted into anxiety and affection. No matter, Samar would never mend his ways in spite of all these and the prospect of his future cast a shadow of gloom over his poor parents, though none upon himself.

But things could not go on long in this way. Once more Samar's father decided upon making a fresh attempt of breaking him in. Giving Samar a bit of his own mind he shut him up in a room from despair. He realised that the highest pitch of the ideal of punishment to Samar was imprisonment which would withhold him from his favourite pursuit, namely, wandering. Poor Samar! He chafed and grumbled all the day and made fruitless attempts of getting back his freedom. But this time his father was desperate and would never let him loose till he was totally broken in. At night, Samar's mother sent him some food whereof Samar did not touch a morsel even. Exhausted by hunger and fatigue the poor boy was much depressed but no visible mark of expression was to be traced in his visage. You could only mark there a

curve that indicated iron will. He was never seen by any one to weep. But no matter, he had to suffer mental depressions every now and then. It seemed that his heart was proof to all sorts of fire and the heat of discontent or suffering could never give rise to vapours there to trickle down his cheeks.

Even in this hostile world the kind little spirit that administers to our daily toil every night did not withhold its soothing hand from Samar. Its tender touch removed all cares from the poor boy's mind and made him as comfortable as ever. The discontented mind of the boy which seemed to receive only abuse and hatred from the world was blessed with a dream,...a dream that was nothing short of the realisation of Samar's own dreams of life and happiness. Nay, to Samar it was not a dream. It was as vivid as anything and truly he was enjoying the reality in dream. It was thus—

Somehow Samar managed to get back his liberty and ran away from his parents never to come back again. His father was at his back trying to recapture him and Samar was running with the best in him. He ran over hills and dales, through forests, cities and villages and at last came upon a beach. But his adversaries were not lacking in fortitude. They followed him all the while; and in despair Samar leapt into the sea. He swam off very quickly from the shore as if to get to the other side of the wide expanse of water that forms three-fourths of our globe. He waded his way through the currents as long as he could and when his limbs were giving way he fully realised the *wisdom* of his undertaking. He soon found a log floating beside him and at once clung to it with feverish haste. After a long drift with the log Samar reached a strange soil in the ocean. No, it was not strange. It might seem so to you and me, but to Samar it was not. He seemed to be quite at home there as if he had known it at a period he could not recollect. There was a sweet harmony in his heart with the strange soil he landed in. His heart grew very, very light lulled by a sense of security from the tyranny of the uncongenial world he had so long been in. No Columbus had ever sailed to unfurl the flag of civilization here, and so the clamour of shields and the roar of guns, the wailings of the poor and the various shrieks of machinery did not mar the happiness embosomed in the soil.

The name of this undiscovered land was "Go-as-you-please," and you could not find it in your atlas. The name was a very significant one as we shall see later and Samar took it in the truest sense and spirit. His heart beat very, very quickly and seemed to swell into his throat. Here was po

father struggling all the while to dissuade him from the path of his own choice and none to look down upon him for his novel paths which they could not appreciate. The whole landscape looked like a picture drawn on blue canvas by the most powerful and imaginative artist in the world. Mountains, forests, plains, rivers and cottages were so neatly arranged in the proper place and order! The people were all happy in their care-free life. Nature was very kind to her simple and innocent sons; fruits and corns were to be found in abundance in the plains without any one's sowing them. Above all the unrestricted movement of the people charmed him most. None would here like to pry into his business and no voice would sharply demand of him any question to answer. He appeared a stranger there but still they were kind to him unlike the people of our civilized cities. The land was "Go-as-you-Please" and every one had a right to ride his hobby his own way. The "Go-as-you-pleasers" were a people whose status was, in the dream of Tennyson, the ultimate end our society here but a little more refined and devoid of the sting of machinery and craft.

The view of all these was delighting Samar's heart far, far into the suburbs. Wandering hither and thither a beautiful stream burst upon his view and he came near it with beating breast and bated breath. So maddingly beautiful the stream was that the desire of leaping into it grew furious upon him. He leapt at once into it with a sweet splash and the feeling grew into his mind so intense that he felt the touch of the water on his body which with a sudden thwart broke his sleep. Poor Samar woke up only to weep the night away, and for the first time in his life to feel his own tears and make us desirous of visiting his dreamland.

BHAWANI SANKAR CHOWDHURY.

First Year, Arts.