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A CHRISTMAS SONG.

A song from the heights of heaven,
Borne on the breeze of night,
With nothing to blur or leaven
Its burden of pure delight.

A song, bearing marvel-message,
From the blue empyrean blown,
While the Orient star of presage
Beams with brilliance neverwise shown.

A song sung by silver voices,
For the music that falls and floats,
On the midnight air rejoicing
In ringing from angel throats.

A song by seraphs uplifted,
Robed in white shimmering sheen,
Pure as soft snow wreaths fresh drifted
On Hermon as winter screen.

A song to Jehovah, naming
First, as is fit, praise due;
Next, to men's children proclaiming
Promise of peace to ensue.

To God in the highest, glory;
Peoples beneath and above
Hear this night's wonderful story,
Hail it with homage and love!

And peace, that perfectest treasure,
Wisely and choicefully giv'n
On earth to men of good pleasure:
Theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

V. R.

THE JILTING OF GEORGIE GERARD;

OR A BIT OF CEYLON SOCIETY LIFE,

IN 12 CHAPTERS.

BY C. LEWIS, ●

Formerly of Ceylon.

(Continued from page 154.)

CHAPTER III.

Before the thick malarious mists had lifted, or the heavy dew had dried even on the plants in the verandah, Mrs. Le Marchant was stirring, and had written a loving little note to her sister, a grateful one to Mrs. Rigby, accompanied by a goodly basket of fruit; and with a verbal message of thanks to Mr. Bramford, she has despatched all to him by the hands of a peon.

Lewis Crawford started on his journey with somewhat of the feeling of a knight of old setting forth on a pleasing quest. Here was a lovelorn damsel to be conveyed to her lawful and loving relatives!

The day promised to be as fine as all March days in the lowcountry are, and as hot.

But extremes of climate did not in those days affect Lewis Crawford. Schemes, dreams, and visionary hopes filled his mind.—ambitions, without which a young man is a machine merely.

It takes a cultivated taste to admire an *iwora*, or a *gloriosa superba*. The taste would be a morbid one that preferred either to a rose, especially to an

English rosebud, and here was one, all pink and white and glowing, as she stepped out of the ricketty coach, and unfurled her green umbrella! Her gown was of a white washing stuff—jaconet I think they called it trimmed with embroidery. She shook off the dust, and shook out the creases, and coloured a little, not unbecomingly, while Mr. Crawford introduced himself and his errand.

Mrs. Rigby, her husband, a Major, two subalterns, and a black bearded planter were the other occupants of the coach, and all descended to partake of breakfast at the resthouse of A—

"I say, I say, Doctor!" shrieked Mrs. Rigby, a neutral-tinted little stout woman in a Holland gown. "See what a beautiful basket of fruit Miss Gerard's sister has sent me! Mind you thank her from me, Miss Gerard, and say that the doctor and I would have brought you on to K—, if this young gentleman had not come to fetch you." A warm kiss to Georgie wound up these words.

"Don't we all wish we stood in my wife's shoes—aw, haw, haw!" roared the doctor.

He was a thick-set, grizzled-haired man with a big laugh and a big voice—the hardest drinker, and the hardest worker perhaps in the island; kindly at heart, though rough, familiar and unrefined.

Mr. Crawford frowned, Miss Gerard gave a confused giggle, after the manner of school girls, and the whole party took their places at the breakfast table, when much eating and more drinking took place in a very short space of time. Then the lean coach horses were replaced by others as lean, the passengers took their seats, the horn blew a fearful blast, and above the infernal din rose the voice of Mrs. Rigby as she screamed: "I say, Miss Gerard! mind, if you get sick you must come to us. The doctor will cure you gratis."

Everybody bowed, smiled, and waved—the coach was off.

"Pity such a fine young girl should be going to that deadly hole yonder!" said the doctor to the Major on the box-seat. "However, some folk don't get fever. I'll be sworn young Crawford has never had a day's sickness there. Handsome young dog he is too!"

"Young puppy you mean!" said the Major. "Like all young sucking civilians, with their airs and their uppishness, I hate the.....lot of officials. What with the niggers 'kotooing' to them, and the 'Ratty me what you call 'ems' giving them fine speeches and *pandals*, why, it turns their heads, sir!"

"Have a drink, Major! Drown care, and drink confusion to the Civil Service. Long live the Military and the Medicos!"

Within the coach Mrs. Rigby sang the praises of Mr. Crawford. "She had not seen such a handsome young man for a long time! Why, he was nearly as handsome as His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Did no one else see the likeness?"

"No! they really didn't," protested the two young subalterns. "They preferred a more dashing style—better set up. That fellow wanted drill, g."

Then Mrs. Rigby proceeded to rave about Miss

Gerard, and in this she was joined by the others; only the Scotchman gave a note of dispraise by remarking "That the young leddy was a fine gr'rl, but ower ferny teeckled, to his taste!"

But Ceylon in those days was a very paradise for single women—every young woman then was deemed perfection. All married, or at least became engaged, provided they were under forty, and had not a hump, which Thackeray says is the only drawback to a woman's becoming a duchess if she chooses.

Even now the market is not overstocked; but I must not say too much, or more and more affectionate sisters will be coming out in flocks to keep house for their lonely brothers.

Miss Gerard and Mr. Crawford remained gazing after the coach for awhile, till nothing but a dust cloud was left to remind them of its departure. Then an unaccountable shy-fit seemed to seize them both; the situation was a strange one in spite of what their elders had said!

Mr. Crawford was the first to break the uncomfortable silence.

"Will you rest here while I have my carriage made ready, for we must be pushing on? You would like to arrive at K—— by daylight, perhaps?"

"Yes—perhaps."

As she ate plantains in the verandah of the rest-house, seated on a broken-down cane chair, Miss Gerard smiled to herself as she thought: "What would Aunt Judith say? How odd it all is! and how much handsomer Mr. Crawford is than cousin Donald! Oh! 'how I hate—hate—' vehemently stamping her foot—"Cousin Donald! Never mind, I don't care so much after all! Mrs. Rigby said 'there were as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it!' Of course she meant I would marry in Ceylon—marry whom I wonder?" Then her fancy wandered off to possible castles in the air, castles shared with someone, young and dark and tall and handsome. Could anyone be better looking than Mr. Crawford?

She blushed violently as the hero of her vagrant thoughts appeared on the scene, then smiled sweetly up at him.

And here perhaps is the place to describe Miss Gerard, as she was then nineteen years old, and but lately jilted by her cousin. She was more tall than short, more stout than thin, with the framework of a large woman, but as yet she had a good figure and a pretty trim little waist. A bright colour, somewhat marred by a few large freckles, bright dark eyes, and features all more or less good; but the mouth unfortunately could never quite shut by reason of good but projecting teeth. This gave the fair Georgie a somewhat simple expression almost amounting to idianity in repose. But in the days of her girlhood her face was rarely in repose; she was all vivacity, laughing and talking constantly and easily.

That her health was good, her spirits high, her will unsubdued—could be read at a glance; also, that she possessed some vanity.

Beyond that—that she was young and tolerably well-looking—and oh, how lenient age is to youth! Oh, the glamour of it! Oh, the insolent happiness of it! What allowances we make for plump cheeks and rose-leaf complexions, beaming eyes and fresh lips. They may utter any platitude, it is sweet simplicity, delicious *natveté* at seventeen, eighteen, nineteen. A little later, "they ought to be wiser." Later still, "they are old enough not to make fools of themselves;" and then in old age the phrase of "a silly old woman" carries more of contempt about it than the kindred one of "a foolish old man."

But Lewis Crawford judged women more lenient than he did his own sex. Perhaps because he

knew less of women, and also (perhaps) because all women tried to be at their best.....before him. If a woman were not very plain (an unpardonable sin in a young man's eyes)—if she did not offend his taste by a demonstration of violent temper, or of ill-breeding, or show cruelty of any sort to young children or to dumb animals—then, he was prone to idealize her.

He gave her motives, so to speak, thought for her. He saw through a rose-coloured medium; that of his enthusiastic moral rectitude, his chivalrous feeling for what was young, or weak, or ignorant.

He was prepared to idealize Miss Gerard before he saw her. She was young; she had been wronged, wounded in the cruellest way a girl could be; all her young life blighted perhaps!

Then she was Mrs. Le Marchant's sister, and for Mrs. Le Marchant he had much devotion and respect. She was so good, so kind, so true; such a wife and such a mistress and friend; of course Miss Gerard must have similar qualities (as if sisters were bound to be like so many peas in a pod!)

But all this moralizing is born of a blush, and to it we must return!

(To be continued.)

A SPRIG OF HOLLY.

I found it, a sprig of holly.

It had fallen from an unknown hand,
In the home of the pine and myrtle,
Far off in this Southern land.

And I know not whose hand had cast it,
Or careless or rude with scorn,
Whether pleased with a brighter berry,
Or pricked with its guard of thorn.

But there it lay in the pathway,
Poor sprig with its berries three,
Like a waif or a stray from England,
And it seemed as a message to me.

Then sudden there flashed a vision
Of a Christmas far away,
Of a firelight shed on a curtain red,
And the shouts of the children at play;

Then a fir-tree shone in the centre,
And around it a wondering ring,
Where the Snow King kisses the Fairy,
And the Fairy frowns at the King.

And the dances! the valse! the polka!
And Sir Roger must wait his turn;
For with breath all aflame, the great Snapdragon
came,
And how blue all the tapers burn!

And awe is on childish faces,
And as in all things below,
You must first begin, if you wish to win,
To suffer; a fact we know.

So the Snow King puffs at his fingers,
And the Fairy pities his pain,
And had he now kissed her and not his blister,
She would not have frowned again.

And so through the long, bright evening,
Until all the games are played,
And child-vows given (smile at them, Heaven!)
Forgotten as soon as made.

For there must be kissing and cooing
Of birds in the nest at play,
As there must be wedding and wooing
Of birds full grown, some day.

And little Alice is sleeping
Wide-mouthed in a wide arm-chair,
One fat round arm fast keeping
That idol with flaxen hair.

When—hark! Is it “ten” there striking?
 And look! Do the lights burn low?
 Then sudden is heard the terrible word,
 Away! it is time to go!
 And I started, and lo! the holly
 Lay bright in the pathway there,
 With the dark-hued sheen of its prickly green
 Guarding its fruitage fair:
 And I love it, my sprig of holly,
 Though it boast but its berries three;
 For whatever it seem to others,
 It was surely a message to me.
 And dear as the mountains around me,
 And dells where the waters run,
 And the peaks and pines, where for ever shines
 The glow of a summer sun!
 No mist in the soft-toned valley,
 No wind in the un-stirred tree,
 No stain on the cloudless ether,
 No wave on the breathless sea!
 Yet dearer to me that vision
 Of home, and of Christmas bells!
 And it came to me all at the holly’s call
 In the heart of the Esterels.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

A. G. B.

—London Spectator.]

CHRISTMAS ECHOES.

(For the Young.)

GORGING JIMMY; OR LITTLE PIGGY-WIGGY
 AND THE BIG FAT CABBAGE.

(By UNCLE REVERBERATOR.)

(Written for the Christmas number of the
 “Literary Register.”)

Round about the Christmas fire
 Come and sit this happy day.
 Let the nasty wind and rain
 Howl and batter as they may!
 What care we for rain and wind?
 They can’t reach our cosy hearth.
 Let them splash and blow, we say,
 They can’t damp our joyous mirth.

Well, my little dears, Christmas has come again. Dear old Christmas! what a bright and happy time it is, to be sure, and how bright and rosy you all look with your lovely new stockings and dazzling white pinbefores and diapers, and your precious little noses so nicely wiped. You look like a bunch of golden roses and silver lilies and fair bright pearly turnips. How I love you all! Do not be sorry because you see tears in my eyes, for they are happy tears. The sight of your dear little smiling faces, with only one or two black eyes and bloody noses among them, makes me think of the time when I was a happy little boy myself. Yes, although the idea may seem very funny to you, old Uncle Reverberator used to be a boy, with a smudgy face and sweet little trousers, just like little Johnny there with the golden hair, who does not look at a l at ease sitting on a chair. What is the matter, Johnny? Oh! dear, dear. You have been naughty, have you? and father has been trying the strength and thickness of your new knickers? But, never mind, Johnny, be a little man and come and sit on uncle’s knee, and remember it is Christmas day, and Auntie Mary will kiss the sore place when she puts you to bed. That’s a good boy, and you won’t mind the blisters if uncle will tell some nice stories like he did last kismas? Well, well, what shall it be? A story about fairies and goblins, or lions and elephants and snakes, or a good little boy and his sweet little sister, or about soldiers and giants, eh? Oh, you want to hear about them all, do you? Now

don’t you think, my young heroes and beauties, that is rather a tall order, just asking a little too much of your venerable relative? Nevertheless (an awful big word that, isn’t it? but it just means “All’e same”), I suppose I’ve got to do it, so here goes. Once upon a time—come now, Johnny, hold on tight and don’t fall off, and Dora, my love, you should not put the whole of your hand into your mouth at once, it makes your face look like a brusted pancake: four fingers at a time are quite enough. Bobby and Colin! I beseech you to keep steady and not wriggle about like a pair of young eels with gripes. Steady all! That’s right! Now we’re ready! Hush!

Once upon a time there lived a great big fat cabbage which did nothing all day long but grew fatter and fatter and fatter, because it was always eating worms and snails and caterpillars and green bugs and black bugs and Hemileia vastatrixes and cinchona poochies and things, and because it never went for a walk or played “I spy” or blind hookey or anything. Oh! it was such a lazy, greedy cabbage! And one day it saw a nice plump piggy-wiggy going to school, and it kept quite quiet till piggy-wiggy came close by, and then it cried: “Oh! dear, darling little piggy-wiggy, will you walk into my parley-warley (that was how it spelt “parlour”) and have a nice warm cup of tea from Ceylony-ponny, with such bootful creamy-weamy and sugar-pugar and mince piesy wiesy and sweet treacle-peacle so nice and sticky-picky.” And poor little piggy-wiggy, who was very hungy-pungy, because he had had nothing at morning tea, except a little bunch of 55 plantains, and 16 pineapples—little piggy-wiggy says: “Cert’nly, mum! Aves beaucoup plaisir, madame! Coming, sar!” And he comed. And when he got quite close and near, the nasty, filthy, greedy, abomable cabbage opened its great ugly mouth and swallowed poor piggy-wiggy at one great greedy gulp, every bit of him, including the knot on his poor little taily-paily. But, wait a bit! I reckon that great brute of a cabbage soon began to wish it had never been born, or, at any rate, that it had died before it met that little piggy-wiggy. For piggy-wiggy (who was a fly young man and up to snuff, and with no green in his eye) had a couple of bunches of Christmas fireworks in his pocket; also a box of Beecham’s pills and a cake of monkey-brand soap (which don’t wash clothes), and he mixed them all together and set fire to them, shouting “Hooraa-a-y!” at the same time with all his might. And what happened? Oh! you should have been there to see. It was just splendid, first-rate, far better than a circus or even the pantomime! First, the pills began to work, round and round, same as Gregory’s Powder, you know, that you all had to take after last Christmas; then the soap began polishing away at its ribs and stomach till the measly old cabbage scremed and scremed—it was awful sore, I can tell you; and then, crack! crack! fizz! bang! BANG!! BANG!!! went the fireworks, and blew the blooming old cabbage to blue blazes, and not a little bit of it was seen any more, not even the root. And little piggy-wiggy ran home to his mother, laughing like to split and singing “I’m a young man from the country, but you can’t come over me.” Ha! ha! wasn’t it grand? Ho! ho! Hould me tight! But, hold on, and Johnny, do try to restrain yourself a little, and don’t kick like that or you’ll spoil my breakfast—the story is not finished yet. Oh! no, I’ve got some more to tell. You must know that a long time—maybe five or six years—before this dirty cabbage was born, there lived a little boy whose name was James, but everybody called him Gorging Jimmy, because he was such a greedy little boy and was always eating, eating, eating and stodging himself till he couldn’t stand, and it took him all his

time to lie down. And if he got a nice bun or a chester cake or a junk of shortbread or some beautiful big apples or a packet of butter-scotch or anything—did that little Gorging Jimmy share it with his little brothers and sisters? No! not much! not if he knew it! He put it all down himself, and went carding around for more. And at last he blew out, and blew out till he was just like a greasy German sausage, and his father told him that if he did not stop being such a greedy boy, he would burst some day and go off with a flop. But Gorging Jimmy didn't care, and every day his poor mamma got sadder and sadder, because her little boy was such a bad little boy, and because his buttons were always flying off, and crack, crack! went his trousers every time he bent down. But this sort of thing could not last long, and if Gorging Jimmy had known what was coming, he would have stopped eating altogether, I guess. But he was a bad boy, and did not bother his head about the future, or there is a happy land, at all. And so it came to pass, he stole a whole big lovely apple pie one day—what a very, very wicked boy he was—and went in among the peas in the vegetable garden, where he thought nobody would see him, and polished it off like winking. Now there lived in the garden among the strawberries a kind good fairy whom Jimmy did not know anything about, but who knew all about Gorging Jimmy, and what a bad, greedy, selfish wicked boy he was, and how he was breaking his poor mother's heart and wearing the skin of the palm of his dear father's hand to the bone. And when she saw him eating the stolen pie—for she, being a fairy, knew quite well it was stolen—she suddenly appeared before him and said: "Little boy, what are you doing?" But Jimmy kept wiring in at the pie, and wouldn't reply. "Oh! you audacious little thief of the world!" said the fairy; "are you not ashamed of yourself?" "No'm!" said Jimmy. "Well, you ought to be, and I have a good mind to punish you for your wickedness and impudence!" "Get out o' this with your confounded jaw," shriek'd out Jimmy, "you little sniveling object, you, or I'll bash in your skylights for you! Scoot! and don't interrupt a gentleman at dinner!" Now, everybody knows that no self-respecting fairy will stand being called an object—far less a sniveling one, and this outrageous language so enraged this kind, good fairy, that she gave Gorging Jimmy a wipe on the head with her wand, and said in a very solemn manner: "Gorging Jimmy! from henceforth be a cabbage—a dirty fizy cabbage! and never be a little boy again!" And before you could say peas, Gorging Jimmy's feet sank into the earth, his great fat head sunk into the pit of his great fat stomach, and he turned into the rotten filthy old cabbage that I have been telling you about, and had to live on worms and caterpillars and green bugs and black bugs and musty old Hemileia vastatrix and cinchona poochies and dead cats and old kitchen towels, and ever so many other nasty filthy abominable things. Ugh! And then after he got rottener and rottener and rottener, little piggy-wiggy comes along with his fireworks and his Beecham's pills and his monkey-brand soap (which won't, under any circumstances, wash clothes), and sends him off to kingdom come. Slap—bang! And that was the end of Gorging Jimmy! Served him right, didn't it? All greedy, lazy little boys and girls had better be careful, or else they may be turned into rotten old cabbages, same as Gorging Jimmy. You want to know some more about little piggy-wiggy, do you? Well, the same kind, good fairy, who turned Gorging Jimmy into a cabbage, loved little piggy-wiggy because he was a good boy, and obeyed his father and mother, and never splodged himself except at Christmas, and because he always learned

his lessons and was kind to his little brothers and sisters, and was a perfect little gentleman. So she waved her fairy wand over him one day, and in the twinkling of a cat's cough, little piggy-wiggy was transformed into a prince of the blood royal, with patent leather boots, lovely kid gloves, a deliciously high masher collar, and such a delightful necktie; and he married the loveliest and beautifullest princess in the whole wor'd, and lived happy ever after, and all the world shouted: "Long live the noble prince Piggy-wiggy and his charming wife!" And that's all! Now isn't that a nice Christmas story, and don't you all want to be good boys and girls like little piggy-wiggy, and be loved by everybody? Well, I declare? Here comes appu to light the lamps and tell you that supper's ready in the nursery, so run away—what! what! what! You want uncle to sing you a song! But really, now, that's a little too much, for I don't know how to sing. I sang such a nice song last Kismas, you say! Well, now, when I think of it, I believe I did make a fool of myself. Oh! dear, oh! dear, what a thing it is to be an uncle and have such a fierce lot of nephews and nieces who won't be satisfied with anything. Well, if you will all promise to be good, and not badger me any more afterwards, I will sing you a little song. It must have a nice, loud choyus, most it? All right, my hearties! Here we go again, and you must all be ready for the chorus when it comes. Let me stand on the rug, and clear my throat!

There was a little man, and he had a little wife,
And a pretty little wife was she,
And this little man and wife did nothing all their life
But sing like this, d'ye see?

Tingle ingle ingalum! Tangle angle angalum!
Tongle ongle ongalum, a tum ti too!
Boodalum a boodalum! Scoodalum a scoodalum!
Fooral ooral ido and a flum fi floo!

That's the chorus, so look out and be ready to shout when it comes round again!

But one very fine day in the merry month of May,
The little wife dropped her shoe,
And she fell down the stair and broke all her hair,
And didn't know what to do.

Singing:—

Tingle ingle ingalum! Tangle angle angalum
Tongle ongle ongalum, a tum ti too!
Boodalum a boodalum! Scoodalum a scoodalum!
Fooral ooral ido and a flum fi floo!

That's splendid! Isn't it a beautiful chorus?

Then the funny little man, he heard the noise and ran,
But he slipped on the marble floor,
And fell upon his nose and broke all his clo's,
And never, never sang any more

Tingle ingle ingalum! Tangle angle angalum!
Tongle ongle ongalum, a tum ti too!
Boodalum a boodalum! Scoodalum a scoodalum!
Fooral ooral ido and a flum fi floo!

Now the wife she has no hair to polish up her ware,
So she wears a little wig of che se.
And the man he has no clo's to cover up his nose,
So he lies in bed all day at his ease.

And they both continue to sing:—

Tingle ingle ingalum! Tangle angle angalum!
Tongle ongle ongalum, a tum ti too!
Boodalum a boodalum! Scoodalum a scoodalum!
Fooral ooral ido and a flum fi floo!

Why, what a fearful noise we are making, and here is Auntie Mary come to see what it is all about! Now you must all kiss uncle and say good night, and run away to your supper! Good night! Ta ta! Merry Kismas! You all want to give dear uncle another kiss for telling such a nice story

and singing such a pretty song do you! Come along then! That's the ticket! No! No! I assure you Auntie Mary does not like being kissed by big gentlemen. Hallo! Johnny! what's that you are saying, eh? ("I see Unky tissing Aunty Mayy among the cadgerinas at the tennis-tourt this morning, and ayah see too—and ayah laugh an' laugh an' say she would like if gentlemen would tiss her same like—eh! unty, tiss ayah—she very fond of tisses and—") Now, look here, young man! You go away to bed! and don't you or ayah or anybody else come near the casuarinas at the tennis court tomorrow morning, or a snake will bite you! Snakes always bite little boys that tell stories.

Now three cheers for little piggy-wiggy, and off you go! One! two! three! Hip! Hip! Hoor-a-ay! Hip! Hip! Hoor-a-ay! Hip! Hip! Hoor-o-o-osh! Hoop-la!

All off, at last, thank goodness! And now I can go and have a smoke.

COUSIN GRACE:

THE TALE OF A LAD'S LOVE.

PART I.

Came he through the sunshine sweet,
Down the daisy-dappled lea,
Flung him at his mother's feet,
With his head upon her knee.

Then the father, smiling said,
"Lad, thou ne'er wilt find another
On whose lap to rest thy head,
Thou dost well to cling to mother!"

Sweet the brooding summer-kush,
Harold smiled but did not speak,
And the mother marked the flush
Mantle in the sun-browned cheek.

Mothers' eyes so soon desery,
Mothers' hearts are fain to know
All the lights and shades that lie;
On the paths their darlings go.

Two and twenty years had brought
This her son to man's estate;
And it was not strange, she thought,
That the lad was changed of late.

Graver, tenderer than of yore,
Stronger, nobler too, I ween,
But his silence grieved her sore,
For no silence e'er had been.

Shy, impatient of control
Some had found him, but to her
The bright waters of his soul
Aye had been as crystal clear.

So her heart yearned o'er the boy,
Looking on his radiant face,
Rapt into a tender joy,
With its dreamy far-off gaze.

And, anon, the father rose,
Warned by the declining sun,
And the lengthening shadows close
Round the mother and her son.

Sad she mused about her boy,
Of his merry childhood's glee,
"Never had he grief or joy
Then he did not share with me."

Thinking thus, did she recall
Sunny memories of one,—
Her, his well-beloved of a',
Other playmate would he none.

How he said, when thoughtful curled
In the old wide chimney-place,
"There is no one in the world
Half so sweet as Cousin Grace!"

Ah! but if the child was fair,
Fairer still the maid was grown,
Could she chide, if none there were
Like to her he called his own.

She had marked him turn away,
Heedless, from all other face,
Still he felt, but did not say,
"There is none like Cousin Grace."

Knew that, as of old, no sound
Thrilled him like her gentle voice;
That the manly heart was found
Faithful to its childish choice.

But the maid from faith and love
Was by Popish craft beguiled,
Nor, where now her footsteps rove,
Can he follow undefiled!

From his happy dream he woke,
Turned, and met her tearful eyes;
Then in loving words he spoke
All his pitiful surprise.

"Mother darling, what is this?"
"Nay," she answered tenderly,
"Thou canst not divine I wis.
Dearest, I am sad for thee."

"Me? Oh not for many a day
Have I been as glad as now!
Mother;—would you kiss away
All the brightness from my brow?"

"Nay, my child; yet speak I would,—
Life is set with many a snare,
Do not grasp at any good
Save the Master set it there.

"I have wondered if perchance
Sorrow be not far from thee?"
Then she met his startled glance
As he whispered "Let it be!"

Then he rose up restlessly
Courtly offered her his arm,
"Come then, let us homeward flee,
Evening dews will do you harm."

PART II.

Heedless of the sunshine sweet,
Heedless of the summer rain,
Harold strode with weary feet
Striving to outstrip his pain.

On, still on, he could not rest,
Though the sunset-glow waxed dim,
And he cried, as souls distress
Cry out blindly, up to Him.

"Glory on the churchyard stone,
Glory on the restless wave,
Darkness in my heart alone,
Light that lightest everyone.
Jesus, Jesus, save!"

"Tenderer than human kin,
Thou, who wast my comforter,
When I sorrowed for my sin,
Look upon my grief for her."

"Oh! my darling! mine no more!
Set so near, and yet so far;
Would mine eyes had seen before
Where God's hand had placed the bar."

Then the subtle temp'ers sake,
"Ah! the heart so nearly won,
Wilt thou leave it now to break?
What is this that thou hast done?"

"Yea," he said "for her dear sake,
God shall help me to be strong!
I have made a drear mistake;
I will do no wilful wrong."

Then "Oh think upon her pain,
Wherefore will ye wake the strife?
Could ye e'er go back again
To your simple daily life?"

"Choose the path God maketh straight!"
Firmly conscience did reply,
"Though that path be desolate
As the changed and darkened sky."

Evermore his heart did hear
These conflicting voices cry;
Till he could no longer bear
The forlorn uncertainty.

Sought again his mother's side,
Worn and wearied with the fight:
And in bitterness he cried:
"Tell me, mother,—which is right?"

Look upon him, as in pain,
Low he lies before you now,
Mother, mother, you would fain
Kiss the anguish from his brow
Up through all her soul there surged
Memories of her long ago,
When Love passionately urged
"Yea," and duty answered "No."

Aye, but Christ's word fell across
All the strife, and made it peace,
Then she spake:—"God sends no loss
But may turn to Life's increase."

Minutes passed, yet no reply.
Hot tears fell upon her hand,
Then he rose up steadfastly
As he sighed "I understand."

Lonely-hearted went he forth
Guided by an Unseen Hand,
Set his face towards the north,
Journeyed to a stranger land.

PART III.

Many days of agony,
Many sleepless nights distressed,
Such in every life must be
God hath counted, let them rest.

Slow the far-ebbed waves of life
Back to their old channels creep,
Strewed with tokens of the strife,
And salvation, on the deep.

Not secluded, or apart,
Dwells he in that stranger-land;
All men trust that faithful heart;
All men know that ready hand.

But, though gentle faces make
Comfort in the lonely place,
There is no one found to take
Precedence of Cousin Grace.

Point Pedro.

PHENIX.

"THE KARA-GOICONTEST, WITH AN APPEAL TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY G. A. DHARMARATNA, OF THE INNER TEMPLE,
BARRISTER AT-LAW, AND OF THE SUPREME
COURT OF CEYLON, THE SENIOR
SINHALESE ADVOCATE."

Such is the title of a book, our presentation copy of which has the following writing on the blank page which follows the title:—

"To the Editor of the *Ceylon Observer*."

"With the compliments of the Author who begs that, if you can consistently do so, you may recommend the book to the English-reading community

and urge the public of Ceylon to form themselves into Committees for the purpose of memorializing the Imperial Government that such of the reforms suggested as the Ceylon public deem necessary or desirable may be carried out."

"Galle, November 1890."

As the main reform suggested is that the English authorities, who ought to be no respectors of persons, far less of caste distinctions, should actively interfere in the caste question superseding so-called high-caste officials by others of so-called low-caste, (though Mr. Dharmaratna contends that the so-called low-caste is really the higher,) we regret we cannot comply with the request of a gentleman so candid as to state that if he is charged with lunacy he has no answer to the charge. Expecting a serious matter to be treated seriously, we asked our reviewer to do justice to Mr. Dharmaratna, and he assures us that he has done so with judicial strictness in the following remarks:—

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRIT.

Mr. Dharmaratna has brought out a little book of ninety-one pages, priced at R4, which is undoubtedly the book of the year. We can assure our readers there is quite four rupees' worth of fun in it. We have read *Three in a Boat*. We have read all Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, in fact all the Ameri can humourists. We are acquainted with all the funniments of Grossmith, Toole, *et cetera*. We have read the life of the Baboo Judge by the Baboo Barrister, Chunder Somebody. Not one of them is a patch on "The Kara-goi Contest." It teems with fun from beginning to end.

Mr. Dharmaratna is well-fitted for the task. He has read through all the volumes of Alison's History of Europe twice over. He has also read Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia." He does not seem to have read anything else. He believes that the Saxons live in England, the Gauls in France, and the Russians in Russia.

"I begin," says Mr. Dharmaratna, "with the unpleasant task of describing myself.....to facilitate criticism." "My father," he says, "was one of the two high priests of Buddha who left a temple in Galle and went to England, and who were" (he means "was") "the first to see that great country." He says that his father wore socks. After this modest introduction he complains that the Goi class "adopted the expedient of maligning the people of Karawa caste, to which I am proud to belong." "For the information of the authorities," he says, "the Goi interpreters are not of high education, but are better than" (he means "and are no better than") "dubashes in point of attainments." He then "draws attention to ancient history" to prove that the Goi interpreters are "reprehensible." He goes on to tell us that ancient India was divided into fifty-six parts. One of these parts was occupied by the Lunar race from which the Karawas (including Mr. Dharmaratna of course) are descended. We are next told that "Karawe and Karaiar are proper nouns." The following speaks for itself: "The Government of Ceylon ought not to be ashamed to copy the Government of China, the ancient mother of civilization, and to leave the seats of the Sinhalese member of Council, Governor's interpreter, open to competition, raising the qualification to any height." Such a "reform" is a "desideratum," and will "immortalise" the name of the reformer. Mr. Dharmaratna once applied through the Governor of Hongkong to be adviser in International Law to

the Emperor of China. We are informed "that certain districts *inter alios*" (why *alios*?) "Morotto and Kalatura were inhabited by the Karawa caste." Sir Arthur Gordon is then asked to refer to the "hon'ble the General" and others, and "to cause a valuation of the lands and houses and order the counting of the monies of Karawas and Goias throughout the island," with a view to discovering which caste will be found to predominate." He asks for a Commission of "erudite Brahmans and philologists" to discover "which is the first race in the island." But with great truth he says that Government will not appoint such a Commission. Mr. Dharmaratna gratefully acknowledges much "sacerdotal and lay aid" from "my late brother and Johannes Mendis also now no more." He means that Mendis is dead. He assures us that he is not actuated by "prejudice, predeliction or *superbia postmortem* or hope of gain," but he desires to point out to "the British nation, the House of Commons and the Imperial Government that the Karawas are of the first class, and are therefore entitled to all office to the exclusion of the Goias. We have no members of Council. Hence the necessity of being heard through this book by Her Most Gracious Majesty, the members of the two houses of Parliament, the members of the Colleges of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and London, and the members of the four Inns of Court, and by all leading journalists." This undoubtedly is a very large order.

"This book," says Mr. Dharmaratna, "will be issued gratis to the British nation and almost all the public servants in Ceylon."

"I entertain no disrespect to any individual composing the local Government, nor do I harbour any feeling hostile to them in their aggregate capacity." Finally, "we hope," says Mr. Dharmaratna, in a magnificent peroration, "that Her Majesty's Imperial Government may *mero motu*, on the reading of this pamphlet, or in a requisition of the House of Commons order for an inquiry" into the affairs of Ceylon."

And thus ends the preface. The book itself is much more interesting reading.

Mr. Dharmaratna would have been better advised had he called his book "English as she is writ in Galle." It would have called up pleasant reminiscences of a popular little book entitled "English as she is spoke." We have carefully read both. We prefer Mr. Dharmaratna's production. He begins with an onslaught on Mr. Arunachalam, assuring us that that gentleman is not "*au fait* in questions of caste." He then travels back to Egypt and quotes certain Madras Census returns. "No Goia can decently call himself a respectable man" is somewhat startling. "These" (*i. e.*, maritime) "districts continue to be fertilized from the washing down of the Hills of Ceylon." We wonder if anyone noticed this before. "I shall also show from ancient history that the paddy cultivator is the meanest of all human beings." Mr. D.'s stock of ancient history is derived from Von Ranke's History of the Popes. Fishing is the noblest occupation, he says, because "spiritual and temporal princes in the plenitude of their power" indulged in the pastime. "The Creator," says Mr. D., "at the very commencement of human society accepted the offering which necessitated killing, and rejected that which consisted of paddy, brinjals, cucumbers, &c." Mr. D. does not quote his authority for saying that Cain grew brinjals and cucumbers. "The angler," he says, "sails to the deep ocean and gets up at 4 a.m. and starts." We should say that he first gets up, then starts, then sails. That however is a minor matter. Mr. D. only desires to show us that "this intrepidity or contempt of danger" (*i. e.*,

in first sailing to the deep ocean and then getting up) "qualifies him for service in a man of war." And "what is the use," says Mr. D., *apropos* of nothing, "of a man who cannot take up a musket or serve at the cannon?" Mr. D. then quotes two passages from the Third Reader and Fourth Reader respectively, books used we believe by the junior classes in some of the girls' schools in Galle. One passage describes a seal and the other a duck. These quotations are the only instructive portions of the book. It is a Mavor's spelling sort of business, however, and reminds us of the days when we were told "That the horse was a noble animal and useful to man." "Lord Nelson," Mr. D. is convinced, "the greatest sailor or naval officer the world has ever produced; if alive, would frown from the top of the lofty column at Her Majesty's officers in Ceylon." The author ought to have known that if the "naval officer" were alive he would not choose "the top of the lofty column" to frown from. The author justly complains that R75 a month is insufficient for anybody "to live as a gentleman," some of the requisites of gentility being "to buy brandies and to keep a horse and bandy." Amongst men he singles out for the dubious honour of his praise are "the late Fonskas, the late Lowe, and the present Dias." He also mentions three "gentlemen admitted by English Governors to be penmen," and he makes an apt quotation from "the Ceylon Geography, now taught at school, page 11." He has a bad opinion of certain Government servants "in the up and in the low countries actuated by sordid care for the pension." He asks Sir Arthur Gordon to pick out any eight men from Udugaha, and he promises to bring four men from Negombo to meet them at "exchanging of handstrokes," and thrash them into the bargain. He requires an umpire to be appointed, one who understands the "exchanging of handstrokes," and he "appeals to the ministers of the Gospel, Mr. C. L. Ferdinands, the District Judge, and Mr. Advocate Eaton to decide" certain things. One Munhie, a Roman Catholic priest of distinction, and an Italian, is spoken of very highly by the author. He (the priest) "is also now no more." Mr. D. means that he is dead. "It should never be forgotten," we are reminded, "that the Portuguese, Dutch, English or French are only mindful of one thing, food, and to find this in Asia they have violated all principle and justice." Mr. D. depicts a monster "made up of the hand of the elephant, the feet of the lion, the teeth of the alligator, the eye of the monkey, and the ears of a pig." This figure he assures us is a "fabled biped." That it is "fabled" we are prepared to admit, but we always thought that a lion had four feet. Nor did we ever hear a lion called a biped before.

Mr. D. has taken the Soysas in hand. "The father of Mr. O. H. De Soysa," says Mr. D., "spent a sum exceeding £100,000 for the good of the people." If anything can reconcile us to the sad and tragic death of Mr. Chas. De Soysa, it is the knowledge that he is unable to read what Mr. D. has said of him. "Mr. De Soysa," he says, "is the only subject of Her Majesty in Ceylon who has the heart and the means if the island should be attacked by a foreign power to place gratuitously under Her Majesty's representatives orders for repelling invasion 10,000 able-bodied men, well armed and equipped, and to feed and pay them during ten years." Mr. D. has evidently heard of the ten years' siege of Troy, and he imagines that all wars are ten years, nothing more nor less. "We also give the pleasing information that Mr. De

Soysa is the only man in the Colony," continues the author, "who can afford to lend four or five million of pounds bearing no interest for the necessary fortifications in the island, and in the eventuality of a war he alone can exhibit himself *Civitatis et reginae amicus*."

The Director of Public Instruction comes in for some hard hitting. "In a country like Ireland the Director's rule would have caused a rebellion, and his travels ought to be *incognito*. We submit now that the Director should at once be cashiered and made to refund to Government all his past salary." The author honestly confesses that he has "no pretension to any knowledge of politics," and that he is "incompetent to achieve" what he attempted. This is apparent throughout the book. The following enigmatical sentences speak for themselves: "Politicians in England foresee the gathering of clouds and aggression from without. They accordingly ordered the pulling down of the walls of the Fort of Galle."

Mr. D. then digresses towards the Codes. We are startled to read that "If the proctors were to appear in white coats before a Magistrate who has a white coat on, the latter could with impunity punish the proctors by giving them a month's imprisonment. Such is our law." We must look up our Code. A month for wearing a white coat! Startling certainly! Mr. D. "begs the people of the British Isles to read the Code," and asks the "interference of the House of Commons for the abrogation of the hateful Code in question, and for the restoration of its *beloved predecessor*." This is rather enigmatical, especially when we consider that the Code was the first of its kind. The author also objects to the Procedure Code which "began to operate on the 1st of August." He assures us that no member of the Legislative Council, though it "is composed of servants of varied learning and high talents," has read through the Civil Code. Accordingly, he "implores all educated men of Great Britain and Ireland to do their best to secure the abrogation of the ridiculous and pernicious Codes." Mr. D. is equally severe against the Stamp Ordinance. He declares that as a consequence of its being passed the "Attorney-General has very little to do." It is difficult to say from the following whether the author is a bi-metallist or mono-metallist: "We draw the attention of the House of Commons to the present par of exchange, and implore the House to place the English money and Ceylon money on equal footing, and prevent the enormous exchange we now pay." From currency Mr. D. goes on to arrack, "which," he says, "20 or 30 years old English Governors have preferred to the best of brandies. Arrack does not injure one's health, whereas European spirit does." He then skips on to the "money wasted on the Volunteer Corps for the fun of some retired Civil Servants and for the fancy of others, whose wives dream that their husbands are military men, far superior in strategy and bravery to the heroes of the French revolution." He comes back again to the currency question, saying that "the introduction of the rupee and cent as the current money has done a world of mischief which was not done in the days of the pound, shilling, pence, and farthing." Mr. D. is evidently endowed with the gift of prophecy, for, says he, "In answer to our representation [to the House of Commons be it known] the local government might not deny the stubborn facts on which we rely, but might suggest that the author of this pamphlet is a lunatic. To this answer we have no reply." Could candour go further? Mr. D. complains that the Government "have taken no steps to prevent the destruction of human life by the crocodile."

The author wants the Governor to reside at Kandy. "The Queen's House and other public buildings

within the Fort can be leased out for enormous sums which may be sufficient to meet the costs of transfer." He proposes two statues for Mr. Wall, one at Kandy and one at Colombo.*

The gem of the book comes last, and we must quote it in full. Premising that the "editor of the *Independent* is better known in England than in Ceylon," he makes some allusion to the Maha's chains, and winds up as follows: "We now kneel before our Sovereign, the greatest of Sovereigns on earth, and placing our crumpled little book at her feet, pray that she may *deign to order her Ministers to analyse, digest, and COMPREHEND the above passage*." It is expected that the Marquis of Salisbury will place his resignation in the hands of the Queen, followed by all the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone will be sent for, but he will make it a condition, precedent to taking office, that none of the Ministers be asked to either "analyse, or digest, or comprehend the above passage."

"WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR."

Orient skies, where Christmas morning
Soon will blossom into light—
Wake the fairest flowers of dawning
Ever grown from meads of night.
Flow the freest of day's fountains,
Let no shadow phantoms mar,
For beyond Ath's moved mountains,
"We have seen His star!"

Rise, my soul, o'er doubt and sadness,
Bring thy burden to His feet;
He for grief will give thee gladness,
He will make the bitter sweet.
Never cross so heavy-weighted
But he shared each galling bar,
And its anguish consecrated—
"We have seen his star."

Raise these wistful eyes, and open
Spirit-wings for upward flight;
Lift this temple, soiled and broken,
Nearer to the sacred light.
Die—despairing, and denying—
Christ-strong pinions sweep me far,
Where there is no doubt or dying—
"We have seen His star."

Come! tho' faith be feeble, never
Striving soul was spurned by Him,
He will feed the flame for ever
Tho' it burn so pale and dim.
He will speed the feet that tarry
Where the threshold-shadows are,
And thro' deeps and shallows carry—
"We have seen his star."

Southern shores, where Christmas morning
Blossoms from the summer night—
Blessings crown this sacred dawning
Spreading o'er our lands of light
Cold horizons, flush with glory!
High, auroral gates unbar!
For all hearts repeat the story—
"We have seen His star!"

JENNINGS OARMICHAEL.

—Australasian.

* Poor Mr. Wall! While the Velalas believe that in a former birth (in the time of Vijaya) he was a Goyiya, and would represent him as scantily clad as Sinhalese ploughmen usually are, the Karawas would have the statue of one who once was fisherman with no clothes to speak of in addition to the orthodox straw hat! —ED. L. R.